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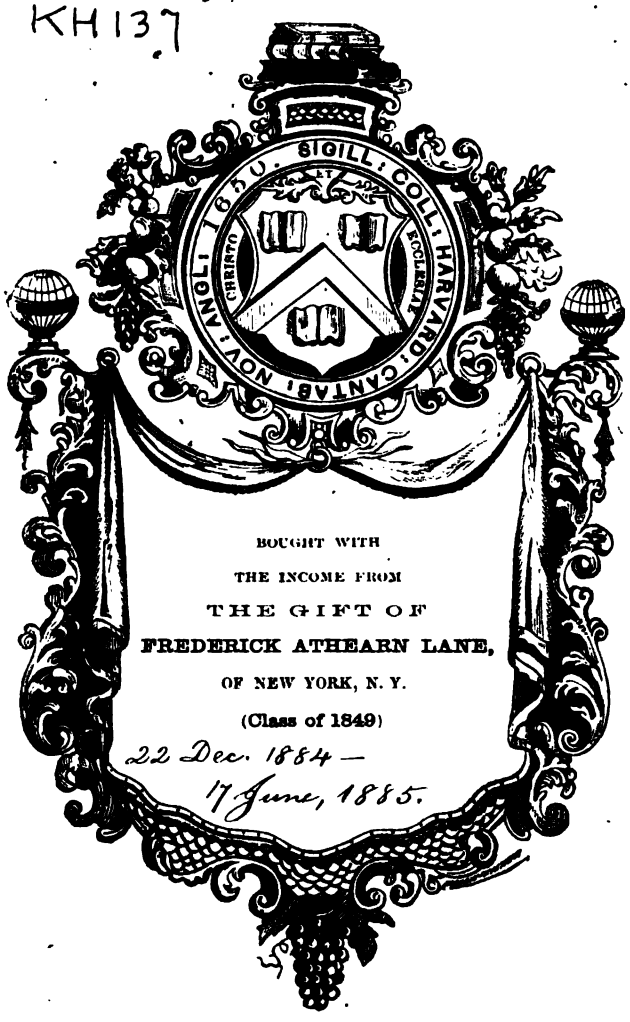

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FREDERICK ATHEARN LANE,
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(Class of 1849)
22 Dec. 1884 —
17 June, 1885.

THE

UNITED SERVICE.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

MILITARY, NAVAL, AND CIVIL SERVICE.

VOLUME XII.

NEW YORK:
T. H. S. HAMERSLY,
835 BROADWAY.
1885.

~~TX 241~~
~~Wax 30.21~~
KH 137

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THE UNITED SERVICE

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NEW YORK:

T. H. S. HAMERSLY,

835 BROADWAY.

PHILADELPHIA: CENTRAL NEWS COMPANY.
BOSTON: NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY.
WASHINGTON: A. BRENTANO & Co., 1015 Pennsylvania Ave.
LONDON: B. F. STEVENS, 4 Trafalgar Square.
LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co.
YOKOHAMA: KELLY & Co.
BERLIN: EUGENE DZONDI, Behren-Strasse 67.
PARIS: GROVES & BLACKBURNE, 1 Rue Scribe.

Price, 25 *Cents.* $3.00 *per Annum.*

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THE

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JANUARY 1885.

TO, ABOUT, AND ACROSS MADAGASCAR.

I.

BROADLY speaking, the history of all explorations is alike, the story of either personal endurance and enthusiasm, or of personal push and hardihood. When, then, any undertaking that involves many risks with unknown benefits is seriously taken into consideration by a discreet person, it is well to weigh the advantages to be gained with the dangers to be faced. It is my desire to set forth plainly in these papers the results of the recent transit of the great island of Madagascar,—results that affect us directly as a commercial nation; results that affect our political status in that distant part of the world, and results that have materially changed the geographical knowledge of the interior of this, the third largest body of detached or island surface on the known surface of the globe.

Turning to any map of Madagascar, the casual observer is in no way impressed with a sense of vastness in area; this is in part due to its proximity to the great continent of Africa, which seemingly dwarfs its infant neighbor, and in part to the tremendous stretch of the Indian Sea, unbroken by single sight of land save the puny islands of Mauritius, Reunion, and the Rodrigues. Still, for a thousand miles Madagascar stretches in the southern tropics, and incloses an area of two hundred and thirty thousand square miles,—a space larger than modern France, four times as large as Great Britain, and equal in extent to our own New England and Middle States. So great a country possesses within its boundaries all the varieties of climate, of race, of vegetable and mineral production, and of geographical variety incident to a sweep of over thirteen degrees of latitude.

In this, the first of a series of papers on the great African island, it is not my intention to enter broadly into the description or discussion of any of the above subjects, but to ask the reader to accompany me in imagination in the recent journey across the country from sea to sea, and to gather for himself a knowledge of the island and the strange peculiarities of the people. Subsequent papers on the race and geographical elements of Madagascar will become thus more interesting and better understood. In fact, I knew but little of Madagascar myself up to the date of the actual landing on its forest-clad shores. It is true I had made a short cruise along the western coast, touching at Tullear Bay, Mourondava, Mojonga, and Nosi-Be, and had gathered the usual information and formed the usual opinion of one who allows conviction and judgment to be biased by exterior appearances only. How little I knew then—though my application to undertake the exploration was already on its way to the Navy Department—of the wonders of the interior; of the isolated civilization of the mountain people; of the flow of grand rivers rushing in cataracts to the sea, or the vast reaches of lovely plain dotted with villages buried in undying verdure. How little I dreamed of the silent majesty of grand forests unbroken, save by the shriek of the wonderful aye-aye or the plunge of some huge crocodile into a sweeping forest river. Then the ascent of lofty mountain ranges, the refreshing breezes of a great upland plateau, and the first sight from an adjacent hill of the wonderful city of Antananarivo,—the city of a thousand hills and the home of the youthful Malagasy queen. But I must not forestall my reader's experiences as well. As I have stated, an application had been sent to conduct an exploring party into the heart of Madagascar, to learn more of the habits and customs of the Malagasy, the character of the country, openings for trade, and many other important objects. The answer giving the requisite permission was handed me in November, 1883, when stationed on board the United States corvette "Enterprise," then anchored off the northwest coast of Corea, a distance certainly of not less than five thousand miles from my destination.

A serious difficulty arose at once. From Ninsen (the anchorage of the "Enterprise") there were apparently no means of transportation to within reach of sail- or steam-vessel. The Corean coast here is barren and desolate, the bay rough and wind-swept, and the weather at that time intensely cold. Fortunately, a Japanese gunboat, the "Banjo," was anchored near us, having the Japanese minister to Corea on board as a passenger. Her captain kindly extended an invitation to carry me to Nagasaki. It was with peculiar feelings, not unmixed with a sense of sudden self-responsibility, that on a cold and snowy day in early December of 1883 I lost sight of the spars of the "Enterprise" behind the hills of Corea. For, besides breaking with friends of many long months of naval association, I felt like one who lifts a

certain burden of his own manufacture which he can carry only by the exertion of one characteristic (in which he may be wanting), self-reliance. Before him stretches the vista of a strange and unknown country, remembered best to him as the tomb of white explorers.

Ten days down the Corean coast brought us steaming into the beautiful bay of Nagasaki. The same night I caught the steamer "Gordon Castle," for Shanghai, and from thence the "Fushun," to Hong-Kong, and finally the "Priam," to Singapore. Again a serious difficulty presented itself. The war-vessel by which I had expected to take passage to Madagascar had sailed. A visit to the consul convinced me of that fact, and half a night of conflicting thoughts and conclusions decided for me the question I had asked myself, "Shall I go back or ahead?" I determined to make the best of my way to the English island of Mauritius to the eastward of Madagascar, and from thence attempt to reach the east coast of my destination.

It was a hot tropical day: Singapore weather, familiar to all Eastern travelers,—heat that made the leaves of the trees of the hotel park droop with exhaustion, that deprived of animation both the mules and turbaned drivers of the rickety "carry-alls" that generally half mob a stranger, and that glistened like burnished steel the broad expanse of bay and harbor. Towards this latter I strolled, and, leaning against a half-buried gun, tried to pick out the different flags of the vessels whose masts rose forest-like in the distance.

A short man wearing a huge helmet and a white duck suit came hurriedly past me. He stopped, beckoned with his sun umbrella to a crowd of shore-boats at the foot of the steps, swore a good deal, and was about to shove off, when I asked him,—

"Are you going over there, sir?" pointing to the mass of shipping.

"Yes, sir."

"Can I go along?"

"Jump in."

It was the beginning of the exploration of Madagascar.

One vessel after another my voluble friend pointed out to me.

"That's my clipper," pointing to a long vessel with green sides and lofty spars, and the English flag flying at her mizzen.

"Where are you bound?"

"Melbourne." And he continued: "That fellow alongside of me is a Dutchman—just out—general cargo."

"What is this little fellow here," I asked, "down by the head and painted brown?"

"Bark 'Nardoo,' loaded with lumber and coolies, bound to Mauritius."

"Can you put me alongside?"

"Certainly." And in a moment I was over her low rail and down on her little deck. I introduced myself to the captain,—a very young

man apparently,—and soon completed arrangements with him for my passage to Mauritius. After two days my traps were aboard, and early daylight saw four men and a coolie lazily letting fall the "Nardoo's" topsails.

I will not detain the reader with the details of this voyage. Down the Java seas, through the straits of Banca and of Sunda, we finally commenced the long and weary transit of the Indian Ocean. The thirty-eighth day out we sprang a very serious leak. We were then eight hundred miles to the eastward of the Rodrigues Island, and the captain had been ill some time. The evils of our position can be best explained by the simple statement that from my sextant I often went to the pump-handle; and in all the days of anxiety that followed in Madagascar, few could equal the anxious night I spent on the forward rail of the leaky "Nardoo," with the roar of the boiling waters of the Indian Sea under her stern, and the blackness of a gathering tropical squall overhead, peering in the darkness for the outlines of lofty Rodrigues Isle ahead. The fifty-fourth day out from Singapore saw us safely tied up in the quiet harbor of Mauritius.

From the sea and from whatever side it is approached, Mauritius, or the Isle of France, presents an aspect both abrupt and picturesque. Rising rapidly from the ocean, it terminates in a peak two thousand feet above sea-level, wood-covered, green, and tropical. This beautiful island, resting like a jewel on the broad bosom of the Indian Ocean, famed as the home of Paul and of Virginia, enjoying an everlasting summer, has its history as remarkable, and its vicissitudes as many, as its other and more important sisters. It is characteristically the home of the sugar-cane, and is regularly visited by the latter's implacable enemy,—the hurricane. Hence the saying that Mauritius produces two "canes." Port Louis is its capital,—a rambling, half English, half French town, with very narrow and very dusty streets, flanked on each side with houses, generally wooden, and always unclean. Here and there a public garden; here and there a dust-covered statue or lazy fountain; here, there, and everywhere rickety carriages, with sleepy horses and sleeping drivers. Add to this a downpouring sun, a background of broad bay shut in by wood-clad promontories, and a tangle of masts, and you have my first impressions of Mauritius.

I found myself in a peculiar position in Mauritius. In the first instance, I had not a single acquaintance in the whole island, or a single letter of introduction to any one; in fact, nothing to even establish my identity except my naval commission. Further, I had nothing to exhibit my purpose in visiting Madagascar, or the intentions of the government in sending me. The morning I landed was an important one to me. There was the usual crowd of shouting boatmen; there were the usual number of loungers on the long stone quay; there was, too, the usual rush of rattling "carry-alls" for me. Escaping from all these, I

found staring me in the face a rambling, wooden building, painted white, and labeled "Oriental Hotel." In this miserable old structure I was taken down with fever, and lay tossing for ten days, as unconscious of my surroundings as I was careless of the future. At the end of that time, kind hands, if indeed foreign hands, took me to the hill country, and in a little while health and spirits both returned. I began actively the equipment of the proposed expedition, and the study of the many difficulties that surrounded me.

Madagascar lies about five hundred miles to the westward of Mauritius. Communication is or was maintained by a regular steamer from Port Louis, Mauritius, to Tamatave, Malagasy ports to the northward of that, around Cape Amber to Majunga (a port on the northwest coast of Madagascar), and so return to Mauritius. This steamer sails fortnightly. There are occasional steamers to either Vohemar (east coast), or Finerive (east coast), to bring over the famed Malagasy cattle. These are the only steamers to Madagascar, not mentioning the English gunboats in these seas, which, making Mauritius a rendezvous, occasionally run over to the east coast to collect mail or look out for British interests. The firm of Duff & Co., sugar merchants and general traders, owned several small brigs, which sailed at uncertain times for the east Malagasy coasts, carrying over cheap cottons and other varieties of merchandise, and bringing back rubber, ebony, gum-copal, and other Madagascar productions. The French bombardments of Tamatave, Mahanoro, Vohemar, and Port Dauphin, on the eastern coast, had the disastrous effect of not only breaking up the greater part of the foreign trade with Madagascar, but made the question of transportation from Mauritius a difficult one. Foreigners were not allowed to cross the French lines at Tamatave, and French gunboats constantly prowled the coasts, preventing communication, and occasionally throwing shells into the sea-board native towns. Steamer transport was hence out of the question. After a lengthy stay of over a month in Mauritius, and having purchased all the articles I deemed necessary for the expedition, I finally came to an agreement with Duff & Co., and secured a passage in one of their little brigs, the "Countess," and in the latter part of March, 1884, set sail for Madagascar.

A queer collection of passengers we had aboard the "Countess." Creole refugees, driven out by the Hovas, but now returning under French protection,—a lazy, unclean set of people, who spent all their time stretched full on the little deck-house, bemoaning their harsh fortunes, when not too miserably sea-sick. An English detective, going over in search of the defaulting cashier of the Oriental Bank, an extremely hazardous undertaking,—a stout, reticent man, with black chop-whiskers and a seedy tweed suit. Then the captain, a tall, dark-faced Creole, who swore a great deal in bad English, but otherwise

was not a disagreeable person, and, for a Creole, was a good seaman and attentive to his duties.

For ten long days we sailed westward. For nearly two weeks twelve of us were crowded into the "Countess's" little stuffy cabin, or jammed our bodies together on top of her deck-house. Then, very stiff from evening slumbers in heavy dews and light rain-showers, very tired from cramped positions on the rolling deck of the wretched vessel, I saw one day a long sandy beach rise from out the sea; a long, white comb of foaming surf; a cluster of waving cocoa-trees, needle-like against a cloudless sky, and I knew that it was Madagascar.

In the morning early, a large boat, pulled by the blacks, came around the long sandy river-point, crossed the bar where breaks the thundering surf that marks the entrance of the Mangoko River, and rapidly approached the ship. Leaning over the rail, vigorously smoking cigarettes, my strange fellow-passengers discussed with much gesticulation and the excited argument characteristic of the Creole the object of the visit. The captain hailed, "What do you want?"

The reply was in French. It came from a tall, dark man, dressed in European clothes, standing in the bow of the boat, waving his hand to the rowers. "We come for the American."

"Pull alongside, sir."

In a few moments I found myself shaking hands with two distinguished individuals, neatly costumed in tight-fitting black coats, light trousers, and shining patent-leather shoes. They had their hats off, and, with much bowing and ceremony, presented me with the following letter:

Translation.

"SIR,—I am happy that you, United States America, Lieutenant Shufeldt, our Relation, has anchored in the Roadstead of Mahanoro. As Representative of Her Majesty Ranavalona III., Queen of Madagascar, I herewith send two of my officers on board your vessel, carrying my Respects to you, and receive you to be on shore. I trust that you are in good health.

"Kindly receive my respects.

"I am truly,

(Signed) "RAINISOLOFO,

"Governor of Mahanoro."

I accepted the invitation, and in a few moments had my boxes safely over the "Countess's" side, and was being rapidly pulled towards the distant coast. First a long white point projecting into the sea; next a mass of green that changed to graceful trees and under-vegetation; then the great mouth of a river that rushed muddily to meet the roar of the ceaseless surf that seemed to surround us on every hand. Passing safely through this latter and pulling some distance up the stream, we finally ran the boat to the bank, and I at last found myself treading the soil of Madagascar. A hundred or so curious people pressed around me. Most of these were the natives of the coast,—

the Betsimasaraka,—of striking physique, African expression, and said to be a peaceable, quiet race. A few Hovas—the interior and dominant race in Madagascar—were also present. The latter generally wore European clothes, and differed much from the Betsimasaraka in physical appearance. The Hova is slight in figure, graceful in movement, and voluble in conversation. Their complexions are light and hair straight. They are undoubtedly of Malay origin. Presently, amidst the jabbering, chattering crowd that surrounded me, I saw the white helmet of a European. He came and introduced himself to me as a Mr. Cowan, English trader and naturalist. Soon after I met the British vice-consul and several other white traders or missionaries (often combining both professions) stationed in Mahanoro. Mr. Cowan told me that the governor lived across the river on the tall hill around which the Mangoko swept towards the ocean. A house had there been provided for me. Followed by an excited crowd, I was conducted by my two Hova officers to the bank of the river. Here I found a large canoe waiting for me, and, though not a very safe means of transport, I was paddled safely across the rapid, muddy stream to the other side. Ascending then a steep hill-path, completely buried in dense tropical vegetation, the entire party reached the summit. A rough stockade surrounding a collection of peak-roofed houses constituted the palace of Rainisolofo. This latter personage came out through an open gate, and, extending both hands to me, cordially welcomed my arrival in Madagascar. He was dressed in a somewhat seedy red coat covered with tarnished lace, blue trousers with a broad red stripe, patent-leather shoes, and wore upon his head an ancient cocked hat ornamented with a huge white feather. Arm-in-arm we entered the stockade, and standing for a moment to receive the salute of the governor's soldiers, came to the steps of the palace, a rambling, wooden building, fashioned after some European model, and surrounded on all sides by a broad and handsome balcony. In the governor's room was spread a table, and standing at the foot of this the governor's family waiting to receive me. Madame Rainisolofo was the first Hova woman I had ever seen, and the impression I gathered then of the grace and of the beauty of Hova women has never been diminished. They are particularly fond of dress and ornament, and seized with avidity the adoption of the European female costume. Madame Rainisolofo was dressed in a pea-green silk, and wore in her very luxuriant hair a great mass of many-colored feathers. About her were congregated many other Hova ladies in as many other hued dresses. Toasts were proposed and drank, and an exceedingly friendly reception given me. From the palace the governor and myself inspected the stockade. He conducted me to the top of a lookout house he had built, overlooking the bay and river, and exhibited to me with much pride a small and very rusty cannon, loaded to the muzzle with powder and cobble-

stones, and fastened to a bamboo carriage. This gun was fired after my departure from Mahanoro, at the landing-party from the French gunboat "Capricorn." Since then I have had it reported to me the gun has been missing. An excellent view was to be had from this situation. Away to the north stretched the yellow coast-line of the great island; sometimes the dense forest crept down to the very sea, and the trunks of mighty trees were tide-washed and growing in the ocean. Generally the sandy belt looked glaring and golden under the tropical sun. Long lines of boiling surf, here and there an island or a low coral reef, and then the blue vista of a tumbling, mighty ocean. Far below, from out the dense woods, wound the muddy Mangoko, sweeping past the foot of the hill, breaking into a thousand little waves across the bar, and plunging, with the roar of a mighty surf, into the sea.

"Governor," I said, "I see the smoke of a steamer."

Glasses were hurriedly obtained, and the trim spars of some man-of-war distinctly made out. All was excitement within the fort. Drums beat everywhere, and hundreds of men rushed about searching for arms and keeping up an incessant shouting. Looking down, I could see that the village was alarmed as well, and dark groups of excited people were collected on the beach. The governor was quite cool, and watched with me the approaching vessel.

"She flies the flag of England," I said, "and must be the 'Tourmaline' or 'Osprey.'"

An hour afterwards proved it to be the former vessel with the mails. I called upon her captain, who strongly urged me to give up my projected trip and return with him to Mauritius.

Ten days afterwards I ascended the Mangoko in a canoe, and landing in the forest, formed the first or "Chandler Camp." Here, with the kind aid and assistance of Rainisolofo and his son, I formed the expeditionary party to conduct me through the dense forest belt and across the uplands of interior Madagascar. The trials and adventures, the attacks of barbarous tribes and deadly fevers, and the final successful transit by the first white man of the great African island, will form the subject-matter of subsequent papers.

M. A. SHUFELDT,
Lieutenant U.S.N.

(To be continued.)

McDOWELL AND TYLER AT BULL RUN.[1]

It has for a long time been our opinion that much of what we see in the press and find in our libraries upon the events of 1861–64, while it may possibly have a historical substratum, is very largely built up out of the materials of Cloud-land, like the story of Troy and of Tell, of Abraham and Moses.

Our faith in Samson never was of the sturdiest nature, and we were quite prepared to find that he was less of a judge and more of an incident that our good fathers believed; that, in fact, there was a wide streak of weather-lore in his composition, the "local color" being altogether too *red* to allow of any association of its subject with such achromatic material as the United States Supreme Court and the English Judiciary.

But we never had taken exception to Dathan and Abiram and "the gainsaying of Kore." From a military point of view they were mutineers, and the earth swallowed them up very properly. When, however, the myth-man comes along and learnedly demonstrates—to his satisfaction—that here too we have only the phenomena of the Storm-Cloud and Wind combining against Moses the Solar Man, whose face of course shines as he comes down the Sunrise Mountains, it *was* comfortable to think that if the punishment of the ring-leaders shocked no properly-constituted lover of order, yet "the wives and the little ones," whom the text involved in the same destruction, were after all no more substantial than the cloudlets and scud which any summer day are dissolved in the abysmal blue.

Then as we labored with the burdens of the book attributed to General Fry, suddenly the light of inspiration broke through the darkness of our souls, and we too saw clearly where before we were blind, and with our usual generosity we hasten to share our discoveries with any less fortunate fellow-student.

In the first place, consider the very events which are described in this volume. It deals with discrepancies and contradictions which in themselves cannot belong to genuine history, which has consistency for its water-mark, as it were. Thus is revealed at once the work of

[1] "McDowell and Tyler in the Campaign of Bull Run." By James B. Fry. D. Van Nostrand, New York, 1884.

the mythopœic faculty peopling the forest with dryads, the spring with nymphs, and the sky with divinities, and which is utterly careless of any harmony of statement while under guidance of the fancy whose creations are independent of place and time, which was busy with its wonderful work long before Thucydides was born, and will be fresh and unwearied when Bancroft drops the pen, which has its abiding-place alike in the dreams of the Esquimaux and the strains of the poets, and lurks under the prosaic dress of the "Scribner Series" no less than of Rollin's "Ancient Rome."

We admit that the volume under review credibly acknowledges the existence of irreconcilable statements as to many of the events with which it deals, and seeks to effect their removal by the process so well known to all apologists, of abating here and adding there, like the puzzled student at the blackboard, who has been seen before now by skillful manipulation of chalk and ruler to force parallel lines through the same point.

But it is labor thrown away under the eye of the impartial and fearless critic, who is hampered by no attachments to the past and no dread of the future, who has his own measures for truth, and applies them with a manly freedom from any dread of the lions,—of Nero or of the fate of Polycarp.

We call attention to the fact that in the struggle of which this volume professes to treat one side is represented as led by Beauregard. The singularity of this appellation at once attracts notice. It tells its own story. It can only mean "he that is fair to look upon," which is a very true and a very common solar descriptive. Of course, as the origin of the legend compels, he heads the hosts of the South. His opponent is McDowell, which is a corruption of McDougall, and which the careful student will decompose at once into its elements as the "Son of the Dark Wood," which is the literal equivalent of this Celtic eponym. The reference is to the forest of the night or the winter and its heroes, who are ever in conflict with the solar and summer powers. Evidently the McDowell must command the bands of the cold and gloomy North.

It will be observed that the contestants are separated by Bull Run. This is manifestly the name of no earthly stream. It belongs to no terrestrial geography. It is directly connected with the Solar Bull, and signifies that ocean river which limits respectively the realms of Day and Night, the stream that runs perennially between these hostile powers, the stream whence the Sun was wont to appear in the sign Taurus at the vernal equinox going forth in his strength.

It will be observed, furthermore, that each of these leaders has his Double, a faint reflection of himself, as is so often the case with the heroes of mythology. Behind the mountains, that is, below the horizon, for we are dealing here with celestial localities only, on the one

side is Johnson. This word radiates in the well-known form IAO. It is habitually applied to the solar powers, more especially considered as the serene and changeless deities of the noon, or summer, or desert skies.

"The Son of the Dark Wood" has also his Double, represented by Patterson. The filiative terminations of these last appellatives merely mark the inferior or secondary positions of their bearers. Patterson is a coinage belonging to the widely-extended root *pad*, meaning to go, to go softly or slowly, *pit-a-pat*, as it were, and has reference to the fading twilight that lingers in the west, instead of hastening to the help of the "Son of the Dark Wood" in his contest with the forces of the Sunny South.

Among these, too, we find another leader, Jackson, which is a mere variant of the Johnson already discussed. But the particular feature of Jackson is the epithet invariably attached to his name of Stonewall, giving rise to the childish fable of the immobility of his men, etc., which it is hardly worth while to repeat. We simply see here traces of the famous pillars of stone, which, as symbols of productiveness and fertility, were adored as abodes of the solar god in old times, and known as Bethels, dolmens, etc. Stonewall also betokens probably the sun of the January solstice, fixed and immovable in the sleep of winter, but still identified with his more ardent brother of the dog-days, as he could not but be.

A certain Tyler plays a prominent part in the present version of this story. It appears to be difficult to satisfactorily compose the various statements associated with this appellative, but the secret lies in the name independent of the fancies framed to satisfy popular etymology in the matter. Tyler is nothing but the Coverer. The essence of the word is seen in *tile*. It is he who stands at the door to prevent access; in fact, he is stated to have been posted at Blackburn's Ford, which is nothing but that point of the horizon where the morning sun threatens to appear and break through the clouds that on the part of the "Son of the Dark Wood" cover and aid his attack. Of course the Tyler cannot cross the ford, and to find fault with him for not doing so is certainly superfluous, since he but acts in beautiful consistency with the conditions of the primal tradition.

Prominent on the so-called Northern side are others, Sherman, for instance. This is the Shearer, and refers to the winter clouds that shear the southern sun of its beams. In other traditions connected with this cycle of myths there is a very prominent illustration of this same character in the appellative Sheridan. Upon these two descriptives is founded a large quantity of legendary material, into the treatment of which we cannot now enter, stopping only to note that some of the more famous exploits of the latter are largely associated with the Blue Ridge Mountains, naturally enough as representing the piled-up cumulus of a December sky.

We call attention to further verifications. "Herne the Hunter," the "Wild Huntsman," etc., are very familiar instances of the personification of midnight and winter winds. Here too, associated as the instincts of the tradition required, is a certain General Hunter, as well as a General Heintzelman, directly connected, as is evident enough, with the German *heint* or *night*.

Turning to the other side, we find the names Evans and Bonham. The former will be recognized as a Celtic variant of the Johnson and Jackson before explained, and Bonham is only an impersonation of the Home Beautiful of Christian legend, the Gladsheim of Norse fable, the bright sky where dwell the beneficent solar powers.

But the invariable consistency with which these descriptives appear exactly where the conditions of the original myth compel, affords the most convincing testimony as to their origin. One coincidence might prove little, but where they reveal themselves by the score they really impeach the sanity of such as may hereafter persist in teaching the literal existence as persons of these plain cosmic phenomena. Again, we notice the appearance in this narrative of General Fry, so termed. At first sight his connection with the forces of the cold North would seem impossible to explain, but it is a grave mistake in these matters to be led away by a mere resemblance of sound. We must not be content with any such superficial examination. Nature can always be trusted. Like a national bank-note, she will redeem her promises to pay. Searching deep enough, we see that this descriptive *Fry* has no connection with the genial Frey of Norse mythology, as from its living representative might so well be supposed. The affiliation of the term in the legend is rather with the ideas embodied in the words *frost* and *freeze*, the Latin *frigue*, the French *frirs*.

Finally, we remark that the conflict under discussion is in point of time assigned to the 21st of July. It would be singular indeed if so abstract a thing as a mere date possessed any significance. But truth is immortal. No lapse of years, no perversion of rhetoric, though it may dim its radiance, can ever extinguish it.

It will be remembered that in all the various traditions which have gathered about this topic an invariable limit is given to the progress northward of the solar forces. This is Munson's Hill, and it could not be otherwise. *Munson* is a sibilated augment of the Celtic word *mên*, which means a stone. Like the *meta* of the classical race-course, this "Hill of the Stone" marks the turning-point of the sun in his northern advance. It is, in fact, the northern solstice. Exactly one month from this time "He who is fair to look upon" is of course found at *Men-asses* Junction.

No one could add to the force of this revelation. Its bare statement is enough.

But there is another rather more subtile thread of association.

Everybody has read or may read of the Solar Ass. His bray is heard in the songs of India and the Psalms of David, in nursery ditties and national epics. It already pervades the land like those three achievements of modern civilization, the potato-bug, the dude, and the cigarette, and its sonorous echo comes up to us even out of the thunders of the war of the Rebellion. He typifies the autumn or the midnight sun. It is difficult to tell why in terms that would not expose one to interference from Anthony Comstock. In the language of book catalogues the subject is "very curious."

Well, the midnight sun and the noonday sun were often conceived of as two different things altogether. They were frequently opposed to one another, and we may expect to find the former not seldom acting with anti-solar powers. This furnishes a very convenient solvent for any difficulties that present themselves in reducing history to its mythological residuum. For instance, if there is any subject that might be supposed to have emancipated itself from any legendary bias it certainly is the census report. But turn over the leaves at random. Here are various statistics about wool. This is, however, only the translation into mathematics of the Solar Ram. There is quite an array of figures clustered about the seals of Sitka and the cod of Newfoundland. These are but terrestrial applications of the Solar Fish. Even among the statements of illiteracy for South Carolina, etc., we plainly find the track of the Solar Ass.

In fact, the census report is nothing but a Mercator's projection of the zodiac itself. And the simplicity of the means as compared with the complication of the results is most gratifying. The mythological menagerie is complete by investment in a single animal who grows hoof, claws, or fins on demand.

The best proof of the truth of any theory is that it fits the facts, and all of the facts. And as we have seen, there is an astonishing adaptability about the Solar Mythus, whether applied to the physical, social, political, or religious economics.

This zoological plasticity is also characteristic of the so-called war of the Rebellion. "He who is fair to look upon" encounters the "Son of the Dark Wood" at Bull Run, which it is just as true, since the domain of the under and upper sky must meet at this ocean stream, that here too come into conflict the suns of mid-day and midnight, which version of the tradition is contained in the very peculiar name of the Junction.

It will, we think, now be readily admitted that one thread of relation runs between the names this legend gives to the personalities on either side. We repeat they are emphatically of meteoric origin. They are terms descriptive of the South, of brightness and life, or of cold and darkness and death. They are spoken of as men, but it is only the result of that anthropomorphic habit of thought in which all phenomena of nature must be conceived.

They are used as examples in our school-books and senate-halls, but before the searching spectacles of the higher criticism they must retire abashed and confounded into the gardens of the Hesperides or the mountains of the moon, like Helen and Hector, Joshua the son of Nun, and Abishag the Shunamite.

The folks have gone as other folks must go, but patriotism and valor still remain. Nor is there any occasion for sorrow or alarm. Even after all concrete displays of virtue have utterly ceased to be, there will yet abide with us eternally the beauty and the charm of pure abstraction, patriotism in the naked outlines of geometry and valor in simple values of x. And great indeed will be his gain who puts his trust herein, rather than the rewards and punishments of an exploded superstition. Marathon may or may not have been, but three times two are six forever.

Thus closes our little wail, done after the manner of the modern myth-peddler.

H. W. C.

THE GOLDEN CITY.

'Tis said that in the forest
  A golden city lies,
Which was never yet revealéd
  To gaze of human eyes;

And travelers have sought it
  Eagerly and long,
But ne'er have found the city,
  Nor seen its gem-clad throng.

We know that there is builded
  A city far above
The golden stars that brighten
  The firmament with love.

God built the glorious city
  For the loving, pure, and free,
Lo! through the open portal
  The way prepared for thee.

C.

October 17.

Note.—The original manuscript of the above is in possession of our correspondent to whom we are indebted for permission to print.—Ed.

THE DATE OF 1835.

FIFTY years ago thirty-one ardent and aspiring "young gentlemen" entered the navy of the United States. Their names and the dates of their appointments were:

1. *Francis Alexander, May 27, 1835; 2. *John Quincy Adams, July 3; 3. Samuel Chase Barney, June 27; 4. Joseph Nicholas Barney, June 30; 5. *Alexander H. Cass, July 20; 6. William McKay Caldwell, October 10; 7. Edward Donaldson, July 21; 8. *Charles Deas, October 15; 9. *Charles Edward Fleming, January 15; 10. *Thomas B. Huger, March 5; 11. *John Viler Hixon, June 29; 12. *Samuel B. Lee, January 28; 13. Lomis McLane, March 5; 14. *Charles Shaler McDonough, April 8; 15. *Alexander Murray, August 20; 16. Lewis F. Musson, March 11; 17. *Benjamin Morgan, November 2; 18. *William C. B. S. Porter, July 29; 19. *Matthew C. Perry, July 1; 20. George H. Preble, October 10; 21. John Rutledge, April 9; 22. *Robert B. Reill, September 2; 23. *James S. Ridgely, September 11; 24. *Charles B. Smith, September 2; 25. Wilmer Shields, October 19; 26. Joshua D. Todd, June 26; 27. Howard Tillotson, September 3; 28. *Stephen D. Vallette, December 5; 29. *Charles Wager, April 2; 30. *Isaac Stockton Keith You, July 3; 31. *Benjamin F. B. Hunter, August 20; 32. *Robert M. Bowland, March 15 (originally appointed in 1834). Those marked thus * on this list are known to be dead.

Of these, six resigned or died as midshipmen before examination, viz.: Cass, Hixon, Lee, Musson, Morgan, Tillotson. One, Wager, failed to pass in seamanship in 1841, resigned in 1843, and died on his passage home from the West Indies.

Of the twenty-five who passed their examination, three were lost at sea and never heard from, viz.: J. Q. Adams in the "Albany," September 28, 1854; W. C. B. S. Porter in the "Levant," September, 1860; I. S. K. You in the "Grampus," March, 1843; and one, T. B. Huger, died from wounds received in battle while in command of the Confederate steamer "McRae" below New Orleans, April 23, 1862. Two died passed midshipmen; fourteen before their death, resignation, or dismissal attained the rank of lieutenant; one that of lieutenant-commander; three were promoted from lieutenants to captains on the

retired list, and three attained the rank of rear-admiral on the active list, viz.: Murray, Donaldson, and Preble, two of whom are now living, but retired from active service from age according to law. Rear-Admiral Murray has recently died, so that there are now but two living representatives of the date in the service, viz.: Rear-Admirals Preble and Donaldson.

The board of examiners for the date was composed of Commodores James Biddle, George C. Read, Henry E. Ballard, Captain David Conner, Professor of Mathematics David McClure, and Secretary —— Harris. Seamanship had the first place, gunnery and navigation second, and mathematics third in the assignment of rank. The midshipmen were examined in the order of their appointment or seniority in Bowdich's Navigator, Playfair's Euclid, McClure's Spherical Astronomy, in the French and Spanish languages, in mental and moral philosophy, Bourdon's Algebra, and last, but not least, seamanship. Steam had not yet entered into the examination, for steam vessels of war were not, in 1841, considered of any great importance, "Fulton 2d," the germ, so to speak, of our present steam navy, having been launched as late as 1837. Paixhan or shell guns were first introduced a few years later, and rifled cannon were unthought of. Single-barreled pistols and muskets with flint locks were the small-arms used, and only one division of the crew was drilled in their use, by the master-at-arms and ship's corporal.

Wm. M. Caldwell, who resigned a lieutenant in 1850, was a major of volunteers in the Union army in the civil war, and is now living in New York.

J. N. Barney, T. B. Huger, and John Rutledge resigned in 1861 and entered the Confederate service; and there were others of the date, who had previously resigned, who served "the lost cause."

As there is always one black sheep in the flock, so the date of '35 proves no exception to that general rule. Robert M. Bowland, who passed with the date, though he properly belonged to that of the year previous, resigned July 7, 1842, a year after passing his examination, being forced to do so for having killed his brother-in-law in Ohio. He was tried for murder, but convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to imprisonment for life; whereat it is said he was very angry, and petitioned to have his sentence changed to a capital one. Whether he died in prison, was pardoned out, or is now living is not known to me.

It seems to me singular that after the lapse of near half a century full one-third of the original number of the class of '35 (graduates of '41) should be still living in 1884, viz.:

1. Lomis McLane, who resigned in 1850, was for some time connected with Wells Fargo Express and president of a bank in California.

2. John Rutledge, who resigned in 1861, was in the Confederate naval service, and is now a rice-planter in South Carolina.

3. Samuel Chase Barney, dismissed 1863, living in Maryland.

4. J. N. Barney, who resigned and entered the Confederate service, and is living in Maryland.

5. Edward Donaldson, a retired rear-admiral, living in Baltimore, Maryland.

6. Alexander Murray,[1] a retired rear-admiral, living in Washington.

7. Lewis F. Musson, resigned in 1837, living in Louisiana.

8. Howard Tillotson, resigned 1840, living in Rhinebeck, New York.

9. William McKay Caldwell, resigned 1850, living in New York City, New York.

10. George H. Preble, a retired rear-admiral, living in Brookline, Massachusetts.

11. Wilmer Shields, resigned 1852, living in New Orleans, Louisiana.

The date was remarkable, as was noticed by one of its examiners, Commodore Reed, for renewing so many names of naval prestige, viz.: Barney, Caldwell, McDonough, Murray, Porter, Perry, Preble, and Ridgely.

[1] Deceased November 10, 1884.

GEO. HENRY PREBLE,
Rear-Admiral U.S.N.

THE NATIONAL GUARD, AND THE NECESSITY FOR ITS ADOPTION BY THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT.

It might be well said that the republic of the United States was born upon the field of battle. Amid the clash of arms, the rattle of musketry, and the roar of artillery it proclaimed its independence, and took its station among the nations of the earth, and from its earliest history we have had breathed into our ears, from father to son, the tales of renowned wars which emblazon our national escutcheon. These have thrilled the youthful frame, and kept alive the fire of patriotism from generation to generation. But let the country enjoy a long term of peace; let those who have braved the dangers of the battle-field pass over to the "unknown shore," leaving the *interregnum* of but a single generation without the experiences of a campaign or a battle, and you will find that lethargy will succeed alertness, inactivity take the place of activity, and a general disregard for the prowess of arms will place the country in a precarious state of defense.

A certain amount of military enthusiasm is sure to follow in the footsteps of a great war; but when the heroes of that war pass away, and the remembrances of their tales grow dim, when their experiences are no longer available, something more than a mere recognition of the National Guard will be necessary to kindle into flame any remaining spark of military ardor which may have once existed.

While we, as a nation, are not an aggressive people, still are we warlike, and the military ardor now displayed in the country twenty years after an extensive and expensive war, finds us, so far as general legislation goes, no better off than we were a quarter of a century ago. We have no reference whatever to the advancement made in the *material* of war, but to the general principles of organization by which future conflicts must be determined.

The proof of our warlike nature exists in the fact that, in the absence of the general legislation referred to, we find such a large force of men in our country bearing arms at their own expense, and that of the States under which they hold an organization. But of what utility are they to the general government? In the event of a war, they can only be asked to volunteer into the United States service. And then, let me ask how long it takes to organize, muster in,

and prepare them for the field. Those who have had the experience of the early days of '61 know only too well.

Suppose, for instance, we had an organized force of one hundred thousand men, under the control of the general government (proportioned among the respective States according to population), and, for example, a war should occur with Great Britain. By a stroke of the pen the general government could place these men upon the Canadian frontier inside of five days. What would be the advantage, however, were it there to remain until a volunteer army could be organized? None whatever; for while this was being done transports filled with regular troops would be crossing the ocean; the Canadian militia, organized by the Dominion government as a general armed force under central control, could be concentrated at any point along our frontier, and pounce down upon any of our important lake cities, or at least cause such destruction of property in the cities of Buffalo and Detroit as might be sufficient to pay the ordinary expense of maintaining the entire National Guard for years to come. Whereas, if the Guard was under the orders of the United States government, it could at once take the initiative and be thrown into foreign territory; and thus, by the rapidity of the movement, not only save our own border towns from destruction and loss, but by the experience of even a ten days' campaign be prepared to meet the force which would be sent to the assistance of the Dominion. During these ten days the regular army could be concentrated, and its twenty-five thousand trained men would be more than a match for any regular force that could be sent from England inside of sixty days. Thus holding the vantage-ground, the government would be at liberty to mobilize such other forces as might be necessary.

Let us remain as we now are, and only the States interested would furnish troops for their borders; these would not go into another State or cross the border for any advantage that might be gained by so doing. In the mean time our large cities would be bombarded from small villages which stand opposite each of them, and no corresponding damage could be inflicted from our own side.

These are merely a few thoughts expressed as a preface to the principle of the adoption of the National Guard by the general government, under and by the means expressed farther on in this article.

The old-time term "militia" has always been a distasteful one to us. Whenever it has been used the mind has invariably reverted to our boyhood's days, when, in our first Latin lessons, we learned that the word was derived from *miles*, meaning a soldier, and, in its original use under the emperors of Rome, signified the armed *servants* of the emperor, and held the position of court officials. As we have no emperor upon whose will these armed servants depend, and no court wherein the militia become officials, the term—in this country—fails of

its general meaning, and is therefore inappropriate. But when we bear in mind that the entire defense of the republic of the United States lies in an arming of the people, then that armed force becomes a nation's guard, and hence the appropriateness of the term "National Guard."

But is the force we have now a *national* guard? It can scarcely be considered so; for while the troops thus organized and equipped bear that title, the laws governing the same are of such character as to warrant them being called merely *State* troops, their arms and equipments being furnished by the general government, while the supply of their uniforms and pay depends entirely upon the will of thirty-eight different legislatures; and the troops of one State cannot do duty in another without volunteering, under a special act of Congress, to be mustered into the United States service. Is it any wonder, then, that the theory of "State's rights" still exists, when the very force which is kept armed and equipped as the nation's guard should be the first to proclaim that they do not belong to the national government, but to the State under which they hold their organization?

Will any one pretend to say that this fabric called the National Guard may not tumble to pieces at any moment? or refuse to enter the service of the United States on demand? or, as was the case at the opening of the Rebellion, use the arms and equipments belonging to the general government against the government itself? This is liable to be the case in Massachusetts or New York as well as in South Carolina or Texas. Leaving out the principles of patriotism, there are reasons which may be assigned in extenuation of this; among them are: first, that the general government virtually disowns them; second, that they band together merely out of a natural love for military display; third, that they give their time, pay for their uniforms, build their armories, etc., while the State furnishes their rations and pay while in encampment or called into active service. Can any one suppose for an instant that these paltry considerations are sufficient to induce these men to give their time and expend their private means in drilling, parading, and encamping?

In studying the progress of military art, we dwell in succession on the proudest days of all the great nations of the earth; and we learn from the study that when this art was neglected the downfall of the nation was not far distant. At no time has industrial accumulation with its results, progress and civilization, been possible unless accompanied by the will and power to defend it. Military history divides itself into four distinct periods since the fall of Rome. In the first, or barbarous stage, we have vast hordes, formidable from their numbers and the courage of the warlike freemen composing them. In the second, or feudal period, the armies are nearly as numerous, but their strength lay entirely in a small body of highly-equipped knights and men-at-arms. In the third, or "standing army" period, we have small

armies of highly-trained professional soldiers. Lastly, under the conscription, we have armies once more national, embracing the whole male population. This latter has been adopted by all European powers excepting England alone, and the remodeling of the English army to-day is the theme of much discussion among its officers. The war of the Rebellion exhibited the fact that we could not depend upon voluntary enlistments. Compulsory service gives unlimited command of men, introduces a higher class in the ranks, and raises the tone of the army generally.

As a general rule our National Guard is made up from the middle class of society,—the bone and sinew of the land. The men of the richer, or what is termed the first class, are too inert to organize themselves into anything that requires the slightest physical exertion, while the poorer, or third class, are the laboring men who cannot afford the time necessary to be given for drills, parades, etc. Is it fair that this burden should fall entirely upon one class of our citizens, just because they are imbued with a martial spirit? Of course not. But where is the remedy if the rich man will not, and the poor man cannot, become a National Guardsman?

We have no means at hand of determining the exact number of men available for military duty at the present time, but in 1882 there were six million seven hundred and ninety-seven thousand and six. It is safe to assert that we have at the present time ten million of men for this purpose. In order to keep a National Guard force of one hundred thousand men organized, it would require one man out of every one hundred to bear arms. The latest returns from the States report eighty-seven thousand six hundred and fourteen as the organized strength. This number does not include any organizations which exist in the States of Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Kansas, Oregon, and Tennessee; because those States have rendered no reports to the War Department. But it is safe to assert that their reports, if rendered, would show altogether a force of one hundred thousand.

Here, then, we have a voluntary force of National Guardsmen, if properly organized and distributed equally according to population, sufficient to exempt the States from any conscription whatever. But the burden is unequally borne, as, for instance, there are seventeen States which have an excess of men, while fifteen States are deficient, —Indiana, Kentucky, Michigan, Missouri, and Ohio being notably so. From the report of the adjutant-general of the army the State of Indiana is the most deficient, while the State of Florida is the most notable in excess, not only according to population, but its report shows an excess greater than any State in the Union.

It must be apparent to any one, therefore, in view of these facts, that some general legislation is necessary,—not only to equalize the burden of the present militia system among the States according to popu-

lation, but to adopt measures to render it of some use to the general government. Florida rolls up an excess of 6200, with a popular vote of 51,618, South Carolina an excess of 3921, with a vote of 170,956, and Massachusetts an excess of 1274, with a vote of 282,512. Why should these States be taxed to support this excess while Indiana, with a vote of 470,678, is deficient 2856 men; Michigan, with a vote of 352,441, is deficient 2330 men, etc.?

For the benefit of those who take an interest in these matters we have tabulated a statement showing the popular vote of 1880, the reports of the organized National Guard for 1882, the number of men which would be required, apportioned according to population, and the excess or deficiency in each.

TABLE *showing popular vote, organized strength of militia, and excess or deficiency in each State on rates of* 1 *to* 100.

State.	Popular Vote, 1880.	Organized Strength, 1882.	Apportionment to Population.	Excess.	Deficient.
Alabama	151,507	*.....	1,516	.....	1,516
Arkansas	106,229	*.....	1,062	.....	1,062
California	164,166	2,274	1,642	632	.....
Colorado	53,532	1,065	535	530	.....
Connecticut	132,770	2,367	1,328	1,039	.....
Delaware	29,333	348	294	54	.....
Florida	51,618	6,716	516	6,200	.....
Georgia	155,651	*.....	1,556	1,556	.....
Illinois	622,312	5,553	6,224	.....	671
Indiana	470,678	1,860	4,716	.....	2,856
Iowa	322,706	2,261	3,227	.....	966
Kansas	201,019	*.....	2,012	.....	2,012
Kentucky	264,304	1,159	2,643	.....	1,484
Louisiana	97,201	1,615	972	614	.....
Maine	143,853	1,325	1,440	.....	115
Maryland	173,039	1,245	1,730	.....	485
Massachusetts	282,512	4,099	2,825	1,274	.....
Michigan	352,441	1,194	3,524	.....	2,330
Minnesota	150,771	845	1,509	.....	664
Mississippi	117,078	1,300	1,170	130	.....
Missouri	397,221	2,099	3,973	.....	1,874
Nebraska	87,355	534	874	.....	340
Nevada	18,348	681	184	497	.....
New Hampshire	86,368	1,340	864	476	.....
New Jersey	245,928	3,220	2,460	760	.....
New York	1,104,605	11,608	11,046	562	.....
North Carolina	241,218	2,783	2,412	371	.....
Ohio	724,967	5,875	7,250	.....	1,375
Oregon	40,816	*.....	408	.....	408
Pennsylvania	874,783	8,197	8,748	.....	551
Rhode Island	29,235	1,238	292	946	.....
South Carolina	170,956	5,631	1,710	3,921	.....
Tennessee	241,827	*.....	2,418	.....	2,418
Texas	241,478	1,706	2,415	.....	709
Vermont	64,593	641	646	.....	5
Virginia	212,135	2,635	2,121	514	.....
West Virginia	112,713	456	1,127	514	671
Wisconsin	267,172	2,434	2,672	.....	238
	9,204,428	87,614	92,065		

* No reports made to War Department.

Conscription, as employed to illustrate this article, does not mean that *every* man shall be forced to do service, but it does mean that armed service shall be equally divided, and that the government shall have a force ready to take the field the moment it is found that a war is inevitable. So long as States furnish their quota by voluntary enlistment in the National Guard, then no draft will be ordered. The apathy which now exists in many of the States regarding the soldier would be changed into interest, for it would cause every man to arouse himself and encourage those who enlist, if for nothing else than to keep out of it himself. Conscription, then, however distasteful it may appear at first, will be found to be the only proper means of throwing the burden equally upon all men and providing the government with a reliable armed support. The following has been, therefore, prepared as a suggestion; it being the most compact way of expressing the views of the writer:

1. That, hereafter, there shall be organized in the States and Territories of the United States a force to be known as the "National Guard," to take the place of the present organized militia system.

2. That all regiments of infantry organized under this system shall consist of one colonel, one lieutenant-colonel, three majors (battalion commanders), one adjutant, one quartermaster, one surgeon and one assistant, one sergeant-major, one quartermaster-sergeant, one hospital steward, one chief musician, one principal musician, twenty-five band musicians, and three battalions of four companies each; a company to consist of one captain, two lieutenants (without distinction except as regards the date of their commissions), one first sergeant, four sergeants, four corporals, two musicians, one artificer, one armorer, and fifty privates, except as hereinafter provided for.

3. That in time of peace each battalion shall be fully officered, but only two battalions manned; that in time of war the President of the United States shall be authorized to at once man the other battalion, and, at his discretion, to increase the strength of all the companies to one hundred enlisted men.

4. That for the purpose of organizing and maintaining the National Guard each Congressional district shall constitute a military district, for the purpose of determining the proportion of troops to be kept under organization, and the number apportioned to each district in time of peace shall be such as to have one hundred thousand well-organized, officered, and equipped men,—the enlisted men to be uniformed and equipped at the expense of the United States.

5. That voluntary enlistments may be made in the National Guard the same as the regular force, said enlistments to be made by any officer regularly appointed by the governor of any State or Territory, and an honorable discharge at expiration of term of service shall exempt the party from military duty for the period of four years thereafter.

6. That in order to carry out the above sections, and to provide for maintaining a sufficient force in time of war, all able-bodied male citizens of the United States, between the ages of eighteen and fifty years, and persons of foreign birth, who shall have declared on oath their intention to become citizens under and in pursuance of the laws thereof, except as hereinafter excepted, are hereby declared to constitute the national forces, and shall be liable to perform military duty in the service of the United States when called out by the President for that purpose.

7. That the following persons be excepted and exempt, and shall not be liable to military duty, to wit: such as may be rejected as physically or mentally unfit for the service; also, first, the Vice-President of the United States, the judges of the various courts of the United States, the heads of the various executive departments of the government, and the governors of the several States; second, the only son liable to military duty of a widow dependent upon his labor for support; third, the only son of aged or infirm parent or parents dependent upon his labor for support; fourth, where there are two or more sons of aged or infirm parents subject to draft, the father, or if he be dead, the mother, may elect which son shall be exempt; fifth, the only brother of children not twelve years old, having neither father nor mother, dependent upon his labor for support; sixth, the father of motherless children under twelve years of age dependent upon his labor for support; seventh, where there are a father and sons in the same family and household, and two of them are in the military service of the United States as non-commissioned officers, musicians, or privates, the residue of such family and household, not exceeding two, shall be exempt. And no persons but such as are herein excepted shall be exempt. Provided, however, that no person who has been convicted of any felony shall be enrolled or permitted to serve in said forces.

8. That the national forces of the United States thus enrolled shall be divided into three classes,—the first of which shall comprise all persons subject to do military duty between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five years; the second class shall comprise all persons between the ages of eighteen and forty years who have not previously formed the first class; the third class shall comprise all persons between the ages of forty and fifty years; and those of the second class shall not be called into service of the United States until those of the first class shall have been called; nor shall those of the third class be called until those of the first and second classes shall have been called.

9. That for greater convenience in enrolling, calling out and organizing the national forces, and for the arrest of deserters, etc., the United States shall be divided into districts, of which the District of Columbia shall constitute one or more as the President may direct, each of the Territories one, and each Congressional district of the respective

States, as fixed by the law next preceding the enrollment, shall constitute one.

10. That for each of said districts there shall be designated by the President a captain of the National Guard as provost-marshal, who shall be under the direction and subject to the orders of a provost-marshal-general, appointed or detailed by the President of the United States, whose office shall be at the seat of government, forming a separate bureau of the War Department, and whose rank, pay, and emoluments shall be those of a colonel of the regular force; and that all captains of the National Guard detailed to perform the duties of provost-marshals shall, while on such duty, have the pay and emoluments of a mounted captain of the regular force.

11. That it shall be the duty of the provost-marshal-general, with the approval of the Secretary of War, to make rules and regulations for the government of his subordinates; to furnish them with the names and residences of all deserters from the army, whether regular, of the National Guard, or volunteers, or any of the forces in the service of the United States, when reported to him by the commanding officers; to communicate to them all orders of the President in reference to calling out the national forces; to furnish proper blanks and instructions for enrolling and drafting; to file and preserve copies of all enrollment lists; to require stated reports of all proceedings on the part of his subordinates; to audit all accounts connected with the service under his direction; and to perform such other duties as the President may prescribe.

12. That it shall be the duty of the provost-marshals to arrest all deserters, or persons called into the service by any act of Congress, wherever they may be found, and to send them to the nearest military commander or military post; in time of war to detect, seize, and confine spies of the enemy, who shall, without unreasonable delay, be delivered to the custody of the general commanding the geographical department in which they may be arrested, to be tried as soon as the exigencies of the service permit; to obey all lawful orders and regulations of the provost-marshal-general, and such as may be prescribed by law concerning the enrollment and calling into service of the national forces.

13. That in each of said districts there shall be a board of enrollment, to be composed of the provost-marshal as president, and two other persons, to be appointed by the President of the United States, one of whom shall be a licensed and practicing physician and surgeon.

14. That it shall be the duty of said board to divide the district into sub-districts of convenient size, if they shall deem it necessary,—not exceeding two without the direction of the Secretary of War,—and to appoint, on or before the first day of October next, and in each year thereafter, if necessary, an enrolling officer for each district or sub-

district; and he shall immediately proceed to enroll all persons subject to military duty, noting their respective places of residence, ages on the first day of January following, and their occupation, and shall, on or before the first day of January in each year, report the same to the board of enrollment, to be consolidated into one list, a copy of which shall be transmitted to the provost-marshal-general on or before the first day of February succeeding the enrollment.

15. That the enrollment of each class shall be made separately, and that all persons thus enrolled shall be subject to be called into the United States service, at any time when needed to keep the standard of the National Guard up to its maximum number; but in no other case except with the consent of the Congress of the United States; and when called, to continue in service for the period of three years.

16. That voluntary enlistments may take place in the National Guard, and no draft shall be ordered so long as by that means the number of men apportioned to each district are furnished, organized, and equipped; but, whenever that force shall not equal the number required by law, and in time of war when greater numbers may be required, then the President shall be authorized to assign to each district the number of men to be furnished, and thereupon the enrolling board shall, under the direction of the President, make a draft of the required number, and fifty per centum in addition, and shall make an exact and complete roll of the names of the persons so drawn, so that the first drawn may stand first upon the said roll, and the second may stand second, and so on. And the persons so drawn shall be notified of the same within ten days thereafter, by a written or printed notice, to be served personally, or by leaving a copy at the last place of residence, requiring them to appear at a designated rendezvous to report for duty.

17. That any person drafted and notified to appear as aforesaid, on or before the day fixed for his appearance, may furnish an acceptable substitute to take his place in the draft, and thereupon such person so furnishing the substitute shall be discharged from further liability under that draft; but in the event of the substitute so furnished being himself drawn in some future draft before the expiration of his term of service, then the substitute shall be required to enter the service on his own account, and the party furnishing the substitute required to serve the unexpired portion of his term, or furnish another substitute to do the same.

18. That all drafted persons shall, on arriving at the rendezvous, be carefully inspected by the surgeon of the board, who shall truly report to the board the physical condition of each one; and all persons drafted and claiming exemption from military duty on account of disability, or any other cause, shall present their claims to be exempted to the board, whose decision shall be final.

19. Penalties, etc., for officers who accept bribes or make false reports, etc.

20. That as soon as the required number of able-bodied men, liable to do duty, shall be obtained from the list of those drafted, the remainder shall be ordered to their homes, to be first called into service when another draft shall be ordered. And all drafted persons reporting at the place of rendezvous shall be allowed travel-pay from their places of residence; and all persons discharged at the place of rendezvous, or ordered to their homes to await orders, shall be allowed travel-pay to their places of residence; and all expenses connected with the enrollment and draft, including subsistence while at the rendezvous, shall be paid from the appropriation for enrolling and drafting, under such regulations as the President of the United States shall prescribe; and all expenses connected with the return of deserters to their regiments, or such other duties as the provost-marshals shall be called upon to perform in connection therewith, shall be paid from the appropriation for arresting deserters. Provided, the provost-marshals shall in no case receive commutation for transportation, or for fuel and quarters, but only for forage, when not furnished by the government, together with actual expenses of postage, stationery, and clerk-hire, authorized by the provost-marshal-general.

21. That if any person shall resist any draft of men enrolled into the service of the United States, or shall counsel or aid any person to resist any such draft, or shall assault or obstruct any officer in making such draft, or in the performance of any service in relation thereto, or shall counsel any person to assault or obstruct any such officer, or shall counsel any drafted man not to appear at the place of rendezvous, or willfully dissuade them from the performance of military duty, as required by law, such person shall be subject to summary arrest by the provost-marshal, and he shall be forthwith delivered to the civil authorities, and upon conviction thereof be punished by a fine not exceeding five hundred dollars, or by imprisonment not exceeding two years, or by both of said punishments.

22. That the governors of the several States and Territories of the Union shall be authorized to organize the National Guard into companies, troops, batteries, battalions, regiments, and brigades, according to the State allotment to be furnished,—but in no case to exceed one battery and four troops of cavalry to one brigade of infantry,—and appoint the officers to command them, filling all vacancies that may occur by death, resignation, or otherwise; and shall have power to call forth such troops in their respective States for duty under State laws made consistent with the United States laws governing the National Guard, when such force is not actually performing United States duty; but in the event of their being called into State duty, then the State shall assume all expenses connected with said duty.

23. That in order to assist the various governors in organizing and equipping and keeping under instruction the National Guard, there shall be attached to the staff of the said governors—upon application for the same by name—an officer of the regular force of the rank of captain or major, who while on such duty shall have the rank and recieve the pay and emoluments of a lieutenant-colonel of the same length of service in the regular force, who shall be *ex-officio* provost-marshal-general of the State; in addition to which duties he shall attend all encampments of the troops belonging to his State, muster the same for pay, impart such instruction as may be within his power, under orders from the Secretary of War, and make such reports to the adjutant-general of the army as may be required; and all orders from the governor to whose staff he may be attached, requiring travel to different parts of the State, shall be sufficient authority for the collection of mileage from the pay department.

24. That upon the report of the regular officer attached to the governor's staff, that any Congressional district fails to furnish its quota of men, then a notification shall be issued that unless such district or districts shall recruit the required number within thirty days from the notification by the provost-marshal-general, then a draft will be ordered; and all recruiting under this clause shall be made by the officers of the National Guard under the orders of the governors of the States in which said delinquent districts are located.

25. That the President of the United States shall, once each year, except during the period of a general or State election, call out the national forces for ten days, for a period of encampment for the purpose of military instruction and field manœuvres, and when so called the enlisted men shall be paid by the general government at the rate of one dollar per diem, and the officers the same as the pay of regular officers of like grade, for the period of actual attendance at the encampments; and in the selection of encampments, the troops of several of the contiguous States may be collected together once in two years.

26. That all fines, stoppages of pay, etc., except for the loss of or damage to government or other property, shall be covered into the treasury of the United States, to be known as the National Guard Fund, to be used in defraying the expenses of the National Guard; and on which, as a basis, the estimate for all appropriations for this purpose, after the first year, shall be made by the paymaster-general of the army.

Many may frown at the provisions of the above paragraphs, but the hour is near at hand when the necessity of it will be apparent to its, at present, worst antagonist. I have endeavored to point out a few of the necessities which exist for a remodeling of our military system, and offer the above suggestions to meet the same.

While this system would cost the government several millions of dollars annually, how much better it would be to expend the amount in this way and have a force that could be relied upon, than appropriating hundreds of millions for the improvement of rivers and creeks that no vessel or steamboat of any kind has been seen upon for months. As a simple illustration, I merely quote from the *Omaha Herald* of November 4, 1884:

"A GOVERNMENT STEAMER.

"THE 'MISSOURI' STOPS ON ITS WAY DOWN THE RIVER.

"The United States steamer 'Missouri' tied up at the old levee at the foot of Farnam Street over Sunday to await the arrival of mail, and presented to spectators a view of the first boat seen on this part of the river for months. The boat is commanded by Captain La Barge, a hale and hearty old navigator, who has been on the river for thirty-three years. The boat was built for and is still employed in the river survey service. Surveys have been completed from Sioux City to Pierre. Next season the boat will return and prosecute the survey to Benton, the head of navigation."

Thus we observe that the sight of a steamboat at this point was justly remarked upon, and yet the last Congress appropriated six hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for the improvement of the Missouri River. Six hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for the improvement of a river at the second principal port on which *one* steamboat was seen in several months of open navigation, and that boat a government steamer! This single appropriation for a river that has never been known to keep the same channel any two years in succession is twenty-five thousand dollars greater than was appropriated by Congress for the entire National Guard of the country!

If Congress is forced to assist the National Guard by a large annual appropriation of six hundred thousand or one million dollars, it were far better to "father it" at once, and have it of some use when the country required its service.

That there are faults and great faults existing in the National Guard at the present time no one can deny. There is too much attention paid to the *minutiæ* of company drill, and a lack of instruction in the specific details of company organizations relative to the care of men in the field, as well as a want of knowledge in the making of reports and returns. If nothing else is done for the present system, some method should be adopted whereby this knowledge could be imparted. This is one of the advantages which might be gained should a regular officer be attached to the staff of a State governor.

There is almost an entire absence of the knowledge of battalion drills by both field and company officers. This is, however, not their

fault; the facilities for getting battalions together, outside of the large cities, do not exist, except in a limited encampment of about five days, into which too much show and ceremony is crowded to afford the troops the opportunity for much tactical instruction.

Among the many bad features of the present organization is that of accounting for the men of the different commands. Any one who visits the annual encampments, and examines the muster-rolls, will find such remarks as "left the State," "changed his residence," "absent," etc., opposite the names of certain men. Under the law, as enforced, there is nothing to hold a man to his enlistment. I have never heard of a man being arrested as a deserter from the State service. If he desires to remove to another State, or change his residence in his own State, there are no means provided for holding him to his service at his new place of residence. He should be hunted up and transferred to the nearest organization; or in the event of moving out of the State altogether he should be held to his service by transferring him, say from the Seventh New York to the First Ohio, and have the proper officers see that he performs his duty; or arrest him and try him by court-martial as a deserter from the National Guard.

Even should the time be not yet ripe enough for the consideration of a law of conscription, it certainly behooves our National Legislature to take speedy action for the advancement of the present militia system. It is being left far behind the regular service in matters the knowledge of which must be acquired in the event of a war. That the National Guard is, to-day, in fair condition, for the character of its organization, there can be no doubt; but the constant changes by which the Regulations for the Army are affected, the numerous alterations and rulings on tactical subjects,—made necessary by the advancement in the science of war,—the almost entire absence of rifle practice at many of the State encampments, the changes which have taken place in the making of returns, etc., require that some means should be adopted for imparting the same to those who constitute the national defense.

WM. H. POWELL,
Captain Fourth Infantry, Brevet Major U.S.A.

JACK HAULTAUT, MIDSHIPMAN UNITED STATES NAVY; OR, LIFE AT THE NAVAL ACADEMY.

CHAPTER I.

PRELIMINARY.

FROM his earliest infancy, when he used to delight to play in his cold bath, through "the halcyon days of childhood" when he sailed miniature boats in a tub, and later when he possessed a row-boat of his own, it had been Jack Haultaut's ambition to become a sailor. Marryat's novels (read upon the sly) had fired him with this desire in a still greater degree, and the wonderful tales of Mayne Reid only increased his ardor to roam in foreign lands and seek adventure beneath other and more balmy skies. Of such natures are sailors born, and of such stuff have been made the adventurous mariners of history. If Jack's home had been near the coast instead of on the prairies of Illinois, he would undoubtedly have run away to sea; for his father had no sympathy with the roving disposition of his son, and endeavored to repress all his boyish longings for the wider sphere which he sought, and hoped to make Jack what he was himself, a successful country lawyer. To this end he sent him to as good a school as could be found in the State, but with the effect only to increase Jack's wish for a seafaring life, which gradually led him to a desire to enter the navy. About this time Cooper's Naval History fell into his hands, and as he there read of the dashing exploits of the intrepid Decatur, of his promotion to captain at twenty-five, and of the brilliant feats of arms accomplished by our navy in the war of 1812, his mind was fully made up, and he determined that if it were possible of accomplishment he would become a naval officer.

After arriving at this firm resolve he spoke to his father, and asked his assistance to accomplish his design; a reluctant consent was obtained, for the father was loath to give Jack up to the sea in exchange for the quiet of his country home, and with it the possible political preferment which is always in store for the active pushing man in the West. As he was quite as ignorant as his son regarding the method

to be pursued, he wrote in Jack's name to the Secretary of the Navy at Washington requesting information. The three weeks that passed before the receipt of a reply (for this was nearly a quarter of a century ago, when communication was not so prompt as now) were long indeed to our hero; and when at last there appeared a large official envelope with "Navy Department, Official Business," in one corner, addressed to "John Haultaut, Esq., Haultaut Corners, Illinois," Jack's excitement, like the curiosity of the postmaster, knew no bounds.

On opening the precious missive there appeared a printed circular stating, among other things, the physical and mental qualifications necessary for admission to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland. As Jack read the long list of medical phrases he wondered whether he could pass such an ordeal, but, on reflecting that he had never been sick a day in his life, he concluded that he would probably be as likely to be successful as any boy whom he knew. As to the mental qualifications, when he found that they embraced only reading, spelling, writing from dictation, and arithmetic as far as the rule of three, he felt very sure that here he would find no difficulty whatever; for he had been thoroughly grounded in mathematics and had studied algebra with great zeal.

On reading further, he discovered that an appointment depended upon the representative in Congress from the district, as each Congressional district throughout the country was entitled to one student. Fortunately, Jack's father was well acquainted with Colonel Arkwright, the representative, so the way appeared clear. Jack took the letter home (for he had stopped at the post-office to read it), and was all prepared to ask his father to write at once to the colonel; which was done and the letter deposited by Jack himself in the mail-box before he slept that night. A day or two afterwards the colonel replied that "he did not think there could be any appointment in his gift, as a boy from another part of the district had been sent to Annapolis by his predecessor; however, he would write to Washington and ascertain." Jack's spirits fell greatly on the receipt of this information, and he was restless and discontented, unable to settle himself even to enjoying his spring vacation. Just as he was about to return to school his father received another communication from the colonel, in which the latter said, "I am glad to tell you that the boy of whom I spoke is now in his last year at Annapolis, and that, as he will graduate in May, I shall have the privilege of appointing his successor, and your son's name will be sent to the Secretary of the Navy by me. I hope that he will succeed, and that he will do credit to you and to the district." Jack's enthusiasm was contagious, and the whole family joined with him in his delightful anticipations of the future, sinking for the moment the thought of his departure from the home roof and the family circle.

Now that Jack's appointment was assured, Mr. Haultaut's first step

was to take Jack to the family physician in order that he might examine him, to see if he could discover the existence of any of the physical disqualifications mentioned in the Department circular. The old doctor pronounced him sound, and then Jack was taken to the nearest dentist to have his teeth attended to if necessary; these precautions were taken in order that Jack might be spared the mortification of a failure, and they should be taken by every father who desires to have his son enter at either of the government schools.

After this Jack was allowed to speak of the coming change, and he received the hearty congratulations of his fellows, not unmixed with a little envy on the part of some of them. Soon after this came the official permission for "John Haultaut to present himself to the superintendent of the Naval Academy between the 20th of September and the 1st of October next, for examination as to his qualifications for entering that institution. If successful, he will be appointed an acting midshipman from the date of his examination, and will receive his traveling expenses from his home to Annapolis. His pay will begin from the same date, and he will be required to provide himself with clothing according to the inclosed schedule."

And now the last days of Jack's stay drew nigh; as he thought of all he was leaving, the kind and loving care of his parents, and above all, as he thought of his father's hopes for him frustrated, he felt that perhaps it might be better if he should give up his chance and stay quietly in his country home. Fortunately, his mother and sister kept up the appearance of a brave heart, though they too felt the approaching separation deeply, and Jack finally departed to seek his fortune with the blessings of his father and the prayers of his mother and sister following him. The journey was long and tedious, and Jack was thoroughly tired out when he reached Annapolis, which he did on the 20th of September, for he was too impatient to have his fate decided to wait until any later date. He found that the only public-house was the City Hotel, an ancient rambling hostelry, in which Washington is reputed to have passed a portion of his stay at Annapolis, during the session of Congress in which he resigned his commission. He walked from the railway station, for at that date there was not a single public vehicle in the city (and but few private ones), and his modest luggage was carried for him by a stalwart young negro, who was one of the many hanging about the station seeking such work. No sooner had he registered his name than the clerk, who knew him at once to be a candidate, said, "I will put you in a room with another gentleman who has come for his examination." Jack had flattered himself that he could not be known as a prospective naval man, but no one ever comes to Annapolis in September for pleasure, and there is an indefinable air which at once betrays the candidate to the practiced eye. Jack spent the evening with his room-mate, whose home he found was

in Maine, conversing regarding the coming examination, and the two looked over various portions of the arithmetic in preparation for the next day.

Early in the morning Jack and his companion, Ben Backstay, dressed and went to walk before breakfast. Backstay, who had come a day before Jack, acted as pilot, and the two boys walked down to the Academy, Jack all eager to see his future home. They entered the gate and found themselves within an inclosure of some thirty acres, surrounded on two sides by a high brick wall: the other two sides were bounded by the waters of the Severn. The grounds were neatly kept, the officers' quarters appeared to be comfortable, and those of the students were of pleasant surroundings. Moored in the river, and reached by a pile bridge from the shore, lay the historic frigate "Constitution," which was to be used as quarters for the new class. "My class," thought Jack, "is to be the first to live on board the glorious old craft!" and he recalled the stories told of the days when the good ship well earned the title of "Old Ironsides." A hasty glance was all the boys could take, and then they returned for breakfast, after which they came back again, this time with their documents in their pockets in readiness to present them to that august individual, the superintendent.

A few watchmen were on duty, an occasional officer in gold-laced uniform was to be seen, but there was no particular excitement attending the advent of our hero upon his new stage, and when he walked into the superintendent's office and presented his permit to the rosy, round-faced little clerk,—a very Cheeryble Brother in appearance,—there was no especial feeling manifested, rather to Jack's surprise. But he soon reflected that what was so new to him was an old story to the attachés of the institution, and he was no longer disgusted at the apparent lack of attention paid to him.

"Do you know whether there are any more candidates in the city?" said the clerk, as the boys handed him their papers.

Backstay replied that he thought not.

"Then you two gentlemen will probably not be obliged to wait very long before your fate is decided." After having each register his name, with that of his father, and the address of the latter, he called a messenger, and said, "Jim, take these young gentlemen to the hospital."

Jim Halliday (now, alas! departed this life) came to Annapolis with the late Captain Buchanan, at the foundation of the Academy, in 1846, and for more than thirty years filled most faithfully the post of superintendent's messenger. He knew every officer of the navy, and assisted at the introduction of hundreds of candidates. Jim was not only the factotum of the superintendent, but he was the channel of much secret (though perhaps not valuable) information regarding

Jones's demerit-marks or Smith's low standing in his class. In his later years Jim became somewhat rheumatic and decrepit, but he still retained his old place, though there was a younger man to do some of the work, and he always "recognized your face, sir, but my memory for names ain't so good as it was, sir." His genial countenance will long be remembered, and his oracular and paternal air as he conducted each year before the board the aspirants for admission was enough to render him an object of great interest to those who came under his guiding care, and to cause him to be ever pleasantly recalled to mind. His early education was somewhat neglected, owing to peculiar circumstances, for he was once a slave, and he could not read writing; hence, when he brought to an officer a paper which was being "passed round," he always handed him a pencil (for he never went without one) to erase his name from the list; if by chance the officer said, "Scratch my name off, Jim," he always replied, with a merry twinkle of his eyes, "I'd rather you'd do it yourself, sir, and then you'll be sure it is done."

Under Jim's wing, then, our two young friends proceeded to the hospital, a small brick building well calculated for the accommodation of the few sick ones likely to be among the generally healthy students. Here, under the care of "Buttons," they were shown into separate rooms and told, "Strip yourself, sir; the doctor will be here in a few moments."

While the examination (which was as severe as that in the case of any recruit) is going on, and while Jack and Ben are reading test types and being put through their paces generally by three naval surgeons in succession, let us turn our attention to the person mentioned as "Buttons." This was the familiar title bestowed upon the hospital steward, whose term of service began nearly a quarter of a century since. Though not a graduate of a medical college, I know of no one who can perform minor surgical operations better than he, and his skill naturally grows with practice. Many a prescription has he given on his own account, and many a midshipman has succeeded in getting excused from drill by an application to "Buttons" just before the drill hour, when the doctor was not at hand. His brevet title of doctor is worn more worthily than by many a man who possesses a parchment setting forth his abilities as an M.D.

The ordeal finished, Jack and Ben hastened to dress themselves, and applied to the steward to know if they had passed. He could give no information, and told them the report of the board would be sent to the superintendent; and presently Jim was given a huge sealed envelope, with which he returned, accompanied by the excited youths, who would have given much to know what was the tenor of the report which Jim was carrying. On arriving at the office Jim disappeared within the door of an inner room, but presently returned and handed the en-

velope to the clerk; the dapper little man glanced at the contents, rose from his chair, and said, "Gentlemen, you have passed," shook hands heartily with the boys and told them they might return in an hour. Just as they left the office they heard a bell strike "Ding, ding,—ding, ding,—ding!"

"What's that?" said both at once.

"Five bells, sir; half-past ten o'clock, sir."

"And what is eight bells? I have often read about it but never could understand," said Jack.

"Why, sir, that depends upon the time of day, sir. Sometimes it's twelve o'clock, sometimes it's fo' o'clock, and sometimes eight o'clock, just accordin' to de time of day, sir; accordin' to what watch it is, sir." With which lucid explanation the boys were forced to be content, for Jim's services were demanded and he was obliged to depart.

During the time at their disposal the boys wandered about the grounds, admiring the beautiful view of the Severn and inspecting with great interest a dozen huge bronze guns (trophies from the castle of San Juan d'Ulloa at Vera Cruz), which were then placed in a semicircle in front of the mess-hall; these ancient pieces of ordnance were ornamented with various devices and inscriptions, the breech of each being fashioned in resemblance of some curious face, all in striking contrast to the smooth-finished soda-water bottle Dahlgren guns of that day. They saw, too, the monument erected by officers of the navy in memory of the gallant Herndon, who went down with his ship; this memorial is of the character befitting so noble a deed,—a plain shaft of granite with the simple inscription:

"Herndon, Sept. 11, 1857."

As they were looking at it, not quite understanding what it all meant, there came by in the uniform of a lieutenant a man about thirty-five years of age, with dark complexion, curly hair and beard to correspond, and an eye which was very pleasant and kindly in its expression as he said to our friends, "Young gentlemen, do you know the story of the 'Central America'?" Being answered in the negative, he proceeded to tell them the story of Herndon's heroism and bravery in that fearful storm in which his ship was lost, of the wonderful way in which rescue came, and of the noble self-sacrificing spirit in which he refused to leave his ship so long as a passenger remained on board, he being last seen standing upon the paddle-box of the steamer with a cigar in his mouth as she slowly sank beneath the waves. "These are not war times, young gentlemen, but there is a chance for honor and fame even now." After some further conversation the pleasant officer went his way, and Jack said,—

"He is a very nice man, isn't he? I hope that he will have something to do with us."

By this time the hour was up, and our friends returned to the superintendent's office to find there half a dozen or more other aspirants for admission, who had arrived by the morning train and had come at once to report; they had been examined by the medical board, and soon Jim was summoned to conduct the entire party to the recitation-hall, where the academic board was in session. Entering this building, in which were situated the offices of various functionaries and numerous recitation-rooms, they walked silently up the stairway with beating hearts, following their guide, until he threw open a door and motioned them to enter. Here at a long table, covered with green cloth, sat the academic board; at its head an elderly, bald-headed man with a benevolent face and kindly eye, the four stripes of gold lace upon his sleeve proclaiming him a captain in the navy, and here the superintendent and official father of the midshipmen intrusted to his charge. Later, Jack learned more of this mild, inoffensive-looking gentleman, having a closer acquaintance with him than is generally deemed desirable. On either side the table sat the lesser lights, each in his uniform, bearing no particular traces of great interest in the young men who were to come before them. In fact, they so evidently regarded it as a matter of routine that Jack and Ben both plucked up courage and thought that it was not going to be such a terrible ordeal after all. At a smaller table sat the professor of mathematics, a man of medium size, a blonde, with a lithe and wiry frame and cold gray eyes, ready to look one through and through; after-acquaintance developed the fact that he could give a zero for a recitation without the slightest hesitation, his coldness rarely warming to the extent of giving any one a perfect mark.

Having seated themselves, the names of the candidates were called in turn and each one sent to the blackboard. The examiner in arithmetic then began by giving each one an example in notation and numeration, followed by one in division, the latter being performed audibly, as were also the questions in fractions which followed. Some of the answers were wide of the mark and evinced great want of preparation, but these boys were still confident of success, much more so even than some of those really better prepared. The mathematical trial being thus over, that in spelling began; among the words given out were *infinitive, indicative, subjunctive, separate, privilege, colonel, embarrass, discipline, scientific, requisition*, and others of like character.

After this each one read a sentence in Bancroft's History, and then all were required to write a sentence from dictation. These written papers being signed and handed to the examiner, the examination was finished, and the candidates told that they could report at the superintendent's office in an hour.

Of course the chief subject of discussion was the probable result of the examination, and in recalling its various incidents the entire

group were soon exchanging confidences relating to their personal history. Among them were representatives from California, Tennessee, Kentucky, and New York, and one had worked his way from Texas, by laboring in various printing-offices along his route. In this way the hour soon passed, and the modest building in which the superintendent's office was situated was again invaded by the eager youths. Just as they had taken seats a bell rang, and Jim disappeared, only to return with a paper, which he handed to the rosy-faced clerk, who read therefrom three names, saying at the same time, "Gentlemen, will you walk into the superintendent's office?" The rest of the group sat in astonishment. "Is it possible that these three are the only ones that have passed?" thought Jack. "Surely I did better than any of them." All doubt was at an end when the three returned a few moments after with the tell-tale look of want of success plainly visible upon their countenances. The others were told to go into the office, and there were greeted by the kindly old gentleman with, "Gentlemen, I am happy to inform you that you have successfully passed the examination. I hope that you will be as successful during your stay here, and that you will in time become useful and honored naval officers. Good-morning."

As they left the office, Ben and Jack shook hands, each exclaiming, "Aren't you glad?" The clerk gave to each a paper, stating that he had passed his examination, and was to be furnished at the store with such prescribed articles as he had not brought from home. And now Jack was Acting Midshipman Haultaut, such being the inscription on the cover of his pass-book, and his career as a naval officer had begun. Fortunately, his traveling expenses, which were credited to him, more than compensated for the amount that his bill at the store would be, and he was told to go on board ship as soon as he had procured the required articles of the store-keeper.

CHAPTER II.

SETTLING DOWN.

After receiving his pass-book, Jack returned to the hotel for dinner, paid his bill, and had his luggage taken to the ship. On his return to the Academy grounds his first official act was to proceed to the store, and there obtain such articles as were necessary to complete his outfit. Some of his clothing would answer the requirements of the regulations, but he was of course without a uniform. Upon his arrival at the store (kept at that time by one Dr. Sparks, who was a civilian, allowed a certain percentage upon all articles which were purchased by the midshipmen), he was turned over to the tailor, who was provided with

a large assortment of ready-made uniforms, from which, after some trouble, a parade suit of cloth and an undress one of flannel were selected and pronounced suitable. These were placed in a linen clothes-bag, together with a cap, an octavo Webster's Dictionary, a mug, a pair of blankets, two pairs of sheets, a Greenleaf's Arithmetic, a Cornell's Geography and Atlas, a bottle of ink, a box of tooth-powder, half a dozen towels, four pillow-cases, a Bullions's Grammar, and a clothes-brush. The pass-book called for a mattress and pillow, which he was told would be given him on board the ship. By this time Backstay was ready, and the two friends set out across the parade-ground, carrying their bags upon their backs. Just before reaching the bridge leading to the "Constitution" a crash was heard, and Jack's ink-bottle lay weeping its black flood upon the bricks, followed immediately afterwards by Ben's tooth-mug, which mingled its fragments with those of the bottle. "Just my luck!" exclaimed Jack. And Ben added, "Anyhow, we have a bottle of ink and a mug left between us, and they will do until we can get more." And here they deposited their burdens for a few moments, in order to have a good look at their future home.

The good old ship, now, as then, the pride of the navy, the incarnation of the glory of the war of 1812, presented her fair proportions full to view. Her sails were unbent and nearly all of her running rigging unrove, but even then the eyes of the two green lads looked in wonder and amazement upon what seemed to them the interminable and intricate mass of ropes: involuntarily each thought, "I wonder how long it will be before I know the names and uses of all those; and how shall I ever dare to climb up those masts?" And with a running fire of comments upon the great size of the vessel, her handsome appearance, the guns which could be seen through the ports, the boats hanging in mid-air at her side, and the many other novelties which met their sight, the two friends ascended the inclined plane which led from the bridge to the upper deck and were at last on board their future home. They had been seen by the old quartermaster or lookout-man, and their coming reported to the warrant-officer who was in charge of the deck, and they were met at the gangway by him and told to walk aft into the cabin. They had no time to look about them, but, depositing their burdens, went at once as directed into the presence of a lieutenant, who told them to write their names in a book, and then said, "You can go below and get your hammocks." At the same time he gave them each a key with a number attached, and told them to put their clothes in their lockers, of which those were the keys.

Our young friends retreated without any idea that "going below" meant what they called "going down-stairs," but the officer who had first met them called a sailor, and told him to "show the young gentlemen to the berth-deck." Going down two ladders their destination

was reached, and the two boys found themselves almost in darkness; though the afternoon sun was shining brightly, its rays could scarcely penetrate this apartment, which was lighted only by very small bull's-eye air-ports placed some distance apart in the ship's side, and by such diffused light as came through the hatchways or openings through which they had just descended. Here their guide left them, and they began to look about. They saw an apartment some eighty feet long and forty wide by about five and a half high, lined on either side with a row of lockers or closets, and on either side of the centre two or three long tables. At the forward end was a partition or bulkhead, with slats in the upper portion, which separated them from the wash-room, which held about thirty tin basins in a wooden trough; at the after end a similar bulkhead marked the beginning of the wardroom, the apartment occupied by the lieutenants, surgeon, etc., when the vessel was regularly in commission for sea service, with her full number of officers and men. They found another hatchway with its pair of ladders near the wash-room, where, also, they discovered their lockers; these were, however, on opposite sides, as they were numbered *one* and *two* respectively, and it is a principle religiously carried out on board ship that all odd-numbered articles shall belong to the starboard (or right-hand) side, and all even-numbered ones to the port (or left-hand) side.

They found that there was ample room in their lockers for all their clothing and books, and had just finished putting them neatly away, when it suddenly occurred to them that while they were provided with bed-linen they had as yet seen no sleeping accommodations. As they were discussing this point, the same sailor who had acted as their guide came to them and told them that they could get their hammocks and mattresses in the wardroom, whither they at once went in search of the articles. Here, after signing their names in a book, they were each given by a man in a sort of semi-uniform, whom they afterwards learned was the paymaster's clerk, an oblong piece of heavy canvas about six feet by two and a half, with a row of small holes in each end, a mattress and pillow, together with two iron rings, to which were attached about a dozen pieces of small cord, and a piece of rope about twenty feet long. At these they looked in great amazement, being perfectly at a loss to know what was to be done next. Seeing their evident perplexity, the clerk said, "You can get your hammocks slung in a moment; I will send for some one." He dispatched his assistant, and in a short time there appeared as veritable a specimen of Jack Tar as was ever seen. Tom Hunter, the boatswain's mate, had been in the service ever since his childhood, and he was indeed a worthy representative of the old school of man-of-war's-men. He was faultlessly dressed in the conventional sailor's costume, while round his neck hung a light silver chain to which was attached a boatswain's call, the end of which instrument of music protruded slightly from the jaunty little

pocket upon his right breast, made expressly for its reception. Seeing what was wanted, he at once proceeded to put things in proper order: he placed one of the iron rings on a hook in a beam overhead, and put one of the cords attached to it in each hole in one end of the hammock, following this by doing the same for the other end; now the hammock was hung at both ends, the mattress and pillow placed in it, and a demand made for sheets and blankets; these were speedily procured, and Hunter proceeded to give the boys their first lesson in lashing up this singular sleeping arrangement. With a deft turn of the wrist, explaining how the operation was performed, he soon transformed these shapeless bags into a neat-looking package, which it hardly seemed possible could contain all that it did.

While this process was going on, Jack asked many questions about ship life, and was told that the tables he saw on the berth-deck were where the new class was to mess, and that his "billet" would be found to have a painted number over it corresponding to that on his hammock (which proved to be number *one* like his locker), and his attention was called to the hooks in the beams, a "billet" being the space allotted to one in which one's hammock was to be swung for the night. These hooks were fourteen inches apart, that being the regulation distance; but as there was plenty of room, only every other one had been numbered, so that Jack, who had of course been always accustomed to a four-poster, now had a little over two feet of space in which to sleep, which he afterwards found to be ample accommodation.

Naturally, the question arose as to where the hammock was to be kept when not required for sleeping purposes, as it was quite evident that the apartment could not be used as a mess-room if the hammocks were hung upon their hooks. This problem was solved when our friends were told to take their hammocks on deck and stow them in the nettings. Without any definite idea as to the meaning of this term, Jack and Ben took up their burdens, and, after ascending the two ladders down which they had come, they found themselves once more in the presence of the officer of the deck, who showed them what to do next. The hammocks were given to a sailor who was perched upon the bulwarks, and by him placed in a box which ran the whole length of the ship, the top being of canvas, which was hauled over and secured by small pieces of rope to staples in the ship's side. In this manner rain was prevented from entering, and the contents of the nettings kept clean and dry. When this was accomplished, Jack was told that the officer in charge wished to see him. Entering the office, he was told, "Go below and put on your undress uniform, and then return to me. You will go on duty as officer of the day. Your duty will be to attend to the new midshipmen as they arrive, and see that they are told what to do. Put your citizen's clothes in your valise or trunk, and see that carefully marked, and tell the other young

gentlemen to do the same; have them get into uniform as soon as possible. When you are dressed, come to me again."

Jack hastened to obey this order, telling Ben of it as he passed him; in a very few moments he returned, and on again entering the lieutenant's presence, he was given an old-fashioned Roman cutlass to wear, and informed that it was his badge of office, and was further told that if he did not know what to do at any time, to come to the office for information and orders. Just as he left the office, three or four of the party with whom he had been examined came over the side, and were much surprised at seeing Jack rigged out in his uniform with the Roman falchion at his side. With all the dignity of his new position, Jack showed them first to the office and then down below, where he put them in the way of passing through the same process which he himself had undergone. Meantime, Ben had been sent for, and told to go on duty as mate of the berth-deck, his duties being to see that order was preserved, and to assist the new-comers in their preparations.

Jack now had some little time to look about him; he found that on the upper (or spar-) deck, abaft the mainmast, and forward of the poop cabin, were eight 32-pounder guns to be used for exercise; forward of the mainmast was quite a large house built over what was ordinarily the main hatch, where the boats were stowed for safety at sea; this house contained three recitation-rooms furnished with black-boards, etc., and a fourth room similarly equipped was found under the poop-deck; this last was a light deck built at the stern of the vessel at the height of the bulwarks, and running forward to the mizzen-mast; the half on the starboard side was occupied by the officer in charge, the other half being a recitation-room, as just noted. On the second (or gun-) deck he found all the guns removed; the cabin, in which lived the officer who had command of the vessel, was at the stern, coming forward to the mizzen-mast; forward of this, on either side, were long narrow study-rooms, with desks running through the centre, and camp-stools beside them instead of chairs; daylight came through the port-holes, which had windows fitted in them, and gas-fixtures showed how artificial light was to be supplied at night. The gas, as well as the steam with which all these rooms were heated, was brought from the shore by means of pipes secured to the bridge, connected with pipes on board the ship by rubber tubes. Forward of the study-rooms, which extended nearly to the foremast, was an open space, in which slept (in hammocks) the few sailors on board. Here too was the galley or cooking-range, and the great chains which held the ship securely to her moorings. On the outside of the study-room bulkheads (or partitions) were racks filled with muskets and cutlasses, each with a number attached, for ease of identification. Between the two study-rooms on each side was a smaller room; over the entrance to

one was inscribed "Adjutant," and over the other, "Officer of the Day." Jack accordingly took up his official abode in the latter; from the port he could see the bridge, and hence could tell when a fresh detachment of new-comers appeared.

By the time that the latest arrivals had arrayed themselves in uniform, Ben observed that several negro servants had begun to set a table for the evening meal, which was a source of gratification to him, as he was beginning to feel decidedly hungry. Having so recently entered upon his new life, he did not quite understand how the food was provided, but was quite contented when the good-natured steward, Dorsey by name, reported, with his habitual grin and a pull of his forelock, "Supper's ready, sir." Not knowing what to do, he applied to Dorsey for information, and was told that he ought to report it to the officer of the day, which he accordingly did. Jack was equally at a loss what to do, so he repaired to the officer in charge for instructions, receiving for answer, "Very good, Mr. Haultaut; have the drum beaten for supper, and have the young gentlemen mustered upon the quarter-deck," being given at the same time a list of their names and directed to call them over, using only the surname in so doing. Leaving the office, he found the drummer and fifer stationed at the mainmast waiting to receive his orders, which he gave in as officer-like a manner as he could assume.

Of course the formation which followed the call to supper was of a very informal character, as all were so new to the business, but the half-dozen youngsters managed to get to their places at the table, the lieutenant in charge accompanying them, and directing Jack to sit at a small table with him; this was known as the staff-table, and various little delicacies oftentimes made their appearance there which were not found on the other tables. During the meal Jack was asked a good many questions about himself and his companions; he thought that the officer was taking a good deal of interest in him, but came to the conclusion later why such was the case.

Soon after the meal (consisting of bread and butter and cold meat, with tea and coffee) was over, while all the boys were looking about the ship, Jack was sent for by the officer in charge, in whose office he found also the kindly-looking gentleman who had spoken to Ben and himself at the Herndon monument in the forenoon. Jack's first thought was, "I'm glad to see him," and the officer (who proved to be the one in command of the ship, and so directly responsible for the discipline of the new class) said, "Mr. Haultaut, I shall make you the adjutant; and I shall expect you to be of much assistance in preserving discipline. You will be the senior cadet officer on board, and you must set a good example to those under you; you will find a book of regulations in your office, and the officer in charge will tell you what you are to do to-morrow morning."

On his return to the gun-deck, Jack found the study-rooms lighted, and in one of them were gathered the embryo admirals, who were discussing the many novelties which had fallen under their notice; presently the captain came in and addressed a few encouraging words to his eager audience, told them an anecdote or two of his own young days, and concluded by informing them that he would give them something to do in the morning. Just then the drum and fife set up a terrible racket, which continued some minutes, when a gun was fired from the battery on shore and "tattoo" was over, half-past nine o'clock having arrived. Then Jack, taught by the regulation-book which he had found in his desk in the adjutant's room, called out, "Fall in," and the unceremonious formation of supper-time was repeated upon the gun-deck, in presence of the officer in charge. Upon receiving Jack's report of "All present, sir," the officer said, "March to hammocks," and these useful and necessary adjuncts were taken from their place in the nettings and put below in their respective billets. Jack informed his companions that the drum would roll at five minutes of ten as a signal to "turn in," and at ten three taps would be given, after which perfect silence must be observed. He also told them that the gun would fire and reveille be beaten at six o'clock in the morning; ten minutes would be allowed to lash their hammocks and thirty-five minutes more for dressing.

Presently the drum rolled, and soon after the three taps sounded; after this Jack reported to the officer in charge, "Everybody is turned in and all is quiet below, sir;" receiving for reply, "Very well, sir; you may turn in." It was one thing to say turn in and another to do it; for in the dim light below it was a difficult matter indeed for Jack to grasp two hooks in the beam over his head and thus swing himself into his sleeping-place; the edges of the hammock kept persistently together, and it was not until after two or three narrow escapes from a severe fall, as the hammock swung away from him, that he was enabled to make a successful lodgment. Even then, the feeling of sleeping in a bag, suspended in mid-air, was too novel to permit him to go to sleep at once. Just as Jack was dropping off to sleep, forgetful of his new situation, he turned over, and in an instant found himself spilled out of his hammock and sprawling upon the deck; which practical experience of the difference between a bed on shore and a hammock on board ship closed Jack's first day of his new life.

ALLEN D. BROWN,
Commander U.S.N.

(To be continued.)

AFTER A STORM AT SEA.

Oh, God! when every hope was gone,
  And my frail bark through storms was driven,
My refuge was in thee alone,
  Who rulest earth and sea and heaven.

And thou didst answer in that hour
  When Mercy's arm alone could save,
And snatch'd us from the tempest's power,
  And from dark Ocean's yawning grave.

Great God! with humble, grateful heart
  For this I bless thy Holy name:
Oh! thus through life thy love impart,
  Till life returns from whence it came.

T. H. S.

U. S. Schooner "Shark."
Point Anton Lizardo,
19th February, 1824.

ONE OF THE DUANES.

(Continued from page 604, vol. xi.)

CHAPTER X.

"OH, one never knows what one may be brought to do," the girl retorted, with a quick, impulsive recklessness she instantly regretted. But at the moment of utterance the hasty words had seemed to afford her vexed spirits a certain vague and transient relief.

Later, on retiring for the night, Mrs. Revere confided to her stolid lord her conviction that Bonny Duane's manner was frequently excessively odd of late; and, really, she should be less surprised than mortified to hear at any time that the girl had done something quite out of the common way. She only hoped that if anything of the sort ever *should* occur, it might not be while Bonny was under her charge at Fort Barrancas.

A week later Bonny received a letter from her mother with an account of a recent severe snow-storm, followed by a freezing rain, which had left the northern world armored by an icy coat of mail.

"If I look out of my windows facing the park," Mrs. Duane wrote, "it is easy for me to fancy that somehow I have been transported into Sindbad's Valley; or, rather, I can fancy that would be your thought were you sitting in your own little chair, looking out of the window with me, as you so often did at this time last winter, for you always have such odd ideas, you know. The trees and fences and the lingering traces of the late heavy snow are coated with glass, and in the brilliant sunlight flash with all the prismatic colors of a world of diamonds."

When Bonny had finished reading this description and the remainder of her letter, with its many bits of homely news, she folded the story of ice and snow and cold away in her pocket, and, stepping out upon the piazza, inhaled the perfume of the first early Southern roses.

The sea lay calm, as though it were asleep, and dreaming of the shores reflected on its gleaming breast. Mocking-birds, like a concealed chorus, were singing in their hiding-places among the live-oaks

and pines. The sunshine seemed a thing almost tangible, sifting its gold dust, as the breezes blew, among the blossomless honeysuckle vines, and over the white flower-cascades of the Spanish bayonets.

As Bonny leaned on the piazza rail, a mocking-bird fluttered past, and her eyes followed it until its tiny shape was poised on a branch of the vine overhanging Sidney's porch. Then, having treated its unconscious host to a serenade both short and sweet, it returned, dropping a green leaf from its bill as it flew, that drifted with the wind almost to Bonny's feet.

"'A leaf from his vine," she said within herself, and, stooping, she took it up between her thumb and finger. "It will do for a place-mark in the book he lent me, for they say it is good luck to keep whatever a bird may bring one."

Yet it is doubtful if Miss Duane would not have thrown away her bit of good luck had the bird borne it to her from Dr. McFarland's vine. She might even have done so with such a gift stolen from Sidney's property not many weeks before, but now she looked upon him and all things connected with him in a very different light. In her thoughts he had already become nameless, being brought forward there no longer as "Mr. Sidney," but simply mentioned mentally as "he." A woman's liking must be well defined, or her dislike intense, before a pronoun can begin to represent a man's identity in her mind. Through all her troubles, Bonny had in thought turned instinctively towards Sidney as a friend. If she could tell him he would sympathize and be sorry for her, even while he might find much to censure in her actions; and, if help were possible, he would be glad to give it her she knew. She could tell him nothing. She desired to tell him nothing. But there was a certain dreamy comfort in the idea that if she should, he would be ready to serve her. And yet why she so instinctively felt all this concerning him in the little light she allowed herself for retrospection she failed to understand. She thought it over constantly, but did not wish to analyze the feelings it suggested.

She had seen much of Sidney during the weeks since the Warrington fire,—"Francisca's fire," as she called it in her mind,—and she had been kind to him, partially from natural inclination, and perhaps—just at first—still more because of a vague stirring of remorse for past misdeeds. She had a great deal to atone to him for, she told herself sometimes, and she was making her atonement in a manner fascinatingly satisfactory to her own conscience, and perhaps a little dangerous to him. If this latter idea ever presented itself to her she thrust it away as uncalled for and out of place, for it seemed to Bonny at this time that she was living a species of double life, a little only in the sunshine she was used to, and a great deal in the coldness of a dark and nameless shadow that chilled her very soul.

To-day, however, as she stood on Mrs. Revere's piazza, with the

fragrance of the new-born roses unobtrusively yet subtly influencing her senses, the soft southern breeze lifting her hair, and the wide, blue bay flashing its sheen into her eyes, she was conscious of buoyant youth and something akin to happiness. Not to be young and fair and happy was to be out of harmony with nature's plan, and it was good and possible, after all, to feel her oneness with it.

"It is a little humiliating," she found herself thinking, "to realize how strong an influence the weather and the mere chance brightness of a day have upon one's spirits. If now it were raining and dull and gray, I should be brooding over everything that has happened, and telling myself how cruel it is that I cannot go home and escape from it all, while, as it is, I can see that there are some things I do not want to escape from. Oh, yes, there are a few compensations, and—here comes one of them this moment!"

It was Sammy Minnicks, who chose to progress towards Miss Duane by slow degrees, while maintaining a precarious footing on the picket fence. He was like the "Cheshire puss," thought Bonny, for his dark face seemed to be in the perspective of his white and glittering grin. He was all eyes and grin, and of the grin the eyes were an essential part.

As he approached he placed a thumb at the back of either ear, pushing those already conspicuous organs into further prominence, and waving all ten brown fingers in a friendly way.

"Don't yo want ter go down ter de ole fort dis yere fine ahternoon?" he cried, with much mouthing and gesticulation.

"Oh, I fear I am too lazy to-day, Sammy," Bonny returned, with no special relish for the proposed undertaking.

By this time Sammy had arrived in safety at his destination, and stood among the roses,—a humble, dusky, yet not unhandsome patch upon the brightness of the scene. His face fell visibly at Miss Duane's refusal, which he had evidently not anticipated.

"I t'ought yer promised," he said. "De lootnent, he done tole me wite folks nebber bruk der promises like us."

"I should be very sorry to have him discover his mistake through me," Bonny laughed. "But you know we had not set any particular day."

"He sorter b'leves dat yer gwine wif me," the wily Sammy continued. "Dere was some wuk roun' de house fur me dis yere ahternoon, an' de fac' is, dat's wot done put de idee ob goin' down ter de fort jes' now inter my 'ed. 'Peared kinder like 'twou'd be a fus'-rate time ter git away, but de lootnent, w'en I ast him, he ses 'twas best I stayed to home. Den I up an' tole him yo'd be turrible dis'pinted, 'kàse you was gwine round de ole fort wif me, and yer hahrt was cl'ar set on it. So he ses, 'Nebber mind de wuk den,' an' let me off, an' tole me ter be keerful whar I tuk yo. An' I will, if yo'll go, done shuah!"

The guileless guilefulness of this speech amused Miss Duane.

"Well, Master Sammy," she said, "you have evidently perjured yourself finely for my benefit and your own. I am awfully shocked at you, and I think I ought to read you something of a lecture; but still, to save you a scolding from Mr. Sidney, which you have well earned, I suppose I had better lend you my support. Do you understand the meaning of all that, sir?"

"Yes; I reckon yer means ter *go*," answered Sammy, promptly, and becoming radiant, while Bonny, laughing, went indoors to get her sketching materials and her broad garden-hat.

"Can we go inside the fort?" she asked, as they walked together (an oddly-assorted couple) along the sunny road.

"Oh, yes, if yo ain't afeerd ob de ghoses. I kinder let de lootnent s'pose dat yo'd want de key, so he done fetch it from the ordnance-sergeant an' gib it ter me. He tole me I mus' be keerful ob dat, too, but I reckon he didn't mean it *quoite* so eernest as he done dat yere wat he said 'bout my bein' keerful ob *yo*. Tell yer, I feeled powerful peart an' big wen he gib me dem direcshuns, fur it had kinder 'peared afor as dough *yo* was de one ter be keerful ob a pickaninny chap like me, ef dar was *enny* keer to be tuk at all."

"The arrangement shall be mutual. That is, we will take care of each other, Sammy. But about the fort, what are the 'ghoses' you seem to think we have some reason to be afraid of?"

"Ghoses! Don' yo eben know what *ghoses* is?" queried Sammy, in tones of scathing scorn. "Why, dey's *folks*. Folks wat has died an' turned inter debbils; dey's allays *wite*, wedder dey's ben niggahs or not, an' dey dodges 'bout in dey shirts mos' generally in awful dark, lonesome places, like dat yere ole fort. Ki! *I* wouldn't stir inside dar fur de Lord knows wat, but p'raps dey wouldn't darse ter tech yo ef yo was gwine in amongst dem."

"I'll risk them, I believe," said Bonny, reflecting nevertheless with some dismay upon the decidedly sketchy toilet which the odd taste of Florida ghosts had caused them to adopt as a national costume. It would make it additionally awkward to meet one of their order at all events, she fancied.

"'Twould a ben kinder nice ef yo'd tought ter brung somefin 'long ter eat, wouldn't it now?" asked Sammy presently, lifting an ingenuous but anxious countenance to Miss Duane's.

"Should you have liked it?" she questioned, conscious of yet ignoring the presence of certain cakes which a provident forethought had caused her to secrete in the depths of the little satchel that hung from her velvet belt.

"I does feel kinder holler," Sammy returned, profoundly sighing as his last fond hope perished. "But p'raps I kin wuk along wif dese yere," pulling a few dry fragments of his "Grandmaum" Sukey's pea-

nut cakes from an abortive attempt at a trousers pocket. "Does yer like dem?" in a spasm of reluctant generosity, offering the very smallest bit to Bonny.

"No, thanks; I am really not hungry," she replied, encouragingly.

"Does wite folks allays hev ter be hungry befoh dey kin eat *sweet stuff?*" queried Sammy.

"No, perhaps not. But then I am not particularly fond of peanut candy."

"Yo *isn't?*" surprisedly. "I is; t'inks a heap ob dem. Gran'-maum, she am powerful proud on dem. She done ses Mass' Gin'ral Jackson like dem so well, dat time she his niggah, he hab her make dem ebbery day of her life; an' ole missus, when she gwine 'way ter be president 'long wif her husbin', an' dey sells gran'maum, she come an' larn how ter do de groun'nut cakes afore she go."

The idea of the general and his lady's predilection for peanut cakes having been so deeply rooted that the presidential chair should seem as a howling wilderness without them, so appealed to the risible faculties of the irreverent young modern that she burst into loud and ringing laughter, in which Sammy, without asking wherefore, heartily joined.

At length they had arrived at the old Spanish fort, which Bonny had never chanced to visit before, and, in the words of the Irishman, at the first sight there was nothing whatever to see.

By and by it began to dawn upon the disappointed spectator that there was a façade, from whose ancient brick-face the stucco covering was crumbling in patches away. Crowning the façade was a weedy and melancholy parade of no great dimensions, with a ledge four or five feet in height and perhaps three in width, surrounding the parade like a low wall. On this Bonny mounted, looking down twenty feet into the ditch below, and fancying herself a Spanish sentinel of more than a century ago, walking his solitary "beat" upon the ledge and dreaming of a lady in a far-off land.

The bricks for the building of the fort had been brought by ship from Spain a hundred and forty years before; and there now hung about the place a vague mystery of loneliness and desolation,—the whole wide ocean between it and the countrymen whose ancestors had owned and fashioned it, the days of its usefulness long gone, and no one left to care how soon it should utterly crumble to decay.

The nineteenth century, impersonated by Isabel Duane, experienced a pang of pity for its pathetic lornness, almost as though the antiquated building had been conscious of its need for sympathy; and there came to her for an instant an indistinct sense of a strange appropriateness in the fact of her being there.

Surely it was a spot in which to think and take counsel with one's inner self, if only—there had been no Sammy. But there was a

Sammy, and Sammy had found employment for mind and body in unearthing a reticent family of long-buried ground-worms, which he was exhuming in a manner so maddening as to put all serious thought in the looker-on to flight.

"Come, Sammy," said Miss Duane, hastily, "we must go down below, and I will see if I can find my way into some of those ghost-haunted galleries we spoke of. Now, do you know the way to reach them?"

Sammy was, it appeared, quite familiar with the way, and—the blue-marten's nest forgotten by both—he would derive a certain ghastly joy from conducting Miss Duane to the weird precincts which, in his eyes, were devoted to the Evil One. Crossing the bridge of the ditch, they arrived before the long-unused door, set grimly in the scarp wall, when, after divers twistings and turnings, Bonny succeeded in inserting the large, awkward key.

"Sammy, did you ever hear the story of Bluebeard?" she inquired, saying to the little mulatto, as was her careless habit, the first things which came into her head, whether he was likely to appreciate and understand them or not. "No? Well, I will tell it to you later; but for the present please set your imagination to work in fancying me the fair and foolish Fatima, and yourself the prudent Anne. You beg me not to turn the fatal key. I persist in my mad determination, first having bidden you an affectionate farewell—which we will leave to our imaginations also—and giving into your custody my jewels,—these cakes, which you are to dispose of as you please, in case I am long gone. Now! one, two, three—turn, key! It does turn. So good-by, Sister Anne, and try to amuse yourself with the 'jewels' in my absence."

If Sammy Minnicks had been conversant with his Dante he would doubtless have said,—accompanying his remark with a solemn wave of his hand,—"Who enters here leaves hope behind." But, as he was sadly lacking in classical lore, he merely gazed with wide-open eyes and mouth ajar as his fair companion, after much physical exertion, pushed open the door and disappeared down the long, dark decline of gallery, sacred to mustiness and long-departed Spaniards. The door Bonny very carefully left open at its fullest extent behind her.

"Sister Anne" sat down, and began a minute inspection of the highly-destructible articles of jewelry which the departing "Fatima" had bequeathed to his care. It happened to be a kind of which he was particularly fond in his every-day character of Sammy Minnicks, which, reassuming for the moment, the bequest very speedily was made to disappear.

Then he glanced about him. An air of gloom and ghostliness was wafted to his nostrils from the open door. He sniffed at it distastefully.

"Said she warn't afeerd ob no ghoses," he pronounced, with marked incredulity. "Sho!" A pause. "Reckon she *would* be skeert, mighty quick, too, ef I——" Another pause (longer than the first), during which, with an ominously changeful countenance, Sammy advanced towards the scarp wall a step or two. Checking himself for an instant, he stood still, scratching his curly head, as one who argues in his mind a question difficult to decide. "Oh, golly!" he exclaimed. "Wat under de ebberlastin' ceilin' would de lootnent say ef——But lordy! 'twon't do no such gret hurt, nohow. I'll jes' gib her one lilly skeer fur a minit—dat's all! Oh, my golly! wat heaps ob fun fur me!" And, not allowing himself time for further mental debate, Master Sammy had leaped forward, brilliantly smiling, and shut the ponderous door with a resounding "slam."

In the mean time Bonny had proceeded on her exploring expedition. The gallery was the principal one of four or five beneath the old Spanish fort, and was long, dark, and narrow, with a steep decline towards the ditch. The walls reeked with moisture, which trickled over their green and slimy sides like tears.

Inadvertently, as she cautiously trod the slippery, wet path, Bonny's hand grazed against the side of the gallery, and she hastily drew it back, while her nostrils revolted against the dank and musty air. Undaunted, however, she still progressed until she came upon, one after the other, a few dimly-illumined cells, that looked like small oval ovens, with iron bars stretched forbiddingly across.

A faint gray light penetrated through tiny apertures from the ditch above, sufficing only to render darkness more visible than it would have been without. One realized its power with keenest intensity, and Bonny thrilled a little, half fancying the presence of those prisoners immured here long ago. In these very cells they had chafed and suffered and worn their lives away, perhaps.

How terrible it must have been at all times in the never-absent darkness, and then when the *nights* fell! The Egyptian plague might have seemed mere child's play in comparison, she thought.

What if it were possible for the spirits of those who had been wrongfully imprisoned to haunt the scene of their former anguish until such time as they could make revelation to men of their persecutors' crimes?

As she so pondered in fascination whose foundation was of fear, something winged rustled in the darkness near her side. There was a soft brushing past her face, and then, as she started back in dismay, there came the heavy reverberation of the closing door.

With a loud, quick cry that fainted in alarm at its own echo, the girl turned and hurriedly retraced her steps. She could scarcely go fast enough up the slippery incline (which had been all a descent in coming the other way), so eager had she suddenly become to find herself once

more in the warm, wholesome air of the upper world; and then, when with nervous fingers she felt for the egress which eluded her, there was none she could discover. The door was fast shut, and it was impossible for her to move it.

"Sammy!" she called. But there came no response. Still louder, —"Sammy! I am frightened! Open the door!"

For an instant she waited in silence, with a loudly-throbbing heart, fancying there was the sound of the key in the lock, and a faint jarring of the door that seemed like a small weight pressing against it. But she could not be quite certain; and though she called again, Sammy gave no sign nor deigned to answer.

It never occurred to her that the boy had pulled the door shut through mischief, and being unable to open it again, as he had intended, was ashamed to let his presence, and consequently agency in the affair, be known.

An accident had happened, she thought, or else—and a quick shudder crept through her with the fancy—the door had been fastened by design.

There was only one creature in the place, she told herself, who by any possibility could bear her malice, and if he had done this it must be by way of punishment for what he had called her "threat." She barred the path of his desire, and it might be that this was the method he had chosen for revenge.

Or, was it possible that he meant to dispose of the obstacle altogether? Could it be that he would let her die here? Oh, no; not that. It was too terrible—too terrible to dwell upon, even in thought, —and in such a place, too, where everything was dark and horrifying!

She flung herself against the door with all her slender strength, but it opened inward, and any latch that might have once existed was there no more.

"Guy!" she cried, "if it is you who has done this, for pity's sake open the door and let me out! I am frightened,—I am not very strong, —I cannot bear it! Oh, if you only knew how my heart is beating, till it seems to choke me, Guy!"

This time it was almost a relief to hear no answer. At least he was not there now or he would speak, if only to threaten or sneer at her. But it was dreadful to be thus helpless and abandoned in the dark.

The silence sounded in her ears, and her heart hammered with loud, incessant throbs that presently seemed to beat out a sort of dreadful monotonous refrain, which she reluctantly followed in her mind. Still her sense of hearing was continually strained to catch the occasional winged rustling of a lately-roused bat, the slow, soft splash of the dripping moisture on the walls, or the sly patter of a scurrying rat. It

was all horrible, and each little sound meant something indefinitely to be feared.

The girl could scarcely realize that the afternoon sun was still shining genially over the warm outside world, to which she was so near, and yet so miserably far.

The very thought of what lay beyond that iron door was vaguely cheering, and Bonny began with a strong effort to reproach herself for her countless wayward fears. After all, nothing could really harm her here.

There were no such beings as ghosts,—at least there were none to haunt this world,—and by and by her absence would be known and talked of at the fort, even if Sammy had not carried the intelligence of her whereabouts long ago. Nobody—not even the man who in her present morbid mood seemed powerful to accomplish almost any end he chose—could keep her here, if any one should know. Ah, but *if!* In that one little word lay half of her distress.

What if no one *should* know, for a time at least, and night should fall and still she should be here?

"Ah, I would go mad—mad before morning!" she said, aloud. And then, with the fear of night rioting in her brain, she beat upon the door, and cried and called in vain.

It would be terrible to go mad by and by from the darkness and the fright. What would they think, she wondered, if in the morning they should come and find her with her senses gone? Or even she might be dead by that time if she had to spend the night in this place. She had heard of people's having died from less of fear and exposure when they were not strong. And she certainly was not strong any more.

Then she remembered how, when she had been a child, and had waked in terror from some hateful dream, she had called, and it had seemed such a blessing and relief to hear her mother's step and feel a soothing hand upon her head, that she had been almost glad in remembering the terror because of the peace in the end.

If it might only prove so now! Perhaps if she could go to sleep, she might wake presently to find the door opening and some one come to take her out.

She closed her eyes and rested her cheek against the cold surface of the door. For a long time she lay so,—hours it seemed to her excited brain,—and she would not open her eyes lest she should find the passage had grown darker with the coming of the night. All was still except the far faint signs of sordid little lives that now and then flitted through the gallery.

"It must be very late," Bonny thought. It had been three o'clock, she had noticed, while getting her hat, glancing up at the clock in the parlor, and now, perhaps, it was dinner-time in the post.

Mrs. Revere would wonder why she had not come home. She

wished she had stopped to mention where she was going. Of course some one would come to her by and by. Oh, yes, of course. But it might be late, and suddenly, with a cry that told of a change in the current of her thought, she started from her crouching posture, and rose unsteadily to her feet.

"*He* knows!" she exclaimed, in a loud, alert tone. "He will find me soon! Oh, how thankful I shall be!"

Before the light of her comfort had been quenched by the relentlessness of the dark and silence, and while she was still on fire and trembling with this new excitement, her name was called just outside the door, which almost simultaneously opening with a sudden, quick push, she staggered forward and fell upon Jack Sidney's outstretched arm.

For a long moment—or, if it was more, she neither knew nor cared—she let her head lie as it had fallen upon his shoulder, while her breath came in slow, sobbing gasps, and only knew that she was safe, and that rest and peace had found her at last with him.

Her eyes were closed, and her breath came slowly, but she was not at all unconscious. The mere fact of consciousness alone was bliss. It was like the wakening from that dream of old that she had thought of with longing in the gallery; and to be perfectly still, with the man's heart beating strongly almost beneath her cheek, while the man's hand with anxious solicitude smoothed her hair in the way her mother had done in her childhood, was a happiness not to be reasoned about, but silently enjoyed.

She forgot that she was a woman for that moment of peace after her suffering, and had she been indeed the child she felt in spirit, Sidney could not have made himself more tender or more kind.

By and by she raised her head and looked at him. When she saw how alarmed and anxious was the expression of his face, she smiled and sighed.

"I am so glad you came," she said, simply. "I had just begun to hope you would."

"So am I glad,—thankful," he answered. "You were frightened, poor child. Now do you think you could let me take you home?"

"Home!" she echoed. "How good it sounds! Yes, I was frightened. That sounds good, too,—'*was*' instead of '*is*.' But I can't go home yet. First, I must sit down and think it all over, and rest a little while. You don't mind, do you?"

"Mind?—no, indeed. Is it likely that I should?" he questioned, with faintest reproach. "See, I brought my cape along, thinking you might need it, somehow. Now I will fold it like a cushion on the grass."

Bonny sat down on the resting-place he had arranged, and weariedly leaned her elbows on her knees. "What time is it?" she asked.

"Six o'clock, and after." Then, consulting his watch, "It is half-past."

"I thought so," shuddering a little, and glancing up at the ruddy sky. "I was there a long time, though, after all, not nearly so long as it seemed. And now,—tell me about it, will you?"

"Well then, to begin at the beginning, Sammy informed me to-day that he had engaged to take you to the old fort, and that you wanted to look about inside. Therefore, I got the key, and gave it to him. Afterwards I regretted doing it, as the galleries are not exactly the sort of place for a young lady to explore alone, or with no one but a little boy. However, you had gone, and it was too late then, as I feared you might think me intrusive if I forced my society upon you uninvited. And I thought, after all, you would be perfectly safe. It never occurred to me that anything unpleasant could actually happen, or I wouldn't have stopped for ceremony, I assure you.

"When five o'clock came, and passed, it struck me that you were rather late, and I was a little surprised, that was all. Then I walked over to the colonel's office, to see if the mail had come in. On my way back I went on past my quarters, and there met Sammy, stealing along with a very downcast face. When he saw me he started to run, but changed his mind, and came sneaking towards me. In an instant I suspected something wrong, though I could not have imagined what; and it was not long before I got the truth out of the miserable little scoundrel, partly by persuasion, but mostly by threats. I could have struck the cowardly scamp if he had not looked so small and so unhappy. And then I came down here on a run. That is all. And now tell me, that little brown villain of mine has not made you ill?"

"Don't be so harsh with him," pleaded Bonny. "It is over now, and I shall not be ill. Perhaps it would not have seemed so dreadful an experience to me, if I had been stronger, but I find that what to other people might seem very small things, indeed, affect me severely of late. I—I fainted the other day, quite for—for nothing. I never did so before in my life. And to-day I conjured up all sorts of horrors in the dark over there" (pointing with a rather tremulous finger), "which, perhaps, would not have occurred to me had I been strong and well. But I shall not be ill,—never fear. The whole thing seems cobwebby and far off as a dream, while I sit here in the fresh air with you. Yet it was all real enough and bad enough then. I doubt" (a little timidly, while her eyes followed her fingers that plucked at the grass),—"I doubt I acted very foolishly—very strangely—when you first came, and threw open the door. I don't quite know what I did, and I'm almost afraid to ask."

"You need not be," speaking earnestly. "But there is no necessity for you to ask. You simply did nothing at all. I believe you came near falling in the sudden transition from darkness to light, and

I managed fortunately to catch you, and then arranged this place for you here."

Bonny gazed at him gravely for a few seconds with a peculiarly childish, grateful look in her large eyes. Then she said, quickly, impulsively, "I *like* you, Mr. Sidney."

"I *love you!* Miss Duane,"—slowly, and with all possible difference between his tone and hers.

The girl started, and drew her breath with a little catch. Having glanced at him with a shyness that was partly unbelief, deepening into conviction, seeing the impassioned wistfulness of his face, she did an odd, unlikely thing. She began to laugh with a low, ringing, nervous laughter that hurt and much amazed him.

For an instant he had been aghast at the momentous thing he had thus, without premeditation, said; but when she had laughed her sweet, excited laughter that feeling quickly vanished, and gave place to another less easy to endure.

He had spoken only the truth in saying that he loved her; but he had not meant to tell his secret then or for many days to come. Her impulsive speech had called forth his equally impulsive, and yet he would not have been sorry to abide by it, if only she had not laughed.

He would not willingly have taken advantage of her in her momentary weakness and excitement if he had not lost his head, but, at the worst, he felt that he had deserved something better from her than a laugh; and biting his lips at the incongruous and unexpected sound, he remained silent.

The laugh died as suddenly as it had been given birth. "Oh, I have offended you!" Bonny said, not so much repentantly as questioningly. "I did not mean to do that. I could not bear to have you think I did. I laughed because I could not help it. I was excited and not quite myself yet, and it seemed so strange to hear you answer those words of mine in such a way. But most of all, I laughed because I was happy on account of what you said. Don't people laugh when they are happy and a little nervous? I did not know before, but now I almost believe, this is what I have been unconsciously longing for all the time. Do not think it is very bold in me to tell you so!"

As she spoke she rose to her feet, not looking at her lover, but out across the sea with an indescribable sweetness shining from her eyes, the like of which Sidney had never seen before, on her face or any other.

In a second he was at her side, thrilling with an unbelievable happiness, and had taken both her hands, but she drew them away hastily.

"No, not that," she said. "I only wanted you to know why I laughed. I could not let you misunderstand and be offended."

She looked up at him as he bent towards her,—tall and handsome and impassioned.

They were alone, and all about them was the glowing aftermath of the sunset. A puerile thought flashed over the surface of the girl's mind,—that they were like two figures in a picture. Now the painting was perfection, and yet she would take her brush, dripping with some crass color, and blot its beauty out, as often she had done in impatience with a sketch of her own creation.

"I thought," he began,—"I hoped,—I understood——"

But she cut him short. "No. *Don't* think. Don't try to understand. Not now, by and by,—a long way off, perhaps,—I will explain to you why this should be no time for me to think of love or a lover. I can't help thinking of *you*, and I *need* you; but let me have you as a friend and not a lover,—ah, please!" putting up her hands to stop him when he would have said some impetuous word. "There are reasons why friendship seems sweeter and more necessary and restful than another sort of love just now. But please don't ask me why I cannot tell you." She had spoken hurriedly, excitedly, and had held him at a distance from her.

He saw it would be wiser, as well as kinder, to accept her decree. "Well," he said, with something of an effort resigning the paradise that for a moment he had fancied his, "it shall be as you wish. I will say—nothing. But you can't forbid me to think. And sometime, I believe, you will let me speak. Till then—that day I shall be hoping for and trying to deserve—we are *friends*." And he smiled down at her with a smile which gave a new courage and pleasure to the overwrought girl.

"Come, then, my dear *friend*," she answered; "I am ready to go home now."

Thus the picture in the sunset colors was blotted out, and ceased to exist; but each carried away a vivid memory of what it had been.

"One thing I must ask," he said, presently, as they walked towards the post. "When did you cease to dislike me? for that you disliked me at first I am sure."

"I *never* disliked you!" she exclaimed, indignantly. "How—how *conceited* of you to fancy so! I was merely vexed with myself, and thought it was with you, instead."

"I am glad," he rejoined, laughing, "that you classed us so nearly together in your mind."

"It was much to your detriment though, I assure you."

"No matter. I like it all the same. I wish I had understood the nature of your feeling at the time. It would have saved me some very bad quarter-hours, indeed."

"I will try to give you some good ones by and by, in obedience to the law of compensation, though you must not expect too much of

me," said Bonny, with a brilliant smile. Then she slipped her hand within his arm, for the road was hilly and rough, and they walked on in increased contentment through the twilight.

So it was that Mrs. Voorhees and Dr. McFarland met them, and having so met them, glanced at each other with something as closely approaching that contortion of countenance yclept a sneer as two thoroughly well-bred people might indulge in.

At home, when Bonny's story had been told, she was welcomed with divers pettings and commiserations. She had come back with Sidney, and, in the eyes of Mrs. Revere, all was therefore as it should be.

"I had to let the captain have his dinner, you know," she apologized; "for men so hate to wait. We did put off a little while, but finally had to have it. I was too anxious about you to eat, however, so you and I, Bonny, and you, Jack, will share what I have had saved. And we will have, besides, some deliciously soothing toast and tea."

"Toast and tea," with a few accompanying warmed-over viands, were not, perhaps, to be chosen in preference to the dinner of "baked meats" awaiting him at home; but, eaten in the present instance, and in the present company, Jack Sidney would readily have sworn that they were nectar and ambrosia, or anything else unattainable, and therefore to be desired.

So it came about that Bonny made his second and even third cup of Pekoe for him, and Mrs. Revere buttered tiny square after square of toast ("because he didn't do it smoothly round the edges"), and, altogether, the eventful evening closed in a halo of happiness and an aroma of the very choicest tea.

CHAPTER XI.

NEXT day Bonny and Mrs. Revere were besieged with callers, and somehow the story of the adventure in the fort had leaked out and had become known in a version more or less exaggerated. Among other callers from the navy-yard came Miss Collingwood and Miss Levara, who was still her guest. Having asked a dozen questions regarding Miss Duane's shocking experience, and having been answered satisfactorily, though rather shortly, they proceeded to the business upon which, it appeared, they had principally come. The "Wyandotte" was leaving soon, and before the catastrophe of her departure should occur, they wished to get up a little entertainment. *Tableaux vivants* and perhaps a little farce, or simple comedy, with a dance to wind up the evening, were what they had thought of, and they were desirous that Miss Duane should assist.

"We will teach you what to do, if you don't know how; and really it is very easy," said Miss Collingwood.

And Bonny smiled her thanks, ignoring the fact that she had been for years a bright particular star of a famous amateur dramatic club at home.

"We are going to make a special feature of the tableaux," Miss Levara announced; "because there is nothing to do in them but keep still and look pretty, and there is absolutely no trouble about that, you know."

"Not to some fortunate people, certainly," assented Bonny, good-naturedly; "though to all it may be rather an effort at times to keep still. But tell us what subjects have you thought of for your tableaux?"

"Well, 'Priscilla and John Alden' for one. We've got the carpenter making our spinning-wheel now, and he's promising to give it a truly ancient effect, if one can overlook a few errors in construction. Lola is to be 'Priscilla.' She is so sweet in a Puritan *fichu*, you know. I should ask Mr. Sidney to take the part of 'John,' only I am afraid he couldn't be induced to shave his moustache even for Lola's sake" (and Miss Collingwood bestowed an arch glance upon her friend), "although he would do a good deal for her. Then we had thought of representing 'Miranda' and 'Ariel,' which would be so original, and that. Don't you think we might manage to make it lovely? and wouldn't you do 'Ariel,' Miss Duane?"

"Well, really, what costume might 'Ariel' be supposed to wear?"

"Oh, as to that, you would suit yourself. Almost anything, I should think."

"Almost *nothing*, I fancy, would be decidedly more correct, if one wanted to be realistic," put in Mrs. Revere. "Picture to yourselves, for instance, an 'Ariel' in a 'pin-back' dress, with slippers and Louis Quatorze heels, though I have seen figures in tableaux no less incongruous. But perhaps, Bonny, your genius might suggest some airy fancy, in the way of draperies, which would be proper and, at the same time, not *too* inappropriate, if these young ladies have set their hearts upon this particular tableau."

"And then with wings, you know," put in Miss Levara, enthusiastically. "Of course there's everything in wings. Come, do *please* try it, Miss Duane."

"Who is to be 'Miranda,' if you succeed in getting it up?" Bonny inquired.

"We have decided on nobody as yet. Perhaps you could suggest one."

"Well, I believe I will promise to attempt the 'airy sprite,' provided I can think of a costume and you will overlook my undeniable hundred and fifteen pounds," said Bonny, in a tone less suggestive of *ennui*. "And I will help you all you may wish in other ways, if you will allow me to choose the 'Miranda' and then promise to abide by my choice."

"Oh, certainly! that will be perfect," the ladies replied, in concert.

"Then I shall, without any hesitation, select Francisca Suarez, the heroine of the Warrington fire. Think what an exquisite little 'Miranda' she would make?"

There was an ominous pause when Miss Duane had thus announced her selection and preference, and everybody sat looking decidedly blank. Then Miss Collingwood mustered resolution to speak, opening and shutting her card-case with little vindictive snaps as she did so. "But *that* girl is not a lady. We don't associate with her," she sulkily said.

"I do not give her my choice in the light of a companion in this instance," Bonny replied; "but on account of the picture she would make. I pretend to be a bit of an 'æsthete,' you know, although I haven't come to the pass of being 'greenery-yellery,' and putting one of my feet in the grave. Francisca's mere presence at rehearsals could scarcely contaminate us. Still, if you object to her, of course I have no desire to force her upon you. I merely said that I would undertake a part, if that one were given to her. It would be as easy for you, however, to find another 'Ariel' as it would a 'Miranda.'"

"Oh, no! no!" Miss Collingwood expostulated, hastily, for she saw that the wayward beauty upon whom so much of their success must depend would not brook being thwarted in her whim. "If you are willing to act with a—a person of her class, of course *we* do not object. We will have the girl, by all means, if you like. I suppose there's no danger of her refusing? Only you must speak to her, please, as really I have scarcely more than seen her."

"I will do so, certainly, with pleasure," Bonny returned. And thus, with no further discussion, the affair was settled. Other plans for the coming entertainment were talked over; the loss of the "Wyandotte's" officers was mourned, and finally the visitors departed, leaving Bonny subject to receive a dainty little lecture on class prejudices from Mrs. Revere.

"Class prejudices are odd stumbling-blocks for one's convictions, at all events," Bonny said, when she had listened quietly to all her hostess had to say on the subject of the "pilot's daughter." "Why should certain of us set ourselves up above certain others, when one calmly reflects upon the subject? What are we, anyway, but animated packages, —the very most superior of us,—fleshly wrappings that inclose just so much machinery, that is in all alike? There are other packages, too, that go about on four feet. They don't have class prejudices,—not they! Though to be sure that portion of machinery that fills the knobs we call our heads is of a little finer and more subtile material than theirs, but it is not *that* distinction at all which makes the difference with us. Now, for instance, Francisca Suarez is a far neater, more tastefully decorated package than Miss Levara or Miss Collingwood, and her machinery doubtless works as well, and is worth as much as theirs.

Now why should they look down upon her, I would like to ask you?"

"For pity's sake, don't ask *me*," Mrs. Revere pleaded, feebly. "I am crushed. I never thought of myself as a package before, and the idea is a little-er startling. Just suppose one should somehow come undone? The quotation, 'Thou hast undone me,' will have a new and terrible significance for me now."

Bonny laughed. "Don't be stupid," she said, "and let me indulge my flights of philosophic fancy without making game of me, please. It's all I can seem to do towards reforming the world, and I've thought a good deal on this subject lately."

"If I *am* stupid," retorted Mrs. Revere, "it's all the fault of my poor knob, you know, and I suppose we packages can't alter our machinery."

"We can keep it oiled," said Bonny.

"But seriously, my dear," Mrs. Revere went on, "do you not see that you are growing very peculiar? I have noticed it often lately, in many ways, and I fear your mother may put down the change to my influence,—or the climate. You Duanes were always born aristocrats, and always will be, in heart, as in all things else. Look what a place your family tree and coat-of-arms have—all elegantly framed—in your library at home. By the way, there was always one thing which excited my curiosity about that tree. There is a name marked out, as if with a blot. Had you ever a black sheep in your family among late generations? But perhaps I ought not to have asked?"

"All families have their black sheep, I suppose," Bonny answered, flushing a little. "It makes the contrast all the more marked. But you say we are all aristocrats,"—quickly,—"and it may be true. I may be like the rest, in spite of my convictions, for I've found that one may be a certain thing in principle and another at heart. I have been airing my principles just now, and trying to make you, as well as myself, think that my heart is in them."

"Well, please don't do it again, dear; people are afraid of young ladies with ideas; and besides, it is so disconcerting. But now to change the subject. Did Miss Collingwood mention Dr. McFarland as a member of the new dramatic organization? I have forgotten whether she did or no."

"I believe she did, just as she was leaving, but I was talking with Miss Levara at that moment, and couldn't distinctly hear. Why?"

"I only thought that he might not be particularly pleased with the idea of your 'Miranda.' You know what he said about dressing her burns the night of the fire. That 'pilot's daughter didn't exactly come under his jurisdiction.' I thought it so unkind, not to say ungentlemanly, of him."

"Yes, I remember very well," responded Bonny, angrily. "It was

the beginning of my dislike for him. I do not care whether he likes the idea of the 'Miranda' or not. For her own sake, since there has been so much said, I almost wish I hadn't suggested her, but otherwise I am glad."

"Oh, that will be all right. But you do dislike Dr. McFarland then, do you, Bonny?"

"I certainly do not like him," evasively.

"That is rather ungrateful, isn't it? He has certainly been very devoted to you. But have you any other reason for your dislike besides his words that night, which, after all, were only spoken on a thoughtless impulse?"

> " 'The reason why I cannot tell,
> But this alone I know full well;
> I do not like you, Doctor Fell,' "

quoted Bonny, lightly. "If there were nothing else against him, I should never fancy a man with such a big, full beard as that he takes so much pride in. There is too great a strain upon one's imagination in wondering what his mouth and chin can be like; and there is everything in a mouth and chin, as Miss Levara so justly remarked about wings. Not that there could be much in his,—except in the former, when he has a dinner to please him,—for the rest of his face hasn't left it enough room."

"Well," said Mrs. Revere, "you are positively quite vindictive. My prophetic soul has been telling me lately that you were not fond of him; and do you know I shouldn't be surprised if he too had divined something of your sentiments? At all events, he has quite markedly avoided us for a time."

"Let us give him credit for making a correct diagnosis of my feelings," Bonny said, and then was glad that a knock on the door offered a prospect of a change in the conversation.

It was Sidney who knocked. He had come for a call, and to bring in one or two new novels for the ladies, the merits of which they discussed; and then, after half an hour's talk upon the proposed *tableaux vivants* and various other matters, it was decided that Miss Duane and Sidney should walk to Warrington together, and acquaint Francisca with the plan.

"She will be pleased with a visit from you, Jack, for she quite looks upon you as a being of heroic mould," said Mrs. Revere. "She was so grateful, and spoke of you so prettily, you really ought to go."

It is needless to say that Sidney needed no persuasion, and, though Bonny did not extend a verbal invitation, he decided to take her silence for consent.

Miss Duane's desire for the Spanish girl's presence in her tableau sprang not from caprice, nor yet from ardent friendship. There was

something that she had made up her mind she must say to Francisca later, something which would be a painful task to put in words. She felt that it was necessary to know her better before she could say it at all. She needed to gain a certain degree of influence, which she did not now possess, for instinct told her that in spite of Francisca's humble, yielding manner, she would hardly be persuaded against her love and will. Since it had fallen to Bonny to undertake the task, it should be with some foundation of a separate love, reared by herself, for herself to stand upon. This proposed tableau, with all its attendant rehearsals, had been a pretext which she was thankful to make use of; and she congratulated herself that it had occurred to her in time. It had all come to her as with an inspiration. The girl's vanity would be flattered in this way, perhaps, more effectually than by making her a model, and Miss Duane had not decided yet whether or no that was the entering wedge to her regard. Later, in an hour of need, she marveled that ever she had proved so poor a student of humanity.

They found Francisca surprised and shyly pleased to do the honors of her "half-house" for her unexpected guests. Her hospitality was as genuine and as graciously expressed, perhaps, as though she had been "to the manner born," while she brought forward the "best" chairs, and offered seed-cakes, with sour Spanish wine, and preserved figs as refreshment to her visitors after their walk through the sand, that was "not nice to the feet."

"My father is on the water, away, or he would feel the great honor to see you," she blushingly assured them.

Then Miss Duane (after delighting Francisca by praising the seed cakes and asking for her cousin's receipt for preserving figs) made known her errand, and was obliged to combat more than one modest refusal before she gained her point. Finally, her stronger will and hidden purpose won the victory.

"You shall be continually with me," she said. "We have arranged that there is to be a first rehearsal at Mrs. Revere's house this evening, since there is need of haste in getting up the tableaux. You must be sure to come, and when your part is over the cook, Nancy, will see you home, as she goes to her house at Warrington every night."

And, very reluctantly, poor little embarrassed Francisca gave her word.

* * * * * * * * *

The afternoon mail had been distributed throughout the garrison when Sidney and Miss Duane reached Barrancas. Sidney did not linger, having bidden his companion "*au revoir*" at the piazza steps, but went directly on to his own quarters, leaving Bonny to go in and vainly ask for letters that had not arrived.

Mrs. Revere had been more fortunate, but she neglected to mention

her luck to Miss Duane. But before dinner, when at last Bonny had gone away to dress, she stole behind the captain (who sat by the window catching the waning light upon his *Army and Navy*) and held a sheet of paper just before his eyes. "I want you to read that, and tell me what you think of it," she said, with suppressed excitement. "I thought at first I would not show it to you, but now I have begun to think I ought."

The captain laid aside his paper impatiently, and glanced over the few lines contained within the note.

"Oh, damn!" he exclaimed, with more feeling than refinement, as he threw the pink sheet down, having first contemptuously crushed it in his hand.

His wife stooped and secured it before replying. "Is *that* what you think of it?" she asked.

"I think women are fools," he responded, still more surlily.

"Thanks for the compliment. Then you believe that a woman wrote this?"

"Of course. I suppose next you'll want to find out who."

"It is postmarked Pensacola, but that is most likely a blind. Really, I never dreamed anonymous letters were sent outside of dime novels, did you?"

"Never troubled myself about it, and sha'n't begin now that I have found out they are."

"Of course, *of course*," Mrs. Revere went on, insistently, "there cannot be a word of *truth* in it. I don't need you to convince me of that. I flatter myself I know the Duane blood too well. But still, I have left her alone a great deal too much perhaps, and she may possibly have done something imprudent, of which we don't know. Her ideas about 'caste,' and so on, are remarkably peculiar. Indeed, it was not very long ago that she asked me what would happen if any relative or connection of an officer should *marry* one of the soldiers. Fancy! *marry!* that was what she said. Oh, dear! I *wish* I hadn't thought of that just now; it is so uncomfortable to remember in this connection. Her being Bonny Duane is in itself, I should think, enough to kill such a rumor. Still, I trust nothing of the kind may get about upon the post."

"There had better not be anything to *get* about," pronounced the captain, with an unexpected growl, striking his fist upon a table near at hand, "Duane or no Duane. But as for this anonymous trash, there is nothing in it at all. You are the girl's chaperon, and it's your business to see that she gets into no scrapes. That is all I've got to say about it. And now let me read my paper in peace."

There had also been a pink note, postmarked "Pensacola," for Jack Sidney. He had no correspondent there, and he spent a few seconds in wondering idly, as people will, who the unknown writer would

prove to be. Then he broke the seal and read, with growing anger, these few lines:

"Friends of Miss Duane will do well to warn her against the folly of associating intimately with a certain Private Dane, Battery L, —— Artillery, stationed now at Barrancas. As a lady of presumably no former acquaintance with the army, it would be charitable to suppose that she does not accurately understand the disgrace consequent upon evening meetings in groves and other secluded places with a private soldier.

"One who wishes well for Mr. Sidney's happiness and the reputation of Miss Duane."

Scarcely waiting to peruse the last words, Sidney crushed the paper in his hand and tossed it from him as though it had contained the sting of a scorpion. Then, with a second thought, he took it up once more and tore it into bits so fine that the floor seemed strewn with the leaves of fallen blossoms, where they lay.

"I should like to do so with the sender!" he exclaimed, viciously, as the vision of proud, pure, beautiful Bonny arose within his mind.

ALICE KING HAMILTON.

(To be continued.)

THE ENLISTED MAN.

NOTES FROM AN UNFINISHED ESSAY.

THE transition is easy from the school of the officer to that of the enlisted man, and we shall now glance at the influence of the apprentice system upon the *personnel* of the navy.

Naval apprentices must be native-born Americans, and are thus in a large measure replacing the foreign element that had increased in our naval crews to a mortifying extent. Since it is required as well that they be of *respectable* parentage and good character, the insubordinate, reckless, demoralizing, and dangerous adventurers who filled our ships at the close of the great rebellion, splendid fighters, but almost as dangerous to friend as foe, are continually and steadily disappearing. Inasmuch as great attention is paid to the education and training of these youths, they join sea-going ships with minds enlarged by study, and, in many instances, with a keen appreciation of opportunities presented for a career, and such advancement as would be essential to place the latter in an attractive light. Thus, alive to the necessity of good behavior, their demeanor is generally excellent, though of course, as in every other walk in life, there are to be found among them intractable spirits who are thoughtlessly careless of the future, and treat with a corresponding disdain the attempts at restraint in the present. Their influence is an evil one that expands as their term of service rolls on, and the more their intelligence has been developed the greater has become their capacity for creating mischief.

It is to be hoped that such scamps alone are the ones against whom those officers inveigh who loudly damn the system. They seem to forget the intelligent action of the majority in emergency, the bold activity of their splendid young manhood, their ambition to excel, their loyalty to ship and officer, their contempt of danger, and ready obedience to orders, and only remember "that apprentice boys are regular scallywags."

Though the successful operation of the system is already to be observed, much indignation is felt by its advocates at the utter indifference with which the apprentice is treated, in many instances, by officers who would naturally be expected to feel a lively interest in his welfare and

improvement. The regulations have been brought to bear upon the subject, but in most instances are ignored. For instance, they require that when a vacancy occurs in the grade of quartermaster, an apprentice who is competent to fill the position shall be given the promotion; yet cases are common where a lad who is already a *seaman* is found instructing some recently rated *quartermaster* in signals, or signaling himself, while the other stands helplessly by.

The apprentices have certain inducements offered for proficiency. If promises are not fulfilled by those who represent the power that made them, where are these boys to pin their faith? Lukewarmness in this particular on the part of officers should be promptly and sternly noticed. Apprentices are the wards of the Navy Department. If it neglects their interests, their ambition and incentive to excel are alike destroyed, when they become useless incumbrances, or leave a service that has played them false.

Another point to be touched upon is the influence to which they are subjected after passing from beneath the watchful eyes of the officers of the training-ships. They are distributed among the small number of our cruisers, where they become a light percentage of each ship's company. And a great change comes over their lives. Being young, they are impressionable; being imaginative, they revel in tales of adventure; and, being human, they are easily led astray. It is at this time, therefore, that the manifestation of interest in their well-being on the part of the officers of the ship will have the greatest effect in shaping the future of the lads. A kindly word, an inquiry as to some of the methods pursued in the training-ships, a hint to avoid a few evil-minded individuals, and a word of praise concerning some young fellow like himself, who, without his advantages, has nevertheless, by sheer force of hard work, entire reliability, and the blessing of a good disposition, received some new rating,—all this, or any of it, would be cheer to the new arrival, and preserve his proper spirit. They are but boys, and need encouragement; and it should be the pleasure of all officers having the interests of the service at heart to note carefully the progress of the ambitious, and stimulate the laggard to new endeavor.

Whilst on this subject it may be well, at the expense of appearing illiberal, to dwell upon the fact that many of the apprentices, after serving their time, leave the navy and seek careers in other directions. The trouble lies not in the danger of "a little knowledge," but in the class from which the lads are taken. It is too well-to-do, or "respectable." If we are to retain them in the service as seamen (for which there is a continual need), they must have antecedents compared with which the comforts of a sailor's life leave little more to be desired; and there *are* comforts in this hardy existence that can only be appreciated by those who have known the squalor and misery in which so

many unhappy beings live. Personal cleanliness is one of the first things taught the man-o'-war's-man, and next the neatness of his surroundings. He is personally inspected every morning by an officer; he scrubs some of his garments every other day, weather permitting; his bedding is scrubbed and aired at frequent intervals; his hammock is changed monthly, or oftener; his kit is inspected, to observe his thriftiness; he has opportunities, monthly, of replenishing his outfit; his accounts are carefully kept; he has constant and competent medical care; he is guarded carefully against unnecessary exposure; his barber costs him only fifty cents a month; he is well fed, and has promotion to look forward to. Of course, the life of the sailor is full of hardship. He has to battle with man and tempest; to endure alike snow and ice, and the intense heat of the tropics; but the vigilant officer, knowing the value of each individual under his command, makes careful provision for the comfort of his crew, and this means health. The exposure is followed by dry garments, hot coffee, and a pipe, while the peril of the life and thrill of adventure lend a charm.

It is not intended to convey the impression that there is a necessity of choosing the material for future men-o'-war's-men from the dregs of society,—from the crowded tenement-houses, or the criminal classes; but in every city there are honest laborers, who, with the poor man's luck, have extensive families, for which it is impossible to provide more than the simplest necessities. Barefooted in summer, scantily clad in winter, the boys must begin early to bring their own share to the meagre family meal, and have but little time to devote to self-improvement. With the voracious appetite of growing, healthy boyhood, and the disregard of wear and tear of garments of the same troublesome period, the father would be glad to put his hopeful in a position where he would be well clothed, well fed, well cared for, educated, and, during good behavior, assured of liberal and increasing pay, with which he could assist in keeping the pot boiling at home. On the other hand, an apprentice is taken from the middle class. His father is a well-to-do shopkeeper, who, finding his son disposed to be a trifle wild, is glad to place him where he will be under some restraint; or he has gained the belief that he has placed the boy in the direct path to reaching the sword of the commissioned officer; or the ruddy imagination of the boy himself has urged the father to the step.

During his life on the apprentice ship the novelty has not perhaps worn off, but when he finds himself on board a regular man-of-war, and the glamour of schooling has given place to a stern realization of the life before him and the hopelessness of an epaulet save in case of war, his thoughts wander to the bright fires and cheerful lights of his cozy home. Dreaming, he finds himself once more in his old familiar seat about the open hearth. The cloud has gone from the father's brow, for the eldest-born is back—and back to stay—to assist him in his busi-

ness, to take perhaps his place; and his mother and sisters gather tenderly around him, and listen with pretty shudders, parted lips, and eager eyes, to "many a tale of the dangers of the sea." A sudden gust blows the rain into his face,—he awakes, and knows it was a dream, but the iron has entered into his soul. He feels himself in a false position, and the next mail carries a pleading letter to his father asking him to use every endeavor to get his discharge from a distasteful service, —full of repentance for past follies, and promise of future excellence of conduct.

The apprentice makes acquaintances among the older sailors, which are not always improving ones, yet it is to be observed that the reckless dare-devil—the man who would be a pirate if he were not a man-o'-war's-man—is oftentimes the one who has the greatest power of impressing the youthful mind. His doctrines are most injurious, and his actions bear them out. Such a man has invariably devoted followers among the bad element in a crew, and it cannot be a matter of surprise, unless counter-influences are at work, if the boys are found gradually joining the admiring circle to which he relates his tales of wild debauch, murderous quarrels, and defiance of authority. Such men, if for no other reason than their continual perversion of youth, should be rooted out of the navy. They are not always to be classed among the shirks, and indeed, when danger hovers close at hand are among the first to meet and overcome it; but the mischief that they do far outweighs the services they render. Many are old men-o'-war's-men, who by long connection with the service would find themselves incapacitated for gaining elsewhere their livelihood; but early in their careers they have shown the cloven hoof, and it was then they should have been banished from its benefits forever.

Unfortunately, it is impossible to be thus rid of worthless rogues without special legislation. On our own coast, an enlisted man may be discharged (dishonorably) by sentence of a court-martial; but this cannot be done in a foreign country unless there be an opportunity of sending him home by some public conveyance, as a man-of-war or transport. In either event, however, it is impossible to prevent his going to the nearest naval rendezvous and re-enlisting. Although it is the pronounced intention that no man dishonorably discharged shall ever again enter the service, there are numbers of men in its ranks today who have more than once been thus disgraced.

Probably all officers have seen the deplorable working of a system that so limits the power of a court-martial when, on some foreign stations, wretches have unmasked. Knowing the folly of the law, they riot in insubordinate acts, and laugh at the inability of the officers to prevent their demoralizing infraction of rule and regulation. They submit with an air of bravado to the light punishments they may be awarded, and thus nearly half their time is lost to the ship. Such men

will not desert. They know they would starve on shore, and they cannot be driven from the ships. It frequently happens that men like this will on the eve of coaling ship, etc., commit some inexcusable offense most willfully, and, cheerfully going into confinement, jeer at their comrades upon whose shoulders additional work is thrown.

Such people have no pride or self-esteem to be wounded by the ordinary modes of punishment that it is possible to administer within the limits of the law. They require some more degraded method to break the strength of their influence over the weaker-minded among the crew. Physical pain must be inflicted ere such brutal spirits can be properly disciplined, and nothing would have so salutary an effect as a judiciously administered flogging. When this was one of the recognized punishments of the navy undoubtedly many a fine spirit was broken, and much discontent created by reason of its abuse, the power to order it being the prerogative of the commanding officer; and, as all men are not gifted with a high sense of justice, many are cursed with violent tempers, and prejudice forms an integral part of human nature, it was most natural that many grave errors were committed. This has gradually led to the abolition of this means of punishment, and, under the circumstances, most wisely. Too much power placed in the hands of one man will generally result disastrously, and therefore the adjudgment of so unusual a form of punishment should only be awarded by sentence of a summary court-martial. Such a court should only be ordered to try persistent offenders,—men of the type mentioned above,—who, after repeated attempts at discipline on the part of the commanding officer, still remained intractable and defiant. A second court should be empowered to dishonorably discharge such incorrigible and predestinated criminals, in whatever portion of the world the ship might be. When it is remembered that such courts are composed of educated, and, in many instances, refined and cultivated men, who swear "to justly and truly try, without prejudice or partiality," the case depending, and that the commanding officer must approve the sentence before it is carried out, it will be seen how small is the chance of a valuable man's being triced up and receiving "three dozen" because he unfortunately dropped a coil of rope over the head of a sleeping and irritable captain.

Doubtless in the olden time many a truly gallant fellow was driven from the service smarting with wounds, whose scars would ever remind him not only of his disgrace but of the injustice that had been its cause; but following the plan suggested, passion would be conquered by the frigid processes of law, prejudice would be confronted by reason, and mercy would temper justice. A man thus punished would be branded for life, and could never again inflict himself upon a service which, grown weary of his malicious acts, had indignantly expelled him.

Should the above proposition appear too radical, as it doubtless will

to many, at least the Navy Regulations should be so far modified as to give to naval summary courts-martial the power to award a sentence of dishonorable discharge, untrammeled by saving clauses. The class of men alluded to are not only drawing pay that they do not earn, but are a bad, and often dangerous, element in any ship's company. Their days are passed in acts subversive of discipline, and their lives are a continual protest against the feebleness of the law.

A strange spirit of comradeship exists among sailors, and instances are common of whole crews being punished by irksome restrictions because they refused to denounce some rogue or rogues who had, in a mood of contempt or petty spite, mutilated gun-tackles or the rigging, thrown arms overboard, or been otherwise guilty of some criminal proceeding. To protect the service against the readmission of such persons only one course is open,—the placing of a tiny but indelible mark upon their persons, in such a spot as would be noticed only by the examining medical officer. Until this be done there will be no protection in this regard. A worthless character discharged in New York harbor goes to the receiving-ship to enlist. Failing there, he tramps to Boston, or some other station where men are wanted, and, under the fostering care of some landshark, is properly scrubbed, dressed, and shaven, and, being naturally of good physique, and possessing the intelligence necessary to make so capable a villain, he passes a satisfactory examination, and is soon borne again upon the books of the government. If it be known that the cat has been re-established in the navy for *extreme* cases, it is firmly believed that a marked improvement will at once be noticed in the punishment-books throughout the service, and also that its use would be extremely rare, and never undeserved.

It has been remarked that the man-o'-war's-man is well fed, and, speaking generally, this is true. The ration is so generous that in each of the small messes into which a crew is divided a certain number of rations are commuted, the caterer of each mess receiving the money in lieu. This, with one or two dollars apiece monthly, goes to the purchase of bread ("hard tack" being furnished with the ration), fruit, etc., when in port, and supplying sea-stores when preparing for a cruise. The men, however, frequently complain of the quality of the ration both at sea and in port, and with much reason. By the trickery of dealers and carelessness of some purchasing paymaster, much worthless trash is foisted upon the service, and so constant are the requirements for surveying portions of the ration that are unfit for issue, that on every man-o'-war a certain number of officers are appointed a board of survey for three months at a time. The price paid for the articles should have insured their quality, and the blame for the useless waste should be placed where it belongs. The sum total of the value of articles of food annually condemned to be thrown overboard would, if made public, be appalling.

A ship to be efficient must be happy, and happy she can never be unless the interests of the men lie next the hearts of the officers. The silly fop who looks upon the sailor merely as a creature born to do his bidding, the dreamer whose thoughts are ever with his wife or sweetheart, and the vulgar swaggerer who damns and insults better men than himself when he knows they dare not answer back, cannot enter into the sailor's life. Either there is no inclination or there would be repulsion. It is the nature hearty without coarseness, gay without buffoonery, cheerful, generous, and courageous as the sailor's own, that forms the foundation of the happiness of a ship. The sailor is naturally a sporting character in a modest way. It is his pride that his ship should excel. She must be faster than another, smarter in her drills, neater in her appearance, and a better sea-boat. Her men must be better dressed and better behaved; they must win races under sail and under oars, and they must be victors in athletic games and at the target. In all these matters that go so far towards making the happy ship the man takes his cue from the officer. With dullards aft, there will be curses forward. The matter of the amusement of the men is not sufficiently urged upon officers, and many are too indolent, snobbish, or thoughtless to recognize its importance.

The great curse of the navy may be brought under the generical head of whisky, but it is hoped that methods can be devised, considering the different class of men who enlist to-day, that will greatly reduce the evil. In the first place a strict watch should be kept over the record of liberty given in the different cruisers. A most excellent system has been suggested (and is supposed to be in force at the present time) by which the men are in a great measure the regulators of their own liberty. So long as they come off promptly and in condition to do their duty, they are given almost unlimited opportunities for going ashore; so much so, indeed, that in the few ships where the regulations are adhered to in this respect, all novelty wears off, and towards the end of the month, when money becomes scarce, very few respond to the call, "All you men that want to go ashore on liberty lay aft and put your names down!"

Probably no class of people has done so much towards bringing the sailor, merchantman or man-o'-war's-man, to a proper sense of what is due himself, than that amiable society of fanatics whose doctrine it is to "look not upon the wine when it is red," and who, not content with deriving all the benefits themselves that come with temperance, insist that other people shall suffer similar happiness. From all officers they should have warm encouragement and hearty support when good sense regulates their zeal. An instance of the proper direction of their efforts may be given in the Temperance Hall at Shanghai, China. Here were to be found pleasant reading-rooms, furnished with latest journals and magazines and a modest library; there were billiard-

tables and a bowling-alley, where very low rates were charged; the cuisine was an excellent one, and a good dinner cost something like twenty-five cents. Coffee—very fragrant coffee—was always ready. On cold or rainy days there was a cheerful fire, and for those who preferred the comforts of such an attractive club to the wild debauch, there were neat cots at nominal rates. This fine charity extended beyond the limits of the building. Ministers of good were always hovering around, and sailors who had joined the society and were admitted to the privileges of the Hall, were prominent among them.

Many a poor bedraggled Jackey, whose last recollection was of falling softly into the gutter, has awakened to find himself in a neat little bed, with some old shipmate at hand to help put him in trim to go on board ship. A hot cup of coffee tones up his much-abused stomach, the bucket of water poured over his poor head cools his throbbing temples, and his astonishment at his good luck reaches a climax when a little package is handed him which contains the money that remained in his possession at the moment unconsciousness came. He finds himself in sympathetic hands, every one looks neat and wholesome, he alone shows a sheepish sense of some half-understood disgrace. What wonder that when he finds himself marked "on time aboard and capable," he makes up what is left of his mind to hunt up the "Hall" on his next trip ashore, and perhaps become an active agent in the truly good work.

The miserable life of the sailor ashore ("on liberty") is not to be attributed to his natural desires. He is ready to be as decent as any one if he is given half a chance, and will be found a hearty ally in the promulgation of such principles as regulate the existence of Temperance Hall in Shanghai.

The class of men is so much better morally than it ever was before in the navy—for with education the *morale* must improve—that the time has come for the well-wishers of the navy to turn their attention strongly to this lever, to be worked for the happiness and well-being of the enlisted man.

T. H. Stevens,
Lieutenant U.S.N.

THE LATE SENATOR ANTHONY.

HENRY BOWEN ANTHONY, who died at his home in Providence, Rhode Island, on the 2d day of September, 1884, was, during his twenty-five years of senatorial service, a devoted friend and supporter of the United States navy. Although educated in the Quaker faith, which impressed upon his mind its genial and gentle influences, he believed that our national independence, won by the sword, should always be prepared to defend itself from foreign and domestic foes. Soon after he entered the Senate of the United States, he was appointed a member of its Committee on Naval Affairs, and he served on it until his death, repeatedly declining the chairmanship, as he preferred being the chairman of the Committee on Public Printing.

This long service on the Naval Committee embraced the war-period, when large appropriations were necessary, and when careful inquiries had to be made into the fitness of the many hundred nominations for appointment and for promotion. After the cessation of hostilities, the reduction of the naval force, the enlargement of the retired list, and the consequent promotions kept up the labors of the Senate's Committee on Naval Affairs, and Mr. Anthony never avoided his share of the work and of the responsibility. He was invariably opposed to the restoration to the service of those who had been dismissed for intemperance while on duty, and it was through his exertions that a joint resolution was passed regulating the effect of a vote of the thanks of Congress upon promotion. The law, as it stood, virtually gave the recipient of a vote of thanks ten years' longevity on the active list, with the consequent pay, preventing at the same time the promotion of junior officers. Senator Anthony, in a speech delivered by him in the Senate in support of a joint resolution rectifying this injustice, showed how it affected the pay of the juniors of the officers thus honored, and then said,—

"Thus far I have spoken only of pay. It is the same with rank; and rank is more than pay. There is not an officer in the navy worth his salt who, if he has the means of supporting himself and his family outside of his profession, would not rather be an admiral without pay than a captain with five thousand dollars a year. This is not a feeling confined to ostentatious and vainglorious men; it pervades the whole navy, and is shared by the most modest and unassuming, the best and the bravest officers in the service. It may seem foolish to those who

do not understand the feeling from which it springs; but it is the sentiment which we wish to encourage in the navy; which makes the navy what it is,—the right arm of the national defense, the pride and glory of the country. It is the feeling that animated Commander Williams, when he stood upon the deck of the 'Oneida,' as his vessel was reeling from the blow inflicted upon her by that enemy of the human race, the captain of the 'Bombay.' It was reported to him that the vessel was sinking, and he was asked to get into the boat. 'No,' was his calm reply, 'I shall stay in my ship; if she goes down I shall go down with her.' It is the feeling that animated Ensign Copp, true type of an American seaman, who, springing from the humblest class of society, without friends or fortune or influence, worked his way up, till he won and wore the livery of his country's service. He was in charge of the berth-deck when the vessel was struck; he superintended the removal of the sick to the upper deck, and returned to his post. He was hailed, and informed that the ship was sinking, and that he must hasten on deck. 'I am stationed here,' was his reply, 'and cannot come till I am relieved.' . . .

"Such is the temper of the American navy. Such is the spirit which, inherited from Paul Jones, and Truxton, and Preble, and Hopkins, and Whipple; from Decatur, and Porter, and Perry, and Bainbridge, and Hull, and Stewart, proved itself on the river and on the sea, in the war for the Union, and still animates the hearts of our living heroes. . . .

"To generous minds the consciousness of this injustice, the fact that their continued rank and pay are assessed upon their juniors, deprives the distinction of much of its gratification. The law tells them practically: For your gallant deeds you shall have a high reward, but that reward shall be so much taken from your brethren, from your younger brethren, some of whom you regard almost as your children; those who have fought with you under the same flag and in the same battles; those who stood by your side when together you drove through the obstructions at Mobile and swept past the flaming batteries at New Orleans; those whose blood, flowing with your own, reddened the same slippery decks at Fort Fisher. Mr. President, this is not the way in which this great country desires to reward its defenders. We do not desire, the country does not desire, that when an officer has cut his way to promotion with his sword, he shall find it blocked against him by a joint resolution of Congress."

The Naval Academy at Annapolis received Senator Anthony's fostering care. It was the *alma mater* of his nephew and next of kin, now Commander John R. Bartlett, the efficient head of the Naval Hydrographic office, and he used to visit it frequently, that he might be the better acquainted with its workings and its wants. When, at the commencement of hostilities in 1861, it was proposed to transfer the location of the Naval Academy to Newport, Senator Anthony said,—

"Rhode Island has endeavored to do her duty. She has poured forth freely her wealth, the accumulations of generations of industry and frugality; and she has poured forth as freely the priceless treasure, the blood of her sons,—she has more of both if her country needs them. She has received few of the special favors of the Federal Government. She has not asked for them. She has found in the general blessings which flow from the Union an abundant return for her best and truest loyalty. If in the opinion of those who represent her sister States, she is entitled to any favor or recognition, it could not be rendered in a more grateful form than in intrusting to her waters the nursery of the naval glory of the country. All her early traditions, and all her history, are connected with maritime adventure and with naval prowess."

The Naval Academy was retained at Annapolis, but in later years the Naval Training School has been located, mainly through the influence of Senator Anthony, on a beautiful island in Newport harbor, and it is also proposed to establish the Naval War College there.

Another nephew of Senator Anthony is Captain Henry A. Bartlett, of the marine corps, now on the "Trenton." The deceased senator had many personal friends in the navy and the marine corps, as well as in the army, and they always found him ready to espouse their cause when they needed legislation to secure their rights or to enable them to accept tributes of merit from foreign powers.

Senator Anthony was made a member of the third class in the District of Columbia Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, which has honored his memory by the passage of suitable eulogistic resolutions. The Rev. Augustus Woodbury, who was the chaplain of Burnside's Rhode Island Volunteers which hastened to the defense of Washington in 1861, preached an impressive and eloquent funeral discourse at Senator Anthony's interment, in which he paid tribute to his many virtues.

Few members of Congress have retained, after years of continuous service amidst the toils and conflicts of political life, the sympathies and cordial feelings of private life, as did Senator Anthony. He was in heart and life a Christian gentleman, without fear and without reproach, and now he has descended to his rest, full of years and honors, leaving sweet remembrances of his purity of character, his generosity and liberality of spirit, his proud and noble manhood:

> "Immortality o'ersweeps
> All pains, all tears, all time, all fears,—and peals
> Like the eternal thunders of the deep
> Into our ears this truth. He lives forever."

BEN: PERLEY POORE,
Late Major Eighth Massachusetts Infantry.

UNITED STATES NAVAL WAR COLLEGE.

SIR HOWARD DOUGLAS, in his work on "Naval Warfare with Steam," quotes the opinion of Admiral Bowles, R.N., that we have arrived at a new era in which steam will enable naval commanders to conduct their operations on military and scientific principles. "To this high authority," he continues, "may be added that of Captain Dahlgren, U. S. Navy, who observes that the principles of military tactics will, hereafter, enter largely into the manœuvres of a fleet." The author then proceeds to give certain illustrations in support of his theory, and concludes that portion of his essay with the remark that he proposes "to establish the analogy between the tactics of armies in the field, and those of steam fleets on the ocean, with a view of drawing from that analogy such lessons as may be found useful in naval warfare."

Sir Howard Douglas, it should be observed, was singularly well qualified for this task: for to his military education he added an intimate knowledge of naval affairs not often found, even among English army officers.

It is somewhat remarkable, and not a little suggestive, that of the three works which have shaped the naval tactics of the English navy, two were written by military men and one by a civilian.

The Sailing and Fighting Instructions which, for more than one hundred years, constituted the sole guide of English admirals in war, were formulated in 1665, by the Duke of York, who had received a thorough military training. Considerably over a century later appeared the "Essay on Naval Tactics," by John Clerk, who, though a plain country gentleman, was yet a man of military instincts; and lastly, the work of the author just quoted; which, if it has not received the notice it merits, teaches us in more emphatic terms than any of its predecessors, that the true way to study naval warfare is to begin with the study of military science.

That a proposition of such obvious import should have remained so long unheeded seems altogether unaccountable. And yet the idea is by no means new. John Clerk, to whom reference has just been made, writing in 1790, spoke of the face of the ocean as a fair, unobstructed field for the military operations of fleets, comparing those operations to military movements on land; and laying down general principles

for the conduct of a fleet, which are identical with those given by military writers for the conduct of an army.

The naval student in reading military history can hardly fail to be struck by the similarity between hostile operations on shore and those afloat. From the rules governing the School of the Battalion to the highest principles of strategy, he will find much that is applicable to his own element. Not to confine ourselves too much to particulars, we may briefly consider each separate head under which military treatises are generally divided, and ascertain for ourselves how closely allied the two services are in their leading characteristics.

Jomini divides the Science of War into six purely military branches, beginning with what he terms "Diplomacy, or Statesmanship in its relation to war." This branch is of especial importance to the naval officer, requiring an intimate knowledge of international law and treaty obligations, a familiarity with the political history of his own country and the course of its foreign policy that will necessitate, to attain any degree of proficiency, such an amount of careful reading as to leave little leisure for extra professional studies.

Next in order comes STRATEGY, or the art of properly directing masses upon the theatre of war, either for defense or for invasion. It makes little difference, in principle, whether the opposing forces are on shore or afloat, or a combination of both: the rules of this art are equally applicable to either case. Thirdly we have GRAND TACTICS, or the Tactics of Battle: the art of making good combinations preliminary to battle, as well as during its progress. "The guiding principle in tactical combinations," says Jomini, "as in those of strategy, is to bring the mass of the force in hand against a part of the opposing army, and upon that point the possession of which promises the most important results." This is precisely the principle laid down by Clerk for the disposition of a fleet, and insisted upon by Sir Howard Douglas.

LOGISTICS, or the art of moving armies, finds its counterpart in the art of navigation, and in the securing of adequate supplies of provisions, ammunition, and fuel for the fleet, when severed from its immediate base of supplies. This requires a knowledge not simply of the ordinary rules of navigation, which now includes a knowledge of the laws of aberration of the compasses of metal ships; but of the coal depots of the world, the means of obtaining supplies abroad, and the facilities afforded in different foreign stations for docking and repairing ships, and making duplicate parts of machinery. It requires also a knowledge of the different channels of an enemy's ocean commerce, with a view to sustaining a fleet on the products of that commerce. Information necessary to cover these points will be one of the duties of the naval staff, a corps it will be an object of the Naval College to produce.

ENGINEERING, or the attack and defense of fortification, comes next in order. It has been said that the art of fortification and the art of field tactics are intimately connected with each other, the object in both being to so dispose of the several parts that they may afford mutual protection. This applies to fleet tactics also, as pointed out by Clerk and abundantly proved by Sir Howard Douglas. And as fleets are often called upon to attack fortifications, the naval commander should know something of the nature of the works he may be called upon to attack, and the system of attack opposed to him, as already stated. That part of the military art is, therefore, essential to his education.

Lastly we come to MINOR or ELEMENTARY TACTICS, or the tactics of instruction, where the principles governing the land forces and those of the sea forces are identical.

Minor tactics merges into grand tactics in the formation of the various orders of battle, and the handling of troops or of ships during battle, the rules of this part of the military art being entirely applicable to that of the naval. Such being the close analogy between the two arms, and in default of experience in naval warfare under steam, we must, perforce, resort to the study of the known, to arrive at a knowledge of what in the cognate branch is now mere conjecture.

If with the study of military science the naval student carries on a parallel course of naval history, he will be enabled to group together in an intelligent manner certain classes of facts, by the generalization of which he may formulate for himself principles for his guidance as the commander of a sea-army *preparatory to*, and during war. By this means he will have pursued the comparative method of research, reasoning from the well-known rules of the military art to just conclusions in regard to the naval art. And by reasoning up from the facts of naval history to general principles, he will have followed the inductive system of philosophy. Thus, he will have raised naval warfare under steam from the empirical stage to the dignity of a science. To conduct the study of naval warfare by this method will be the work of the War College. It is no light task. As the attempt has never before been made to study this,—*the* branch, *par excellence*, of the naval profession, in a systematic manner, but rather to ignore it,—trusting, perhaps, to the inspiration of the moment, or to happy chance; or maybe, that wars on earth have ceased altogether,—not only are the text-books wanting, but the very terminology of steam tactics is defective. When we find that one of the leading navies of the world still retains many of the terms of the sail period of naval tactics, and defines *column*, as "*Any number of ships in a distinct body, whether in line ahead, line abreast, or otherwise,*" does it not admonish us that the time has arrived when we who have no navy at all, in a military sense, should strike out for ourselves

in the acquisition of the theory, at least, of that art, the practice of which the confirmed policy of our country denies us,—the art of naval tactics?

In stating that scientific methods must be applied to the investigation of the various problems of modern naval warfare, we are far from assuming that war is to be regarded as an exact science. Jomini has taken pains to disabuse us of any such idea, and yet when he surprised Napoleon by telling him at Mayence, at the beginning of the Jena campaign, that he would meet him in four days at Bamberg, has shown us that there are certain military problems susceptible of being demonstrated with all but mathematical precision. Let there be given a disposal force on land or at sea of fixed military value and a known adversary, and the soldier or seaman who is master of his profession can predict with almost unerring exactness the chances of a successful campaign. On the other hand, expeditions that have been initiated with all the "pomp and circumstance of war," have ended in disasters that could have been foretold by an intelligent study of the problem beforehand. This brings us to the consideration of the question as to who is to make this forecast. It is the one who occupies a position above that of the commander-in-chief of the fleet, viz.: the naval administrator, or the principal adviser on all purely naval matters of the civil power of the government,—the chief of the naval staff. To fill this office properly, one must have the faculty of taking in the whole theatre of the war, to master and utilize all the information accumulated by the different members of the staff relating to the field of operation; the strength and resources of the enemy; and to make those timely dispositions of the floating force his foresight will have prepared, that it may be in the right place at the right time. It will be the province of the Naval College to put officers in the way of preparing themselves for this high duty.

Of all the great facts of history, of all the lessons pregnant with warning to the naval student, is the incapacity for high command exhibited by the admirals of the English navy during a long period of naval wars. It has been well called the "Dark Age of Naval Tactics." It is the period alluded to by Clerk, and may be said to be included between the beginning of the War of Succession in 1702, and the close of the "American" war in 1783. Granting the abilities of the school of English naval officers represented by such men as Anson, Hawke, and Boscawen, and admitting the altogether exceptional and brilliant victory of Quiberon, the fact stands out too clearly for denial, that during the years referred to the English admirals, as a class, were lamentably deficient in the knowledge of their profession. What was said of Matthews, Byng, and Sir Edward Hughes, that each "knew how to handle and fight his own ship to admiration, but knew nothing of the manœuvring of a fleet," might have been said of many

others. If Admiral Graves, instead of following De Grasse out beyond the capes of Virginia, had carried his fleet up to York River, he would have rendered Cornwallis the succor so much needed, and frustrated the designs of Washington. Admiral Graves had, here, an opportunity of displaying the highest order of professional skill. Yorktown had become the key to the entire theatre of the war, and the relief of the beleaguered army the main object of the English fleet. De Grasse was in Lynn Haven Bay, and De Barras was known to have sailed from Newport, Rhode Island, to join him. The part of Graves was to push in between the two French fleets, and form a junction with Cornwallis at all hazards. He was in advance of De Barras; and De Grasse by standing out to sea left the English admiral an unobstructed way to the objective point, an opportunity he either did not comprehend, or very unwisely neglected to avail himself of. The consequence was his own discomfiture, and the capitulation of the army he was sent to relieve.

We may here interject the remark that the pushing in of the English fleet between the two French forces furnishes an illustration of the analogy to which reference has been made between the operations of land and sea forces. It may be likened to the interposition of an army between the parts of an enemy's line, so as to beat one portion before the other can arrive to its assistance. This species of tactics was resorted to by Napoleon with splendid success, and a parallel case is to be found in our civil war. McClellan, in the campaign of 1862, designed by a junction with McDowell to push in between Richmond and the army under Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley. The idea was a brilliant one, but McDowell's failure to co-operate, through interference from Washington, insured its defeat. Such operations, however, require promptness of action, celerity of movement, and here we find an element essential to success that is common to both services, the element of speed. Napoleon, in the beginning of his career, rushed from the Maritime Alps, and fell like a mountain torrent upon the Austro-Sardinian army, commanded by Beaulieu and Colli, who had committed the fault of spreading out their forces in a long line, with the expectation of enveloping their young adversary. Colli was first beaten at several points, and Beaulieu next, and from that time the two armies were so entirely separated that one of the generals desiring to cover Turin retreated towards that city, whilst the other fell back upon Milan without attempting to join his colleague. Colli was forced to accept such terms as the victor chose to give, and Beaulieu's retrograde movement only stopped under the walls of Mantua.

Later (1797), a part of Napoleon's army left Verona after having fought the battle of St. Michaels, on the 13th of January, marched all night upon Rivoli, fought in the mountains on the 14th, returned to Mantua on the 15th, and defeated the army of Provera on the morning

of the 16th; thus, in less than four days, having marched nearly fifty leagues, fought three battles, and captured more than twenty thousand prisoners. Instances of great celerity of movement may also be found in the history of our late civil war. Truly might Marshal Saxe say that "success in war was due to the legs of the soldiers."

So, in naval operations, speed and handiness have ever been considered as indispensable. It was to the light and swift Liburnian galleys that Octavius owed his victory at Actium, a lesson we may well profit by to-day. It was due to the greater speed of their ships that the French were so successful in the practice of those tactics which enabled them to outmanœuvre their English adversaries so often. During the period of naval tactics to which special allusion has been made, we not infrequently read of the English admirals complaining of the dullness of their ships, and the superior sailing qualities of the French. There were two reasons for this: the French had superior models, and they were the first to adopt the then novel plan of covering the bottoms of their ships with copper; and it was a long time before the English government would heed the recommendations of its naval officers and follow the example.

In this respect history would be sure to repeat itself in any future naval wars. We would find one set of naval officers complaining of the loss of speed and of unhandiness of their ships, owing to bad qualities and foul bottoms, and the impossibility of docking them; and another set executing the most skillful manœuvres, and eluding or pursuing an enemy at pleasure, owing to their having smooth, clean bottoms, and a high normal speed.

But to resume. The French navy has never received its full meed of praise for its share in bringing the Yorktown campaign, and consequently the Revolutionary war, to a successful termination. The skill of De Grasse in decoying the English fleet away from the key of the whole theatre of the war, and engaging him during five days in desultory and indecisive actions, leaving it in the end in a crippled condition, and powerless to execute its mission, is a fine exemplification of the superior skill of the French officers of that period. The French in their fleet fights with the English were so uniformly successful in their tactics, that it at last gave rise to the suspicion that they had "adopted some new system," which the English had failed to discover. The "new system" of the French admirals consisted in the study of their profession,—war. For over one hundred years the only textbook in the English navy, on naval tactics, was a translation of the French work by Paul Hoste. And while there is not to-day a single respectable work on naval tactics under sail by an English author, save the "Essay on Naval Tactics" by Clerk, the Scotch country gentleman, there are numerous excellent works on tactics by French naval officers, from that of the accomplished De Tourville, whose system was written

out by his chaplain, Père l'Hoste, in 1660, to the *Tactique Navale* of Vice-Admiral Penhoat of 1884.

Whether Clerk's "Essay" had a direct influence in dispelling the dark age of naval tactics, or whether the appearance of that work was simply coincident with the dawn of a brighter period, it is not our purpose to discuss. We know only according to the best English authorities that "the splendid results of Mr. Clerk's discoveries in naval tactics" were immediately followed by "a signal revolution in the art;" we know that Lord Rodney with a copy of the work in his possession gained the great victory over De Grasse, in the West Indies; that Lord Howe adopted the new system; that the Earl of St. Vincent observed it; Duncan smashed through the Dutch line at Campadown according to Clerk's plans and Nelson, who had always been a close student of naval tactics, made his dispositions for the battle of Trafalgar in almost exact accordance with the principles laid down by the Scotch laird of Eldin.

When to the seamanship and pluck of the English admirals was added a proper attention to the study of war, the English fleets became irresistible, and the battles decisive. There were no more courts-martial such as Matthew's, Byng's, and Keppel's. The skill of the French admirals no longer availed. There were several reasons for this, the principal being, no doubt, as the Count de Grasse admitted to Lord Rodney shortly after the battle of 12th of April, that the French navy was at least one hundred years behind that of England.

A more emphatic warning against the neglect of the higher professional studies or a more forcible example of the advantages of those studies than those cited it would be difficult to find in the whole range of naval history. Nor was the superiority of the French admirals, as a class, confined to their knowledge of war alone. They were good diplomatists, and understood the conduct of civil affairs, or where the naval element merges into the province of statesmanship.

It is on these two subjects, then, war, and statesmanship in its relations to war, that the College is to be principally founded.

We know that there are many arguments against such a school. We know that war cannot be taught by book alone; we know that the hackneyed quotation, *Poetas nascitur non fit*, will be repeated as applicable to great admirals and great generals. The answer is that some of the most successful captains of the world's history have studied war, either in the school of application of the battle-field or from the lessons of war as taught by the great masters. Some men have a natural genius for war, but it requires war to develop the faculty, and the process may be a long and trying one. Frederick the Great admitted that no general had ever committed greater blunders than he had. It was through disaster and defeat that he first caught sight of the true principles of the science of war. It was an expensive school, that of Frederick's.

It will be one of the objects of the College to "organize victory" in advance by a simpler and more economical method.

Such are the principal objects of the institution the Navy Department now designs to erect. Other objects will be found in that part of the College course which finds its equivalent in the usual school of application, where a younger class of officer students may carry on the practice of every art in which the naval officer can be expected to attain proficiency.

The general considerations thus roughly lined out influenced, to a greater or less extent, the board ordered by the Navy Department in May last, to report on the expediency of establishing a post-graduate course for naval officers. In giving the *raison d'être* and an idea of the organization of the College, we cannot do better than to follow the language of the report. It starts out with assigning reasons why such a school should be opened: "The variety and extent of knowledge now required of a naval officer," it says, "demands a longer period than was formerly considered necessary to complete a course of technical education.

"Of this knowledge certain branches are acquired and assimilated with greater ease by minds more matured than those of the average undergraduates of the Naval Academy.

"It is found that numbers of young officers, after a little experience at sea, take up of their own accord those studies for which they have developed a taste. It may be ordnance, astronomy, electricity, steam, history, international law, or the languages. There are others who, possessed of undoubted ability, do not exert themselves in the direction of self-improvement for want of proper facilities, or, perhaps, an incentive,—men who could take a high stand in almost any branch were the opportunity offered, or the motive power applied." The Naval College offers that opportunity.

"The board is of the opinion that a cogent reason for such a school is that there may be a place where our officers will not only be encouraged but *required* to study their profession proper—war—in a far more thorough manner than has ever heretofore been attempted, and to bring to the investigation of the various problems of naval warfare the scientific methods adopted in other professions." That place will be the Naval College.

"Although the science of war cannot be mastered through the agency of books alone, yet a complete study of the operations of war both on land and at sea, by which the principles of the science have been illustrated practically, is absolutely essential to the proper education of the officer whose life is dedicated to the profession of arms.

"Campaigns that have depended for success upon the co-operation of a fleet; campaigns that have been frustrated through the interposition of a fleet; the transfer, by water, of a numerous army to distant points

and their landing on an enemy's coasts under the guns of a fleet; the various results of engagements between ships and shore batteries; naval expeditions which have ended in disasters that could have been foretold by an intelligent study of the problem beforehand, and the great naval battles of history, even from the earliest times, which illustrate and enforce many of the most important and immutable principles of war, should be carefully examined and rendered familiar to the naval student. For it is upon his professional skill in the larger operations of combining and utilizing to the best advantage the floating force of the country, as well as in the more restricted one of an isolated command, that our people must rely for the protection of their interests, and the guarding of their extensive coasts and coasting trade from the depredations of an enemy.

"The almost total absence of an adequate naval force adds to the burden of responsibility imposed upon our naval officers, and imperatively demands of them extraordinary exertion in the acquisition of professional knowledge, in order to make such amends as they best may for the extreme paucity of the means furnished them. Here, then, is not simply a "reason, but an absolute necessity for the establishment of such a school as the order contemplates.

"The bare statement that our naval officers not only do not study war as a science, but have no adequate school of practice, seems in these days of broad and liberal culture so extraordinary that it is alone, in the judgment of the board, sufficient reason for the early founding of the institution which the Department now has under consideration.

"Naval officers are often called upon on foreign stations to exercise diplomatic functions, and are, not infrequently, required to settle or act upon questions involving nice points of international law. They should, therefore, be carefully prepared for this responsibility by an intimate knowledge of the enlightened neutrality policy which this country has had the honor of introducing and maintaining from its foundation, and of the principles of equity that have ever characterized the intercourse of the United States with foreign powers.

"In giving prominence to the subjects of War and Law as studies to which the greatest importance should be attached, and to the acquisition of which the highest efforts, stimulated in what manner soever the Department may judge wisest, should be applied, the board is by no means insensible of the great value to the country of work that may be accomplished by the navy in time of peace; work, too, such as may be strictly in the line of professional improvement, and such as, by training the faculties and extending the mental horizon, still further prepares the officer for the more varied demands made, in time of war, upon his intelligence and attainments. As the domain of human knowledge becomes more and more enlarged, the field of professional requirements expands to such an extent that it must be pas-

tured out, as it were. Thus the tendency in the navy, as in all other professions, is towards the formation of *specialties*. It is to the specialist that we are indebted, mainly, for the vast accessions which have been made of late years to the common stock of knowledge. But it is for the very reason that the victories won in peace, and the great variety and attraction of the studies open to the naval officer may, and sometimes do, lead him away from his true pursuit, that we urge the early opening of a school where war, the one subject *par excellence* of the naval profession, may be taught as thoroughly as it can be taught outside of the stern school of the field of battle.

"Failing to produce specialists in this one branch, we fail utterly in our whole system of naval education, for all others are but subordinate or accessory.

"In the earnest prosecution of what is but a means to an end, the officer is too apt to lose sight of the ultimate object of all. Thus, electricity in its application to torpedoes, chemistry in its application to explosives, metallurgy in relation to ordnance, and steam as a motive power, are only means to the end for which a navy may be said to exist,—success in war. The establishment of the proposed school, by opening to officers the higher branches, will serve to correct any misapprehension on this point, and dissipate the haze which, to a greater or less extent, obscures the perception in regard to the true aim of naval education and the duties of naval officers.

"The War School will, moreover, furnish an admirable opportunity for healthy intellectual development, and gratify the laudable desire so general among our officers for increased knowledge. While preventing erratic flights into fields of research unrelated to his calling, some of which might unfit him for its sterner duties, the school will tend to hold the young officer to those lines of professional thought so eminently calculated to qualify him for his highest and most responsible duties."

It is proposed to divide the instruction under two principal heads,—the Science and Art of War, and Law and History. The first will include: 1, Strategy and Tactics; 2, Military Campaigns; 3, Joint or apposed Military and Naval operations, treated from a *military* standpoint; 4, Disposition and Handling of Seamen, landed for military service; 5, Elements of Fortifications and Intrenchments; 6, Naval Strategy and Tactics; 7, Naval Campaigns; 8, Joint or apposed Military and Naval operations, treated from a *naval* stand-point.

The report goes on to say, "As the principles underlying all hostile movements are at bottom the same, whatever be the nature of the field of action, the board is of the opinion that an intimate knowledge of military operations is essential to the naval strategist, and it suggests that the first five of the above mentioned subjects would be best taught by one learned in military science."

The course in law and history embraces: 1, International Law; 2, Treaties of the United States; 3, Rules of Evidence; 4, General Naval History; 5, Modern Political History.

The first subject, says the report, is of the utmost importance in its bearing upon the action taken by our naval commanders abroad.

"In the judgment of the board, the most eminent authority of the day should be engaged to undertake the elucidation of its principles, and also to bring out clearly the nature and extent of our treaty obligations.

"The third subject, on account of its relation to sound administration of justice and court-martial law, ought to be expounded by a distinguished member of the legal profession.

"The character of the instruction aimed at," continues the report, —and to this suggestion we beg to call particular attention,—"in the proposed school is of the highest order, and demands the services of the ablest instructors in each department. It is for this vital reason that the board is of the opinion that, to secure such instructors, all other considerations should be deemed subordinate."

We have confined ourselves to the notice of the principal branches of study; but the board went much further. For those officers who wish to carry on a course of study in Ordnance they prescribe the higher mathematics, physics, mechanics, chemistry, and mechanical drawing.

For the Torpedo class, higher mathematics, physics, mechanics, chemistry, and mechanical drawing.

Hydrography, higher mathematics, physics, nautical astronomy.

The report says, "The board confines itself to pointing out the lines along which it is probable these specialties will find their development; but it is not prepared to urge the immediate establishment of these courses as essential to the organization of the War School, which, as already shown, is a pressing necessity.

"Instruction in modern languages, as well as in water-colors and photography, is desirable and would bring its own reward, on the one hand in foreign service, and on the other in military and naval reconnoissances. The board believes the subjects may, in time, be added as optionals with advantage."

Besides the foregoing theoretical studies, various practical exercises are recommended, in order to thoroughly familiarize the students with all the modern appliances of war.

The arguments advanced by the board in favor of the establishment of the College leave little to be said on the subject. We may, however, add the opinions of two high authorities respecting the importance of the study of war.

Jomini has remarked that "correct theories, founded upon right principles, sustained by actual events of wars, and added to accurate military history, will form a true school of instruction for generals.

If these means do not produce great men, they will at least produce generals of sufficient skill to take rank next after the natural masters of the art of war." These remarks are just as applicable to admirals and the naval profession. And Washington said, in urging the establishment of a military academy, "that a thorough examination of the subject will evince that the art of war is both comprehensive and complicated; that it demands much previous study; and that the possession of it in its most improved and perfect state is always of great moment to the security of a nation."

S. B. Luce, *U.S.N.*

ARMY ADMINISTRATIVE SERVICE.

QUARTERMASTER'S, COMMISSARIAT, MEDICAL, ETC.

I.

INTRODUCTORY.

"He [SENNACHERIB, invading Judæa B.C. 718] is come to Aiath [about twelve miles N. E. by N. of Jerusalem], he is passed to Migron [commanding the Pass between Aiath and Michmash]; at Michmash [nine Roman miles from Jerusalem] he hath laid up his carriages[1] [Army or Baggage Trains, having extricated them from the Defile]: they are gone over the passage."—ISAIAH x. 28, 29.

"He would fain keep a hold on the *Actual*, knit the *new* securely to it, and give to them conjointly a just direction. . . . He recognizes MOTION as the true Element of Humanity, and principle of the Universe."—CHARACTERISTICS OF GOETHE.

IN an article on the Condottieri in THE UNITED SERVICE for October, 1884, it was remarked that the Supreme Ruler of this Universe has never allowed a complete, even temporary, disappearance of those forces which were necessary to the continuous development of His plan, of which the principal motor always seems to have been War, and the Arts and Sciences which are subservient to it, and that while there were Ages of darkness prevailing over the greater part of the comparatively civilized world, there was always in the midst of that darkness considerable light, more or less brilliant, somewhere.

It has been observed by Philosophers that the normal condition of man is War, and War is undoubtedly the midwife of Progress, but how little do we know of the trustworthy details of the Science and Art of carrying on war until the world was already old, and great and awful wars had been going on for hundreds upon hundreds and perhaps thousands upon thousands of years, and extending their horrors over spaces as vast as those traversed by a Napoleon. If some of the war

[1] The Hebrew words in the Bible translated "carriages" are not always the same, sometimes signifying what the Germans styled a "wagon-burg," or defenses formed of army-wagons, as so often resorted to by Zisca; a "load for a beast of burden;" "implements of war," "baggage," booty," as well as wagons proper, pure and simple.

problems or riddles of the seventeenth century have never been solved from want of records, or the concealment of them if they do exist, and if those problems, particularly as relating to the transport of supplies for the mouth and for battle, and the providing of such supplies, are considered as questions insoluble even by experts, how can it be expected that the same difficulties will be overcome as to the "how" and "why" of remote periods? Is it at all surprising that, except to a few rare, hard-working students, the workings of the administrative services in the far distant past are altogether unknown quantities? General von Hardegg, who tabulated military history, does not seem to have dared to go back prior to B.C. 550, when the Greek language was becoming a sort of univ rsal pass-key and passport, although he prepared a history which ventured nearly one thousand years farther into the mists of antiquity. To him, to Colonel von Kausler, to Colonel Guischard, the Quintus Icilins of Frederic the Great, military men owe a debt of gratitude which can never be fully or adequately discharged, for they are the only ones who have either made trustworthy revelations or have set up guide-posts or corner-boards to indicate the routes to further and more trustworthy research. Learned men who would have felt insulted if their acquirements had been questioned, dared to assert that the Ancients had no regularly organized Medical Service, and that all eleemosynary institutions for the relief of the sick, the disabled, and the veteran were due and solely attributable to the influences of Christianity. This claim is not altogether true, as has been shown in a Series of Articles, and as will be more fully demonstrated in another treatise, viz.: that the medical arrangements of the Ancients were far superior to those in Western Europe between the tenth and seventeenth centuries. For this ample material, backed by other authorities than those already cited, has been gathered together for years.

Another moot question is, how ancient and mediæval armies were supplied, and how the supplies were transported, and were those services charged with such duties militarily and scientifically organized? They were, and there exists abundant proof of it.

There is no doubt that Bat- or Pack-mules, or horses, or oxen, or buffaloes, or camels, are much more scientifically loaded, and have the burdens imposed much more mercifully adjusted, to-day than even a few centuries since; but the Bat-animals of the ancient Greek or Roman were called upon to perform exactly the same duty, although in a manner much more painful and exhaustive to the brutes. The writer has seen in Northern Africa a train of Donkeys, not much bigger than very large dogs, transporting sand and other building materials in baskets which did not contain near as much as an Irish laborer carries up a ladder in a hod, which baskets had no other support across the back except rough cords, which cut into the flesh and were producing

fistulas and ulcers, while the haunches of the animal were running blood from goads mercilessly applied by Arab or Moorish drivers, who were physically able to carry both Donkey and load had they been compelled to transport an equal weight upon their shoulders like a pack-Indian under the lash of a Spanish taskmaster. Just such savage cruelty, doubtless, characterized the transport service of the Ancients, but, nevertheless, it was thoroughly organized, and went ahead with about the same disregard of pain and life as mortals accorded in those days to associates as well as to enemies, and more than was shown to the helpless, prisoners, women and children.

There is no question of this. In Montfaucon's "L'Antiquité expliquée" (in the Green Alcove, New York Society Library) are engravings of Ancient (or Ancient melting into Modern) Ponton bridges, Equipages, or Wagons, Chars two-wheeled, and Chariots with four wheels, Bat- or Pack-horses, mules, and camels, showing the manner of loading those animals, from the Column of Trajan, who died A.D. 117.

Three hundred years ago, the Royal and the rich rode in carriages which were made costlier than any of this period, but yet it was about as much a punishment to ride in them as in a springless farm-wagon over a corduroy road. The same was exactly the case in regard to Military carts, Tumbrils, Chariots, Wagons, and Carriages. In many cases the wheels were solid disks, and the whole equipage put together without iron; still, are not the same sort of vehicles still in use in countries which are colored as civilized on the Map?[2] The Bullock-Cart sent out by the King of Siam to the World's Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876 was extremely pretentious but very primitive, and so it was with the Trains of ancient armies. That they had complete trains is certain, and with the assistance of these, and thus alone, armies were able to move, and often to move with great celerity. Napoleon, to bring forward his army from the shores of the British Channel to those of the Danube in 1806, enlisted the services of the French and German posting arrangements, horses and vehicles, just as Nero hastening to reinforce Livy before Hasdrubal, B.C. 207, utilized the rude country vehicles of the districts he had to traverse. The conception

[2] "Among the annoyances which tease a stranger in the streets of Rio is the everlasting creaking of carts. The wheels are heavy blocks of wood, fixed to the extremities of a thick axle, and they turn both together. The extensive friction of the large revolving surface, which is never greased, against the shafts of the machine carrying a heavy load, not only greatly increases the difficulty of the draft, but causes a creaking sound quite intolerable to unused ears. Every proprietor of a vehicle, offending in this way, is liable to a fine of six melreis; but they will not prevent it by any precaution, for they say the bullocks will not draw kindly without the noise they are accustomed to; and, as this is a general prejudice, no one will exact the fine, except the emperor himself, who is anxious to put an end to the absurd nuisance. He always stops the creaking cart, levies the penalty, and puts the amount into his pocket."—Page 462, Notices of Brazil in 1828–29, by the Rev. R. Walsh, LL.D., M.R.I.A., vol. i., London, 1830.

of the results to be obtained were identical, the means very similar. Just so Torstehson transported everything needful across the Ore Mountains in the winter of 1645, conscripting the vehicles of the country, carts, wagons, and sledges, a course which Frederic the Great imitated a century later, but everything was done with method, through discipline by the force of "Must"—"Do or Die."

Using the word Artillery[3] in the sense of military machines which require transportation by the hauling of four-footed animals, such as these date back a great deal further than is generally supposed. As their transportation involved the import of a new class of servers or servants and artificers, these were not incorporated with the troops, who had immediate charge and working of these pieces in battle. These new employés must be classed with those who belonged to the Transport service proper. It was not until the Wars growing out of the French Revolution that Drivers and Wagoners became regularly and militarily organized, and subject, like others in the army, to military trial and consequent penalties for misconduct. Some were embodied with the artillery, while others were assigned to the various Administrative Services.

Philip of Macedon was the first recognized author of what is styled a proper war administration, and Philip and Alexander the Great, his son, were the first who carried artillery—Catapults (Guthytonen, Greek, gigantic bows) and Ballistas (stone-throwers or enormous slings, Palmtonen, Greek)—into the field. Alexander used them exactly as field-artillery is now employed, particularly to clear out the defenders of passes and of strong natural positions, and clean the shores of rivers so as to facilitate crossings. Alexander's successors appear to have excelled their master in the use of these heavy offensive arms. The Romans adopted them after Hannibal had demonstrated their value, and Cæsar fully estimated their advantages.

As regards the feeding of his army, it would seem, according to General von Hardegg's *Anlertung zum Studeum des Kriegsgeschicte*, (abbreviated herein as A. S. K.), i. 53, that Alexander's system was one of requisitions based on the wise utilization of the means afforded by the countries in which he was operating, according to the rule of Cæsar and Napoleon to make war support war. In the Persian war, Alexander's army had a train of only about one hundred wagons, and car-

[3] The Transport and Supplies was as important in ancient as it is in modern war, and equally so with ordnance and ammunition. The stalwarts under Rhadagasay were defeated by the effetes under Sancho through want of supplies, and Charles X. in 1830 lost his crown through Marmont's troops being allowed to starve in Paris; and so it has been from the beginning. Freytag tells us that during the Thirty Years' War the thankless service of the Quartermaster was even more important then than at present, and George of Luneburg is remembered among generals as a great captain more from his comprehension of supplying an army, his perfecting the magazine system, than as an executive on the field of battle.

ried with it provisions for thirty days as a reserve (*eisernen*) supply. A. S. K., i. 102-'3. The army of the Younger Cyrus (B.C. 407–'1) was provided with hand-mills, and a corps of Bakers was attached to the Athenian forces which were sent out to Sicily.

The armies of Sesostris, Ninus, Semiramis, must have employed pack-mules and camels to carry forward the supplies which were indispensable in their campaigns through countries unsusceptible of cultivation. In the time of Xenophon, fifth century B.C., camels were recognized as regular pack-animals in army organizations.

In the article, "Hannibal's Army of Italy," in THE UNITED SERVICE, March, 1881, it was shown that all his administrative services were organized more perfectly than those of any army previous to the present century. Among Hannibal's arrangements are to be found traces or indications of a system of field telegraphing. Take him all in all, as judgment can be formed from what is known, Hannibal was the greatest captain and general of antiquity, and, under existing circumstances, of all times. Hannibal also had a sort of military maps (A. S. K., i. 435). As we descend the stream of time, history discovers more attention to noteworthy particulars, and mention is found of details of great military interest. For instance, during Hannibal's march of four days and three nights through the Tuscan marshes in the severest weather, the Carthaginians lost all their beasts of burden and all their elephants, except the one on which Hannibal rode. Many horses lost their hoofs. Such a calamity was not unknown to our armies during the "Slaveholders' Rebellion," in the shape of one kind or another of hoof-disease.

It is true that the Roman troops carried upon their persons provisions for fourteen days (G. D. K., i. 144), and sometimes even for four weeks. Still, the baggage of the Roman Armies, including the Train, styled the *Impedimenta*, was divided into Light and Heavy Baggage. With the former the soldiers were laden, and their loads, including arms, etc., offensive and defensive of all kinds, weighed sixty pounds. In the latter times of the Republic, Pack-Horses or Mules lightened these burdens. To each trooper was assigned a Pack-Horse and its driver. Heavy baggage, reserve-weapons, clothing, food, including wine in skins, tents, tools, etc., were transported either in wagons or on pack-animals. In the Gallic War, under the Dictator Sulpitius, two hundred and fifty pack-mules were assigned to each Legion, which also had its own particular Train, of which the lading comprised the artillery of the day, crowsfeet, pontons of one kind or another, and intrenching materials. To the Train belonged a number of workmen taken from the two last centuries of the Second Classes of the People, besides carpenters and blacksmiths, wagonwrights, painters, and other mechanics for the making and repairs of military machines or engines.

This is confirmed (A. S. K., i. 247, also i. 149). The Transport of the Impedimenta, not imposed on the Footmen and Troopers themselves, was packed upon the pack-saddles of the Bat-Animals (*Sagmarii*), and later in carts and *wheelbarrows*. The Soldiers of the Train were styled *Calones*. The Light Baggage (*Sagmaria*) was seldom separated from the Legion. If it had to be, the ninth part of the legionaries had to back the loads of the two hundred and fifty pack-mules. The Heavy Baggage, etc., was loaded on carts and wagons.

The artillery, fifty-five Ballistas and Onagers, with an army consisting of four Legions, were carried in wagons drawn by mules and cattle. The pontons were large casks on frames and wheels, serving at the same time as baggage-wagons. These casks, in forming a bridge, were laid with strong beams or planks, fastened or stayed with spikes and chains. Such bridges of casks, or large hogsheads (mentioned by Gibbon, i. 213, as constructed by Maximin A.D. 238), were used during the Thirty Years' War, seventeenth century, and Bernard of Saxe-Weimar owed his escape to an improvised bridge floated upon beer-barrels, which again were brought into play by the Germans, instead of pontons, in some of the minor operations against the French in 1870. (See A. S. K., i. 405, Military Bridges.) A great deal of attention was paid to preserving the health of the Legionaries. Nevertheless the Romans did not have regular Field Surgeons for a long period after they had perfected their war arrangements. The first physicians and surgeons were derived from Greece, B.C. 219, but they do not appear to have followed the troops into the field until the time of Augustus, when ten were assigned to every legion and one to each cohort. Hyginus, a freedman of Augustus, in his work on Castrametation, speaks of a Hospital for sick troops and an Infirmary for diseased Horses. (A. S. K., i. 388; Hyginus, i. 417.) Besides those already mentioned, certain other functionaries were present with the army, viz., Matadores and Mensores, who laid out the camps; the Commissary of the Stores; the Quartermaster; the Augurs, who were charged with the Religious services; the Tessarii, who gave out the Parole; the Campigni (or Campigene or Antisignani), picked veterans, who instructed the troops in the use of their weapons;[4] and, finally, the Speculators (scouts) and Spioni (spies); the whole management of the commissary, Quartermaster, and correlative administrative services were under the Quæstor of the Legion. As compared with the Supply and Transport services of the armies of the present period, those of the Romans were truly restricted, and for that reason they sought to

[4] When military arts were coming nearer to a Renaissance (New Birth), practice with Arms of Precision, Bows and Cross-Bows, then Firm arms, was fostered by the Cities and Towns or Communities, and superiority rewarded by prizes at Matches, which kept alive a spirit of ambition among the Citizen class for excellence of aim, so necessary to the defense of their walls and homes, just as Tournaments maintained among the upper classes the warlike exercises peculiar to their service.

encumber themselves as little as possible. When forced marches became necessary the heavy baggage was always left behind. Hannibal set the example, and Cæsar followed it. To sum the matter up, this whole business of ancient armies seemed to be little more than encamping and fighting, and for this every man carried about with him what was indispensable upon his person. Still, in this statement, which conflicts with the fact that the Ancients were provided with an organized Supply and Transport Service—there were plenty of rude wagons—the Celts used the country carriages with bodies of wicker-work—and, more or less rude, the number of equipages which accompanied an army of antiquity was sometimes enormous, like the thousands of wagons which constituted the famous wagon-fortresses of Zisca (died 1425), drawn up for offensive or defensive battle, according to a rule, which evinced extraordinary knowledge of the science of the engineer.

During the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, although military arrangements was deteriorating with terrible speed, nevertheless, once and a while, a General arose with organizing, administrative, and fighting capacity, which would put to blush commanders of more note, whom the public—easily deceived and incapable of judging correctly—hold in high consideration. Belisarius is known to most readers, and Narses to a few, but it is doubtful if one in a hundred thousand military students ever heard of the Frankish General Bucelinus, who contested with the shriveled Eunuch but able Narses the possession of Italy at Casilinum, now Capua-Nova, A.D. 523. He was one of the best captains of a dreary age, barren in great men. If his Franks had not fallen to plundering, Italy would have been severed from the Empire.

Taking the admirable organization of Philip of Macedon as an acknowledged starting-point, the evidences of real progress of the administrative services are very far apart.

The Discipline of ancient and mediæval armies was very much like the Pack- and wagon-trains which bore their baggage and booty, rude and rough, but they answered the purpose for which they were designed. Among the first operations of a camp was to set up a gallows, and it was not long without pendants of suffering and criminal humanity. Another sure accompaniment were loose women. (Derne.) In this respect, however moral his first regulations upon landing in Germany, even that "man tormentor," as Hollis's wicked Yager styled Gustavus Adolphus, on account of the moral restraints imposed upon his soldiers, the Swedish hero had to give in, and after the Franconian Campaign this strictness seems to have ceased. (Freytag's "*Vergangenheit,*" ii. 47.)

With Alexander, B.C. 325, the commissariat first became an acknowledged Branch of the Art of War; B.C. 350 soldiers commenced to receive pay; about B.C. 100 witnessed the beginning of corruption

in the military economy of the Romans; before A.D. 200 the Roman Infantry began to lay aside their Armor and Helmets as too heavy for their growing effeminacy; the middle of the fifth century witnessed the rapid decay of the Roman army.

From the time of Hannibal to that of Cæsar things were at their best, and the Roman Art of War was brought to its highest point. During the reign of the latter's successor, Augustus, the Roman Legions first encountered the pure Teutonic element, and the turn of the tide took place, and the ebb soon made itself more and more perceptible. In accordance with the opinion often expressed by the writer, the tactics and discipline even of the enervate and degenerate Romans was still able, and often, to encounter with success the aggregated individual strength and courage of barbarism. It required a long period of years for the Saracens, with all their fanaticism, to conquer Roman organization, effete as it was in many respects; and it has been claimed, with great justice, that the Legions of New Rome more than once stopped vast rivers of Mahomedan invasion, to which, in comparison, the Victory of Karl Martel at Tours was but the damming of a crevasse or an outbreak like a torrent occasioned by the bursting of a Rocky Mountain waterspout.

All these great wars teach us nothing; and even the Conquests of Charlemagne, who appeared in the century succeeding the Byzantine Emperor Leo, author of a notable work on Military Science, left behind him nothing to reveal the means by which he accomplished such extraordinary marches and conquests, except that in his many great expeditions, especially those of his latter years, he was favored by the repairs of old Roman roads and the construction of new lines of communication, to which he paid an attention worthy of the foresight and COMMON SENSE which he possessed in so marked a degree, and so greatly distinguished his administration. (For observations on this Third Period, see A. S. K., i. 455, particularly §§ 57, 58.)

Two questions have always presented themselves to close investigators, to which no answer has ever been found or even suggesting itself: 1. How did the armies of Charlemagne transport themselves from one extremity of Europe to the other in such short spaces of time? how were they furnished along their routes with supplies of all kinds? how, in a single campaign, could the emperor carry on war against enemies so far apart and so different? and how could he so promptly and easily overcome powerful enemies with armies which must naturally have been exhausted by the fatigues and privations they must inevitably have suffered and the long forced marches they were compelled to make? 2. How, constantly engaged in war, could he have been so perfectly ignorant, to all appearance, of what is generally deemed the "Art of carrying on War?" And how could he have transported his armies from the extremes of Italy and Spain to the North

of Germany without their marches being known or even suspected, or without his enemies awakening to the necessities of preparation? How, at the very least, were men and horses fed throughout these expeditions, under the most opposite conditions of population and industry, when cultivation and cattle-raising were almost in their infancy?

These questions suggested by the career of Charlemagne are like a great many which arise through the study of Ancient and Mediæval History, such as the mechanical appliances employed to build the Pyramids, or the art developed in the flat arches of Cambodia; likewise through the revelations of other constructions and coeval mechanical productions with the people of the pile-dwellings. They probably came from Asia to Europe some six thousand or seven thousand years ago, being doubtless affected, as is every people, by the powerful modifying influences either produced or put in full play by such long and vast migrations. And the people who made the stone axes and the pile-dwellings is probably the same that reared the huge funeral piles known as *dolmens* or cromlechs. A dolmen consists of two immense blocks of stone placed on end,[5] upon which a third is laid, forming a sort of table. The dead were buried beneath, with various implements and weapons at hand. *How a people, without engineering skill and contrivances, could rear such masses into position, is a problem yet unsolved.* They are found in Brittany, Southern France, Great Britain, Portugal, North Africa, Nubia, Palestine, and the East Indies, those of Brittany being the largest.

Thus, instead of the golden age, that fancy represents as lying far back in the race's childhood, we find the dull realities of a long Stone age, during which man endured all, and more than all, the perils and sufferings of the present.

And yet, for each of us, as years steal over us, the days of our own vanished youth are ever "the *good* old days."

Charlemagne made fifty-three campaigns, which are distinct, besides a large number of others of which no positive monument exists,—one against the Aquitainians, eighteen against the Saxons, five against the Lombards, seven against the Arabs of Spain, one against the Thuringians, four against the Avares or Huns, two against the Bretons, one against the Bavarians, four against the Slaves, five against the Saracens in Italy, three against the Danes, two against the Greeks.

But this is wandering far away from the subject of wagon-transport, since to the history of the progress of vehicular development this Introductory Article is especially directed.

In a book (Burgess's "Coach-Building," London, 1881) which long

[5] In some instances there are three or more uprights. The covering stone of one specimen is eighteen feet long by nine broad. In the Anglesea cromlechs are stones weighing thirty tons each.

eluded search,[6] appears the following history of the historical progress of wagon-building, which is quoted entire. Want of time has prevented the illustration and development of this subject, which will be resumed in future numbers of THE UNITED SERVICE, with citations from the most trustworthy authorities. They would have been digested in this number, but the new proprietors of the Magazine, pressed for time, preferred an Introductory to an Exhaustive article, and one which would invite attention to a subject which must be of great interest to military men.

"The progress and art of coach-making, like the progress of most inventions and discoveries, has been rather slow, we may say remarkably slow. Sometimes it made a sudden start, but a reaction in the other direction generally settled it before much advance had been made; but seeing that the early portions of the Old Testament contain references to wheel-carriages, it does seem rather strange that perfection should take so long to arrive at. This may be partly accounted for by the fact that the nations of the earth were always at war with one another, and consequently had no time to foster inventive power. [For instance, the warlike and military Romans invented nothing, but tried or experimented with everything in Organization, Tactics, Arms, etc., which struck them as better than their own, until they absolutely worked out a perfect dual machine, Personal and Material, by which they were enabled to conquer the world known to them.][7] And this has, unfortunately, been the case until comparatively recent times. The first land carriages were doubtless very primitive contrivances. [Sledges or stone boats, of which and little better specimens are still in general use in Madeira and other mountainous countries, and even in the city of Amsterdam, Holland, the latter from local causes.] Though the 'chariot' and the 'wagon' are mentioned in Genesis, no description is given of their construction. Joseph rode in the second chariot of Pharaoh as a mark of great honor and dignity. 'Wagons' were dispatched from the court of Egypt to convey thither the wives and little ones of the family of Jacob. From this, as well as the fact of the brethren of Joseph bearing their corn away on asses [Bat- or Pack-animals which are still in general use in Spain, and even, yet, in some parts of England], we may infer that wheel carriages, even of the most simple construction, were not in general use at this time. It is very probable that the common vehicle of the period was an embryo sledge [stone boat], drawn by man or beast along the ground. The Bible, and the hieroglyphics on the various ruins of ancient Egypt, furnish us with the earliest authentic records. In the case of Egypt this is particularly valuable to us, because of the great degree of culture arrived at in the civilized arts. In fact, it is the chief country of which we have any record of the progress of these arts, and though not actually established, it is extremely probable that to the Egyptians we owe the invention, or at least the introduction, of the wheel. These people were early engaged in the erection of large buildings and monu-

[6] I never started in search of information but that with pecunia, patience, and perseverance, it was found. In this case it turned up, first, in the New York Society Library, "English Pleasure Carriages, their Origin, History, etc., etc., illustrated by numerous designs," by William Bridges Adams, London, 1837; and second, in "The World on Wheels, or Carriages with their Associations, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time, etc., with nearly 400 illustrations," by Ezra M. Stratton, New York, 1878. These works, by a series of wood-cuts, etc., show the gradual evolution of our elegant equipages from the primitive stone boat,—from the rudest mode of conveyance to one, hung so deftly on springs, that any invalid can be transported even over villainous roads without suffering.

[7] Passages within [ ] added or inserted by J. W. de P.

ments, of which the pyramids and sphinxes are such striking examples; and in order to convey the enormous blocks of granite and [less heavy] stone to their ultimate destination, the roller would be the first thing to suggest itself as a means of facilitating transit. The next step would be the formation of a truck, to which these rollers could be attached, and on which could be placed the materials to be moved. Progression with a contrivance of this kind would necessarily be rather slow, but it would soon become apparent that if a larger roller were used the motion could be accelerated.

"The next improvement would be an endeavor to lighten the rollers by sawing them into thick slices, and connecting them by a horizontal roller of smaller dimensions, giving a rude representation of a wheel and axle. The agricultural carts used by the peasantry of Chili, in South America, were made in this fashion until very recently. The further lightening of these cars would follow almost as a matter of course, by cutting the slices of the trunk to form the wheel, thinner, and further, by cutting away portions of this slice, forming spokes. The wheel having arrived at this stage of perfection, the axles would call for a little attention. Up till the present they would be fixed firmly to the wheels and revolve with them. This arrangement would cause great inconvenience in turning, for one wheel would revolve more rapidly than the other, by reason of the circle described by one wheel in turning round being greater than that of the other, and the vehicle would be liable to overturn. The next step was to arrange that the wheels could revolve independently of the axle. This being done, we have the wheel, in its principles, the same as at present. The paintings and sculptures upon the walls of the temples and tombs of Egypt show that wheeled carriages were in use in that country at an early period. In the Bible they are usually translated 'chariot.' They are of great interest to us, as they formed the chief means of conveying man for two thousand years before Christ, and were more or less the type of all other vehicles of the ancient world. We find certain words used in describing them, both by Homer, who lived one thousand years before Christ, and by Moses, who lived at least five hundred years earlier; and these words are the technical terms in use at the present day, such as axles, wheels, naves, tires, spokes, etc.

"It is reasonable to infer from this that the art to which these terms apply must have existed prior to the writers' description; so that any doubt as to the correctness of the Egyptian sculptures must be dispelled by the references of the above authors. In the fifth book of the Iliad: 'The awful Juno led out the golden-bitted horses, whilst Hebe fitted the whirling wheels on the iron axle of the swift chariot. The wheels had each eight brazen spokes. The felloes were of gold, secured with brazen tires all round, admirable to the sight. The seat was of gold hung by silver cords. The beam or pole was of silver, at the end of which were hung the golden yoke and the golden reins.'

[In regard to the golden bits, recent explorations of lacustrine deposits reveal a perfect acquaintance with the present form and power of a curb-bit, and one, not only practical but elegant, of bronze rewarded search within a year. The most curious fact determined by the size of this bit is that the horses of the period when this bronze was fabricated, must have been small horses, ponies, not with the usual ugly heads out of proportion to the size of the animal, but elegantly formed, like the Arab, with graceful muzzles and finely-cut jaws.]

"The car was greatly used by the Romans, being adopted from the one used by the Etrurians, a neighboring country on the Italian peninsula. These latter people were traditionally the first to place a hood or awning over the open two-wheeled car, and they showed great taste in decorating their vehicles in the manner familiar to us by the remains of their pottery. A fine copy of one of the Roman cars is in the museum at South Kensington [London], cast from the original in the Vatican. Herodotus (450 B.C.) mentions that the Scythians used a vehicle, which consisted of a rough platform upon wheels, on which was placed a covering like a bee-hive, composed of basket-work, and covered with skins. [The Roman *serpea*

was a very ancient form of vehicle, the body of which was of osier basket-work. It originated with the Gauls, by whom it was styled *benna*, and by them it was employed for the conveyance of persons and goods in time of peace, and *baggage during war*. These osier wagonettes are still extant and in use in some of the provinces of Austria, and I saw officers using them with the army in 1852–3 in Italy. Marshal Count Saxe, commanding, rode in one in 1745, during the battle of Fontenoy, and elaborated, they appear daily among more pretentious vehicles.] When they pitched anywhere these [Etrurian] huts were taken off, and served them as dwellings in lieu of tents. [This is neither more nor less than a rude type of the present Turkish araba, drawn by high-bred oxen or buffaloes, in which the wives of the richest Turkish officials and magnates still take their airing in fine weather.] The war chariots used by the Persians were much larger than those used by contemporary nations. The idea seems to have been to form a sort of turret on the car to protect the warriors in action. These vehicles were provided with curved blades, like scythes, which projected from the axle-trees [and even from the wheels], for the purpose of maiming the enemy as they drove through them.

"At the period of the invasion of [England] by the Romans, a car or chariot seems to have been in use, which they [the latter] had not met with before. It was larger than the Roman car, and possessed a seat, from which feature it was called *essedum*. It was doubtless an improved vehicle of its kind, for Cicero, writing to a friend in Britain, says 'that there appeared little worth bringing away from Britain except the chariot, of which he wished his friend to bring him one as a pattern.' Sir William Gell, in his work on Pompeii, which was destroyed A.D. 79, mentions that three wheels had been dug out of the ruins in his day very much like our modern wheels,—a little dished, and four feet three inches high, with ten spokes, rather thicker at each end than in the middle. He also gives an illustration of a cart used for the conveyance of wine in a large skin or leather bag; it is a four-wheeled cart, with an arch in the centre for the front wheel to turn under. The pole appears to end in a fork and to be attached to the axle-bed.

"On the decline of the Roman power, many of the arts of civilization which they had been instrumental in forwarding fell into disuse. The skilled artisans died and left no successors, there being no demand for them. This will account for no mention being made of carriages or chariots for some centuries. Of course there were various primitive contrivances in use to which the name of cart was given; but the great and wealthy moved about the cities or traveled on horseback, or if they were incapable of this, they used litters carried by men or horses [by horses or mules tandem, so to speak, or abreast with the litter or palanquin between]. The great bar to the general adoption of wheeled carriages was undoubtedly the very bad state of the roads [after the Romans began to neglect or abandon their public roads. For instance, Palestine, once threaded with roads, crossing chasms and streams by permanent stone viaducts and bridges, has now almost entirely, if not absolutely, ceased to possess either routes or trustworthy bridges. Consult General von Hardegg's "*Anlestung zum Studium der Kriegsgeschichte*," etc., Vol. i. Book IV., page 423]. An evident improvement in construction was made by the Saxons. In the Cotton Library there is a valuable illuminated manuscript, supposed to be the work of Elfricus, Abbot of Malmesbury. The subject is a commentary on the Books of Genesis and Exodus, with accompanying illustrations. In one of these is represented the first approach to a slung [type of the C spring?] carriage, and it may be interesting to lovers of historical coincidence that it is given in an illustration of the meeting of Joseph and Jacob, and in that part of the Bible which first makes mention of vehicular conveyance. The chariot in which Joseph is seated is a kind of hammock (most probably made of leather, which was much used by the Anglo-Saxons), suspended by iron hooks from a framework of wood. It moves upon four wheels, the construction of which is not clear, owing to the decorative license taken with them by the artist.

"The father of Joseph is placed in a cart, which we doubt not, from its extreme

simplicity, is a faithful type of those of the time. This proves the illuminator to have been true to his subject and the custom of the period in which he lived, as the chariot was monopolized by the great men, while the people rode in carts.

"With the Normans came the horse-litter, a native originally of Bithynia, and from hence introduced into Rome, where it is still used by the Pope on state occasions, and also among the mountain-passes of Sicily, as well as in Spain and Portugal. Malmesbury records that the dead body of Rufus was placed upon a *rheda caballaria*, a kind of horse-litter. King John, in his last illness, was conveyed from the Abbey of Swinstead in *lectica equestre*. These were for several succeeding reigns the only carriages in use for persons of distinction. Froissart writes of Isabel, the second wife of Richard II., as 'La june Royne d'Angleterre en une litiere moult riche qui etoit ordonée pour elle.' These litters were seldom used except upon state occasions. When Margaret, daughter of Henry II., went into Scotland, she is described as 'journeying on a faire palfrey,' but after her was conveyed, by two footmen, 'one very rich litere borne by two faire coursers vary nobly drest; in which litre the queen was borne in the intryng of the good towns, or otherwise to her good playsher.'

"Carriages proper were first introduced on the Continent. Italy, France, Spain, and Germany contend with each other for the honor of the first introduction. The earliest record we have is on the authority of Beckmann, who says that when at the close of the thirteenth century Charles of Anjou entered Naples, his queen rode in a *caretta*, the outside and the inside of which were covered with sky-blue velvet, interspersed with golden lilies.

"The English were not long before they adopted this new innovation. In an early English poem called the 'Squyr of Low Degree,' supposed to be before the time of Chaucer, the father of the Princess of Hungary thus makes promise:

> 'To-morrow ye shall on hunting fare,
> And ride my daughter in a *chare*.
> It shall be covered with velvet red,
> And cloths of fine gold all about your head,
> With damask white and azure blue,
> Well diapered with lilies new;
> Your pomelles shall be ended with gold,
> Your chains enamelled many a fold.'

"The pomelles were doubtless the handles to the rods affixed towards the roof of the 'chariette,' and were for the purpose of holding by, when deep ruts or obstacles in the roads caused an unusual jerk to the vehicle. On the Continent, there seems to have been a great deal of opposition to the use of carriages. In 1294, Philip, King of France, issued an ordinance prohibiting the citizens' wives the use of cars or chars; and later on, Pope Pius IV. exhorted his cardinals and bishops not to ride in coaches, according to the fashion of the time, but to leave such things to women; and it really was thought *infra dig.* for a man to travel other than on horseback. Even his holiness the Pope rode upon a gray horse; though to indemnify him for the exertion his horse was led and his stirrup held by kings and emperors.

"These exhortations had about the same effect as James I.'s 'Counterblast to Tobacco;' they created an increased demand, and the people showed their sense in preferring the ease that does no injury to the self-denial that does no good, in spite of the opposition of their superiors. The first coach made in England was for the Earl of Rutland, in 1555, and Walter Rippon was the builder. He afterwards made one for ["Bloody"] Queen Mary [Tudor]. Stowe's 'Summerie of the English Chronicle' is the authority upon which this statement is made.

"In a postscript to the life of Thomas Parr, written by Taylor, the water poet (and a mortal enemy to land-carriages), we find the following note: 'He (Parr) was eighty-one years old before there was any coach in England (Parr was born in Edward IV.'s reign, in 1483); for the first ever seen here was brought out of the

Netherlands by one William Boonen, a Dutchman, who gave a coach to Queen Elizabeth, for she had been seven years a queen before she had any coach; since when they have increased with a mischief, and ruined all the best housekeeping, to the undoing of the watermen, by the multitudes of Hackney coaches. But they never swarmed so much to pester the streets as they do now till the year 1605; and then was the Gunpowder Treason hatched and at that time did the coaches breed and multiply.' Taylor is to be thanked not only for his information, but for his capital, though unconscious, burlesque upon those fancied philosophers who talk of cause and effect, where events, because they happen in sequence, are made to defend one or the other, when the fact of their being two things apart makes them independent existences.

"We have not space to dwell upon these old specimens at length. Queen Elizabeth's coach is called by an old author 'a moving temple.' It had doors all round, so that when the people desired, and the Virgin Queen was agreeable, they might feast their eyes on the beauty of its trimming or linings. The following entry in Sir William Dugdale's Diary may be interesting: '1681, Payd to Mr. Meares, a coachmaker, in St. Martin's Lane [London], for a little chariot wch I then sent into the country, £23: 13*s*: 0*d*: [equal five hundred dollars, if not more, to-day in this country], and for a cover of canvas, £01: 00*s*: 00*d*:; also for harness for the horses, £04: 00*s*: 00*d*.' The opposition on the part of the Watermen to the introduction of coaches assumed rather serious proportions, more especially as the populace sided with them. To such a height did the antagonism run, that a movement was made to introduce a Bill into Parliament to prevent the increase of coaches; the apology for its introduction being, that in war time it would be a matter of great difficulty to mount the troops, if so many horses were monopolized for these coaches. Luckily, however, it came to nothing, and the antipathy gradually died out. Coaches and vehicles of all descriptions now became general, and in 1635 a patent was granted to Sir Saunders Duncombe for the introduction of Sedans, their purpose being to interfere with the too frequent use of coaches to the hindrance of the carts and carriages employed in the necessary provision of the city and suburbs. A rivalry now sprung up between coach and sedan, and gave rise to a humorous tract in which they hold a colloquy as to which should take precedence, a brewer's cart being appointed umpire.

"The coaches at this period were fearfully and wonderfully made. There are several examples of them scattered about in various [English and European] museums. The people who used them at this time had no great ideas of them, for so formidable an affair was the undertaking of a journey reckoned, that even from Birmingham to London a departure was the signal for making a will, followed by a solemn farewell of wife and children and household.

[Nevertheless, coaches or carriages were taken by princes and generals into the field. Wallenstein was never without a train of them in his campaigns, and Gustavus Adolphus passed the night before Lutzen in his coach conversing and discussing military questions pertinent to the momentous coming strife of the next day with Kniphausen and Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar. There are numerous and clear contemporaneous representations of every species of vehicle, including artillery, that moved with armies in the seventeenth century to be found in the "Theatrum Europæum" and Puffendorf's "Life of Charles X., Gustavus," in the De Peyster Alcove in the New York Society Library.]

"Towards the end of the seventeenth century improvements began to take place. In Wood's Diary mention is made of a machine called the 'Flying Coach,' which performed the journey between Oxford and London in thirteen hours. This was express-rate for that age, especially as there was some talk of making a law to limit the ground covered by a coach to thirty miles a day in summer, and twenty-five miles a day in winter. Oh, those good old times! The outcry lessened, and the imperfect vehicles and bad roads were left to passengers unmolested. What the latter were may be imagined from the fact that, when Charles III., of Spain,

visited England, and Prince George, of Denmark, went out to meet him, both princes were so impeded by the badness of the roads that their carriages were obliged to be borne on the shoulders of the peasantry, and they were six hours in performing the last nine miles of their journey.

"In the eighteenth century improvements were made in the construction of coaches, but they were still heavy, lumbering contrivances, so that little or no progress was made in the rate at which they traveled. Even so late as 1760 a journey from Edinburgh to London occupied eighteen days, a part of the roads being only accessible by *Pack*-horses. There is a very good specimen of the vehicle of the early part of the eighteenth century in the South Kensington Museum, belonging to the Earl of Darnley's family, and is well worthy of study, as being one of the lightest examples known of this period. In the Museum of South Kensington is also an excellent example of the fully-developed coach of 1790. It is a very massive-looking affair, and belonged to the Lord Chancellor of Ireland. It looks very much like a faded edition of the [London] City state-coach now, though when new it doubtless had a very good appearance. It consists of a very large body, suspended from upright or whip-springs by means of leather braces; the standing pillars slope outwards, making the sides longer at the roof than at the elbow-line. The wheels are of good height, and the carriage part is very massively constructed, the upper part being finished off with scroll iron-work, and on this, in the front, the coachman's hammer-cloth is raised. The panels are painted with land-capes, etc., by Hamilton, R.A., and no doubt altogether it cost a deal of money.

"Vehicles now began to assume that variety of shape and form of which we have in our own time so many specimens. There were Landaus introduced from a town of that name in Germany; these were like the coaches, only made to open in the centre of the roof, just as they do now, but instead of the covering falling into a horizontal line, it only fell back to an angle of forty-five degrees, and this pattern was maintained for a number of years.

"Landaulets were chariots made to open. Generally speaking, the difference between a coach and a chariot was that the former had two seats for the accommodation of passengers and the latter but one, and in appearance was like a coach cut in half. Then came phaetons, barouches, sociables, curricles, gigs, and whiskies, which, in their general form and attributes, were similar to the vehicles of the present day which bear their names. In those days fast driving was all the 'go,' and young men vied with each other in driving the loftiest and most dangerous gigs and phaetons. [As to "loftiness," they towered so high, that an aged relative recalling one imported from England some eighty odd years ago, spoke as if seated in them the occupants could look into the second-story windows as they rode along.] Contemporary literature teemed with romantic tales of spills and hair-breadth 'scapes from these vehicles, and yet dilated on the fearful pleasure there was in driving them. The larger wheeled vehicles were hung upon framed carriages, with whip-springs behind and elbow-springs in front, like the gentlemen's cabriolets of the present day. When drawn by two horses they were called curricles, or by one horse, chaises. There was a little variation in the shape of the body, viz., the full-curricle pattern and the half-curricle, with or without a boot, similar to a Tilbury or a gig body. The wheels were four feet three inches to five feet in height. Lancewood was then used for shafts. It is at the beginning of the nineteenth century that real progress is to be found in coaches and other carriages.

"In 1804, Mr. Obadiah Elliot, a coachmaker of Lambeth, patented a plan for hanging vehicles upon elliptic springs, thus doing away with the heavy perch, as the longitudinal timber or iron connecting the hind carriage with the fore carriage is called. Perches are still used, but are chiefly confined to coaches proper, or those hung upon C-springs. Elliot also considerably lightened the carriage part of the vehicles he turned out. This was the first step to a grand revolution in the manufacture of carriages, which was to affect every variety of vehicle, great and small. Elliot's enterprise was rewarded by the gold medal of the Society of Arts, and by

his business becoming a very prosperous one, for the public were not slow in discovering the advantages arising from great lightness in vehicles. A print published in 1816 shows a landaulet hung on elliptic springs, four in number, with a square boot framed to the body, and the driving-seat supported on iron-work high above the boot. Behind them is a foot-board supported on the pump-handles. The distance between the axle-trees is very short, only six feet six inches from centre to centre. The body is rather small, and the wheels are three feet eight inches and four feet eight inches high respectively, and the bottom of the body is three feet six inches above the ground. The span or opening of the springs is ten inches. In 1814 there were twenty-three thousand four hundred four-wheeled vehicles paying duty to the government, twenty-seven thousand three hundred two-wheeled, and eighteen thousand five hundred tax carts in Great Britain, showing a total of sixty-nine thousand two hundred vehicles. The later returns will show how much a reduction in the duties and the use of elliptic springs have promoted the increase of vehicles of all kinds.

"A vehicle much in fashion at this period was the curricle, which had been in use for some time in Italy, where it was suspended from leather braces. Springs were added by the French, and, on its being introduced here, the English altered the shape, giving back a graceful ogee curve, improved the hood, and added a spring-bar across the horses' backs. [This method of harnessing was adopted for very light field-pieces, which, thence, were styled curricle-guns.] It was a vehicle of easy draught, and could be driven at great speed. Unfortunately, it was rather dangerous if the horse shied or stumbled, and this tended to reduce the demand, for it was gradually superseded by the cabriolet, though Charles Dickens used one as soon as he could afford it, and Count d'Orsay had one made as late as 1836. The vehicle called the briska or britchka was introduced about 1818 from Austria. It was hung both upon C-springs and elliptic springs, and was made in various sizes for different requirements. It was nearly straight along the bottom. The hind panel was ogee-shaped, and the front terminated in a square boot.

"There was a rumble behind, and the back seat was fitted with a hood, which could be raised or lowered at pleasure, and the knees were covered by a folding knee-flap. This was an inconvenient vehicle for our climate, as only half the number could be sheltered in wet weather that could be accommodated in dry. It was very fashionable for a time, but died out about 1840.

"The 'Stanhope' takes its name from being first built to the order and under the superintendence of the Hon. Fitzroy Stanhope, by Tilbury, the builder of the vehicle bearing that name. It was shaped like the old ribbed gig, but was hung upon four springs, two of which were bolted between the shafts and the axle, and the other two crossways, parallel to the axle at either end of the body, and shackled to the side-springs. Stanhopes are an easy kind of vehicle, and do not rock so much as other gigs behind a rough-trotting horse. At the same time they are rather heavy, owing to the large amount of iron plating used to strengthen the shafts, etc. The 'Tilbury' was very much like the Stanhope, but had no boot, and like it was heavily plated with iron. It was hung by two elbow-springs in front, with leather traces to the shafts or front cross-bar, and behind by two elbow-springs passing from beneath the seat to a cross-spring, raised to the level of the back rail of the body by three straight irons from the hind part of the cross-bar. Later, two more springs were added between the axletree and the shafts by scroll-irons. The Tilbury was a very good-looking and durable vehicle, but its weight took away the public favor, and it went out of fashion about 1850. It was, however, adopted with great success by Italy and other continental countries where the roads are bad and solidity of construction is the first consideration. Dog-carts and Tandem-carts are too well known to need description. [At one time artillery-horses were harnessed tandem or in strings, one ahead of the other, as is still the fashion with cart-horses in many parts of Europe.] The former were so called from their being used for the conveyance of sporting dogs, such as greyhounds or pointers;

and the slats or lower arrangement of the sides was for the purpose of admitting air to the animals, though scarcely ever used for that purpose now. The original plan has been pretty closely adhered to, except that the boot is considerably reduced, and made to harmonize more with the other parts. Some of the greatest improvements in the shape and style of various vehicles were effected by a celebrated maker named Samuel Hobson, who remodeled and improved pretty nearly every vehicle which came under his hands. He particularly directed his attention to the true proportion of parts and artistic form of carriages. He lowered the bodies, and lengthened the under or 'carriage' part. The curves and sweeps also received due attention. In fact, he carefully studied those trifles (as Michael Angelo's friend would have termed them), on which depended the success of the production as a work of art. Imitation being the sincerest form of flattery, the other coachmakers soon showed their sense by copying his best ideas, though, to give these other coachmakers their due, they greatly assisted Mr. Hobson with suggestions for improvements, and, as a reward, availed themselves of his superior talent for working on these ideas. As our [English] interior trade and manufactures increased, the custom arose of sending commercial travelers throughout England to call attention to the various goods, and it was found very convenient to send these travelers in light vehicles, which could convey samples of the various articles. This led to a great increase in the number of gigs; and about 1830 one coach-factory of London supplied several hundreds of their vehicles to travelers at annual rentals. And though on the introduction of the railway system long journeys by road were unnecessary, these gigs were found of great use in town and suburban journeys, and in London they may be seen by hundreds daily, and they are scarcely used by any one else but commercial travelers. In 1810 a duty was levied by government upon vehicles for sale. It was repealed in 1825, but the returns give the number of vehicles built for private use in 1814 as 3636, and in 1824 as 5143, whilst the number of carriages in use in 1824 had grown to 25,000 four-wheeled and 36,000 two-wheeled, besides 15,000 tax-carts, an increase since 1814 of 20,000 vehicles.

"In 1824 there was built for George IV. a low phaeton called a *pony phaeton*, which has since become very common, and has undergone but very little change from the original. It was a cab-shape, *half-caned*, with a skeleton bottom, side, hung upon four elliptical springs, with crane ironwork back and front. It was drawn by two ponies; the wheels were only twenty-one and thirty-three inches high. [As hereinbefore mentioned, Marshal Count Saxe commanded from such a carriage, not the saddle, at Fontenoy, in 1745.] A carriage had been introduced from Germany, called a Droitska, or droskey,—an open carriage with a hood, on a perch, and suspended from C-springs. The peculiarity was that the body was hung very near the perch, so that the seat was only twelve inches above the hind axle-tree, and the place for the legs was on either side of the perch. The chief merits of this vehicle consisted in its lightness as compared with barouches and briskas, and its shortness.

"The cab-phaeton was invented by a Mr. Davies, of Albany Street, London, about 1885; it consisted of a cab-body, with a hood hung upon four elliptical springs, and a low driving-seat and dasher for one horse. It met with great success, and was soon in general use. It was introduced on the Continent, where it became known under the name of 'Milord,' and became the common hack carriage, after which it went out of fashion with the upper circles. It has, however, been recently revived, under the name of 'Victoria.' The Prince of Wales and Baron Rothschild set the fashion by using Victorias about 1869, and it really is a very elegant and useful vehicle. In 1839 the first *Brougham* was built by Mr. Robinson, of Mount Street, London, for Lord Brougham, since when this has become the most common and the most fashionable vehicle in use. The size of the first brougham was in its chief dimensions similar to those now manufactured; it was hung on elliptic springs in front, and five springs behind. Coach-makers seemed to have lavished the greatest care and attention on these vehicles, in order to turn

out the lightest, and, at the same time, the most artistic contrivance, and great success has attended their efforts.

"The foregoing is a brief history of vehicular conveyances from the earliest times to the present. During the last ten or fifteen years many further improvements have been added, tending to produce more perfect vehicles in every respect; but these improvements have been more in matters of detail than those at the commencement of the century, and hence are more likely to escape ordinary observation; but the critical eye will soon discover these changes, and marvel at the short space of time in which the *real* work has been done. A glance at the public carriages may not be out of place. Hackney coaches were first used in England in 1605. These were similar to the coaches used by fashionable people, but they did not ply for hire in the streets, but remained at the hiring-yards until they were wanted. Their number soon increased, owing to there being a greater number of persons who wished to hire than could afford to keep a conveyance of their own. In 1635 the number was limited to fifty; but, in spite of the opposition of the king, they continued to increase in number, and in 1640 there were three hundred in London. In Paris they were introduced by Nicholas Sauvage, who lived in a street at the sign of *St. Fiacre*, and from this circumstance hackney carriages are called '*fiacres*' in France. In 1772 the hire of a fiacre in Paris was one shilling for the first hour, and tenpence for the second. There were four hundred hackney coaches in London in 1662, and the government then levied a yearly duty of five pounds each upon them. In spite of this, their number had in 1694 increased to seven hundred, a substantial proof of their usefulness. In 1703 a stage-coach performed the journey from London to Portsmouth (some seventy-five miles), when the roads were good, in fourteen hours. From this time there was a gradual increase in the number and destinations of stage-coaches. In 1755 stage-coaches are described as being covered with dull black leather, studded with broad-headed nails by way of ornament, and oval windows in the quarters, with the frames painted red. On the panels the destination of the coach was displayed in bold characters. The roof rose in a high curve, with a rail round it. The coachman and guard sat in front upon a high narrow boot, sometimes garnished with a hammer-cloth ornamented with a deep fringe. Behind was an immense basket, supported by iron bars, in which passengers were carried at a cheaper rate than in other parts of the vehicle. The wheels were painted red. The coach was usually drawn by three horses, on the first of which a postilion rode, dressed in green and gold, and with a cocked hat. This machine groaned and creaked as it went along, with every tug the horses gave, though the ordinary speed was somewhere about four miles an hour One hundred years ago news and letters traveled very slowly: the post-boys, to whom letter-bags were intrusted, progressing at the rate of three and a half miles an hour! In 1784 a proposal was laid before government by Mr. John Palmer, the originator of mail-coaches, to run quicker vehicles, though at much dearer rates of postage. This scheme was at first opposed by Parliament; but after a struggle of some two years, Palmer's coaches were adopted for the conveyance of the mails, though the rate at which these traveled was only six miles an hour for a long time after their introduction.

"A great impetus was given to the production of a better form of stage-coaches by gentlemen taking to drive them as an amusement, and two clubs were soon formed of noblemen and gentlemen who took an interest in four-in-hand driving and in vehicles in general. Several clubs of this kind are now flourishing to encourage manly sport, and with the capacity to promote improvements in the form of the '*drag*,' as it is now called. It is to an architect that we owe the invention of the Hansom cab. The safety consisted in the arrangement of the frame-work at the nearest part to the ground, so as to prevent an upset if the cab tilted up or down. The inventor was Mr. Hansom, the architect of the Birmingham Town Hall. Numberless improvements have been made on this idea, but the leading principles are the same.

"In 1829 the first omnibus was started in London by Mr. Shillibeer, who some time previously had been a coachmaker in Paris. It was drawn by three horses, and carried twenty-two passengers, all inside. The fare was a shilling from the 'Yorkshire Stingo,' in Marylebone Road, to the Bank. This vehicle was found too large for the streets of London, so a smaller one was started, drawn by two horses, and carrying twelve passengers inside. In 1849 an outside seat was added along the centre of the roof, and by 1857 the omnibus had become pretty nearly the same form as [the Londoners] now know it. Our present omnibus is probably the lightest vehicle of its kind for carrying such a large number of passengers. Its average weight is about twenty-five hundredweight. The London General Omnibus Company have, on an average, six hundred and twenty-six omnibuses running on week-days, and six thousand nine hundred and thirty-five horses to work them. They build their own vehicles, and each runs about sixty miles a day at a speed of about six miles an hour, and nearly all are supplied with brake-retarders, worked by the foot, which effect a great saving in the strain put upon the horses in stopping."

In ensuing numbers attention will be paid to military proper, but, as this is the most succinct history of carriages to be met with, it may prove interesting even to soldiers, since improvements in common carriages and army vehicles have undergone similar progressive ameliorations.

J. Watts de Peyster,
Brevet Major-General S.N.Y.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE following announcement appeared in the December number of this magazine:

"We have sold and transferred to Mr. T. H. S. Hamersly, of New York, all our right, title, and interest in and to THE UNITED SERVICE magazine, the transfer taking effect immediately on the publication of the current number. Commencing with the number for January, 1885, therefore, THE UNITED SERVICE will appear with the imprint of its new proprietor. Owing to the fact that Mr. T. H. S. Hamersly is the brother of our Mr. L. R. Hamersly, it may be proper, in order to guard against possible misapprehension, to state definitely that the sale and transfer here announced is a *bona fide* business transaction, that Mr. T. H. S. Hamersly has given a good and sufficient money consideration for the property he acquires, and that the firm of L. R. Hamersly & Co. have parted, fully and finally, with all proprietary interest in the magazine. The new proprietor of THE UNITED SERVICE is well known to the Army and Navy as the publisher of the 'One Hundred Years' Register' of the respective services, and possesses peculiar facilities for successfully conducting the magazine which it was our fortune to found. The property has always been a paying one, and was never more prosperous than at this moment. Our only reason for disposing of it is, that we may be more free to develop other enterprises which we have either in hand or in contemplation.

"With very hearty thanks to each and every of the friends and patrons who have helped to make THE UNITED SERVICE a recognized and successful institution, we bespeak for our successor in its proprietorship the good-will and substantial support which we are confident he will leave nothing undone to deserve.

"L. R. HAMERSLY & Co."

In accordance with the above, the office of THE UNITED SERVICE is established at 835 Broadway, New York City, where we will be glad to see our friends. In connection with the transfer, we desire to express our thanks to our predecessors for many courtesies attending it and much valuable advice and assistance.

WE call attention to the prospectus of THE UNITED SERVICE for 1885, to be found among publishers' announcements printed in the front of the magazine. It is our intention to keep to the high standard in the conduct of this periodical set by our predecessors, and we hope the prospectus for 1885 bears out our assertion.

It will be noticed that the title-page of this number reads as follows: "THE UNITED SERVICE, a monthly magazine, devoted to the interests of the Military, Naval, and Civil Service." We take a new departure in classifying the civil service as a co-ordinate branch of THE UNITED SERVICE, believing the time has come for that departure, and that a truly united service includes the civil service equally with the army and navy. The magazine will emphatically retain its character as an army and navy magazine, and gain materially in interest to those services by the addition of a corps of writers belonging to the civil arm and from civil life, many treating of topics which must interest all citizens. As preference in appointments in the civil service is given to those having been in the army or navy between 1861 and 1865, it will bring together, we hope, through our columns, many who were comrades during that eventful period.

We think the time is opportune for giving this additional scope to our magazine, and regard permanency of tenure in civil offices the great political issue before the country today. President-elect Cleveland owes his election to the assistance of those in favor of making tenure of office in the executive branch of the civil departments to be during life or good behavior, as in the army and navy, and we have faith from his record as governor of the State of New York in the execution of the civil service law of that State, he will use his great power as President to accomplish this end, and carry forward the work so well begun, and continued, by President Arthur, in reforming the civil service.

We therefore appeal to our enlarged constituency to assist in making this magazine the medium through which all subjects embraced within its broad scope shall be treated, and for this purpose our columns are always open, and contributions invited from our friends in all arms of the service. Articles treating of any real grievance they may desire to make known will receive careful consideration at our hands and publication accorded when we deem the interests of the service will be benefited thereby. We shall be liberal in our interpretation of what is proper in this respect, as we consider more independence in service journals than has been shown in the past, very desirable, even though it may not be agreeable for some public officers. *We do not, of course, invite captious personal criticism of any one,* but wrong-doing, or abuse of the power intrusted to any public official, it is always right to have exposed.

THE regret with which the army learned that a court-martial of its judge-advocate-general had been deemed necessary has not been lessened by the intensity of the legal fight going on before the tribunal now trying General Swaim. Facts are what the court will doubtless be governed by in its findings, not legal quibbles; and it is sincerely to be regretted so much legal preliminary has been found necessary before getting to the merits of the case. The army would have cause to rejoice if the court shall find the accused not guilty of the charges preferred against him, if the verdict is based on exonerating evidence, but would not receive with satisfaction an acquittal on technical grounds, which would only mean not proven, while a finding of "guilty," after all the technicalities raised by counsel for accused, would add much to the terrible import of the finding.

Subsequent to the writing of the above paragraph, and on December 3, the following Associated Press dispatch was published:

"THE SWAIM TRIAL.—A new line of defense was opened by counsel for the accused before the Swaim court-martial this morning. In substance it is that the stock transactions between General Swaim and Bateman & Co. were illegal, because there was no actual transfer of stock, and that any pretended claim of Bateman & Co. upon General Swaim for losses in these transactions could not be received in a court of law. This point was made by General Grosvenor, counsel for the accused, in an argument upon the propriety of a question asked by him in the course of his cross-examination of the witness, J. Stanley Brown.

"General Grosvenor said that the court must see what in the end the defense would claim in the case, which he said will be that any pretended claim of Bateman & Co. upon Swaim, growing out of these operations in stocks, was in the nature of a gambling transaction, on which he could not recover."

"A new line of defense" has certainly been taken by counsel for General Swaim, who have strangely forgotten the effect such a plea as they make must have on the court, every member of which has proven, by an unsullied personal and official record, his right and title to the "grand old name of gentleman."

WE are glad to see that General Grant declines in advance the pension proposed by Senator Mitchell. The country owes a debt to the "man from Appomattox," and that is to place him where he would be now, viz., general United States Army (retired), had he not obeyed the people's call to go up higher, and be their President for eight years. General Grant has a right to be returned to the place from which he was called, and at a sacrifice, as it has proved, to himself. Does any one doubt that the country would call for Grant in the event of war? Hardly! and is

it not right that this man, who must, and always does, hold himself ready to respond to such a call, should have the pay and emoluments of an officer on the retired and reserved list? for the fact that our retired list is a practical reserved list in case of war is too often forgotten, but remembered at once when a war-cloud looms up.

The Congress of the United States will confer more honor on itself than on Grant by doing this simple act of justice, which we believe the people, North and South, demand they do without further delay.

WE think the widest publicity should be given in the Army and Navy to the speech of Vice-President-elect Hendricks before a delegation from the Soldiers' and Sailors' Veteran Association of Marion, Indiana, and therefore reprint his remarks in response to their congratulations. Mr. Hendricks said,—

"I am very much gratified by the sentiments of your address. You have referred to one characteristic of the contest which I hope never to see repeated. The personal slanders that have been indulged in are unworthy American politics. I have not troubled myself to answer misrepresentations. During the first months of the war I used the following language: 'Since the war commenced I have uniformly said that the authority of the government of the United States is not questioned in Indiana, and I regard it as the duty of citizens of Indiana to respect and maintain that authority, and to give to the government an honest and earnest support in the prosecution of the war until in the providence of God it may be brought to an honorable conclusion, and the blessings of peace may be restored to our country, postponing until that time all controversies in relation to causes and responsibilities for the war. No man will feel deeper solicitude in the welfare and prouder of the bearing of the Indiana soldiery in the conflict of arms to which they are called than myself.' The sentiments thus expressed guided my conduct throughout the war. One of the political leaders of these times has charged that I failed in my duty in opposing the law for the draft. To opposition to the draft I plead guilty. I found an army of volunteers encouraged by suitable bounties, and during the first month of my service in the United States Senate I said, 'I desire to express my opinion that Congress ought to encourage volunteers rather than rely on what of necessity must be an unpopular measure of the government,—the draft.' I did not regard the draft as a reliable support for the army. Prior to that time 125,000 men had been drafted, 6000 entered the service under the draft, 11,000 substitutes were furnished, and 20,000 were induced to volunteer by bounties, which commutations enabled the Department to pay. A draft of the 125,000 resulted in 36,000 soldiers in the field. I believed

then, and have believed ever since, that to encourage volunteers by suitable bounties, relieving them from anxieties about provision for their homes, were the best assurance of support to the army.

"The same politician to whom I have referred, speaking of myself, said, 'He did not vote in favor of any measure that looked to carrying on the war.' I will refer but to two acts in the Senate in answer. On the 23d of April, 1864, I offered an amendment to the Army Appropriation bill to increase the pay of the soldiers and non-commissioned officers reasonably in proportion to the then depreciated condition of the currency. I thought that the proposition was an encouragement to the army and enlistments. My colleague, Colonel Lane, voted with me on that subject. On the same day I voted for the great appropriation bill for the army for the coming year. I believe it was the largest appropriation bill ever passed in this government, $530,000,000. I believe it was, and it was the appropriation that carried the army to the close of the war, under which many battles were fought, under which Sherman marched to the sea, and the surrender was made to Grant."

JUST as we are going to press we are in receipt of a letter from a member of the Board of Civil Service Examiners for the Treasury, a gentleman who has been on every Board of Examiners for examination of applicants for appointments in the Treasury of Civil Service for a number of years past, in which he writes as follows: "I recognize the importance of the subject and the prominence you propose to give it in your magazine, and I believe that you can do more to elevate the Civil Service of the United States than any other publisher in the country."

THE Christmas-tide is once more upon us, and all Christendom chaunts again the angels' song of "Peace on earth, good-will toward men." To none more so than to the readers of THE UNITED SERVICE should this be a happy Christmas. In this year of trial and depression to their fellow-citizens engaged in business, most of them can rejoice in having "Uncle Sam" as their paymaster, for no business vicissitudes alter the regularity of his monthly payments to his children, and year by year the respected old gentleman's exchequer increases. For this, if for no other cause, they should this year "rejoice and be glad;" and with the happy assurance that our wishes will be fulfilled we wish our readers on land and sea a "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year."

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

[The publisher of THE UNITED SERVICE will send by post, prepaid, any of the following books on receipt of price.]

An American Politician. A Novel. By F. Marion Crawford. $1.25.

About People. By Kate Gannett Wells. $1.25.

Artists of the Nineteenth Century. A Handbook containing two thousand Biographical Sketches. By Clara Erskine Clement and Laurence Hutton. $3.00. Half calf, $5.00; tree calf, $7.00.

Atala. By Chateaubriand. Translated by James Spence Harry. From Firmin Didot's edition of the Viscount's works. Illustrated by Gustave Doré. Introduction by Edward J. Harding. Extra cloth, full gilt, $5.00; full morocco, extra, $10 00.

Artistic Tableaux. With Picturesque Diagrams and Descriptions of Costumes. Text by Josephine Pollard, arrangement of Diagrams by Walter Satterlee. $1.00.

An Artist's Portfolio. Artistic Holiday Gift Book. By Walter Satterlee. $5.00.

Art Gem Series. By the author and designer of "Told in the Twilight." Per set, $3.00.

Annie and Willie's Prayer. A Christmas Story in Verse. By Sophia P. Snow. Cloth, gilt, $1.50; alligator covers, in box, $1.50; lithographed covers, with silk fringe and tassels, $1.75.

Allan Dare and Robert le Diable. A Romance. By Admiral Porter. To be published in nine fortnightly parts, 8vo, each part with an illustration by Alfred Fredericks. Price for each part, six parts ready, 25 cents.

American Fish, and How to Catch Them. By An Old Angler. $1.00.

Adventures of Prince Lazybones and Other Stories. By Mrs. W. J. Hays. Profusely illustrated. Cloth. $1.00.

Bread-Making. By "T. N. T." Handy-book Series. 50 cents.

Bassett Claim (The). By Henry C. Elliott. Knickerbocker Novels. 50 cents.

Bible Promises. Sermons to Children by Rev. Richard Newton, D.D. $1.25.

Baby-Land—1884. By the Editors of "Wide Awake." Illustrated with charming pictures just suited to the little ones. 75 cents.

Black Poodle and Other Stories. By F. Anstey. Illustrated. 50 cents.

Biographical Essays. By F. Max Müller, K.M. $2.00.

Bohn's Dictionary of Poetical Quotations. $2.40.

Bermuda Guide. Profusely illustrated with Maps, Engravings, etc. By James H. Stark. $2.00.

Boys' Library of Legend and Chivalry. Edited by Sidney Lanier, and richly illustrated by Fredericks, Bensell, and Kappes.

THE BOYS' KING ARTHUR.
KNIGHTLY LEGENDS OF WALES.
THE BOYS' FROISSART.
THE BOYS' PERCY.
Per vol., $2.00; per set, $7.00.

Baby World: Stories, Rhymes, and Pictures for Little Folks. Compiled from *St. Nicholas*. $2.00.

Browning, Mrs. New edition. 5 vols., cloth. $7.50.

Baby's Kingdom. Designed by Annie E. Cox. Cloth and gold, $3.75; Turkish morocco, $7.50.

Bermuda: An Idyl of the Summer Islands. By Julia C. R. Dorr. With maps. $1.25.

Creoles of Louisiana (The). By George W. Cable. Richly illustrated. Extra cloth, $3.50; full gilt, in a box, $5.00.

Children's Summer (The). By Mattie B. Banks. $1.25.

Captain Phil. By M. M. Thomas. A Boy's Experience in the Western Army during the War of the Rebellion. $1.50.

Continuity of Christian Thought. By Rev. Alex. V. G. Allen, D.D. $2.00.

Choy Susan, and Other Stories. By William Henry Bishop. $1.25.

Cathedral Churches of England and Wales. Descriptive, Historical, and Pictorial. Edited by the Rev. Prof. Bonney, F.R.S., with upwards of 150 illustrations. $5.00.

Character Sketches from Dickens. Containing six plates from the original drawings, by Frederick Barnard, reproduced in photogravure and printed by Goupil & Co., Paris, on India paper. Size, 20 by 14½. In portfolio. $7.50.

Country Cousins. Short Studies in the Natural History of the United States. By Ernest Ingersoll. Illustrated. Illuminated cloth. $2.50.

Captains of Industry; or, Men of Business who did Something besides Making Money. A book for Young Americans. By James Parton. With several Portraits. $1.25.

Custom and Myth, Studies of Early Usage and Belief. By Andrew Lang, M.A. Illustrated. $1.25.

Dark Days. By Hugh Conway (F. J. Fargus). Paper, 25 cents; cloth, $1.00.

Debater, Complete. Containing Debates, Outlines, and Discussions. 50 cents.

Dean Stanley with the Children. By Mrs. F. A. Humphrey. Illustrated. $1.00.

Days and Hours in a Garden. By E. V. B. With very pretty suggestive vignettes by the author, Mrs. Boyle. $2.00.

Elements of Morals. With Special Application of the Moral Law to the Duties of the Individual, and of the Society and the State. By Paul Jenet. Translated by Mrs. C. R. Corson. $1.25.

Routledge's Every Boy's Annual, 1885. With many illustrations and 12 colored plates. $2.50.

Routledge's Every Girl's Annual, 1885. With many illustrations and 12 colored plates. Cloth, $2.50.

Edmond Dantes. Sequel to the Count of Monte-Cristo. $1.25.

Etiquette, Complete Book of. By M. C. Dunbar. 50 cents.

Elements of English Speech. By Isaac Basset Choate. $1.00.

Elsie at Nantucket. A new volume of Elsie books. By Martha Finley. $1.25.

Enchiridion of Wit. The Best Specimens of English Conversational Wit. Uniform with "The Book-Lover's Enchiridion." Small 4to, extra cloth, $1.50; vellum, $2.00; half morocco, gilt top, $3.00.

Evidence of Faith. By James S. Bush. $2 00.

From Greenland's Icy Mountains. Bishop Heber's Missionary Hymn. With full-page illustrations by Thomas Guilfoye and Edmund H. Garrett. Cloth, full gilt, $1 50. Golden floral, $1.75; tree calf, $5.00; plush, padded side, nickel lettering, $6.00.

Festival Poems. A Collection for Christmastide, the New Year, and Eastertide. $1.25.

French Etchers. A new volume, similar to the very successful "Group of Etchers" and "Score of Etchings." It contains twenty etchings, and embraces specimens by Daubigny, Corot, Jacquemart, Martial, and others. $15.00.

Genius and Character of Emerson (The). A series of lectures delivered at the Concord School of Philosophy, by eminent authors and critics. Edited by Frank H. Sanborn. Illustrated. $2.00.

Great Truths by Great Authors. A Dictionary of Aids to Reflection, Quotations of Maxims, Metaphors, Counsels, Cautions, Aphorisms, Proverbs, etc. From writers of all ages and both hemispheres. Illustrated. Red line, crown 8vo, gilt edges, $3.50; half calf, $4 00; extra cloth, $2.00; gilt edges, $2.50.

Good Things of "Life" (The). Selected from the brightest American humorous paper, *Life*. $2.00.

Guest-Book (The). In which may be recorded the coming and the going of guests, with pages for autographs, incidents, and sketches pertaining to pleasant visits, social circles, and other gatherings. Designed and illustrated by Annie F. Cox. Printed in colors. Cloth, full gilt, $3.75; Turkey morocco, $7.50.

Harper's Magazine, 1885. This magazine will fully maintain its leading position, and for the new year will present many important improvements, especially in the direction of profusely-illustrated descriptive papers. There will be new novels by Constance Fennimore Woolson and W. D. Howells. Subscriptions for the coming year should be sent immediately. Per annum, $4.00.

History, Barnes' General. A brief History of Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern Peoples. 240 illustrations. $2.00.

Hunter Cats of Connorloa. By Helen Jackson (H. H.). With illustrations. $1.25.

He, She, It. An episode in Early Egyptian History. With English text. $2.50.

Herodotus for Boys and Girls. Edited, with explanatory notes, by John S. White, LL.D. $3.00.

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MESSRS. PUTNAM, publishers, of Twenty-third Street, New York, will publish in February a book by Lieutenant Mason A. Shufeldt, U.S.N., on Madagascar, which is sure of a large sale.

THE publisher of THE UNITED SERVICE will issue immediately a book on tactics, by Captain W. H. Powell, U.S.A., which will be spoken of at length in our next issue.

LIEUTENANT ANTHONY WAYNE VODGES, First Artillery, has published a work entitled "Course of Science applied to Military Art; Part 1, Geology and Military Geography, Geology," which is to be used as a text-book at the artillery school.

"A HISTORY OF THE JEANNETTE EXPEDITION," by Chief Engineer Melville, will be published this month.

OUR thanks are due the publisher of the *Army and Navy Register* for printing an announcement of the sale and transfer of THE UNITED SERVICE, as requested, and to the publishers of the *Army and Navy Journal* for inserting in their paper a brief note of the same.

THE *Army and Navy Quarterly*, published by L. R. Hamersly & Co., of Philadelphia, will contain in its initiatory number (January, 1885) the following articles:

"European Cavalry." By Colonel Keith Fraser. From the *Fortnightly Review*.

"Torpedoes on Shipboard and in Boats." From the French of C. Chabaud-Arnault, Capitaine de Frégate. Translated for *The Army and Navy Quarterly* by Commander William Bainbridge Hoff, U.S.N.

"The Present Position of Tactics in England." By Colonel W. W. Knollys. From *Colburn's United Service*.

"La Fin d'une grande Marine." By Vice-Admiral Jurien de La Gravière. From *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Translated for *The Army and Navy Quarterly* by J. Duval Rodney, Esq.

"A Forgotten American Humorist" (John Phœnix). By Mrs. Launt Thompson. From *London Society*.

"Humanity and War." From the *Jahrbücher für die Deutsche Armee und Marine*. Translated from the German for *The Army and Navy Quarterly* by Stanislaus Remak, late First Lieutenant Fifth U. S. Artillery.

We will send *The Quarterly*, which is a reprint of articles from foreign service publications, with a letter from a special correspondent in each number, giving a summary of military matters in England and on the continent, together with THE UNITED SERVICE magazine, for one year, for four dollars. The price of *The Quarterly* is two dollars per annum.

"THE FIELD OF HONOR: a Comprehensive History of Dueling in all Countries, including the Judicial Combat of Europe, the Private Duel of the Civilized World, and Specific Descriptions of all the Noted Hostile Meetings in Europe and America." By Major Ben C. Truman, author of "The South after the War," "Semi-Tropical

California," etc. 12mo. Pages 599. Extra cloth, beveled, $2. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

It must be said of this book that it is the only work extant which professes to cover the ground described in the title; and it may be said that this is done exceedingly well. Major Truman must have been a diligent gleaner and collector of material from a multitude of scattered sources, and the result is a work of positive value. The historical and social student will trace with interest the rise, prevalence, and decline of this characteristic institution in the various European nations, as separately treated, and its freer, wilder growth in the less highly organized society of the New World. It is claimed, and there seems no reason to doubt, that when he enters upon specifications every recorded hostile meeting which can be classed as a duel finds here a mention, with names of the principals, and very generally of seconds, and frequently of causes or circumstances; while each of the especially notable combats receives a full description.

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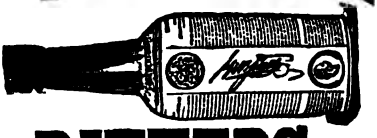

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JAN 28 1885

THE UNITED SERVICE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

MILITARY, NAVAL, AND CIVIL SERVICE.

VOL. XII.—FEBRUARY, 1885.—NO. 2.

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NEW YORK:

T. H. S. HAMERSLY,

835 BROADWAY.

PHILADELPHIA: CENTRAL NEWS COMPANY.
BOSTON: NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY.
WASHINGTON: A. BRENTANO & Co., 1015 Pennsylvania Ave.
LONDON: B. F. STEVENS, 4 Trafalgar Square.
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THE BATTLES AT CHATTANOOGA.

IT becomes more necessary with each passing year for writers on our late war to remember that a generation has come to manhood which was in its swaddling-clothes when the struggle began, and knows nothing of its stirring events, either by personal experience or recollection. Every gathering of veterans proclaims this fact in the gray hairs and beards of those who were the youngest among the "boys" of 1861. In this view an attention to details is permissible which to the actors in the scenes described may seem superfluous.

Of the few noted spectacular battles of the war, the three days' fight at Chattanooga was unquestionably its most remarkable military pageant. It is doubtful whether modern military history portrays a scene where the grand proportions, as well as the minor movements of extended battle, were as clearly presented to view. Malvern Hill, Antietam, Burnside's attack on Fredericksburg, and the third day of Gettysburg, were each fields where the eye at times took in a large proportion of the forces engaged, their principal movements, and their fierce contests. But at Chattanooga a three days' battle drama was enacted by three Union armies in a vast amphitheatre, and upon the slopes of the mountains and hills which surrounded it, where every movement on plain or upland was clearly defined to the eyes of the overlooking thousands of the contending hosts.

Before attempting to describe this most magnificent scene of the war it may not be uninteresting to pass in brief review the salient points of the campaigns, and the battle which led to the first occupation of this Confederate stronghold, and the preliminaries of the struggle which confirmed it in Union control.

Starting from the line of Murfreesboro', Triune, and Franklin, Tennessee, on the 23d of June, 1863, General Rosecrans, by one of the most, if not the most brilliant strategic campaigns of the war, had in two weeks, at a loss of only five hundred and eighty-six men killed and wounded, manœuvred Bragg's army out of its fortified camps at Shelbyville and Tullahoma,—positions strengthened by natural ranges capable of easy and formidable defense at every gap,—and forced it across the Tennessee. It was a campaign prosecuted from the evening of its first day to its finish, in the rain, and in a wooded country where soft roads and flooded streams made it impossible for provision trains to keep pace with the columns, so that at its close many of the troops were two days in advance of their rations, and lived for that time on the cattle and hogs which their foragers brought in. On the Fourth of July the lines of victorious march stretched for fifteen miles through the broken country north of the Tennessee, and as the army halted on that national holiday, mainly without tents, and with only scanty supplies of food, it received the glad news from Vicksburg and Gettysburg, and celebrated those victories and its own success in simultaneous and long-continued salutes from each division,—a salute whose mighty reverberations will never cease to sound in the ears of those who listened and rejoiced.

The objective point of the succeeding campaign was Chattanooga. The Tennessee, which separated the armies, was wide and deep. With the river in front, and mountains on the flanks and in the rear, Chattanooga was by nature a military stronghold, and the most important one left to the Confederates in the West. With its added fortifications, and garrisoned by an army, it was regarded by the enemy as impregnable. But General Rosecrans immediately began preparations for its capture.

The preliminaries involved the accumulation of twenty-five days' rations for his army, ammunition sufficient to fight two battles; the preparation of ample pontoon facilities for use in a deep water-way, twelve hundred feet at its narrowest, and two thousand seven hundred feet at its widest, points; the crossing of a range of the Cumberland Mountains on the north side of the Tennessee, forcing the passage of that river, crossing the two precipitous and exceedingly difficult ranges of Sand and Lookout Mountains, and thus, by appearing many miles in the rear of Chattanooga, obliging the enemy to evacuate it. This plan involved the necessity of deceiving General Bragg as to the real point of crossing the river, and subsequently manœuvring him a sufficient distance from the place to enable the Union army to concentrate between him and the city, and thus capture it, or, if necessary, fight a battle for its possession.

All this was most successfully accomplished. By demonstrating with a small but active force on the north bank of the Tennessee in

front of the city, and for a considerable distance above it, the attention of the enemy was wholly turned in that direction until the crossing of the army was in successful progress thirty miles below in the region of Bridgeport. Moving with great energy, the Union columns were thrust first over the Sand Mountains, and then over Lookout, and appeared in the valleys at the western base of the latter range, whence practicable roads led northward to Chattanooga. The points of crossing the mountain were respectively eighteen and forty miles from the city. Bragg hastily withdrew southwestwardly to Lafayette, behind the Pigeon Mountains, where, being reinforced by Longstreet from the army of Lee, he felt strong enough to attack Rosecrans and reoccupy Chattanooga. Of this move of Longstreet the Washington authorities were wholly ignorant, and when Rosecrans began to suspect it, a week before battle was joined, they telegraphed him that not a man had left the Army of Northern Virginia to reinforce Bragg. But Rosecrans, becoming immediately aware of the reinforcements, promptly reconsidered a determination to pursue Bragg, and endeavored by a hasty concentration upon his own left to interpose between the enemy and Chattanooga, and if possible reach and occupy that place without a battle. The delays incident to the concentration in this mountain region enabled Bragg to strike the Union left at a point some six miles south of Chattanooga in the forests of the Chickamauga. Here the heads of the opposing armies met as each was marching for the city. Facing each other, and swinging together, a two days' deadly battle ensued, not for the possession of these forests, but for Chattanooga itself,—the objective point of Rosecrans's campaign. After terrific fighting, the enemy having failed in his plan of turning the Union left and interposing between it and the city, the Union army was withdrawn some three miles to the passes at Rossville, which controlled the roads to Chattanooga, and firmly established there. The enemy failing to give battle throughout the succeeding day, at night the Union army marched into Chattanooga, and thus secured the legitimate fruits of the battle of Chickamauga.

This brief review seems necessary in the interest of truthful history, since no battle of the war has been more widely misunderstood than this, which gave Chattanooga to the Union army. The popular impression has been that Rosecrans having occupied that city after Bragg evacuated it, subsequently moved out to attack him, suffered disastrous defeat at Chickamauga, and was driven back into the city in confused retreat. Instead of this, except as Crittenden's division, posted as an observing force, marched through Chattanooga when Bragg left it, and passed on to join the army for battle below, the Army of the Cumberland did not see the city until the second day, after it had fought two days for its possession. In a military sense, it was not occupied by the Union forces till then. Regarding the "disaster," which it has

pleased many writers to make the most prominent feature of Chickamauga, only four divisions out of eleven left the field till they were regularly withdrawn, in pursuance of a plan for securing the way to Chattanooga. The battle closed at dark on the 20th of September, and on the 22d the Union lines were firmly established in the outskirts of the city. After several demonstrations Bragg seems to have become convinced that he could not recapture the place by assault, and sitting down before it and occupying Lookout Mountain, commanding the river line of supplies from Bridgeport, he awaited the slower process of starvation as a means of driving out the Union forces. At this point the real troubles of the Army of the Cumberland began.

At the end of three weeks the men were living on less than half rations, and the officers on still less. The only line of supplies led on the north side of the river by mountain roads to Bridgeport, sixty miles distant. The autumn rains made them wellnigh impassable, and the rebel cavalry was constantly annoying, and at one time destroyed a train of three hundred wagons. The draught animals became so weak from hard work and lack of food, that a wagon could haul only half a load for the troops beyond the forage necessary to keep the team on the way, and before the siege was over ten thousand horses and mules had died for want of food, the scanty supplies of corn being taken from them to save the men. There were brigade headquarters where the chief food was corn-meal porridge, and others where sour pork and wormy crackers were the staples, if not the delicacies. Soldiers crowded about the few supply trains at the points of issue, and eagerly picked up and saved the scattered grains of corn. The piles of mouldy bread which were thrown on the waste-heaps were always surrounded by men carefully cutting off the mould, and saving such bits as were found in only partially spoiled condition. Yet the Army of the Cumberland maintained its heart and high courage, and the spirit in which General Thomas telegraphed to Grant, "We will hold the town till we starve," was communicated to the whole army. While thus half starved, and with supplies each day appreciably diminishing, the troops worked on the fortifications, and performed the heavy picket duty required, not only without murmuring, but daily looked up to the smoking batteries of the enemy on Lookout, and down the long lines of hostile tents and frowning batteries on Missionary Ridge, with exultation and full confidence that in due time relief would come, and victory would follow it.

Gross misrepresentations at Washington had led to the relief of General Rosecrans, to the deep regret of his army, and just as he had perfected plans for opening the river. General Thomas, loved and revered by the troops, succeeded him. General Grant arrived in person to take general command. General Hooker, dispatched with the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps from the East, reached Bridegport, and

General Sherman was ordered up from Memphis. General Thomas had already arranged the details of a plan devised by General Rosecrans for opening the river, which General Grant approved after personal inspection of the ground. Then began the first offensive movement that was to solve the problem of relieving the army, and which, by its success, seemed a fitting forerunner of the grander operations soon to make historic the plain of Chattanooga and the slopes of the surrounding ranges. It not only raised the siege of the city and assured sufficient food and ammunition to the Army of the Cumberland, but made it possible for the armies of Hooker and Sherman to reach the place without exhausting battles and find full supplies upon their arrival. As it makes plain how an army passed from a point near starvation to an abundance that enabled it to feed other armies, it deserves notice as a part of the grand whole which led the combined forces to a victory that gave them all renown.

The Tennessee, after rounding Cameron Hill, in the western limits of Chattanooga, flows southerly two miles and a half to the base of Lookout Mountain; thence flowing along its foot for a short distance, it turns abruptly around Moccasin Point and flows northwesterly for several miles, nearly doubling in its course, until, at Brown's Ferry, it is only four miles across to the bridge at Chattanooga, while by the river it is nine miles to the city. From Moccasin Point to Brown's Ferry the river runs across the mouth of Lookout Valley, which lies along the western base of the range. The mountain, the valley with its numerous precipitous spurs, and the ridges overlooking the north side of the river, at the Ferry, were first held by a portion of Longstreet's troops, and the river was picketed continuously on its southern bank by the enemy, from a point near Chattanooga to one a considerable distance below the Ferry. The plan for opening the river involved the sending of fifteen hundred men of Hazen's brigade, in pontoon boats, by night to make a landing at daylight on the south bank at Brown's Ferry, the moving of the rest of this brigade and of Turchin's across the neck of the peninsula to take concealed position, with three batteries of artillery as a supporting and covering force, in the woods on the north bank, overlooking the place of landing opposite. Hooker, at Bridgeport, was to cross the river at daylight and march to a point in Lookout Valley a few miles above Brown's Ferry, commanding the road to Kelley's Ferry, eight miles below. Range-fires had been kept burning for a week about the Ferry, to mark points opposite for the landing of each division of pontoons. Their regular nightly blazing deceived the enemy into the belief that they were ordinary picket-fires. Various articles, such as boxes, barrels, and logs, were thrown into the river at Chattanooga, and the time of their passing Brown's Ferry noted. It was a complicated movement, and the failure of any part might prove disastrous.

The enemy, on Lookout, could observe the river and the roads for many miles. His troops also occupied Lookout Valley to the river. The roads Hooker was to travel were in a rough country and capable of easy obstruction and defense. The rebel pickets covered seven miles of the nine which the pontoons were to pass. Had the presence of the supporting force at Brown's Ferry been discovered, the heights on the north side, at the Ferry, could readily have been strengthened beyond the power of a brigade to capture them or effect a lodgment. The necessity was absolute for a smooth working of every part of the plan, in spite of heavy roads, swollen streams, rebel pickets, and the force in Lookout Valley.

The movement began at Chattanooga at three o'clock in the morning of the 27th of October. At that hour fifteen hundred men were in the pontoons at the landing. The current was such as would carry the expedition to its place of landing at dawn. Every boat's officer was instructed as to the range-lights and knew exactly where to land. The little flotilla swung off, crossed to the north shore, and hugging it as closely as possible, was soon passing under Lookout. It was a bright night, but a light fog hung over the moon, and the shadows from the trees and the surrounding heights lay heavy on the water. While rounding Moccasin Point the current set the boats well towards the south bank and the picket-fires of the enemy. At one point a Confederate soldier was heard to call another and ask if he had "noticed anything in the river," and received for reply that he had seen a good many logs passing, which evidently satisfied the first, as no challenge followed and no shots were fired. The seven miles of rebel pickets were thus safely run, and exactly at the designated time the pontoons landed at their appointed places. With a rush the enemy's pickets were captured, the small reserve forces scattered, and the heights occupied. Before the light was strong enough to enable the troops on Lookout to see and report the situation, the remainder of Hazen's brigade and Turchin's, on the north bank, had been ferried over, and the captured position so strengthened that successful attack by any ordinary force was impossible. Hooker, too, had marched at daylight from Bridgeport, and at 3 P.M. the head of his column appeared at Wauhatchie, in Lookout Valley, and was so disposed as to intercept any movements from above to recapture the position at Brown's Ferry. At night the rebels, in heavy force, descended from their overlooking camps on the mountain and made a strong but unsuccessful attack on Hooker's command. The engagement rose for a time to the dignity of a battle, and roused both armies at Chattanooga. With this repulse of the enemy the problem of open-river communication to Bridgeport, which meant abundant supplies, was solved for the Union army. The next day a steamer-load of provisions reached Kelley's Ferry, below Brown's, and out of range of the guns on Lookout, and train after train streamed over the bridges and

into the starving town. At night a steamer at Chattanooga ran the rebel batteries at Lookout and arrived safely at Bridgeport. Hooker effectually covered the ferries with his troops and defensive works, and the siege of Chattanooga was at an end. The prophecy of Jefferson Davis, standing, shortly before, on the point of Lookout, consigning the Army of the Cumberland to certain overthrow, had come to naught, and Bragg saw below him, on every side, an army strengthening itself for battle. Still he and his generals looked down with complacency and a sense of perfect security from the fortified heights of Lookout and Missionary Ridge, deeming them the impregnable coast-lines upon which the fire-crested waves of battle could only dash, and break, and recede.

With this preparatory sketch the curtain rises upon the grandest battle pageant of the war, and Chattanooga with its surrounding plains and heights comes into view, dotted on all sides with camps, broken everywhere by rough field-works and finished fortifications, and swarming with hostile armies. To appreciate the matchless battle scenery the reader must first study the field.

Chattanooga, a town at the time of the battle of about five thousand inhabitants, lies upon broken ground in a bend of the Tennessee River, and on its south or left bank, the general direction of the stream being from northeast to southwest.

The city may well be compared to the stage of a vast theatre, looking inland from the river over a floor area of plain country averaging about three miles in width, bounded on the south by the towering heights of Lookout Mountain, rising fifteen hundred feet above the river, and on the east by the rough slopes of Missionary Ridge, a range of five hundred feet in elevation, and many miles in length. From the western point, on the outskirts of the town next the river, it is two and a quarter miles south to the base of Lookout. From this latter point the mountain slopes upward a mile to the foot of the palisades of rock which everywhere surround its summit, and which, about the point of the mountain nearest the city, are nearly one hundred feet in perpendicular height. From the eastern boundary of the city it is three miles east to the top of Missionary Ridge. This eastern boundary is on high ground. Within the city, at its western borders also, there are prominent hills. Along the southern suburbs are low knolls and ranges. All these elevations were strongly fortified and mounted with heavy guns. In the sharp bend of the river below the town the high promontory of Moccasin Point rises nearly to the heights of the opposite bluffs which overhang the river at the base of Lookout. From the Union works on its summit heavy guns looked upward along the slopes of the mountain. From these prominent points both Union and Confederate works and lines could be plainly seen.

Looking eastwardly across the plain, Missionary Ridge fills nearly

half the horizon. It is three miles to the nearest point of the summit. Four miles and a half to the southeast is Rossville, which was the left of the rebel line on the Ridge, and the same distance to the northeast, and about two miles back from the river, lies the northern extremity of the Ridge, on which the rebel right was established. The Union lines were drawn closely around the city. The nearest of the main lines of rebel works ran along the base of Lookout, crossed the plain at an average distance of two and a half miles from the city, and thence followed the base of Missionary Ridge to the railroad tunnel, near its northern extremity. There were heavy lines of Confederate works on the slopes of Lookout, a second line half-way from the base to the summit of Missionary Ridge, and the entire crest of the latter range was strongly fortified, and had fifty guns and an army to defend it. Cheatham's and Stevenson's divisions held Lookout Mountain. Heavy siege-guns looked down from the crest of its palisades upon the plain and the town, and the lower works on its slopes bristled with field-guns. From Bragg's left, at Rossville, along the Ridge to his right at its northern extremity, was seven miles. It was twelve miles from the Confederate left at the western base of Lookout by way of the lines across the valley and along the foot of Missionary Ridge to their right. The advanced line of the enemy in front of Missionary Ridge rested with its left on a low line of hills running parallel to the main ridge, and about half-way to the city, in which were Orchard Knob and Indian Hill, each about one hundred feet in height. Its right was established behind Citico Creek, a considerable water-course with precipitous banks. This was a formidable field-line, two miles in length, roughly fortified, but capable of strong defense.

Such was the field as viewed from the Union lines. From the heights of the Confederate position it was still more striking. The point of Lookout dominates the country as far as the eye can reach. On a clear day an observer on its summit can look into seven States. This fact strikingly brings out its prominence and shows how clearly defined must have been every element of Union preparation in the near foreground below. All that part of the plain in front of Missionary Ridge was clearly defined from every point of its summit, while the salient points of the Union position about the city could also be clearly distinguished. And so when the battles came, the great movements on either side were in plain sight for each contending host, and together they formed a battle spectacle such as the history of wars has seldom equaled and probably never surpassed.

On this extended field the Union armies rapidly concentrated and took position for battle. For a month after the opening of the river line of supplies, Chattanooga had been the theatre of intense activities. The warehouses were filled with ammunition, food, and forage. Heavy

guns were brought up for all the forts. Under assiduous care the skeleton horses of the field artillery once more became able to move the batteries.

The head of Sherman's column from the Mississippi, composed of four divisions of the Fifteenth Corps, arrived at Brown's Ferry November 18. Two of its divisions crossed and moved along concealed roads, through the woods and behind the hills to a point on the north bank of the river eight miles above the town, near the mouth of the North Chickamauga and opposite Bragg's position on the northern extremity of Missionary Ridge. Here they were camped out of sight. The breaking of the bridge at Brown's prevented the crossing of the third division. On the 22d November the Eleventh Corps, under Howard, composed of Schurz's and Steinwehr's divisions, was brought over the bridge from Hooker's position, marched into the town, and given prominent position in the line to convey the impression to the enemy watching from the heights that the town was being reinforced by the troops passing on the bridge, and thus direct attention from Sherman's movements, and the preparations for crossing at the North Chickamauga.

General Grant's plan of battle left Hooker to hold Lookout Valley, and required Sherman to cross the river and carry the north end of Missionary Ridge to the Tunnel, a point about three-quarters of a mile south of Bragg's extreme right. The Army of the Cumberland was then to concentrate on its left, unite with Sherman's right, and, moving southward along the Ridge and through the valley, sweep Bragg from his positions there, and compel the abandonment of Lookout. Unavoidable delays to Sherman's column, a second breaking of the bridge, and a report that Bragg was withdrawing, first modified and eventually completely changed the original plan, and gave three distinct battles extending over as many days.

The first contest opened on the Union side with what the enemy mistook for a grand review, but which suddenly and unexpectedly developed into a battle worthy of the initial move in the series to follow. In front of Fort Wood and its adjacent batteries located in the eastern limits of the city, and looking out over the plain towards Missionary Ridge, the ground at first descends rapidly, and then rolls gently away, furnishing abundant space for a great review. About noon of November 23 this portion of the plain and the open country to the right and left of it began, under orders from General Thomas, to fill with troops. First, Wood's division moved out and deployed. Sheridan followed and took position farther to the right and slightly to the rear. Howard's Corps, massed by divisions and brigades, marched with the precision of a review into place in rear of Wood and Sheridan. Baird moved out of the works to the right of the latter, and formed in échelon in his

rear, while Johnson's division stood to arms in the intrenchments in rear of the centre. For a brief time, while the various commanders were receiving their orders, this grand pageant of twenty thousand men, ready for a spring on the enemy's advanced line, stood motionless as if for review. The rebel pickets leaned lazily on their guns, enjoying the spectacle. Groups of Confederates could be seen on Lookout, on Orchard Knob, and along the ridge, watching the display. Even the forward movement of the leading deployed division did not dispel the illusion until the Union picket-line advanced, firing. Wood, followed by an army on his flanks and in rear, moved rapidly on Orchard Knob, a mile and a quarter to the front, sweeping away pickets and reserves and carrying the Knob and hill on the right. Sheridan swiftly moved upon and grasped the positions still farther to the right. Howard's two divisions deployed to the left, and after sharp fighting occupied the rebel line in his front. Before night the vast drill-ground, over which an army under guise of a review had moved to the attack with the precision of parade, had been extended until the entire advanced line of the enemy, two miles in length, was in the possession of these very practical columns of review. Seldom had troops moved under more inspiriting circumstances. On the Union side, Grant and Thomas, with crowds of staff-officers, the population of a city, and thousands of their comrades, looked down on them from the town. From the enemy's line a large part of the Confederate army on its many heights was watching them. The heavy guns from the forts covering the movement called universal attention to their imposing advance and gave the added inspiration of a tremendous cannonade. Thus incited, the quiet but magnificent pageant developed into the swift advance and speedy victory of an army. The captured line afforded distinct views of the rebel works along the foot of the Ridge beyond, and the exact character of the ground before them, and formed an excellent base for the final assault which two days later closed the battle and gave victory to the Union arms.

While this movement was in progress Sherman was laboring hard to concentrate his forces for crossing the river, but the bridge at the ferry breaking again while one of his divisions was still on the south bank, the plan of battle was changed for the second time, and Hooker was ordered to move at daylight and attack Lookout. For this he had Geary's division of the Twelfth Corps, the delayed division of Sherman's column under Osterhaus, and two brigades of Craft's division of the Fourth Corps; troops which thus first met each other while advancing in actual battle.

It was a busy night on both sides. Believing that an assault on Lookout was the least likely of all, and that the next blow would fall on his right, Bragg during the night withdrew an entire division from

the mountain to strengthen the Ridge. All night long the rebel signal torches were waving in the sight of both armies from all the heights, busily writing their mysterious characters of fire against the sky. Hooker, in Lookout Valley, was preparing his forces to move at daylight, against the craggy heights above him. At midnight, far away on the other flank, one hundred and sixteen pontoon boats, carrying a brigade of Sherman's men, floated silently out of the mouth of the North Chickamauga, and shot rapidly to the south bank of the Tennessee. The enemy's pickets were surprised, and a landing made without serious opposition. At daylight two divisions were over, a strong bridge-head had been constructed, the bridge itself was well advanced, and Sherman's forces stood facing the strongly fortified right flank of the Confederate position. Wood and Sheridan used the night for strengthening their lines, and placing batteries on the hills they had captured. As the light grew strong enough to reveal positions, the enemy's attention was mainly fixed on Sherman's threatening position. Bragg's expectation of an attack on his right seemed about to be realized as three divisions moved forward and slowly deployed a little more than a mile away. But the real mysteries of this second day were veiled by the fogs on Lookout. Under that impenetrable curtain Hooker was arranging his lines for an assault which a few hours later was to present to the hosts of both armies on the plains and lesser ridges below, a drama of battle played on such lofty summits, and so wrapped in cloud-effects of fog, as to seem more like a contest raging in the skies, than one borne upward on the solid mountain.

A brief preliminary sketch of the position somewhat more in detail than the general view already presented, is needed to fix the features of the wonderful scene in mind. Advancing toward Chattanooga from the south along the crest of Lookout Mountain, the road traverses a gently broken table-land of very considerable width, terminated on each side by high precipices. For two miles before reaching the point of the mountain which looks down upon the city, and is fourteen hundred feet above it, this table-land narrows to a width of half a mile, and the precipices on either side are about one hundred feet in height. From the base of these sheer rocky walls, the mountain slopes on the right to Chattanooga Creek, on the left to Lookout Creek, and directly under the point, downward to the Tennessee. These slopes of the mountain are something over a mile in extent, and the streams both in the eastern and the western valley required bridges. Except on the portions facing the town, which had been partially cleared for farming, the ground was everywhere crossed with ledges of rock, strewn with detached masses from the precipices above, tangled with fallen timber, and studded with sufficient forest to conceal defensive works and forces. The only road to the summit led up from Chattanooga Valley from a point within the Confederate lines. These

apparently impracticable slopes had been heavily fortified against approach from Hooker's position, and, after the withdrawal the night before of one division, were still held by six brigades, which, counting the immense strength of position and works, almost equaled as many divisions for defensive purposes.

At eight o'clock in the morning of the 24th, Geary crossed Lookout Creek, about two miles up the valley, with his own division and Whittaker's brigade, and under cover of the fog marched directly up the western slope of the mountain till his right rested at the foot of the palisades, his left reaching the base of the mountain below. Meantime a brigade had forced the passage of the creek a half-mile above the rebel intrenchments, and planted artillery to enfilade one portion of their line. Guns had also been dragged to the tops of several high hills in the valley, while batteries were brought close to the enemy's lines at a bridge near the mouth of the creek, where the division of Osterhaus confronted the rebel works. A section of 20-pounder Parrotts was hauled to an elevation that would enable them to reach the camps on the upper slopes, and the heavy guns of Brannan, on Moccasin Point, across the river, were made ready to open on the front of the mountain. All these preparations to strike had progressed under cover of the night and the morning fog, and had only provoked brisk picket-firing, which was inaudible in the main Union lines. While the sounds of general movement rose through the fog, its character could not be ascertained by the enemy above till the blows began to fall; and the distance to Bragg's headquarters on Missionary Ridge and the impossibility of signaling prevented any notification of the great stir in Lookout Valley reaching him, and so he continued to give chief attention to Sherman's demonstration. At eleven o'clock, Geary's line, sweeping the slope from palisades to base, reached the forces posted with the enfilading artillery. Here, while the Union lines were being rearranged and reinforced for their great swing against the rebel works and around the point of the mountain, nature's vast curtain of fog began to rise upon the opening scenes of the great drama.

Suddenly the Union batteries opened on the mountain, calling the enemy's attention away from Sherman's threatening movements, and announcing unexpected battle around the crags of Lookout. Except where Sherman was advancing, silence fell along the many miles of opposing lines, from every part of which the Confederate works on the front of the mountain could be seen. From the valley beyond these, and so behind the mountain, came the sound of the volleys and the artillery of Geary's advance. More than a hundred thousand spectators stood motionless, listening intently, with gaze fixed on the points where the storm of battle, roaring down the western valley, might be expected to burst over the front of the mountain. Just before the

contending lines came into view the fog lifted still higher, and a scene such as battle-story cannot surpass was clearly revealed. Its appearance was announced by the crashing shot of many guns and the cheers of charging infantry, which drove the Confederates from their lower works, and forced them back to their main lines. The Union line could be plainly seen in its advance, its flags dotting the front at intervals, from the precipices above to the river bluff below. The heavy batteries on Moccasin Point continually burst their shells in front of this line; the rebel artillery flamed in its very face, and volley after volley rained on its advancing, but never-halting veterans. As the sharp contest for the rebel line in the open space went on, the Union forces in the plain below cheered, seemingly as soldiers never could have cheered before, and all the bands along that front of many miles played on and on, while Hooker's lines, ten thousand strong, swept round the mountain, pushing the enemy from its front, and forcing him southward along its eastern slopes. At two o'clock the heavy fighting was done, and the lower stronghold of the mountain had been wrested from the enemy. Carlin's brigade, from Chattanooga, marched with supplies of ammunition up the mountain to Hooker's right, under the palisades, and did good service at the close of the day. All night the flash of rifles from the outposts shone through the fog; and when morning broke it had not yet been determined whether the enemy had withdrawn from his unassailable position on the top of the mountain. The day dawned clear. All eyes in the Union bivouacs were strained towards the summit. Gradually it grew purple with the strengthening light; and just as the sun broke over it a squad of men walked out on the rock overhanging the precipice at the point of the mountain, and, in the view of the watching and breathless thousands, unfurled the Stars and Stripes. Once more cheers and music swept along the plain, and an army of veterans looked long through its tears at this mute announcement of a second victory.

Then came the closing scene and fitting culmination of the three days' pageant. While Hooker's assault on Lookout was at its height, Sherman moved almost unmolested, and at 4 P.M. had apparently carried the northern extremity of Missionary Ridge. The mystery of this failure to oppose him was explained by the discovery that the elevations he had occupied were not a part of the continuous ridge, but that Bragg's strongly-fortified flank rested on the next hills to the south. At this point the heavy fighting of the closing day began in Sherman's effort to carry the rebel right.

The cheering of the flag displayed on Lookout, at sunrise on the 25th, had scarcely died away before Sherman moved to the attack, and the sounds of action turned universal attention away from the mountain to the Union left. Hooker also moved at daylight, through Chatta-

nooga Valley, driving before him the rear-guard of the column retreating from Lookout. On reaching Rossville, after sharp fighting, he ascended Missionary Ridge, and forming his lines across it, threatened Bragg's left. He had, however, been much delayed by the necessity of bridging Chattanooga Creek, and Sherman on the right had been furiously fighting many hours before Hooker gained position. The entire rebel army was now concentrated upon Missionary Ridge, covering its crest for about six miles. Four divisions of the Army of the Cumberland faced three miles of this position, occupying the works which had been carried in the first day's advance. Howard's corps of the same army, still farther to the left, confronted the Ridge to a point within a mile of Sherman. During the forenoon Confederate troops could be plainly seen moving along the summit, strengthening their centre, and massing heavily against Sherman.

The plan of battle made Sherman's advance the guiding movement. His centre was to carry the northern extremity of the Ridge, while his wings swept its western and eastern slopes. The Army of the Cumberland, closing to the left, was to join Sherman's right, and, moving southerly with his line, clear the valley to the base of the Ridge, and aid in the flank attack on the lower line of works.

The battle opened early by three brigades of Sherman's troops descending the hills they had occupied the day before, which had at first been supposed to be a part of the continuous Ridge, and assaulting the works of Bragg's right on the next heights beyond. These rested not only across the Ridge, but extended along lateral spurs, which gave abundant room for strong works, and the operations of a heavy defending force. The moment Sherman's leading brigade moved out of the cover of woods on the hills, and began to descend into the gorge separating them from the enemy, they were exposed to a murderous fire; but after reaching the valley they rushed upward to the attack, and seized and held a spur within a hundred yards of the rebel works. From this point, assault followed assault, the Union line being constantly swept back by the concentrated fire of the Confederate lines, delivered almost in their faces. Howard's corps was sent to Sherman from Thomas's left as early as ten o'clock, and six divisions were then engaged in the attempt to capture the extremity of the Ridge. Still, every front assault, though made on all parts of the line with the utmost courage, was hurled back, and the same fate met the flank attacks on the eastern and western slopes.

These terrible pendulum swings of Sherman's troops against the heights—more terrible because seemingly fruitless—were plainly seen from Orchard Knob, where Grant, Thomas, and Sheridan stood watching the contest hour after hour, with an intensity of interest and a growing impatience which were inseparable from the situation. The sun was nearing the western ranges, Hooker's guns had not been heard

on the right, and Sherman was unable with all his force to make further impression on the left. Baird was hurried to his aid. He then had seven divisions, or over half the Union army, but there being no room for Baird to operate, he returned to the centre, and had just formed again on the left of the Army of the Cumberland, when the grand spectacular movement began which closed the fight.

It came from a sudden change in the plan of battle, demanded by the exigencies of the field. Thomas was ordered to move directly against the Ridge. It was three o'clock in the afternoon when he received the order to advance. Four of his divisions, with a front of about two miles and a half, stood facing the Ridge, at a distance of a mile and a quarter from its base. Johnson held the right, Sheridan and Wood the centre, and Baird the left. The ground between them and the Ridge was a plain, broken with shallow streams, and thinly covered with patches of thicket and forest. The rebel works along the foot of the hills could be plainly seen, the ground before them having been well cleared to give effective play to the guns. Half-way up the slope was a second line, while the crest was strengthened with continuous field-works carrying fifty guns, and defended along the line of Thomas's assault by four veteran divisions.

The day had been clear and warm, and its scenes such as to raise enthusiasm to its height, and excite the extreme of impatience in all unengaged divisions. The flag on Lookout at sunrise, the fierce fighting of Sherman, the play of the heavy guns in the Union forts, the fast-worked artillery on Orchard Knob, and the answering cannonade from the summit of the Ridge, caused this army, facing it so long inactively, to chafe under the delay, and spring forward when loosed with an uncontrollable force born of the long restraint imposed throughout a day of such inspiring scenes.

At half-past three o'clock, at a signal of six guns from Orchard Knob, twenty thousand men, in four lines, swept forward over the plain, deploying somewhat as they advanced, so as to cover three miles of the Ridge. Fifty guns rained shot and shell upon them as they started, and sprinkled them with deadly sleet over all the way. There were many dead and wounded, but no stragglers, as those magnificent waves of battle rolled on. In fifteen minutes they were within range of the galling infantry fire from the lower line of works; in fifteen more they had swept over them along their entire front, and the rebel troops not captured were in full retreat towards their second line above. The orders for the movement contemplated a halt in the first line of works for slight rest, and a re-forming of lines for forward movement; but impatient under the galling fire from above, elated by success, anxious and determined to play their full part in the day's pageant, the front line scarcely halted at the lower works, but

springing over and out of them, began to climb the rough face of the Ridge.

It was five hundred yards to the summit. The general elevation was five hundred feet, and from a point a short distance within the works at the base, the slope became precipitous. It was broken by ravines, tangled with fallen timber, strewn with masses of rock, and covered at points with loose stone from the ledges on the crest. Spurs projected from the face of the Ridge at intervals, serving for natural bastions from which field artillery and riflemen swept the intervening curtains of the slope with an enfilading fire. But nothing less than the palisades of Lookout could have stopped that Army of the Cumberland, though Bragg and his thousands above still deemed their position impregnable. All heights were fringed with spectators of that wonderful assault. The guns in the Union works which had covered the first advance were necessarily silent. The sun shone clear on the slopes, and the advancing flags and glittering bayonets marked the rush of the swift ascent. Under the fire of sharpshooters, color-bearers fell at every point of the line, only to be relieved by other hands eagerly bearing the colors forward. This deadly fire gradually drew each regiment towards its flags, and soon, far as the eye could reach along the slope, the line was transformed into countless wedge-shaped masses, with a flag at the point of each, clearing their way upward, following the headlong push of the guards bearing the colors. The rebels that had been hurled back from the lower line were soon driven out of the second parallel, and thence pursued so closely to the summit that retreating Confederates and the Union flags poured over the whole extended line of works together. There was sharp hand-to-hand fighting at points, after the crest was gained, and a battle of much spirit on the left, where columns of the enemy, hurrying from Sherman's front, undertook, but without success, to drive Baird back. Bragg and Breckenridge in person barely escaped Sheridan's troops when they crowned the summit. Forty guns and several thousand prisoners were taken in the works. From the first it had been an advance almost wholly without firing. Each successive line of works and the summit were carried with the bayonet. In an hour from the sounding of the signal guns, Bragg had been swept from these dominating positions of a great natural fortress, strengthened by every engineering art, and the sun, which at its rising, lighted up that one flag on Lookout, rested, at its setting, on the countless banners which a storming army had planted along the crest of Missionary Ridge.

At nightfall Bragg, hotly pursued, was in full retreat, leaving Chattanooga, the most important stronghold in the West, in Union control.

H. V. Boynton.

Photo-Electro. Co.

Boston

COMMODORE HOPKINS,

COMMANDER in CHIEF of the AMERICAN FLEET.

Published as the act directs 2d. Aug.t 1776 by Thos. Hart London.

ESEK HOPKINS, THE FIRST "COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF" OF THE AMERICAN NAVY, 1775.

ESEK HOPKINS, the son of William Hopkins and Ruth Williamson, and a brother of Stephen Hopkins, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, whose palsied signature to that document is so well known, was born in Scituate, Rhode Island, April 26, 1718. His birthplace was in the northwestern part of the town of Scituate, called by the Indians Chapumiscook, some thirteen miles from the city of Providence, on the road to Killingly, Connecticut. The farm on which he was born was owned by his father, and consisted of some two hundred acres.

The ancestry of the first commander-in-chief of the American navy was on both sides of respectability. His father was the only child of Major William Hopkins, and his mother was a daughter of Captain Samuel Williamson, of Providence. His emigrant ancestor, Thomas Hopkins, came from England in the very early settlement of the town of Providence, and had a house and lot assigned him in 1638. It has been claimed that this Thomas was a son of Stephen Hopkins, who came over in the "Mayflower;" but a careful examination of evidence has decided that he was *not* a son of the Pilgrim.

Major William Hopkins, a son of Thomas, and the grandfather of Esek, married Abigail, daughter of John Whipple, one of the first settlers of Providence, and a relative of Commodore Whipple, of the Continental navy. Major William was a landholder in Scituate, and identified himself with every enterprise for the promotion of the public good. His name appears with that of Roger Williams and others as one of a committee for the sale of Indian captives at the close of King Philip's war, August 14, 1676,—a practice which proved unprofitable and was soon abandoned. He was an early patron of the schools and institutions of learning, and greatly promoted the cause of education in the infant colony. In 1696, with others, he petitioned the town of Providence for a lot of land on which to erect a school-house.

William, father of Esek, early settled in Scituate, taking up lands, and establishing his residence two or three miles south of his brother-

in-law, Joseph Williamson. Large tracts of land were laid out to them. In his will dated June 11, 1738, he gives to his two *youngest* sons, "*Esek*" and "Samuel," "one gun, one log chain, and one horse, and all his working tools besides, to be equally divided between the two, also all his wearing apparel," and finally after various bequests to the same two youngest sons, "all the rest of his money and goods were to be equally divided between them." To his elder sons he gave five shillings each, assigning as his reason, "I give them no more as *I have given them sufficient already.*"

During his youth Esek Hopkins was a farmer, but the sea had charms for him not found on the land.[1] Whenever he visited Providence he looked upon the ships and sailors with emulous eyes, and like many a boy before and since his time longed to be old enough to go abroad and see the world for himself. His desires were ultimately gratified, and he became an expert navigator.

At his father's death in 1738, Esek Hopkins, then a youth of twenty years, was so dangerously ill that his recovery was for a time doubtful. His physician gave him up, but his strong constitution helped him to rally, and he recovered. Before his recovery his father's funeral train had passed away and the will had been read. Finding himself comparatively destitute and an orphan (his mother having previously died), with no one to aid him, and realizing he must depend upon himself for subsistence, he left his native town as soon as he could command strength sufficient for the trip, and arrived in Providence with an old firelock on his shoulders, a silver pistareen in his pocket, and a handkerchief which contained his entire wardrobe in his hands. There finding a vessel ready to sail for Surinam, he shipped as a "raw hand," having disposed of his gun for a Spanish fourpence,—so small a coin for so valuable an article we fear he must have been cheated. This was the commencement of his sea life. A more unpromising beginning was never made, but he was possessed of energy of mind and body equal to his ambition, and principles that insured his success. "Not many would have risen above the lot of the common sailor and have left a record for future generations, but he was determined to excel, and if physical prowess and native mental vigor, if obedience to superiors and a fearless discharge of duty, if correct moral principles and rigid temperance, if boldness and noble daring, whether in the tempest or sea fight, deserved success," says one of his eulogists, "then Esek Hopkins is worthy of the honors his country conferred upon him."

He followed the seas for two or three years in the same traffic.

[1] I would here express my indebtedness for many of the facts which follow to the "Memoirs of the Wilkinson Family in America," by the Rev. Israel Wilkinson, A.M., Jacksonville, Illinois, 1869; also to the Essex Institute Collections, vol. ii., and to "Beeman's History of Scituate, Rhode Island."

One day when in the port of Providence, he took a little boat and rowed over to "Wabossett" and feasted upon the whortleberries then found there. Thinking over his sailor life, he felt convinced that the prevalent practice of serving "grog" at 11 A.M. and 4 P.M. on shipboard was a pernicious custom, and therefore resolved to abstain from the habit himself. Ever after during his long life he totally abstained from the use of ardent spirits as a beverage,—a remarkable example for those times.[2] This was the foundation of his success, to which he was also helped by a knowledge of practical mathematics, which he obtained from his grandfather and elder brother, Stephen the (signer), both of whom were expert surveyors. While at Newport, Rhode Island, Hopkins became acquainted with Desire, a daughter of Ezekiel Burroughs, and on the 28th of November, 1741, they were married by Nicholas Eyres, an elder of the Baptist Congregation of Newport. Making his home at Newport, he sailed in command of various vessels until 1755, when he abandoned the sea. The union proved a happy one, and four children were born to them, in Newport, previous to 1748, viz.: John B., Heart, Abigail, and Samuel. The family moved to Providence about 1751.

At the breaking out of the "Seven Years' War," in 1756, some of the wealthy citizens of Providence determined to profit by it and secure prizes. One of these, a valuable Spanish vessel, was captured by Esek Hopkins and brought in triumph to a wharf in Providence, where she was refitted and renamed the "Desire," after her captor's wife.

Esek Hopkins, though frequently at sea, identified himself with home matters, and was conversant with the political parties and issues of the day. He was elected a "Representative to the General Assembly" for Providence in 1764, and was frequently returned to the Legislature afterwards, viz., in 1771, 1773–1777, 1778, and 1779, and was a member of the Council of War in 1778 and 1779, from the county of Providence. For a number of years he held other important offices, and was instrumental in carrying out several important political and State measures. During the exciting times immediately preceding the Revolution he was very active, and deeply interested in the welfare of the colonies, so that his influence was felt and acknowledged beyond the limits of his native State. Believing that the people are the rightful sovereigns, that kings were unnecessary to an enlightened nation, that taxation and representation should be inseparable, and that "free trade and sailors' rights" should be maintained at all hazards, he entered the contest with a zeal worthy of the cause and a determination to carry the colonies beyond the control of Great Britain and to ultimate independence.

[2] Yet I have never heard of a Esek Hopkins temperance organization, but George and Martha Washington Associations abound; although both George and Martha occasionally, it is asserted, when required by the customs of the times, took something stronger than tea.

News of the Boston massacre produced intense excitement and indignation in Rhode Island, and when on the 19th of April, 1775, tidings of the battle of Lexington reached Providence, the wildest enthusiasm for the popular cause pervaded every heart. Governor Nicholas Cooke at once took a decided stand for freedom, and made preparations for a sanguinary struggle, and Esek Hopkins was commissioned by him as a brigadier-general to command five companies to be raised for the protection of the colony. At the May session of the General Assembly energetic steps were taken to put the Rhode Island colony in a position of defense. Several British vessels-of-war were in Newport harbor and cruising in Narragansett Bay. To prevent them from reaching Providence, before August a breastwork and intrenchment had been thrown up and erected between Field and Sassafras Points, and a battery of six 18-pounders placed on Fox Point. On the 29th of August, Esek Hopkins was appointed to command this battery, seven men being allotted to each gun.[3] October 4, 1775, he was commissioned a brigadier-general by Governor Cooke, and appointed to the command of a force of six hundred men for special service, to repel a force from the British fleet on a foraging expedition to the islands belonging to Rhode Island, in quest of live-stock;[4] and later in the month he was appointed, with Joseph Brown, to go through the colony (Rhode Island) and decide what places should be fortified and in what manner. He had hardly completed the recruiting and organizing his corps, however, before he received a commission as commander-in-chief of the navy.

Among the votes and resolves of the Rhode Island Legislature of 1775, we find in connection with our subject, "It was voted and resolved, that five hundred good and effective men be immediately raised as soldiers for the defense of the colony for one year, unless dismissed before, and proper officers be appointed to command them," and Esek Hopkins was one of a committee of three to carry this vote into effect. October 4, 1775, he was appointed "Commander-in-Chief of said regiment and of the regiment of militia in the County of Newport, with the title and rank of Brigadier-General," and was empowered to fill up all vacancies of commissioned officers until further order of the General Assembly, and allowed the sum of twenty pounds per month,—a liberal pay for the time.

The same year (1775) it was voted and resolved that Messrs. Joseph Brown and Esek Hopkins be "appointed a committee to go through the colony and determine in what places it may be necessary to erect batteries or intrenchments for the defense of this colony, and in what towns to provide field-pieces, specifying the number, the bore, and the weight of metal, and also whether any *fire-ships* are necessary,

[3] "Annals of Providence," Coll. R. I. Hist. Soc., vol. v.

[4] Arnold's History of Rhode Island, etc.

and what number, and in what places it will be proper to sink hulks, etc." This resolve shows the estimate the public put upon his ability, and the report of this committee would be interesting. In October same year (1775) the Legislature of Rhode Island resolved to raise five hundred soldiers, and Esek Hopkins was one of the committee to prepare the act, and "it was voted and resolved that Brigadier-General Esek Hopkins be appointed to have the care and management of the several estates by him ordered to be taken into the sheriff of Newport until further orders from this Assembly," also "that the regiments now to be raised under the command of General Hopkins have the same allowances, and be supplied in the same manner as our troops under the command of General Washington." He afterwards captured a number of prisoners, and a committee of the Legislature was appointed to dispose of them. He had scarce completed recruiting and organizing these State troops, before he was summoned to higher and more important duties, and received a commission from the Continental Congress as the "*Commander-in-Chief of the Navy.*"

On the 22d of December, 1775 (auspiciously Forefathers' Day), Congress passed the following resolution:

> "*Resolved*, That the following NAVAL OFFICERS be appointed:
> "ESEK HOPKINS, *Commander-in-Chief.*
> "DUDLEY SALTONSTALL, *Captain of the 'Alfred.'*
> "ABRAHAM WHIPPLE, *Captain of the 'Columbus.'*
> "NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Captain of the 'Andrea Doria.'*
> "JOHN B. HOPKINS, *Captain of the 'Cabot.'*
> "*Resolved*, That the pay of the Commander-in-Chief be $125 per month."

"By this law it will be seen," says Cooper, "that Mr. Hopkins was not made a captain, but COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, a rank that was intended to correspond in the navy to that held by WASHINGTON in the army. His official appellation among seamen appears to have been that of 'Commodore,' though he was frequently styled 'Admiral' in the papers of the period." It has been asserted that Washington always addressed him as Admiral. On the engraving published by Thomas Hart, in London, August 22, 1776 (a *fac-simile* of which illustrates this paper), he is styled *Commodore* Hopkins, *Commander-in-Chief* of the American *Fleet.*[5] In a French print of about the same date he is styled "Commodore Hopkins, Commandeur-en-Chef des Amerq. Flotte."

"Commodore" Hopkins, who was about fifty-seven years of age when he received this appointment, applied himself assiduously to

[5] The uniform of a captain as established by the Marine Committee of Congress, September 5, 1776, two weeks after the date of this engraving, was blue cloth with red lapels, slash cuff, stand-up collar, flat yellow buttons, blue breeches, red waistband with yellow laces.

perfecting the arrangements for an expedition which was then kept secret.[6]

February 17, 1776,—*less than two months*, it will be observed, after he was commissioned,—he got to sea from the Delaware, where he had been for some weeks ice-bound, with the first squadron, or fleet as it was called, sent out by the rebellious colonies. When we consider that days, if not weeks, instead of hours, then measured the distance of travel between Rhode Island and the Delaware, and the difficulties attendant upon fitting out a naval expedition in the colonies, this unparalleled expedition may be held up as an example for the naval officers of our day to emulate.

"The fleet" consisted of the "Alfred" (flag-ship), 24 guns; "Columbus," 20; "Cabot," 14; "Doria," 14; "Providence," 12; "Hornet," 10; "Wasp," 8; and "Fly," a dispatch vessel,—four ships and three sloops.[7] John Adams, who was a member of the Marine Committee, has given us his reasons for the choice of names for these vessels of the infant navy. He says, "The first was named 'Alfred,' in honor of the founder of the greatest navy that ever existed; the second, 'Columbus,' after the discoverer of this quarter of the globe; the third, 'Cabot,' for the discoverer of this northern continent; the fourth, 'Andrea Doria,' in honor of the great Genoese admiral; and the fifth, 'Providence,' the name of the town where she was purchased, and the residence of Governor (Stephen) Hopkins and his brother Esek, whom he appointed the first captain."

The "Alfred" was a stout merchant ship, originally named the "Black Prince." She arrived at Philadelphia on the 13th of October, 1775, and was purchased and armed by the committee. The "Columbus," originally the "Sally," was purchased by the Committee of Safety of Philadelphia, and ten days after sold to the naval committee of Congress.

Colonel Gadsden, of South Carolina, on the 8th of February, 1776, presented to Congress "an elegant standard, such as is to be used by the commander-in-chief of the American navy, being a yellow flag with a lively representation of a rattlesnake in the middle in the attitude of going to strike, and these words underneath, 'DON'T TREAD

[6] In 1775, Samuel Adams was fifty-two years old; John Adams was forty-one; John Hancock, thirty-eight; Washington, forty-three; General Joseph Warren, whose commission and death at Bunker Hill were almost simultaneous, thirty-four; General Artemas Ward, the first major-general of the Continental army, forty-eight. Admiral Farragut was born in 1801, and when he achieved his first great success at New Orleans, April, 1862, commissioned as rear-admiral, was sixty-one years of age. He was sixty-three years old when commissioned a vice-admiral, and sixty-five years old when commissioned as admiral, July 25, 1866; and died August 14, 1870, when sixty-nine years of age. Hopkins, though called in the papers of the day an old man, was younger than Farragut when he achieved his first naval success.

[7] These were not sloops-of-war, but small vessels sloop-rigged.

ON ME.'" Congress ordered that this standard should be preserved and suspended in the Congress room, and from that time it was placed in the southwest corner of that room at the left hand of the President's chair.[8] What ultimately became of it is unknown. It does not seem possible such a flag could have been purposely destroyed, and it is singular that it was not carefully preserved as Congress ordered. But certainly we have now no trace of its existence. This was undoubtedly the first proposed flag for the first "commander-in-chief," "admiral," or "commodore" of the Continental or American navy.

The ensign under which the fleet sailed was either the striped ensign hoisted by General Washington at his camp in Cambridge, January 1, 1776, or a modification of it. One account says the fleet sailed with a striped ensign, "having a rattlesnake undulating across the stripes," and another that it was striped *under the union* (*i.e.* the union of the flag hoisted at Cambridge); this union probably being the conjoined crosses of St. George and St. Andrew. In other words, the grand union flag raised at Cambridge, Massachusetts, January 1, 1776, —which was the ensign of the "Royal Savage" of Arnold's little fleet on Lake Champlain, a drawing of which has been found in the Schuyler papers. In the engraving of Esek Hopkins published in England,[9] the flag on one of the ships in the background is striped without a union. But in another engraving, published in England about the same time, he is called *Robert* Hopkins, so that that contemporaneous engraved flag does not render it certain there was no union to the ensign.

To show the inaccurate information they had in England, as well as a matter of curiosity, I will give an account of the early life of the first American naval commander-in-chief, which was published with a full-length engraved portrait of *Robert* Hopkins already referred to. The reader can judge of its accuracy:

"Mr. Robert Hopkins was born in Portsmouth, in New England,[10] in the year 1718, and his father being in the sea service, and discovering an early inclination in his son towards that way of life, besides Latin and Greek tongues, he had him taught the several branches of mathematics, particularly those of navigation, and at a proper age, when he had sufficiently acquired the theory, to add to practice thereto, he put him as apprentice to Mr. Wainright, commander of the 'Joseph and Anne,' a vessel of two hundred and fifty tons burthen. It is to be presumed that old Mr. Hopkins's reasons for indenting his son to

[8] Drayton's Memoirs of the American Revolution.

[9] See portrait.

[10] "An Impartial History of the War in America between Great Britain and her Colonies from its Commencement to the End of the Year 1779." London. Printed or R. Faulder, New Bond Street, MDCCLXXX.

another person rather than to himself was a fear lest he should presume too much on his paternal affection, and thereby probably neglect his other duties; but this caution, however well intended, we are of opinion was premature, our hero in this capacity omitting no opportunity of making himself master of every branch of sea service, in testimony of which at the expiration of his third year Captain Wainright made him his chief mate, in which station he behaved with great satisfaction to both captain and crew.

"At the close of his apprenticeship he quitted the 'Joseph and Anne,' and engaged as a mate with an old schoolfellow of his who had just got command of a vessel at North Carolina, then bound from that port to London. In this passage there arose some altercation between the master and his mate, in consequence of a quondam mistress of the latter who was then on board.

"About this time the war with Spain raged with great violence, and men were greatly wanted for the navy; the press-gangs and sloops upon the impress service swarmed everywhere, and the usual protections were of no avail. His captain through pique took this opportunity of parting with him; for being boarded by a man-of-war near the coast of Carolina, Hopkins with some of the common hands were impressed, and it proved useless for him to plead his protection as their chief mate, his captain telling the lieutenant that he had been in such a station, but was then broke for mutinous behavior, and he therefore desired Hopkins to be sent aboard particularly, giving charge to the lieutenant to have a strict eye over him, he being, as he said, of a desperate disposition.

"This ship-of-war shortly after joined Admiral Vernon's fleet, where Hopkins was put on board the 'Burford,' the flag-ship.[11] In this new station he endeavored to stifle his resentment to his late captain, and to conform himself to his present berth, in which he succeeded so well that in a little time he was observed not only to be an expert seaman and able navigator, but of quite a contrary disposition to what he had been represented; and at the attack upon Porto Bello, which soon followed, he gave an admirable specimen of his courage and conduct, all which being made known to his admiral, our hero was ordered to walk the quarter-deck, and on his arrival in England got to be rated as a master's mate on board His Majesty's store-ship 'Prince Royal,' Captain Edward Barber; and in the year 1747, having passed his examination at Trinity House, he was appointed master of the 'Weazel' sloop, in which station he continued until the peace.

"In the year 1749 he returned home just in time to close his father's

[11] This was the ship on board of which Admiral Vernon originated the custom of serving out "grog," or watered rum, to the men, and it was for this admiral that General Washington named his estate in Virginia "Mount Vernon."

eyes;[12] who divided his fortune equally between him and his step-brother (a Mr. Whipple, who proved a worthy and deserving young man). Mr. Hopkins then made his chief residence in America, and bought a vessel in which he traded to London until the war broke out in 1755, when he again, pursuing the calls of honor, returned to the navy, and was master of several ships till the peace of 1763.

"It had been regulated at that peace that all commissioned and warrant officers should be employed for the space of three years in rotation. Mr. Hopkins waited with patience the first three years, and came to London in 1766, expecting to be employed in his turn, but being disappointed, and perceiving others of inferior ability preferred, he could not condescend to solicit favor, and returned to America, throwing up his half-pay and resolving to attach himself to his native country for the remainder of his days.

"When the American troubles made it necessary for the Congress to form a marine, Mr. Hopkins, from his experience, courage, and abilities, was thought a proper person to be at the head of it. He accepted the commission with cheerfulness, and how he has acted since may be seen in the progress of this history."

I have introduced this British biographical sketch in full that my readers, after perusing the preceding pages, may judge for themselves how little of truth and how much of fable there is in it. It would seem that this biographer wished to show that the American commander-in-chief received his first lessons in naval discipline in the Royal Navy.

As he was in Rhode Island when his father died, in 1738, was married in 1741, and captured a vessel in Rhode Island waters in 1756, all these adventures in English ships and the English service, between 1740 and 1766, are well-nigh impossible.

An extract from a letter of the time expresses the joy and expectation of the people at the sailing of the fleet:

"NEWBERN, N. C., February 9, 1776.

"By a gentleman from Philadelphia we have received the pleasing account of the actual sailing from that place of the first American fleet that ever swelled their sails on the Western Ocean, in defense of the rights and liberties of the people of these colonies, now suffering under the persecuting rod of the British ministry and their more than brutish tyrants in America. This fleet consisted of five sail fitted out from Philadelphia, which are to be joined at the capes of Virginia by two ships more from Maryland, and is commanded by *Admiral* Hopkins, a most experienced and *venerable* sea-captain.[13] The admiral's ship is called the 'Columbus,' after Christopher Columbus,[14] the renowned discoverer of this Western World, and

[12] His father, as we have stated, died in 1738, and at that time "our hero" was dangerously ill in Scituate, Rhode Island, and was not able to attend his father's funeral.

[13] He was then fifty-seven years old, four years younger than Farragut at New Orleans in 1862.

[14] She was called the "Alfred."

mounts thirty-six guns, 12- and 9-pounders, on two decks, forty swivels, and five hundred men. The second ship is called the 'Cabot,' after Sebastian Cabot, who completed the discovery of America made by Columbus, and mounts thirty-two guns. The others are smaller vessels, from twenty-four to fourteen guns. They sailed from Philadelphia amidst the acclamations of many thousands assembled on the joyful occasion, under the display of a union flag, with thirteen stripes in the field, emblematical of the thirteen United Colonies,[15] but unhappily for us the ice in the Delaware as yet obstructs the passage down, but the time will soon arrive when this fleet will come to action.

"Their destination is secret, but generally supposed to be against the ministerial Governors, those petty tyrants that have lately spread fire and sword through the Southern colonies. For the happy success of this little fleet three millions of people offer their most earnest supplications to Heaven."[16]

[15] It is not certain whether this union flag was simply one of thirteen stripes, with a rattlesnake undulating across them, or one like the grand union flag raised by Washington at Cambridge, Massachusetts, January 1, which had an English union, the field of the flag striped alternately with thirteen red and white stripes, a compromise between the union representing Scotland and England and the new union of the colonies.

[16] Am. Archives, 964, 965.

GEO. HENRY PREBLE,
Rear-Admiral U.S.N.

(To be continued.)

CHRONICLES OF CARTER BARRACKS.

"It is a very singular thing," said Major Longbow, "that in these days one so seldom meets a graduate of the Academy who seems to have been thoroughly grounded in elementary principles like the important fact that sugar will not dissolve in alcohol. And yet they have a fine department of chemistry up there. Now here is Mr. Buttons. Whereabouts in your class did you graduate, sir?"

"Eighth," modestly replied the lieutenant.

"Very good," continued the major; "and where did you stand in chemistry?"

"Third," was the answer.

"Yes, indeed; and here you are, building a toddy by inversion, sugar first, whisky next, and water last of all. My old friend Professor B. would never have marked you for that."

"Now, you just let Mr. Buttons alone," said the adjutant. "He is doing well enough; the whisky is the main thing, and I am in a hurry."

"Ah!" replied the major, "I thought Mr. Buttons was attempting business on his own account, and correct habits in these matters are of the greatest consequence. Carelessness in compounding toddy is sure to result in careless accounts. Dishonesty and trouble of all sorts can generally be traced back to neglect in the preparation of drinks. A man who is careful and precise about the proportions, manufacture, and consumption of his liquor, and," added the major, slowly and impressively, casting a dubious glance towards the adjutant, "a man who keeps the same kind for himself and his friends, has all the elements of success in any business to which he may incline. Now, Mr. Buttons, you turn that tumbler over to me. Well—well—is it possible you are not aware of another primary fact in mechanics, that for a lump of sugar to dissolve quickly it must not be submerged in water, but simply introduced to it, as it were?—never buried in it like an anchor, but left projecting like—like—St. Helena from the—Pacific. Really, sir, your education has not been of that practical and careful nature that the country has a right to expect, considering the salaries it pays to those gentlemen at the Point."

"Question! question!" shouted the adjutant.

"It will never do to waste this assortment," said the major, calmly, "and I shall have to drink it myself, and then proceed to the proper combination of something suitable to the merits of my old friend over there."

So the major, with a face that indicated great disgust, emptied the tumbler and began anew.

"Mr. Buttons, your situation is a critical one, but if you watch me attentively and imitate me closely the adjutant may, I think, safely expose himself hereafter to your experiments, and your own stomach will be greatly benefited."

"Certainly," responded Mr. Buttons; "but though I am willing enough to make a toddy, I should be very unwilling to drink one."

"That is the opinion of a very immature young man," said the major. "If you happen to be born in Saratoga, or if government allowed you forage and transportation for a herd of Alderneys, or if you could always live between a lemon-grove and a sugar-plantation, there might be some doubt as to what you should drink; but when you are shifted by the exigencies of service from the Colorado lagoons to our old Eastern reservation wells, from the Florida swamps to the drainage of the Merrimac factories, you will know more about these things than you do now. Down on the Gulf you get a diet of rain-water, totally wanting in the earthy salts that maintain a healthy action of brain and liver; and then up along the New York clays you have a fluid so hard with alkali that the arterial canals and nerve-filaments by degrees ossify under its deposits. In fact," said the major, adding a little more whisky to the mixture, "the Southern half of the army is dying of slow starvation, and the Northern is gradually in process of petrifaction. Any competent medical man will tell you that nearly all our deaths are owing to the wholly unreliable and irregular composition of our water-supply. Now, whisky simply brings the thing up to a fair and uniform average, and prevents the sudden transitions to which the system would otherwise be subject. Prohibition may be tolerated on the Penobscot, but it will never do for the Pecos. Just wait until you realize what a swallow from that stream means in a country utterly destitute of shade and secrecy. It will extend the range of your ideas immensely. Your good health, Mr. Penwiper." And the major nicely divided the result of his labors between himself and the adjutant, and shortly afterwards, always mindful of appearances, he casually placed his empty tumbler at the elbow of Mr. Buttons.

This conversation transpired—the *Evening Post* to the contrary notwithstanding—in the inner sanctum of Mr. Penwiper, a little recess to the right of the office proper, from which it was divided by a narrow winding archway that still left the adjutant within reach of his chief, and yet with just that degree of privacy which is so agreeable and con-

venient a refuge to the overworked system of a regimental staff-officer. No business cares could penetrate that passage, and no orderly thought of crossing the farther entrance, before which even the sergeant-major paused, and indicated the existence of an outer world either by a discreet cough or a more peremptory tap upon the jamb. It was only a curtain that barred admittance, but that curtain was like the skirt of Isis to all save the adjutant's clique.

In one corner was a huge fireplace, which generally contained an ember or two. On the mantelpiece were pipes of all lengths and hues, with a box of tobacco; but the most important article of furniture was a cupboard in the chimney, which was known as "Mount Vesuvius," not because it smoked, as all chimneys do, but rather because of the fiery nature of the contents habitually intrusted to that cupboard's keeping. By some of the more uncharitable it was called "Longbow's cruse," since it was always full, but never at Longbow's expense. The adjutant, however, seldom spoke of it otherwise than as the "regimental fund," thereby anticipating any hostile criticism upon the source of supplies. Mrs. Roanoke Briarwood usually referred to it as the "post-oven," with a delicate allusion to the high color for which the locality was held accountable, while Mrs. Featherfoot believed its evil influences to be beyond the reach of mere rhetoric, and wasted upon its designation no words but "that place." For the lieutenant found it more comfortable than even the absolute perfection of his own home, which was swept and garnished up to the fullest capacity of the seven or more demons of cleanliness by whom the madam was possessed.

Well, it *was* a cozy spot; nor, after all, was any excess permitted within its walls, barring a bit of tribute to the Fourth of July and George Washington's birthday. Its atmosphere suggested pleasant reminiscences of Latakia and Bourbon, reminding one of the bar-room of an old-fashioned country tavern in the days before competition led to adulteration and that to prohibition, and that to all manner of meddlesome interference, and finally to a devil-take-the-hindmost individualism in religion and politics, until the social idea has come to be illustrated only by the torch of the commune and the mining of the nihilistic mole.

On this particular day the window was open, and, as Lieutenant Featherfoot passed by, a hasty glance showed him the flushed face of Mr. Buttons and an empty glass beside him. The coincidence proved nothing but the habitual zeal with which Major Longbow improved his opportunities and the respect the lieutenant yet felt for rank, since he had rather vainly attempted to suppress his merriment over the intense sobriety with which the major had set forth his views upon the respective merits of whisky and water.

Lieutenant Featherfoot, however, disliked the labor of too extended

an induction, seeing no reason, probably, why any conclusion should have more legs than himself. But Mr. Buttons was known to profess very positive views in the matter of drink, of a nature, too, that had secured the unqualified commendation of Mrs. Featherfoot, who was morbidly afraid of this special temptation, by which her spouse had once or twice been overcome, at least sufficiently so, the madam thought, to warrant a habit of reference to the advantages of total abstinence, as exemplified in that nice young man, Mr. Buttons. Now, it probably would have occurred to most people that here was an equitable chance to justify one's self, and show, after all, that we are very little worse than our neighbors. So the lieutenant did what the reader would have done,—he turned back. A continent may sunder two persons whose destinies are yet bound up together; and so, at the appointed place and time, they are brought into contact but for a moment, and that is done which cannot be undone forever.

Bent over the ledger of his father's counting-house in foggy London, what vision of the Hudson came to the boy André? or, in his little shop by the Connecticut, what dreamt the discontented druggist, Arnold, of a death, alone and dishonored, but as a British officer in the distant West Indies? And, on a very much reduced scale, it so happened here. Perhaps there was a providence in it; for that is generally insisted upon when the results are beneficial; but when a passer-by is crushed by some tower of Siloam, the providence is not quite so clear as the bad masonry. We have no business, however, to measure the eternities by our cubits.

At all events, it suddenly occurred to Mr. Buttons that he had but a very short time to finish up some court-martial proceedings, and that he had best make his escape before any possibility of a renewal of the demand for his services in applied chemistry. Hurrying out of the office, and turning quickly at the door, he slipped, and almost fell against Lieutenant Featherfoot. That gentleman looked at him for a moment, that only admitted of a laugh as an apology, while Mr. Buttons made rather an ungraceful dive for the military cap, which then, as now, merely balanced upon the bump of veneration, deserted its perch upon the slightest irregularity.

Mr. Featherfoot also just then remembered that he was officer of the day. That functionary is supposed to cultivate somewhat the fine art of seeing without seeming to see, an accomplishment so necessary to a quiet life in a garrison where people live elbow to elbow, and even the closets are back to back, and where, if gentlemen on duty should be strict to mark iniquity, the whole command might as well move into the guard-house at once. Mr. Featherfoot had not been long enough in the service to become an expert in overlooking, and his curiosity as a man almost got the better of his prudence as an officer; but, as visions of violations of the Ninety-ninth Article of War, to say nothing of more

Draconic paragraphs, rose luridly before him, he turned again, and went his way, not altogether unhappy, and yet, in the goodness of his heart, half resolved to say nothing more about what he now believed to be certain,—the fall from grace of the ingenuous Mr. Buttons, whose fresh innocence was so pleasant to the somewhat jaded eyes of the garrison dames.

Though the women do not need them, nothing is more certain than that every man has a score or two of spirits, guardian and otherwise, hovering about him, to whose suggestions his virtues and vices leave him exposed. But at this particular time the good angels assigned Mr. Featherfoot must have gone off to a festal tea-drinking among the blameless Ethiopians; for no sooner had he reached his quarters than the madam, whose temper had but a slight veneer of amiability, worn thinner yet by overmuch contact with household cares, met him almost at the threshold with, "Well, two o'clock, three o'clock, four o'clock, any time you please for dinner, Mr. Featherfoot, if you will only be here when it is ready."

The lieutenant pulled out his watch, which, with constant regulation and an occasional knock, was pretty reliable, and the consultation of which is always a useful operation to gain time, however worthless it may be to tell it, and completed his discomfiture not only by finding that he was half an hour late, but by an indiscreet allusion to the "adjutant's office," more from a habit of interposing that locality for a scapegoat than from any real connection between it and his present misdemeanor.

Whatever was uppermost in Mr. Featherfoot's thoughts was certain to tumble out, if he was abruptly jarred, as on this occasion. Now, the worthy Mr. Penwiper was associated in the mind of the madam only with toddy and tribulation. "Adjutant's office!" she exclaimed. "Have you been wasting your time at *that place?* I suppose you found Mr. Buttons there?"

This special weapon had been put into the hands of Mrs. Featherfoot by the lieutenant himself. On several emergencies he had accounted for his absence by enlarging upon the loneliness of the newly-joined subaltern, and how his seniors were kindly disposed to spend an hour or so with him in improving conversation upon such topics as the regulations and tactics, by way of alleviating any symptoms of home-sickness. Dangerous repetitions of this benevolent excuse had drawn the madam's attention to it, and, as she was endowed with the suspicion that belongs to careful housekeepers, and looked after her help and her husband with impartial zeal, she had listened to it all, appreciated his desire to give a proper account of himself, accepted it only in part, and laid the rest away for future contingencies.

Thus it happened that the madam, in her most incisive manner, wound up with, "I suppose you found Mr. Buttons there?"

They tell us that the Chinese language consists mostly of accents. The same monosyllable may mean a kiss or a weevil, just as you chance to intone it. These things cannot be adequately expressed in our barren print, even by the ascending and descending lines that diversified that famous example in Porter's Rhetorical Reader, which some of our male friends are old enough to remember: "Will you go to town to-day or to-morrow?" where the inquiry may affect wish, person, direction, or time, just as you use the emphasis. So it was with the madam's question. Her words implied one thing, her enunciation of them the exact opposite. She meant, "Certainly you cannot again have the impudence to tell me you have been inflicting yourself upon Mr. Buttons?"

But it is always the unloaded gun that goes off. Judge of the madam's astonishment when the rejoinder came back, swift as a shot, "Yes; Buttons *was* there, and Mr. Buttons was drunk."

So much for the charitable intentions, previously expressed, of Mr. Featherfoot towards an erring brother-officer. The winged words which he had locked up to roost in his inner consciousness had broken forth in spite of himself, and, worse than that, they were shortly cackling over the whole garrison. But the story is not to be so told.

No sooner had the lieutenant spoken than he was sorry, and immediately discounted his statement by adding, "that is, if I am not very much mistaken." The phrase was of course accepted, not as throwing any doubt whatever on the fact, but as a very proper testimony of a neighborly unwillingness to tell it.

It was discovered a great many years ago that two very insignificant letters of our language, probably because of their straight up and down nature, contained more virtue than all those munificent words by which Trollope accumulated an estate. It is unnecessary to identify the conjunction in question. It forms the text of this chronicle, and, like an Irishman, can be found anywhere. By the way, among the prepositions, it has a cousin on the female side upon which was actually built the fame and fortune of the late Lord Lyndhurst. His "first case," that initial impulse which all young attorneys are seeking, was founded upon a flaw in the indictment, a certain firm, Brown & Jones for instance, being described as "manufacturers of a silk and cotton lace." Now that implies, said the astute lawyer, that the lace is a mixture of silk and cotton, whereas Brown & Jones are the manufacturers of a silk and of a cotton lace also. The objection was sustained, nor does it more beautifully illustrate the nature of law than the importance of the very smallest parts of speech. In form, language may be either potential or kinetic, and the great trouble with army men is their predilection for the latter. It was not so with Benjamin Franklin, who secured no small part of his reputation and success, and proved no small part of his wisdom, by the deferential way to which he had habituated himself of stating his opinions. Both

nails and notions may be driven home through the most sensitive grain if the point is only properly presented. The *ex cathedra* style is pretty sure to split the timber.

If there is, however, any one creed upon which all men from Jerusalem to the International Meridian Association might be united, it is probably that of infallibility, all particulars being omitted. Everybody, it seems, must have a pope. Some are content with a bishop, some with a book, and some with themselves. These be thy gods, O Israel, but the last are the greatest bigots of all. A bishop so constituted as to be to spiritual graces what the lightning-rod is to electrical forces, a sure and safe medium between heaven and heart, a book containing the garnered wisdom of all ages, what of infallibility there is on this side the grave may exist there; but infallibility, triturated and diluted and depotentized down to that degree of subdivision necessary to furnish a pellet to each atom of humanity, to be labeled his private judgment, and warranted as a sure remedy against all malaria, ethical, political, and social, would indeed be to make St. Januarius and his phial the most trivial of things.

On the whole, it seems the simplest plan to suppose that this infallibility is altogether too ethereal an element for any fraction of our gross world, and consequently that all dogmatism, which is its verbal deposit, had better be put under the ban together with raw ham and cheap candy. It does not belong to a state of probation, in which it is our business simply to satisfy the Oversoul what we would do if we could, and therefore where it would be safe to leave us when endowed with larger possibilities.

So the infallibility is needed above and not below. It is enough that

> "His greatness rolls around our incompleteness,
> Round our restlessness His rest."

There is an old tradition that Adam was named from the red earth out of which he was made, but that was before experience had shown to what an extent his nature was conditioned by climate, constitution, and custom. The true name of man is *If*, and hence it is that the mother of all living was called *Eve*.

But Lieutenant Featherfoot had not as yet found time to work all this out, and failed to recognize the awful value of connecting particles. He smuggled them out of sight in a sort of appendix, instead of putting them upon the title-page. In the main he was a good officer and a good husband, which means that usually he did very little talking on duty and a very great deal of it at home. What he knew, or thought he knew, the madam knew also. But the lieutenant was not malicious. He only had a praiseworthy desire to be agreeable. His means did not permit the indiscriminate distribution of cigars and confectionery among

the gentlemen and ladies of his acquaintance, and he was obliged to rely upon his natural endowments of a fertile memory and a facile tongue. The former faculty did not content itself with the simple rendition of what had been committed to its keeping. Like the good ground of Scripture, it rendered up sometimes fifty and sometimes a hundredfold, or, to revert to the profession for an illustration, it was like the company tailor who takes in a recruit from Water Street and sends him forth in uniform upon the avenue no more like his former self than a mushroom is like a sunflower.

This was certainly due to no intent to deceive, but to a very refractive individuality. Any event of the day coming in contact with Mr. Featherfoot was at once saturated with a personal flavor, just as a mere bit of onion seasons the whole soup.

We have given a good deal of time to the lieutenant, but it is owing to our conscientious desire to do him no wrong. Justice is not only our forte, but even our foible.

Mr. and Mrs. Featherfoot went in to dinner, and the former felt that he was put upon his defense. Before the meal was over a good deal had been said. The lieutenant was not only talkative, but on this occasion he seemed to the madam to be truthful; at all events, he was interesting. We have before said that he had managed to extract some little consolation from the supposed lapse of the unfortunate Buttons, and now Mrs. F., like the widower of whom Dr. Johnson tells, was both afflicted and relieved. Having provided herself for life with Mr. F., it certainly was satisfactory to feel that even as Mrs. Buttons she would have been very little better off after all; and yet she was sorry to lose so convenient an example to set before her wayward spouse.

That gentleman having started out with a conjecture, had diligently nursed it into a belief, now also shared by the madam. But it seemed a thing that ought not to be talked about, and for that reason she left the lieutenant to his pipe, and was tying on her bonnet, intending to run over and see Mrs. Truffles, just to satisfy herself that she could be trusted to keep a secret.

It is a somewhat singular thing that of the friendships which tradition, both sacred and profane, has preserved, all are masculine. There is David and Jonathan, Tennyson and Hallam, Byron and "the sweet-voiced chorister," Webster and Harvey, to say nothing of Burchard and Blaine, all of which continue the story of Damon and Pythias, despite the disintegration which has already commenced upon the latter. Looking it up in the classical dictionary, we are very much concerned to find ourselves invited to read "Pinteas," a change that would take most of the euphony and all of the pith out of the legend.

For it is not true that the rose by any other name would smell as sweet. Such a fallacy could only originate with a race whose appellatives grow out of mere local incidents, like *Spring* or *Hill*, or which

never gets beneath the surface of things, and is content with the *Longs* and the *Shorts* and the *Crooks* in the parish, instead of the compositions of earnest folks like the Levites, where *Ichabod* and *Hephzibah* testified to deep inward experiences of pain and joy, and belonged to the spirit, and not to the letter of life. Rightly given, names are an epitome of character, either declared or promised, and should be revised according to development every tenth year with the census, so as to give no chance of the pulpit to Robert Kidd or of the penitentiary to John Calvin. In this way the directory would not only give a man's number, but also his moral status. Pinteas, then, may keep the dictionary, but Pythias shall have the fireside as better testifying to the inner man, divested of any external rind of circumstance and conventionality.

Truly the rose by any other name may have any sort of a smell, as we can further illustrate from our brothers in arms, the theologians. Everybody knows how much the two professions resemble one another, with their obsolete guns and creeds, and the high moral standard common to each. It was a Jesuit that invented the elevating screw, probably turning his experience in thumb-screws to larger account. It was a Scotch clergyman that led the way to the improvement of the old flint-lock by the percussion-cap attachment, thereby dealing with fulminates to some practical purpose. Archbishops have worn armor and generals the surplice. So it is natural for us to look to masters of divinity for assistance in our exegesis. Now the good Italian fathers verily found much that was profitable for instruction and godliness in the "Theological Commonplaces" of one Doctor Terra Nera. When it leaked out, however, that this was but the translation into another tongue of Melancthon, the copartner of that arch-heretic Luther, then was there consternation in the orthodox camp, and with another name the rose became a sort of *Chenopodium vulvaria*. [*Note.*—The careful reader will find it pleasanter to look up this vegetable in the Botany rather than in the fields.]

H. W. C.

(To be continued.)

THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF MASSACHUSETTS, 1638–1884.

THE Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts is the oldest martial organization on the American continent, and it has outlived every institution, with the exception of the Christian Church and the public school, that was in existence in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay when it received its charter in 1638.

It is a noticeable fact that the religious-political leaders among the "Pilgrims" and the "Puritans," who were the founders of the colonies of Plymouth and of Massachusetts Bay, were not fighting-men. They could make preparations for defense or direct hostilities, but the utmost indulgence of fanatical conceit, or the most presumptuous confidence in their own judgment, did not prompt them to come to the front when their respective colonies were threatened by hostile savages or by the French occupants of Canada. The victorious Miles Standish, of the Plymouth Colony, and the brave Captain Southcot, of Massachusetts Bay, had each seen service in the Low Countries, but they were not among the elect. The first sergeant-major (then the commander's title) of the Suffolk Regiment was Edward Gibbons, a rollicking soldier of fortune, whose life had been an adventurous and a merry one. The first captains of the train-bands of Boston, Underhill and Patrick, who had each served in the Netherlands, and who, on their arrival in 1630, were voted salaries for training their respective commands in the use of arms, could not accommodate themselves to the strict manners of the Puritan school, and, after the Pequod war, they migrated to the southwestern part of Connecticut, where the Dutch claimed jurisdiction.

But those who had the control of the colonization of Massachusetts made generous preparations for armed defense. The charter given by King Charles on the 18th of March, 1628, authorized the governor and company "from tyme to tyme, and at all tymes hereafter, for their speciall defence and safety, to incounter, expulse, repell, and resist, by force of armes, as well by sea as by lande, and by all fitting waise and meanes whatsoever, all such person and persons as shall at any tyme

hereafter attempt or enterprise the destrucion, invasion, detriment, or annoyance to the said plantacion or inhabitants."

Before the charter containing this provision had been signed by King Charles, the council of the company had ordered a supply of arms and munitions of war. There were "eight pieces of land ordnance for the forte," and an abundance of small-arms, viz.: "Two partizans for capten and lieftenant; three drums, to ech two pere of hedds; two ensignes; three halberts, for three sarjants; eighty bastard musketts, with snapances, four ffoote in the barrill, without rests; ten ffull musketts, four ffoote barrill, with match-cocks and rests; ninety bandeleeres for the musketts, each with a bullett-bag; one hundred swords and belts; sixty cosletts and sixty pikes; twenty half pikes," with a supply of powder and ball for the cannon and muskets.

A few days later a contract was entered into "with Mr. Thomas Steevens, armourer, in Buttolph Lane, for twenty armes, viz., coslett, brest, back, culet, gorgett, tases, and hedd-peece to each, varnished all black, with lethers and buckles, at 17*s.* each armour, excepting four, wth are to bee wth close hedd-peeces, and these four armours at 24*s.* apeece, to bee delivered all by the 20th of this monthe; whereof one left nowe for a sample." Another contract was entered into "with John Gace, of London, turner, ffor forty bandeleers, made of neates leather, broad girdles, each with twelve charges." It was decided, in October, 1629, that the ordnance, arms, powder, and munitions delivered for public use, "bee accompted as pt of the ioynt stock of the company."

The weapons and munitions of war thus provided were promptly used after they had been received by the colonists; train-bands were at once organized, and as new towns were settled, more arms and equipments were procured from London. On the 3d of September, 1634, it was "ordered, that all the musketts, bandeleeres, and rests lately come over this yeare shall be equally divided amongst the seüal plantacions, and the townes to have att all tymes soe many in a readynes as a towne stocke."

These train-bands were organized like those which had existed in London since the reign of Henry VIII. Originally archers, the English associations had gradually adopted pikes, and then muskets, while some of them became artillerists. On the 25th of August, 1537, a charter was granted by Henry VIII. to certain subjects belonging to the Fraternity of St. George as a "Guylde of Artillery of Longbowes, Crossbowes, and Handegonnes." A piece of ground was set apart for the use of this corps, and it was known as "The Artillery Garden." During the long reign of Queen Elizabeth important services were several times rendered by the company in this Artillery Garden, by fitting citizens for the command of the train-bands. In 1598 the Artillery Company, as it was called, was six hundred strong, and in

its ranks were all the commanders and commissioned officers of the train-bands and auxiliaries.

The Honorable Artillery Company of London had, from its organization, annual "feasts" arranged by eight stewards, to which the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London were invited, and donated the large supplies of wines drunk at the table. In 1623 "the Lords of His Majesty's Most Honorable Privy Council" were also invited, and "the Court of Aldermen were pleased, in token of their good respect to the Society, to bestowe upon them, towards the charge of the feast, one hogshead of clarett wyne, thirty gallons of sacke, and thirty gallons of Rhenishe wyne." It was also customary, certainly as far back as Cromwell's time, to have a sermon preached annually before the company at St. Paul's or some other church in the city of London.

For nearly three and a half centuries the Honorable Artillery Company of London has maintained a continuous existence, teaching its members the art of war, and always, in days of danger at home or abroad, proving a reliable arm of the volunteer military service of Great Britain. It now consists of a troop of light cavalry, a battalion of field artillery, and a battalion of infantry, which has a commodious armory and drill-hall, with a drill-yard six acres in extent in the heart of London. The present captain-general (who succeeded his father, Prince Albert) is the Prince of Wales, heir apparent to the British throne.

Several of the founders of the Massachusetts Artillery Company had been members of the Honorable Artillery Company or of the Military Garden of London, and it is recorded that many of the earlier members were "fathers in the church, equally qualified to adorn it by their exemplary virtue and to defend it by their valor." The charter was granted by Governor Winthrop, by order of the General Court of Massachusetts, on the 17th of March, 1638, and the leading militia officers of the colony enlisted in the company, acquiring in its ranks uniformity of drill. Its usefulness and importance were sensibly felt during the wars with the Narragansetts and the Pequots, and when the people of England rebelled against the crown several prominent members of the Artillery Company of Massachusetts recrossed the ocean and joined the victorious legions under the command of Oliver Cromwell, who had been a firm friend of the Honorable Artillery Company of London.

Year after year, during the colonial existence of Massachusetts, the Honorable Artillery Company annually elected its officers, celebrated its anniversaries, listened to a sermon, enjoyed a good dinner, and discharged the military duties prescribed by its charter. The most conspicuous military men of the colony were on its roll, and it was nobly represented in the successive French and Indian wars. Military organization was then the only social distinction in the infant colony,

for while all acknowledged allegiance to God and to the Commonwealth, there were no forms in religion or nobility in the government. The clergy pointed out their narrow road to heaven, and the drill-sergeants taught men of dauntless energy how to use weapons for their self-defense while on earth. The early confederation of the United Colonies of New England for mutual military self-defense against savage foes and French invaders finally resulted in independence, followed by the establishment of the United States of America.

The importance and usefulness of the Honorable Artillery Company as a training-school for militia officers was repeatedly recognized by grants of land by the Colonial General Court. One of these grants, of one thousand acres, in the township of Dunstable, is now the site of a portion of the city of Nashua, and is of greater value than it was in March, 1715, when the company voted to lease it for eleven years, "on condition that a house and barn should be built thereon, an orchard of one hundred and twenty apple-trees planted, and the lessee to deliver the company one barrel of good cider yearly." Half a century later this tract of land, with an additional five hundred acres granted in the town of Rutland, was sold by the company, and the purchase-money invested in stocks. But this procedure involved the company in another difficulty, for the assessors of the town of Boston assessed their treasurer for the funds of the company in his hands, and the tax "went wellnigh to eat up the income." Upon the petition of the company, therefore, an order passed the council, June 15, 1749, that the taxes already paid should be remitted, and that henceforth the property of the company should be exempt from all taxes whatever. This order, or rather the custom growing out of it, is yet observed, and to this day the small property of the company has remained untaxed.

The last anniversary celebrated by the Honorable Artillery Company under the Colonial government was in June, 1774. On that occasion the sermon was preached by Dr. Lothrop, of Boston. The tradition is, that on that day a body of British troops was stationed in the vicinity of the church, and an armed sentry placed upon the pulpit stairs to prevent the expression of any seditious or rebellious sentiments. When, in April, 1775, the company paraded on the field-day prescribed by charter, and were denied entrance to the Common, which was occupied by British troops, they marched to the field on Copp's Hill, and performed their evolutions there. They went to that field because they regarded it as their own property, from which no one had a right to exclude them, a mortgage of it to the company having expired some years previous. Many years afterwards, when some repairs were needed on the street bordering upon it, and the question, in whom the right of property was vested, was agitated in town-meeting, Major Bell, a deacon of the Congregational Church, who commanded the company on the above occasion, was asked by the moderator what he would have done

had he found the field in possession of a party of British troops, and been forbidden to enter. To which he replied, "I would have charged bayonets and forced my way, as surely as I would force my way into my own dwelling-house, if taken possession of by a gang of thieves."

At the above meeting in April preparations were made to celebrate the anniversary in June. But the battle of Lexington occurred meanwhile, and after that, resistance to the arbitrary power of Great Britain became a stern matter of fact. Most of the members were scattered abroad, occupied with the pressing and fearful realities of war, and no regular meetings were held for more than eleven years. Major Bell retained the command, looked after the company's property, arms, and equipments, and, after peace was declared, issued orders for a parade. On the 4th of September, 1786, we read in the next edition of the *Columbian Centinel*, "For the first time since the commencement of the late revolution the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company, commanded by Major Bell, paraded at the State-House in this town, marched into the common, where they performed a number of military exercises. It was gratifying to the real friends of this country to see our aged citizens, some of whom were nearly seventy years of age, equipped in the accoutrements of soldiery, and setting an example to the younger part of the community, that should their country require their aid in the field, they might be found ready disciplined and fit for immediate service."

There was not at that time a single uniformed militia company in Boston in condition to perform the slightest escort duty. This parade of the Artillery Company, which was thenceforth styled "Ancient and Honorable," had a beneficial effect in reviving the military ardor of the Bostonians, and in reminding the people generally of a well-organized and a well-disciplined militia. Several military companies were immediately formed, and such was "the ancient respectability of the Artillery Company," that when public attention was once directed to it, its ranks were soon filled. Forty new members were enrolled that year, among whom were several of the most distinguished officers of the Revolution, such as Governor Brooks, Major-General Lincoln, and General Winslow, men whose military fame and patriotic services were only surpassed by their noble integrity, unassuming manners, and unfailing kindness in private life.

That a company, venerable for its antiquity, and numbering among its members such men as those above mentioned, and many like them in different parts of the Commonwealth, equal in worth, though not in celebrity, should have had great confidence reposed in it by the executive of the State, and been called to its aid during the unhappy insurrections in 1786–87, is not surprising. Such was the case. The records of the company relate that on the 27th of October of that year "His Excellency the Captain-General, by the gentlemen selectmen of

the town of Boston, applied to the company for their aid in the present emergency of public affairs. The company immediately voted their readiness to exert themselves in everything in their power to support the government of the Commonwealth, and to hold themselves in readiness on the shortest notice to turn out in defense of the same." Agreeably to this vote, the company instantly made all the necessary arrangements for active service, and a few days subsequently were reviewed by the governor at Faneuil Hall. The company exerted themselves, also, to infuse a like spirit and produce a like readiness in the several militia companies of Boston. At the request of the governor, a committee of the company was appointed to procure suitable persons to accept the command of these companies, and the individuals nominated by the committee were each commissioned by him; and it cannot be doubted that the firm support which Governor Bowdoin found in the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, its high standing, and the influence of its example went far to produce in the militia throughout the Commonwealth that spirit of promptness and vigor with which they met and dispersed in every instance the insurgent parties.

The same spirit was manifested and the same influence was also exerted by this company in the summer of 1814, when Boston and its neighborhood were threatened with invasion by the troops of Great Britain, with whom the United States was then at war. An order was issued by the commander on the 14th of July, calling the company together on the 18th. With that unanimity and public spirit which had ever distinguished them, the company immediately determined to stand ready "to defend their country to the last extremity." As several of the officers selected for that year held commissions in the militia and had been detailed on special duty, the staff of the company, by appointments made by the commander, was reorganized as far as necessary; and, agreeably to ancient usage, and as comporting with its dignity, the company held itself in readiness, "subject only to the orders of his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, through the Adjutant-General, to act near his Excellency, or where he might deem necessity required their service." The company were several times stationed on guard at Faneuil Hall, and kept themselves ever in readiness for active service until the December following, when orders were issued by the commander restoring it to its ordinary condition.

The old mode of notifying to the members the days for field-duty was peculiar, being by playing the fifes and drums through the principal streets in Boston. The displaying of the standard or colors at the south corner of State Street and Cornhill was for a time one of the ways of giving notices. About the latter part of the last century it was the custom for the drummer belonging to the company to march down Middle Street to Winnesimet Ferry, between the hours of eleven and one, beating "the troop." On his arrival at the ferry he beat a

roll three times, shouldered his drum, and went his way; this was called the "first drum." Now the drummers play the "reveille" early on the morning of parade in front of the residence of the adjutant, and sometimes of other commissioned officers.

It is not known that the company had any distinctive uniform when it was first organized, although we read of the buff leather doublets worn by the members, and later of their crimson suits. On the 2d of September, 1754, it was ordered that the company should in future appear in "white silk hose" on training-days, and two years afterwards members were directed to appear in blue coats and gold-laced hats. On the 28th of July, 1772, "the company met to consider of some method to raise the spirit and reputation of the company, and keep up the honour they have so long sustained;" and they decided to have a uniform consisting of "blue coats and lappels, with yellow buttons, the cock of the hat to be uniform with the militia officers; wigs and hair to be clubbed." Soon after, the band was ordered to be dressed in white cloth coats, with blue lappels, trimmed with blue, and white linings, white linen waistcoats and breeches, and a cap covered with white cloth and trimmed with gold binding. In January, 1787, the following uniform was adopted, viz.: dark-blue cloth coats, faced with buff, shoulder-straps, plain yellow buttons; buff vest and breeches, with the same buttons as on the coat; plain black hat, with black buttons, loop, and cockade; white linen spatterdashes, to fasten under the foot and come partly up the thigh, with black buttons, and black garters to buckle below the knee; white stocks; the hair to be queued; white shirts ruffled at wrist and bosom. In 1820 the company voted that members who held or who had held commissions in the State militia might wear their respective uniforms on parade. This has given the company a strange appearance, as a major-general with his chapeau and yellow plume might be seen, flanked on one side by a red-coated lancer and on the other by a white-coated cadet, all three carrying muskets and wearing infantry equipments. Within a few years the company has adopted a distinctive uniform for those members who have no right to appear in militia uniforms, or who have no uniforms to wear; and more recently a uniform great-coat has been adopted, to be worn by all who may go to Washington in the ranks of the company at the dedication of the National Washington Monument, on the 21st of February, 1885.

The commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery wears an antique silver gorget, and, on state occasions, carries an espontoon, which are his badges of offices. The two lieutenants and the adjutant also carry espontoons, and the sergeants half-pikes. The national and State colors are carried by color-sergeants. For many years the company had the charge of two brass field-pieces which had been used in the Revolutionary war, and were called respectively "Hancock" and

"Adams." One of them was injured during target-practice in 1820, and they were deposited in the monument on Bunker Hill. The cannon now used are those of the Boston Light Battery. About one-half of the command is armed and equipped as infantry, and the other half as artillerists.

The programme of the ceremonies on election-day is the same, with a few necessary alterations, that was adopted in the earlier years of the company's existence. The drummers having beat the reveille at an early hour, the company assembles at its armory, where breakfast is provided. The line is then formed by the adjutant, who turns over the command to the captain. The company then marches to the State-House, where it receives the governor, lieutenant-governor, and council, with other invited guests, and escorts them to the First Church, where a sermon is preached. After the services, his Excellency and the other invited guests are escorted to Faneuil Hall, where a dinner is provided, the old punch-bowl, well filled, occupying the post of honor on the table. At dinner, the captain presides at the head of the centre table. On the right of the captain his Excellency is seated; on the left, the preacher, who invokes the blessing; and next on the left, the president of Harvard University, who, if a clergyman, returns thanks. The other officers preside at the foot of each table.

In fair weather the table is dismissed about four o'clock, and his Excellency, with the guests, retire. The company then march to their allotted square at the northwestern corner of the Common, where they ballot for the officers for the year ensuing. The votes are counted on the drum-head, and, when declared, the drummer beats the roll three times for the captain, twice for the lieutenants, and once for the adjutant. His Excellency and the council are then informed of the election, and their approbation is requested.

The company then repair to the State-House, and escort the governor, lieutenant-governor, council, and invited guests within the square. On his Excellency's entering the square, a salute of thirteen guns is fired by the detachment of artillery. He is then escorted to the chair of state, in the centre of the western side, supported by the civil department on his right and military on his left; and the company pay the usual standing and marching salutes. They then perform such evolutions as the commander chooses to exhibit, and then the old commander wheels the wings inward, forming three sides of a square, when he affectionately takes leave of his brother-officers and soldiers, and inculcates the spirit of subordination.

The company being again formed in line, in open ranks, the music playing common time, the captain marches from the right as far as the centre, when he turns to the right, and proceeds to the governor to resign the insignia of his office. When the captain has arrived at the centre, and turned to the right, the lieutenant commences marching to

the right of the company, to assume the command. The last word of command given by the old commander is, "Carry arms!" at which position they remain until he has saluted his Excellency and resigned his badges,—the gorget and espontoon,—when the lieutenant may ease the position of the men, remembering to bring them to the shoulder and support as the old captain returns to the ranks. The old commander, having arrived at about eight paces distant from the governor, halts, and pays the standing salute, and, advancing a little, addresses him, concluding by delivering the gorget and espontoon to his Excellency. He then uncovers, and listens to what the governor shall say, which being finished, he covers, comes to the right about face, and marches, quick time, through the centre to the rear, where he is divested of his sword and ornaments, and, putting on the accoutrements of the new commander, who by this time has left his post and retired to the rear, takes his place in line as a common soldier. When properly prepared, the new commander, the music playing quick time, marches through the centre directly to his Excellency, halts when eight paces distant, and uncovers. When advanced a little, the governor addresses him, usually in the purport of a written commission, and concludes by placing in his hands the gorget and espontoon, which he receives, pays the standing salute, and then replies to his Excellency in such manner as the occasion may dictate. Upon coming to the right about face, the music playing common time, he marches to the centre of the company. The lieutenant gives the word, "Present arms!" when he has approached to about twenty paces distant from the standard. When he arrives close in front of the standard, he pays the marching salute, and turns to the left. At the same time he turns to the left, the old lieutenant commences marching to his post on the left of the company.

The first word of command given by the new commander is, "Shoulder arms!" After a moment of rest the old lieutenant marches to the centre, and turns to the left, common time, and proceeds to his Excellency, to whom he resigns in a similar manner as the old commander, and returns in quick time to the rear. The new lieutenant proceeds, quick time, to his Excellency, as the new commander did, where he is commissioned in a similar manner, and having received the badge of his office, marches in common time to the centre, salutes, and, turning to the right, marches to his post on the left of the company, who present arms when he is about twenty paces distant from the standard. The old second lieutenant and the adjutant resign successively, in the same way, and their successors are in turn commissioned.

The old sergeants then repair through the centre to the new commander, and resign their offices by delivering their halberds to the new commander (the drummer receives them), and they salute, uncover, and address the commander, through the orderly, and are addressed by him in a manner similar to the ceremony before related in regard to com-

missioned officers. They then return through the centre to the rear, and exchange places and accoutrements with the new sergeants, who repair to the new commander, and he transmits to them the halberds, and qualifies them. His Excellency is then informed that the company is duly organized, and the commander closes the duty of the day by paying the usual standing and marching salutes. His Excellency is then escorted to his residence, and the company return to Faneuil Hall, where the fatigues of the day are forgotten in the pleasures of the festive board.

The company have always considered it improper for the lieutenant-governor to officiate and receive the badges of the old officers and commission the new, when there was a governor in the actual discharge of that office. At the election, June, 1790, the governor (Hancock) being indisposed, did not attend the services of the day, but the lieutenant-governor and council did. The weather was stormy. The company proceeded to elect their officers for the year ensuing in the hall, after which the commissioned officers repaired to the house of his Excellency, the commander-in-chief, with the officers elect, where the former resigned the badges, and the latter received them from his Excellency. This ceremony was interesting and solemn. Governor Hancock was so indisposed that he was bolstered up in his bed, and the officers repaired to his sick-chamber, and the ceremony was performed at his bedside.

A custom has also been transmitted, of having what are called squad meetings. At first it might appear to some that they sprang from the usage, long since extinct, of meeting on the evening of a field-day at some officer's house, as often mentioned in the old records, for business, and to consult for the company's welfare. This may be their origin, but the connection cannot now be traced. As practiced immediately before and after the Revolution, they were not a meeting of the whole company, but only of about a seventh part. The officer at whose house they assembled, usually in the winter, was the commander for the evening. When assembled, they practiced in his parlor the facings, wheelings, and manœuvres, generally without arms; and when that duty was over, sat down to talk over the affairs of the company, and canvass the pretensions of candidates for office at the next election. The evening's duty was occasionally interspersed with anecdotes, merriment, and songs, and closed with a frugal repast.

When a member of the company dies, his surviving comrades always attend the funeral. When one who has been an officer in the company, but had ceased to be a member, dies, they attend in the same manner. When a past commander, being a member, dies, they have paid some additional marks of respect,—the company, without arms or uniform, attending and preceding the corpse. When an officer dies in commission, he is buried under arms; and when a non-commissioned officer dies, the company, in uniform, but not under arms, precede the

corpse. When the deceased has in his lifetime requested these ceremonies to be omitted, or when it is not agreeable to his relations, the members of the company who attend walk as citizens only.

The company originally carried the Colonial flag, which was of blue silk, quartered with a white field, on which was the red cross of St. George, with a pine-tree in the corner. At the commencement of the Revolution the red cross was omitted, and a pine-tree on a white ground was substituted. When the State government was adopted a white flag was used, bearing on one side the armorial bearings of the State, and on the other those of the United States. Later, after the incorporation of Boston as a city, the armorial bearings of the city were substituted for those of the United States, but a silk national flag—the "stars and stripes"—was also carried. The colors now consist of the American flag, and a company color of white silk, on the obverse of which Washington is represented, with the old "Pine-Tree" flag of Revolutionary fame, and on the reverse the coat of arms of Massachusetts, consisting of a shield, on which is a full-length Indian carrying his bow and arrows, with the motto, "*Ense Petit Placidam Sub Libertate Quietem.*"

The headquarters of the company were originally in the State-House, the upper stories of which were occupied by the Colonial Legislature. They afterwards removed to Faneuil Hall, a building presented to the city of Boston by a wealthy citizen named Peter Faneuil, in 1742, for public purposes: the lower part, or ground-floor, as a market; the second story, as a hall, to be used, free, by the citizens of Boston, under certain restrictions. In 1762 the building was enlarged to its present size, and the following year James Otis, an early apostle of American freedom, while addressing a large audience in this hall, dedicated it to liberty, and it has since been known as the "Cradle of Liberty." Its walls have echoed to the voices of the greatest men of Massachusetts since its erection, and in every great public emergency the citizens of Boston, or delegates from the entire State, assemble together to take counsel within its hallowed precincts. The entire upper story is used by the company, where the drill-room is situated, and round which portraits of many celebrated commanders are hung; there are also numerous small rooms adjoining, for the officers, for meetings, and where the arms and equipments of the company are stored.

In late years the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company has visited New York, Portland, Manchester, Nashua, Worcester, New Bedford, and other cities on its fall field-days, always attracting much attention, and receiving many civilities. It now proposes to visit the national metropolis, and participate in the ceremonies attendant on the dedication of the Washington National Monument. Its presence on that occasion, where its age will give it the right of the line (the volunteer organizations taking position in accordance with the dates of

their respective charters), will be the more appropriate, from the fact that several of its commanders and subaltern officers, with many of its members, served under Washington in the Revolutionary war.

Prominent among those who have more recently commanded the Ancients may be named Brigadier-Generals Caleb Cushing, N. P. Banks, Henry K. Oliver, S. C. Lawrence, Robert Cowdin, and George H. Pierson; Colonels Isaac Hull Wright, Marshall P. Wilder, A. P. Martin, George T. Bigelow, John C. Park, and Thomas E. Chickering; and Majors Moses G. Cobb, Francis Brinley, and James A. Fox, with many other "solid men of Boston." There are now about seven hundred names on the roll of the company, including a large number of the veterans of the war for the suppression of the Rebellion. The elegant diplomas of membership are highly prized, and descend as heirlooms to the descendants of the Ancients.

The reverend clergy of Massachusetts have always taken a deep interest in the welfare of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. Annually, in April, a clergyman resident in the State, without regard to religious sentiments, is nominated by the commander to preach the sermon at the ensuing election parade, and the company invariably confirm the nomination. A copy of the sermon thus delivered is afterwards requested for publication. Many learned and patriotic discourses have thus been delivered, and the following extracts from two of them have a historic interest:

The Rev. Benjamin Colman, who preached the centennial election sermon in 1738, alluded in his discourse to the organization as "The Honorable Artillery Company." The Rev. Samuel K. Lothrop, who preached the bi-centennial sermon in 1838, quoted this appellation, and said, "May that title still be yours an hundred years hence. May he who on that day shall address you have no tale of shame or sorrow to tell; or if it be that the coming century, fearful and momentous as are its aspects, is to be fruitful, not in blessings but disaster, not in glory but in ruin to our country, then may you and your successors be found true to principle and to duty to the end. As you were the first regularly-organized association for the defense of American liberty, may you be the last to yield up that holy cause; and if ever its banners must fall before the ruthless march of despotism, may the last which goes down be that which your band first unfurled for its defense upon American soil."

The necessity for the maintenance of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company as a training-school for officers of the State militia no longer exists, but its mission is not yet accomplished. It is a living link between the distant past and the present, and it is a nucleus for the most gallant sons of the Commonwealth. For nearly two hundred and fifty years, as has been eloquently remarked, the company has been as prosperous, as influential, as respectable, and as honored as any in-

stitution in the land. Public opinion has ever regarded it with favor, and often with deep and grateful interest. No words of reproach or condemnation have ever been uttered against it. It bears on its charter the signature of the first governor of Massachusetts, a name memorable in every department, the military inclusive, of the social history of New England. It has ever proved itself worthy of that signature. From the hour on which it was affixed to the charter there is not a vote, nor act, nor measure of the company but speaks its members to have been honorable and patriotic persons, filled with a sincere love of liberty, a faithful devotion to public duty, and a deep interest in their country's welfare. And if age, character, and usefulness give a claim to public respect and consideration, then an institution whose origin is all but coeval with the foundation of the State, on whose roll are to be found the names of the patriotic, the distinguished, the honored of every generation, whose influence has been felt, whose exertions have been relied upon in the most pressing public emergencies, should long and ever be cherished by the people of Massachusetts as an ornament and a defense to the State.

"Sons of the free, be true to glory,
And be that glory true—and wise!
Oh, heed your noble fathers' story!
Oh, see the waiting nation's eyes!
That story fires the world already
With generous deeds for freedom done;—
Those eyes pursue the westering sun,
To watch you with their gazes steady.
Stand close, ye chosen line,
And vindicate your birth!
March on! your banner'd stars shall shine
A blessing o'er the earth!"

BEN: PERLEY POORE,
Past Commander A. and H. Artillery Company;
Late Major Eighth Mass. Vol. Infantry.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO WASHINGTON.

To the average citizen it is to be feared civil service means only an aggregate of one hundred thousand office-holders, who have "fat places," for which there are thrice as many anxious and hungry patriots standing eager and ready, and all prepared to start for Washington, carpet-bag in hand, and on March 4 be sworn in with Cleveland. How well qualified they are to perform the duties of office is probably the last thought in their minds. They voted for Cleveland, and "to the victors belong the spoils" is good Jacksonian democracy they will tell you, and it is good enough for them; and, if you demur from their views, they are likely to add that after March 4 it will have to be good enough for yourself. Alas for this army of bigots! They will make the pilgrimage to Washington this coming spring only to find the road to the Mecca of their hopes harder and more disappointing than did ever a Turk to the shrine of Mohammed. They will besiege the departments and the officials of government, from the chief magistrate down to their senators and Congressmen, for an office. Commencing with demands, that soon turn to humble appeals, they end in being stranded in a strange city without money, and dependent on their friends to assist their return home. Some, alas, not receiving that assistance, will join the noble army of tramps and cranks who "toil not, neither do they spin," and yet exist and subsist, no one knows how, in Washington, forgotten, unless their existence is brought to light on the docket of the police court, or an attempt on the life of some high officer causes the nation to start and wonder that such things can be in the republic, and especially at its capital. To those though who know Washington it is no wonder, for under the spoils system of the past the marvel is not that there was a Guiteau but that there was but one.

Enthusiastic civil service reformers will pooh! pooh! and say, "You are giving us a picture of the past." Yes, slightly altered; but believe me of the immediate future as well, for the people of both parties who belong to the office-seeking class are not yet converted, and have but little faith in any kind of reform; and many political leaders are only half-hearted in their support of reform in the civil service. The great danger it has to encounter to-day is from the over-sanguineness of its

friends; for, notwithstanding the gigantic strides it has made in the past four years, it is still in its infancy, and the cardinal principle on which its final success must rest, namely, permanency of the tenure of office during good behavior, is not yet on the statute-book. Not only that, but only sixteen thousand of the upwards of one hundred thousand employés under the civil departments are subject to the civil service rules. Therefore the fight so well begun must be continued until the additional reforms, the need of which is so apparent, shall be the law of the land; and this battle must be fought step by step, with greater opposition in the future than it has ever had in the past. To these suggestions the reply will be made, the reform President about to take his seat will control all this; but they are sadly ignorant who make it, *for it is not the President* who controls the minor appointments, but his secretaries, commissioners, etc. The President himself makes only the most important selections for office, and often then by the advice of the cabinet; and we can rest assured the President's appointments will not all be civil service reformers, and there will be many "constituents" behind them, clamoring for place. Only when the law covers these matters fully may we who believe in a business administration of the affairs of government rest contented, and we must not now be disappointed when Democrats, because they are Democrats, are appointed to office.

The leaders of the Democracy are politicians and human, and to many of the eighty-six thousand places at the disposal of the incoming administration, we must expect that the "workers" of the "leaders" of Democracy will be called. There is another class of applicants, however, who have weighed the matter carefully, and a portion with a due inquiry into the qualifications necessary to become an office-holder under the civil service rules, in a government office, and it is to the successful candidates from this class we must look for support from within, in our efforts to build up and strengthen the civil service. They are almost uniformly young in years, and fitted by education and inclinations for office life, and enter it with the laudable ambition, akin to that of the cadet at the military or naval academy, to make their work their life work, and by honest effort rise step by step in their chosen vocation. They are of a class who will be apt to resist the pressure they must necessarily be more or less subject to from some of their immediate superiors for work, personal and not official in its character, and to be done more for the interests of the superior than for the good of the public service; they will do their duty, faithfully and fearlessly, as business men; they are under no obligations to the politicians, and they know it; they have rights, and will maintain them; and by so doing will influence the bringing about of a truer self-respect and manhood than has existed among subordinates of government offices in the past. In this respect the law denominated the "civil service law" has brought about a wonderful revolution already. Any one

who has been familiar with the departments at Washington notices this change. To stand well with their member of Congress at any cost, even to the engaging in private work for him to the detriment of their official duties, was the important consideration in the past; now it is to stand well with their chiefs. The law with those to whom it is applicable is a proclamation of emancipation from the slavery of office, but they need, and in time will just as surely have, their fifteenth amendment, to complete the comparison, by the enactment of an iron-clad law protecting them from removal but for cause, and after a fair trial.

The sixteen thousand office-holders to whom the law applies must be increased by upwards of eighty-four thousand to whom it does not apply; this with tenure secured, and the weeding out of unworthy members of the service, will give us a rejuvenated civil service, and place it on a plane infinitely higher than we have ever dreamed of for it. It will make it a service worthy of being sought after by the youths of the land with the expectation and hope of spending their lives in it; an honorable service, to be an officer in which—and by an officer I mean from a clerk up to a secretary—shall be a mark of honor that shall open the doors of society as they are opened to the army and navy, where mamma shall say to her daughter, "My dear, that's Mr. Smith of the Civil Service, a very nice young man; ask him to call," and not as in the past, say,—and who can blame her for it?—"Mr. Smith! why, he is a poor clerk, my dear child. You must not cultivate such people."

T. H. S. HAMERSLY.

JACK HAULTAUT, MIDSHIPMAN UNITED STATES NAVY; OR, LIFE AT THE NAVAL ACADEMY.

(Continued from page 45.)

CHAPTER III.

ORGANIZATION.

THE next morning, Jack was awakened by the drum beating furiously on the gun-deck; for a moment he forgot where he was, but suddenly recollecting his new dignity, he jumped hastily (but this time *carefully*) from his hammock, and soon had it lashed in comparatively decent shape. As the drum tapped ten minutes afterwards he carried it to the spar-deck and stowed it in the nettings, and then returned to the wash-room, where his toilet was completed in time to go on deck and report his presence to the officer in charge before the breakfast-call was sounded. This formation was somewhat non-military in its character, and there was an inspection of the dress and appearance of the youngsters. After breakfast, Jack was relieved of his duty by Ben, and a new detail was made to fill the latter's place below. The morning was spent in getting books into the study-rooms, all those who had arrived being placed in gun's crew No. 1, with Ben as its first captain. Jack took up his residence in his office and diligently studied the regulations. A new officer in charge made his appearance, and availed himself of Jack's services in getting the arrivals of this day in order. Jack was told to assign the lockers, serve out the keys, and see that order was preserved below, while the officer of the day was to assist him. By supper-time enough fledglings had reported to fill crew No. 1 to its complement of "sixteen men and a powder-boy," and to nearly complete the organization of a second crew.

At evening parade, as the formation for supper was called, Jack took his station in front of the line of the two crews and gave the orders, "Fall in! Front face! Right dress! Front!" having been instructed during the day in these details. This was followed by "Muster the crews!" when the captain of each crew stepped to the front, and facing his command, called the names of his crew, to which

those present responded "Here, sir!" Jack then ordered "First captains, front and centre! March!" when these officials marched opposite Jack's position, when the next order was "Front face! Report!" After this had been done, the absentees being noted, Jack said, "Posts! March!" and then reported to the officer in charge, who said, "March to supper!" which order Jack repeated, and thus his first work as adjutant was well over. At the staff-table, where he ate during his stay on board, Jack was complimented upon the excellent manner in which he had acquitted himself. Soon after supper the hammock-call sounded, and the hammocks being taken on the berth-deck, the study-call followed, and for two hours and a half a nominal study-hour was observed. Jack was provided with a copy of Hardee's Tactics, and told to prepare himself for drill on the following morning.

As there was still a week before the term began, there were no studies necessary, though the evening study-hour was observed. For an hour in the forenoon of each day they were drilled in the elements of Hardee's Tactics by the adjutant, under the supervision of the officer in charge. Fortunately, Jack was quick to learn his new duties, and, with a little private instruction from the officers, he was enabled to teach his comrades the first principles of the school of the soldier. After the hour's drill was over, there followed instruction by the officer of the deck as to the names of the different parts of the ship, including her spars and rigging, and each one was made to go over the mast-head. Jack's turn came first, and, as he started up the shrouds of the main rigging, his hands seized them with such a firm grasp that his fingers were quite covered with tar. Slow and laborious was his ascent, and, when he finally gained the main-top, it was with a feeling of wonder as to how he was to get down again. As he looked down upon the deck below, he was surprised to see how small everything looked, and he wished with all his heart that he was once more with his companions, who stood watching his movements with interest. Remembering the instructions given him to look up and not down, he put his feet through the lubber's hole, and, with a half-muttered committal of himself to Providence, he began his descent. Half-way down he took heart of grace, and paused to look about him. Finding that he was not at all dizzy, he concluded that possibly his fears had been groundless, and he reached the deck with a desire to go still higher at his next trial. In the afternoon an hour or more was spent in the boats, learning to pull, which was a pleasant but back-breaking and hand-blistering exercise. Meantime each day brought its new arrivals, until on the Saturday before the term began there were six full crews, making quite a large assemblage at the various formations.

During this afternoon, as Jack was sitting in his office, he heard a good deal of commotion outside, and on going on deck he found that it was caused by the rush to see the practice-ship coming in the harbor.

It was the first time he had ever seen a ship under sail, and, as she came with all stu'ns'ls set, she was indeed a beautiful sight. Suddenly, as if by magic, the stu'ns'ls disappeared; then the other sails were taken in together, until the "Plymouth" was rounded to and anchored just above the "Constitution." As soon as the anchor was let go and the chain had ceased its rattling noise, the rigging seemed alive with human figures, and, in less time than it has taken to write this, the yards were covered with them as thickly as "the branch of a tree in a pigeon-roost," thought Jack; and in an instant, as it seemed to the lookers-on, the canvas was rolled upon the yards, and every head had disappeared below the bulwarks. It was with wonder and amazement that Jack heard the captain say that half those busy workers were midshipmen, and that next year his hearers would have an opportunity to do the same. As they stood watching the new arrival, they were amazed to see the wilderness of ropes which, stretched taut as harp-strings, seemed as intricate as a spider's web; and as they looked at the rigging of their own ship, which they had thought so complicated, they wondered anew how long it would be before they would know the names and uses of these multifarious pieces of gear. The "Plymouth" was the topic of conversation all the rest of the day, and she was watched with much interest by all. During the afternoon the first and third classes were disembarked from the practice-ship, and much amusement was afforded the new-comers in watching the process, which they did with great curiosity.

As this was the last day before the serious work of the year began, arrangements were perfected by which the routine of recitations was to begin upon the following Monday. In bulletin-boards upon the study-room bulkheads had been posted the arrangement of sections in geography, mathematics, and grammar, those being the only studies to be pursued during the coming term. Jack found that, as the class was placed in alphabetical order, he was in the sixth section of the thirteen into which the class had been divided. He found that the day was divided into three periods: the first, from 8 to 10 A.M., for grammar; the second, from 10 A.M. to 1 P.M., for arithmetic; the third, from 2 to 4 P.M., for geography, with an afternoon period in each week assigned to drawing; on Saturdays there were no recitations. As but one hour was given to recitation in each branch, it followed that with the evening study-hour there were a little more than six hours that could be devoted to study, and Jack thought that he certainly ought to accomplish his tasks in that time; and, considering his previous knowledge, he deemed himself worthy of a place well up towards the top of the class, and determined to reach it if hard study could accomplish it. He was beginning to feel somewhat at home; the receipt of a letter from his mother a day or two before had caused a little pang of home-sickness, but that was all over now; his position among his

classmates was one calculated to bring out whatever latent talent for command he might possess, and it also brought him into closer relations with the officers than his classmates would have. This was in some lights a good thing, but in others not quite so good, as can be readily seen, as it would be likely to prevent him from joining in a good deal of the fun which the others might have.

Everything was now in order for the opening of the academic year, and Jack turned in that night with a feeling of pride in his position, and with a determination to stand well among his classmates if it could be done consistent with his duty, for he foresaw many disagreeable things in his way; responsibility always goes hand-in-hand with power, and nowhere more than in a military organization. At all events, he was determined to do his duty faithfully, so far as in him lay.

CHAPTER IV.

THE YEAR BEGUN.

THE morning gun did not fire until half-past six, it being Sunday, so all hands had an extra amount of sleep. After hammocks were lashed and stowed, the crews went by twos in turns to the wash-room, being allowed seven minutes, when they were obliged to vacate, it being part of the duty of the mate of the deck to see that this order was carried out. After breakfast, as all were wondering how Sunday was to be observed, the word was passed for all hands to shift into parade uniform, and for a few minutes there was a busy scene upon the berth-deck. Such a brushing and smoothing of garments one never sees except on board ship, where many persons are congregated in narrow quarters. At this time the distinguishing feature of the uniform was a double-breasted jacket or roundabout, with rolling collar, having a brass anchor some three inches long upon each lapel. These anchors were only worn on Sundays or when on liberty out in town. Unfortunately, the spirit of change has eliminated this collar for the more military (but less naval) stand-up one. Presently the drum was heard beating to quarters, and all assembled upon the gun-deck, three crews on each side. At the same time was heard Tom Hunter's cheery pipe of "All hands to muster!" followed by the gathering of all the sailors and servants in a group forward of the guns' crews. When Jack had gone through the usual forms, and had reported all as present, the master-at-arms (the chief police officer over the men) reported also to the officer in charge, "The men are all up, sir." That official, who now for the first time appeared with his sword on, walked aft and disappeared in the cabin, reappearing presently, accompanied by the captain, who was also armed with a sword, and carried a book in his hand. Advancing to the mainmast, he began to read "An Act for the

Government of the Navy of the United States." As he said this he removed his cap, followed by all the men, and lastly by the midshipmen, to whom, of course, all this was new. It is always an impressive ceremony when the "Articles of War" are read, it being the only occasion when officers and men stand bareheaded before the majesty of their country as embodied in her laws; and to one who hears for the first time the enumeration of the offenses the punishment of which is "death, or such other punishment as a court-martial shall adjudge," it is indeed a great solemnity. Use dulls the ear, however, as time goes on, and each recurring month brings with it the repetition of the scene; and the dull, monotonous tone in which the "Articles" are frequently read detracts somewhat from the high character of the ceremony. Still there exists above all the routine the feeling of loyalty to the flag and of submission to the laws (whose creature the navy is), as manifested in this simultaneous baring of the head, an act done at no other time save in the presence of death itself. As Jack listened to the sonorous voice, which rolled forth in its most impressive tones paragraph after paragraph, each ending with the ominous words above quoted, he had a dim perception of the deep responsibility resting upon all in the naval service, both officers and men, to use the authority intrusted to them in the proper spirit. Too often the military or naval man is apt to confound the office which he holds with his own personality, and to regard his power as a personal possession, instead of a trust confided to him for a special definite purpose; and too often those who are called upon to obey, while yielding this obedience, are apt to do so with a spirit which questions the motives which actuate their superior, and thus in both ways the high moral standard which should govern in naval as well as in other matters suffers detriment.

The reading over, and caps replaced, the ranks were opened and the battalion inspected by the captain. As this was the first time the new uniforms had been displayed, the buttons and anchors were all correct, and no fault was found. This inspection over, the roll of the men's names was called by the paymaster's clerk, and each one, dressed in his Sunday best, passed before the captain, save old Hunter, who, rigged out in his "best blue mustering clothes," was excused from this by his position as boatswain's mate. This ceremony finished, the captain (with the officer in charge and adjutant) went all over the ship, and examined her every nook and corner, in search of the uncleanness which he could not find, so admirably was she policed. Upon his return to the gun-deck he said to the officer in charge, "Pipe down, sir!" This order was given by him to Hunter, who, drawing from its resting-place his call, trilled forth the peculiar strain which indicates that the exercise or ceremony that has been going on is at an end, and that ordinary avocations can be resumed. At the same time, Jack was directed to "Close the ranks and march to chapel." While the

clothes were being shifted before muster, the camp-stools had been removed from the study-rooms and placed forward of the foremast, on the port side of the deck, where was the only clear space available, and a temporary pulpit arranged, having over it as drapery the union jack, as is customary, without the presence of which no church service could ever be held satisfactorily to Jack Tar. One after the other the crews marched to their allotted seats; then came the officer and midshipmen on duty, together with the captain and his wife, accompanied by several other ladies and gentlemen, who had come on board to witness the somewhat novel scene. Upon the other side of the deck were three or four of the bandsmen, with flutes and violins, and the various sailors and servants made up the rest of the congregation. Prayer-books of the Episcopal Church were found distributed about, a source of gratification to Jack, who was rejoiced to see the familiar service-book once more, and glad to find that the chaplain was a clergyman of his own division of the church. When all were seated a venerable man, apparently bowed with the weight of years, clad in a not over-clean surplice, walked to the pulpit provided and began the service. Whatever of reverence the average boy possessed would have been readily put to flight as the monotonous tones of "Old Sleeky's" voice, broken by a periodic *sniffle,* fell upon the air. Who that has once heard the peculiar intonation of "Man and boy, for thirty years have I been in the service," can ever forget it? There was little attraction in the sermon, save for the speaker's reminiscences of his early days in the service, which were interesting, but not particularly calculated to do much good.

The service was over soon after ten, and the chaplain departed to conduct another service in the chapel on shore, this division of the school being necessary, owing to the want of sufficient accommodation for all the midshipmen in that building. I fancy it was also a part of the policy which was pursued of keeping the fourth class entirely separated from the rest of the school. It was a good thing for them, too, for, being on board ship, they learned something about her internal economy every day, and they were removed from all contact with the upper classes, so that no opportunity was offered for attempts at the disgraceful and cowardly practice of hazing, which has of late years been prevalent. Beyond the occasional bestowal of the epithet "ship-rat," there was no instance within my knowledge of any such thing being done before the removal of the Academy to Newport.

Opportunity was now afforded to those who desired to go to church in town to do so, each party being placed in charge of one of its members, with strict instructions to march in military order to and from the church. Those who did not go occupied themselves in various ways until dinner-time. At the formation for that meal it was announced that a Bible-class would be formed, and all were invited to join. A majority of the class availed themselves of the invitation,

making the class so large that not only the captain but one or two other officers from shore were needed as teachers. This class retained its organization through various vicissitudes throughout Jack's entire time at the school, and he derived much benefit from it.

Evening study-hour soon came, and, as books were opened preparatory to the study of the grammar-lesson for the following morning, all felt that the year had at last actually begun.

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST MONTH.

Up to this time there had been no special penalty for such violations of the regulations as had occurred, the offender being spoken to and warned by the officer in charge. Now, however, with the recitations, began the reports. Each study-room was placed in charge of a midshipman detailed as superintendent for the day, whose duty it was to preserve order and allow no conversation. No one was permitted to leave the room without his permission except when the recitation-call sounded. All infractions of these orders the superintendent was obliged to report in writing at the close of his tour of duty, which extended from after breakfast one day until the same time the next. The officer of the day was supposed to preserve order at all formations for recitation, to report all the absentees of whom the section-leaders told him, and generally to see that no noise prevailed anywhere during study-hours. Whistling, especially, was prohibited at all times. Each instructor also reported the absentees from his section, and the officer in charge collected all these various reports and copied them upon a large sheet, the contents of which were read at evening parade of each day, except Sunday. It was always a source of gratification when this reading was over, and those whose names did not appear breathed more freely, for one never felt sure that some one of the many people whose business it was to look after the discipline had not found something to report. At this beginning of the reporting of one midshipman by another, the captain in a few brief remarks had endeavored to impress upon the minds of the class that it was the official who made the report and not the individual person; and that in matters of duty it was necessary, so far as possible, to sink all personal relations. And this, in Jack's class, was generally the case; not that each individual did his exact duty to the utmost when placed in these various positions, but it was the general feeling through the class as a whole, that a man should report all violations of regulations, or at least such as were repeated after a warning had been given. It was directed also that all those on duty should be addressed and saluted just as an officer would be. On the whole the general opinion seemed to be that the officers should not

have reason to complain that their portion of the discipline allotted to the charge of the young gentlemen was not tolerably well carried out, at all events in matters pertaining to the ordinary routine. If any one whose name appeared upon the report had an excuse he was to write it upon a half-sheet of note paper and deposit it with the officer in charge before nine o'clock the following morning. An excuse was written after this manner:

"U. S. S. 'CONSTITUTION,'
"November 20, 1860.

"*Report.*—Marline: tardy at dinner formation.

"*Excuse.*—I respectfully state that I was detained by Lieutenant Jones, my instructor in arithmetic.

"Very respectfully,
"ALBERT J. MARLINE,
"*Acting Midshipman.*

"CAPTAIN R. W. GEORGE."

The report and all the excuses were laid before the captain, who looked them all over, accepting such as seemed satisfactory, and assigning to others a number of demerits proportioned to the offense. These demerits were entered upon the record of each one, and took off a certain amount from the aggregate which determined the class standing for the year. The report was then sent to the superintendent, by whom it was looked over and approved. If there were any particularly bad report, his initials placed opposite it were interpreted as a mild censure, and a warning that the offender was being watched.

Nearly all the reports made during these first days were of a trivial character, and nearly all the excuses were accepted, as the faults were rather sins of ignorance than of anything else. Much astonishment was produced throughout the class when Jack one evening read from the report,—

"Hawseline, obtaining assistance by means of a book at recitation."

As the delinquent was in Jack's section the latter was quite surprised, for he knew of nothing of the sort, and could not imagine how such a thing could have been seen by the instructor and not by himself. The general feeling was that such conduct was dishonorable, inasmuch as it was taking an unfair advantage of others; but a few were found who thought it perfectly right and no one's business so long as the instructor was not aware of it. While the general standard of conduct and submission to the regulations was perhaps no higher in this class than in others, yet the constant presence of the captain, his frequent conversations with individual offenders as he sent for them from time to time, and the nearness of association with the officer in charge, all combined to keep up a pretty high tone regarding these matters. Then, too, the class was so large that the office under the poop-deck had been made into a recitation-room, and the officer in charge had moved his quarters to the office first occupied by Jack, where he had two-thirds of

the class constantly under his eye, as there were windows which enabled him to see both the study-rooms. Hence the superintendent of the room was kept continually on the watch, and the rest of his fellows having some regard for his position were more careful than otherwise they would have been. If any infraction of the regulations seen by the officer in charge was not reported by the superintendent of the room, the latter was reported for neglect of duty, an offense visited in those days with ten demerits, the highest number possible. As the greatest number allowed one individual was but two hundred and fifty, it will be seen that ten was a large number to be awarded. By the end of the first week things had begun to settle down in the recitation line; each was taking the measure of his fellows as they recited, and the instructors were placing in their books each day the marks which were to determine finally the class standing for the month. These marks were graduated from zero to four, as follows: 0, perfect failure; 1, bad; 2, indifferent; 2.5, tolerable; 3, good; 3.5, very good; 4, thorough. The peculiarly mild character of the requirements will be at once understood when it is said that the *tolerable* mark was considered a satisfactory one. Any one who could reach that standard would pass and be permitted to graduate at the end of the four years.

During the first month this shaking down process continued. Jack's instructor in arithmetic was a professor of mathematics who had been in the naval service some twenty years; his rotund figure was clad in a loose-fitting blue frock-coat with navy buttons, while his rubicund face was crowned with a nearly bare poll, which out of doors was covered by an old-fashioned flat-topped navy cap, which he wore without an umbrella on all occasions, regardless of the weather. On the little finger of his left hand he wore an enormous seal ring, and with this he would point first to one and then to another of his pupils, as in stentorian tones he commanded, "Man the blackboard! Pass along the chalk!" On one occasion Jack was able to explain thoroughly some problem that had been a cause of mishap to the rest, and ever thereafter he was a prime favorite of the jolly professor, who was quite astonished at the lucidity of the explanation. Jack thanked his stars that his studies at the rectory, in the long-past days, had included a thorough course of mental arithmetic, and he was quite proud of his achievement, especially so when he was asked if he had ever studied algebra, and on saying "Yes, sir," was at once asked, "Why didn't you enter the third class, then?" A few months later Jack was sorry that he had not done so, for stirring times were in store for all concerned.

The Sundays were passed as has been already noted, and on Saturday afternoons one-half the class were allowed to visit the city; the other half were allowed to have a boat if desired, or to wander about the grounds listening to the band, which held forth on these occasions.

During the other days of the week, after the recitations were over,

various drills went on, and gradually the class was being initiated into the mysteries of the exercise of the 32-pounders spoken of, as well as some rudimentary knowledge of knotting and splicing, not to mention the pulling in boats and the drill with the small-arms. In those days the heavy infantry ideas were just beginning to give way to the demand for lightness and celerity, and the now antiquated "Hardee's Tactics" was the standard.

With all these multifarious occupations, leaving scarcely a moment unoccupied, the month passed quickly by, and on its last Saturday was posted in the bulletins the standing of each member of the class in the various branches of study. Jack was delighted to find his name at the head in mathematics, and nearly there in geography and grammar. This put him in the first section in everything, a distinction which he afterwards learned to prize more than ever in this first flush of gladness at his success. Many congratulations were extended to him by his comrades, and Ben in particular was very enthusiastic, predicting great things for the future. While he rejoiced at Jack's fortune he was obliged to content himself with a place in the second section in the English studies, while he was in the third in mathematics.

On looking over the lists of names there were discovered quite a number which had never before been seen, and whose owners had certainly never been on board the ship. Inquiry developed the fact that these were the names of those who had entered the previous year, but having failed to pass the examination, had been "turned back" to go over the fourth class studies again. By this unexpected addition the total number in the classs was swelled to nearly one hundred and twenty. These turnbacks, of whom nearly every class has some, lived on shore, and were altogether strangers to their class-mates. Naturally they affected the society of those who had entered with them, and were quite conscious of their superiority over the "ship-rats," acquired by their practice cruise. After-acquaintance developed the fact that there were some sterling fellows among them, whose misfortune in losing a year was due quite as much to idleness as to want of capacity to grasp the tasks required of them.

CHAPTER VI.

SOME NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

AMONG the instructors brought within Jack's observation by these changes in the class arrangement was an elderly man who heard the recitations of the first section in geography. The heir of an ancient house, he was deeply imbued with the spirit of his State, as later occurrences proved. He was chiefly remarkable for the tenacious accuracy with which he held his pupils to the text, his invariable reply to any swerving from its words being, "It may be so, but the book don't say

so." Jack and his new comrades did not entertain an overweening respect for their elderly tutor, and they were inclined to make more or less game of him in a quiet way. When, however, they found that this harmless little pleasantry cost them something in the reduction of their marks they soon desisted, and suffered themselves to be led in slavish bondage to the occasionally high-flown descriptions of scenery with which Cornell abounds. It was the habit of good old Softwood to require a recitation from each member of the section at least three times in each week; consequently on Thursdays it was pretty well known upon whom he would call to recite, and on Fridays only those who had not had their quota of recitations ever looked at a book. Hence, one Friday afternoon, great consternation was caused when in his most dulcet tones the old gentleman called on Brown to recite. Poor Brown, as was well known, had not even glanced at his lesson, but he was equal to the emergency, for he quietly replied, "I think you must have made a mistake, sir; it isn't my turn to recite to-day." This refreshing impudence so took our ancient friend aback that he merely gasped out, "Oh, very well. You can take your seat again."

The professor who for one afternoon in each week attempted to instruct a hundred rather impish youths in the art of free-hand drawing, deserves a whole chapter to himself. Would that some more facile pen than mine had embalmed the richness of some of those drawing-lessons! His high-pitched voice with its frequent recurrence of the remark, "Silence! What I say to one I say to all!" followed by some trivial order, such as "Get on, get on!" and his constant running fire of wonderful stories of his achievements in the dual *rôles* of artist and swordsman, furnished an inexhaustible fund of amusement for his hearers. He was undoubtedly an expert in both his specialties, but his qualifications as an instructor were confined to the more warlike of the two; for it is very certain that whatever any student learned of drawing was rather from his own natural talent than from any assistance yielded by the professor, whose task was in reality one of great magnitude. His continual chatter left him open to many remarks not particularly conducive to discipline, and occasionally paper balls or apple-cores would come in close proximity to his head. In disdainful tones he would say, "I wonder what child did that?" or, "When those young ladies in the corner are ready to be quiet, we will get on." Complaints of want of room upon the drawing-boards were invariably met by a statement to the effect that "want of room was no excuse; he had once sketched a flock of sheep jumping over a wall upon his thumb-nail, and each sheep's face was plainly shown." Another of his stories, always received with murmurs of approbation, was, "I was once riding across the Isthmus of Panama. Coming suddenly to the top of a hill, I saw both oceans spread out before me; it was the work of an instant to begin a sketch. My mule, idly feeding upon the grass, took me under

a low tree, when my hair suddenly caught in the branches and I was left suspended in the air; but so intent was I upon the sketch that I finished it before disentangling myself."

If some suggestion was made that the fencing-master was quite an expert, the Don (for such was the title bestowed upon him) would say, "Yes; but I was able once to throw an orange in the air, and catching it upon the point of my rapier, by a slight twist of the wrist would peel it before it fell." With these and such like anecdotes passing away the hours, it is not to be wondered at that the amount of practical instruction was small. And when some one would ask what pencil to use for a certain purpose, the extremely practical reply would be, "The *dur* is the best; but then, the *moyen* is equally as good."

Successive generations of midshipmen passed under the fatherly care of the old Don, and in time his post was vacated by an honorable retirement, and newer and younger men took his place upon the scene, with, let us trust, better and more practical results.

In their alternate Saturday afternoons in town, Jack and Ben had made the acquaintance of one Dante, whose confectionery and ice-cream saloon was a rallying-point for all such as had any money to spend. This rotund and jolly German's hostelry was the only place of public entertainment that the midshipmen were allowed to visit, and hence a very respectable harvest was reaped by him and his frau. His motto was "Pay to-day; I'll trust to-morrow," but an occasional suave youngster would succeed in establishing an account, which (increasing far more rapidly than he imagined) would in most cases be honorably settled when the end of the year came. His viands were of good quality and of fair price, but he had an extensive rival within the Academy walls in the person of old Moses Lake, the barber. This elderly colored individual, as an addition to his income from the legitimate duties of his position, was permitted to have a pie and cake counter, at which dyspeptic compounds of various degrees of badness were sold at a moderate price to his youthful customers. A branch establishment had been set up on board ship, and here, too, was a tempting display of comestibles; tempting, that is to say, to a hungry boy, who got dessert but twice a week, and was not allowed to have any butter for dinner. Old Moses occasionally appeared upon the scene to examine the status of affairs, but he never (not even on shore) condescended to tonsorial operations himself; far indeed from that, for his remuneration of one dollar a month from those who shaved, and of one-quarter of that sum from the remainder, was sufficient to support him in comparative affluence, and to make him a man of means and of consideration among his colored brethren. Especially was he looked up to by his subordinates, who were kept in strict discipline by their employer. As most of Jack's class were from the Northern States, it had not occurred to them that the colored people by whom they were served in various ways were

slaves, and that their wages went into the pockets of their owners. In most cases this was a fact, but Moses and Jim Halliday were exceptions to the general rule, being free. Dorsey, the steward on board ship, was a slave, and as soon as he had made himself tolerably well acquainted with the new midshipmen, a subscription-paper was circulated (his usual annual custom) to obtain funds to help him buy his freedom.

There was not much time to spare in these busy days, but gradually the members of the class were getting to know one another more and more, and little cliques were forming, bound together by some common likes or dislikes. Under the existing circumstances of national affairs, it was not to be wondered at that as a whole there should be something of a political element involved. One's first friends were generally among the crew to which one belonged, as there was naturally more opportunity of knowing people intimately when thus connected; but there was, notwithstanding this, a considerable under-current of political feeling; more especially as one member of the class was the son of a prominent Southern politician, who was well known to have threatened secession in case of the election of Mr. Lincoln. Jack's position as adjutant kept him from being thrown much with the rest of his class, and hence it was mainly upon Ben that he depended for companionship during the short moments of freedom at their disposal. Ben, however, had many friends, and it was through one of them that at last he brought trouble upon himself, and indirectly upon the whole class. One Saturday afternoon he returned from liberty decidedly under the influence of liquor. His condition was observed by the officer in charge, and his name appeared upon the report on the following Monday for this offense. The ominous initials "B. S. G." appeared when it returned from the superintendent, and at noon an order was read suspending Ben from duty. "While thus under suspension," the order went on to say, "he will govern himself in strict accordance with Article LXII. of the Regulations for the Government of the Naval Academy." Reference to this article showed that the delinquent was to go to his recitations and drills, but was to exercise no other official functions whatever, and was to confine himself to his study-room during the hours of recreation. Not a very severe punishment, doubtless some of my readers will say, but one found very effective in military life. The public removal from all right to perform duty, the enforced idleness, the professional stain, all are felt keenly by military and naval men. Nor was this all in store for Ben; he was in receipt of a letter from the dreaded superintendent informing him that "the question of reporting him to the Secretary of the Navy for dismissal was under advisement." Unquestionably it was a wise move to visit with condign punishment so serious an offense, but it was always a question in the class whether the means taken by the authorities was altogether a fair one. Jack was sent for by the captain, told of the chances of

Ben's being reported to the Secretary, and informed that if the class would sign a pledge not to use liquor, the subject of dismissal would not be pressed. Jack took the message to the class, and after some time a pledge "not to use intoxicating liquors while attached to the Academy" was being circulated, the verbal understanding with the captain being that it was not to be binding either on the practice cruise or on leave. Some signed at once; these were either those who had no taste for liquor and no repugnance to signing a pledge, or friends of Ben, who signed to save him from disgrace; others hesitated, some from one motive and some from another, but finally nearly the whole class affixed their names to the document. Thus the liquor snake was scotched, but whether by fair means or not will be decided according to individual tendencies. When the pledge was delivered to the authorities Ben was released from suspension, and the whole matter passed quickly from memory.

The captain was one of those men who consider that a reasonable amount of the society of the gentler sex is a good thing for a young man, and hence he took early measures towards having "hops" for the mutual gratification of guests and hosts. These entertainments were of a modest character, beginning and closing at an early hour. The dancing took place on the berth-deck, rather to the discomfiture of youngsters as tall as Jack, but mirth and jollity prevailed and much pleasure was gained, by the midshipmen, at least. The music was furnished by a detachment of the band, the ladies coming on alternate Saturday evenings. It is to be feared that the fourth-class men were rather looked down upon by the older ones of their fair guests, for on the other Saturday evenings they had the society of the first- and second-class men, beings far higher in the social and official scale than the ship-rats. As most of the fourth class were young, a good many girls who were not allowed to go to the hops on shore came to those on board ship, and thus insensibly leaked out into society before the regulation period of a formal *début*. These semi-monthly gatherings were looked forward to with much pleasure by a good many, but by others the other Saturdays were considered preferable, for then took place what is known as a stag dance, at which none but the masculine gender appeared. These were well patronized also, but mainly by those who did not attend the hops, and hence there came to pass another division of the class into hopites and non-hopites, a distinction which was kept up during Jack's entire stay at the Academy. On the whole it must be considered that the hopites had the best of it, for the softening influence of woman, be she young, middle-aged, or old, is felt and needed by man, in whatever stage of development he may be.

ALLAN D. BROWN,
Commander U.S.N.

(To be continued.)

ONE OF THE DUANES.

(Continued from page 67.)

CHAPTER XII.

After all, Francisca did not appear at the rehearsal, and without "Miranda," "Ariel" positively refused to exist.

"I should be a mockery," she said, with so lovely a smile that a certain young officer of the "Wyandotte" was heard to risk his reputation by remarking that "a mockery by no other name could be as sweet," or something equally as absurd to that effect. But, unmoved by compliments or persuasion, Miss Duane persisted in finding her mission for the evening in listening to and looking at other people, assisting the aspirants for honor by advice and manual labor into graceful attitudes, and adjusting impossible elbows into the "line of beauty." Nevertheless, scarcely the due attention was bestowed on the legitimate business of the hour. Something had occurred on the post that day which afforded the officers an absorbing topic of thought, and although, on account of the ladies' presence, very little was said upon the subject, still it was impossible to feel a great degree of interest in less important affairs.

A mysterious visit had been paid Colonel Claibourne by the deputy collector of internal revenue, who had arrived during the afternoon from Pensacola, it seemed, and had been closeted with the commanding officer for an hour. This fact, coupled with the additional one that there had been serious trouble caused by certain illicit distilleries (which had so far served government very much in the way an *ignis fatuus* does a swamp explorer), rendered it easy for the officers to draw their own conclusions.

When two is added to two, it is generally conceded that four will be the result. Likewise, when illicit distillery disturbances and collectors of internal revenue visits are placed in juxtaposition, the consequences are almost as readily adduced. Although there was little conversation on the subject, there prevailed a general air of abstraction and subdued inward excitement among the men, which was decidedly to the detriment of the evening's entertainment.

As for Bonny, her thoughts constantly wandered to Francisca, who had become even more conspicuous by her absence than she would have been if present. Miss Collingwood and Miss Levara both were eager in their inquiries, and could scarcely conceal their enjoyment of Miss Duane's ill success.

"Perhaps she saw at the last moment how thoroughly out of place she would be in *our* society," suggested Miss Levara, whose grandfather had thought himself well off when he got a place as overseer on a small plantation, "or maybe her people wouldn't let her come."

"I hardly think it could have been that," rejoined Bonny, a little absently. She had paled suddenly, during Miss Levara's surmises, and sat pressing her hands together nervously. It had dawned upon her while the young lady spoke that in great probability Francisca's breach of faith was due to a far more serious cause. If the only person who had any reason to dread Bonny's influence upon the girl should have seen her in time to learn of the "Miranda" and "Ariel" scheme, no doubt his ever-alert suspicions had prompted him to forbid the promise to be kept.

Perhaps he might even be able to persuade the girl to avoid Miss Duane as an enemy, and thus, with the agency of the very plan by which she had hoped to bring it about, her object would be finally defeated.

She thrilled with nervous apprehension as this idea took hold upon her. There was too much depending on her diplomacy and efforts, she told herself. She was too young and inexperienced to bear a load like that which had fallen on her shoulders. It was not fair or right. By and by her strength would surely fail her, and she would find that she could support the burden no longer. What would happen then?

What if she should tell the whole truth to Sidney, and ask his advice and help? if, indeed, there could be help in such a case as this. For an instant she was fairly tempted; but then she repeated to herself the motto adopted by her family, "Sufficient unto ourselves," which reminded her of all there was at stake.

It was not Isabel Duane alone for whom she had to think. What constituted the ill fortune or disgrace of one of the Duanes constituted equally that of all, she had heard her father say so many times, though she had never thought to exemplify it as she was doing now. And besides, remembering what Mrs. Revere had said on that terrible, never-to-be-forgotten day of the "Wyandotte" reception, she felt that it would be impossible for her to confide in Sidney, for whose good opinion she cared so very much. She would do anything, suffer anything, rather than know herself disgraced and demeaned in his eyes. What was it that Mrs. Revere had said? "A girl connected with a common soldier, no matter in what way, would no longer have a right to exist, socially speaking. And an officer who cared for her, or who was un-

fortunate enough to be related to her, would be forever tabooed by all his associates, and would be obliged to resign his commission and go abroad." That, or something very like it, was what Mrs. Revere so carelessly had said, and she, whose whole heart was in an army life, assuredly must know. It was cruel,—it hardly seemed possible,—but yet it was *true*. Mrs. Revere would not have been so horrified or so earnest in her denunciation otherwise.

With such thoughts as these throbbing in her brain, it is not to be wondered at if Bonny appeared to share the general disaffection, and found it difficult, wellnigh impossible, to be her ordinary vivacious self in the presence of Mrs. Revere's guests.

The hostess, also, was a little abstracted, with a suspicion of nervousness in her manner. She was scarcely the bland and beaming Mrs. Revere whose name was a synonym for all that was amiable in her "society's small pool."

She said "Yes?" and smiled, as Miss Collingwood told how her grandmother (who shared the navy-yard home) had been seized with rheumatic cramps, and immediately after exclaimed, sympathetically, "Poor, dear old lady!" when her companion announced that Miss Levara would for some time longer be her guest. And often she glanced at Bonny with a curiously fascinated gaze. There must really be something unfortunately *odd* about a young woman, however innocent, concerning whose reputation anonymous letters were composed, and to Mrs. Revere's mind it was always a misfortune to be "odd." Even being a Duane was not sufficient compensation. There were other people in the world, after all, beside the Duanes, and she (Mrs. Revere) was obliged to consult and think of their opinions.

She felt also a little inclined to be angry with Bonny because of the peculiar ideas to whose free expression she attributed this nameless stab in the dark. Girls had no right to entertain and boast of such ideas, while everybody "who was *anybody*" disapproved. Mrs. Revere would have given a good deal for the courage and privilege of telling the stranger within her gates exactly what she thought of her foolishness. But yet, as she looked at her, thus reflecting, she felt her hard mood perceptibly melting,—so fair and frail and pure did the girl appear, with the effect of her luminous eyes heightened by the round spot of rose-color burning on each of her otherwise pale cheeks.

Suddenly Mrs. Revere turned to Dr. McFarland, who sat near her. "Don't you think Miss Duane looks very delicate, almost ill, to-night?" she asked, in a low voice. "I fear, after all, our climate is not agreeing with her as we hoped it would,—for, you know, she came here partially for the benefit of her health. What do you honestly think of her appearance?"

There was, perhaps, as much malice as solicitude in her questioning. She remembered what Bonny had said about disliking him, that

day, also his marked avoidance of her house, which he had not entered since the evening of the reception on the "Wyandotte." If there was "method in his madness," as well as Bonny's, she would be glad to find it out. Most women are very ready to suspect the existence of a hidden love-affair, and Mrs. Revere was no exception to the rule.

McFarland glanced up furtively, with an uncomfortable fear that Miss Duane might have betrayed him, or, even worse, "made sport" of him for the benefit of Mrs. Revere. But her face gave him no information. "I think Miss Duane looks as though she were laboring under a strong and long-continued strain of mental excitement," he returned, slowly. "I should not be surprised to hear at any time that she had been taken ill."

"I am quite sure you are mistaken about the 'mental excitement,' doctor. She is one of the merriest, happiest girls you ever saw. So witty and full of life!" said Mrs. Revere, carefully meeting the other's eyes.

"You profess to read her character, I to read her symptoms," he remarked, with a rather disagreeable smile.

Jack Sidney, who had also been dragged bodily into the "tableau club," crossed the room, and stood beside Miss Duane. He too had noticed that she was not looking well.

"Are you sure you have recovered from the effects of the fright and fatigue at the old fort?" he inquired, in a voice that reached her ears alone.

"Oh, yes; thoroughly recovered. But I am very disappointed about our Francisca,"—he noted and rejoiced in the pronoun of mutual possession, although it had been unconsciously let fall,—"I thought, after all our efforts at persuasion, she would surely have summoned courage to keep her word."

"Perhaps we can secure her yet, by some brilliant *coup d'état*," he said, eager, as a genuine lover ever is, in promoting even the most trifling pleasures of the "one woman in the world."

"That is just what I have been hoping for. Will you do me a great favor to-morrow morning?"

"*Will* I? Don't you know that in giving me something to do for you, you are bestowing the best sort of favor on me?"

"Am I? You may thank me, then. I thought, you see, if I should write a little note to Francisca, and you would take it to her for me to-morrow morning (for then she would be *quite* sure to receive it, and seeing you would show her we really cared), perhaps I might offer some more potent inducements than occurred to me to-day. At all events, I should like to try, although it did not seem exactly the thing to ask you to do my errand."

"I don't see why not. I like to feel you trust me, even in little things, and I will do your errand gladly. If you can have your note

ready early, before officers' call, I can take it then; for there will be target practice to-morrow morning, and I have to be on the beach about ten."

"I will write it to-night, when every one has gone," said Bonny, bestowing upon him a little grateful smile.

"Very well,—thanks. I'll stop for it myself. I shall never trust that rogue, Sammy, to do anything important again. His fingers are chronically soiled, and his disposition is too mischievous for positions of trust; so he shall be relegated henceforth to a very minor place in my domestic and diplomatic affairs. But, by the way, have you ever seen the target practice?"

"No, I never have; though I can't say I haven't *heard* it to my sorrow—sometimes."

"It is not so monotonous to hear when you can see it too, I assure you. Even horse-racing is rather stupid if one doesn't know anything about the horses, and this also must be understood to be enjoyed. Now, if you would care for it at all, I could find you and Mrs. Revere a shady place to sit and look on to-morrow, and you needn't stay through the whole time unless you choose."

Bonny could scarcely have been hard-hearted enough to refuse, even had she desired it, so boyishly eager and pleading did Sidney look. Therefore she promised,—and not reluctantly,—subject, of course, to Mrs. Revere's consent.

When the farce of a rehearsal was over, and Bonny had gone to her room, the first thing she did was to sit down and write the note to Francisca Suarez.

She would use all her art, and work upon her gratitude, since she had exhausted every other argument, she thought. The note should outwardly be nothing more than that. But she would word it so that at least the girl could not refuse to see her and explain. If Francisca were not to be persuaded into keeping her promise to be "Miranda," then she, Bonny, would try to think of some plan for abandoning all part in the entertainment, without making herself too ungracious.

The note which she finally completed to her partial satisfaction was indeed skillfully put together for such a novice in diplomacy, and she built great hopes upon the effect it was to create, waiting very anxiously next morning, until Sidney's errand should be done.

He was not very long in its accomplishment. "Francisca was at home, and asked me to tell you that she would come up to see you this afternoon," he said, upon returning.

"Didn't she explain why she broke her promise last night?" Bonny questioned.

"No. She said something about explaining to you when she saw you. But I think this time you may depend upon her. And now, how about the target practice?"

"Oh, I forgot! We are going, of course, and shall be ready when officers' call is over."

Bonny and Mrs. Revere were waiting on the piazza, with a spirit of military promptness,—which means being ready a half-hour or so before you can possibly be wanted,—when Sidney returned from the adjutant's office.

"I'm so sorry to have given you trouble for nothing," he said. "After all, I'm excused from target practice this morning."

"It seems to me that you are looking rather pleased about it than otherwise," Mrs. Revere exclaimed. And, indeed, there was an ill-concealed air of pleasurable excitement lurking about his face.

"Am I? Then my looks belie me. I confess I should be glad enough to get out of it almost any day except this, when I had been promised an incentive to show my prowess and my men's. But I expect to get official orders presently for another sort of work."

"'Fe, fo, fum!'" quoted Mrs. Revere, mischievously, "I smell the blood of a mystery-um! and, dead or alive, I *will* have some! It's illicit distillery, I *know*, for I overheard something Mr. Partridge said to Mr. Sevier, of the 'Wyandotte.' My husband never tells me anything,—a very aggravating little principle of his. But, come, have not you and the adjutant had your heads together?"

Sidney ran his hand through what hair fashion had left him dubiously. "Does my head look as though it had recently come in contact with any particularly hard substance?" he inquired.

"Yes, whisky-kettles, for instance (if that is what you call them), or some of Mr. Voorhees's blunt eloquence. That has rather a crushing effect on the brain, I am told."

"'Truth crushed to earth will rise again,' but brains, as a rule, will not," laughed Bonny; "therefore I trust Mr. Sidney's haven't met with any such terrible fate."

"How about his heart?" queried Mrs. Revere. "That is generally considered more easily damaged with a young man."

"Crushed hearts, like crushed hats, have a 'beautiful spring,' warranted to last without breaking for an indefinite number of years, provided they are not trifled with *too* much. Now, I don't know how long or how much Mr. Sidney has been putting his to use."

"Yes, you do," said Sidney, looking at her in a way which caused Mrs. Revere to become suddenly blind as well as deaf.

A wave of pink color stole over Bonny's face. Even the delicate, round throat was tinted with it. She turned away from him. "Here comes a soldier with a big white paper," she remarked. "It is something for the captain, perhaps."

"Perhaps," assented Mrs. Revere, reluctantly regaining her sight and hearing again; "or for Jack."

The latter conjecture proved correct, for the soldier, seeing Sidney

sitting on the Revere piazza, paused at the steps, rather hesitatingly ascended them, and handed him the large envelope, marked in the upper left-hand corner with "O. B."

"May I read it here?" Sidney asked, when the soldier had departed.

"Yes, by all means, as quickly as ever you can, and then tell us about it, for we shall be positively consuming with curiosity till we know, shall we not, Bonny?"

Sidney laughed, and tore open the envelope. As he did so Mrs. Revere stepped softly behind him and peeped mischievously over his shoulder, reading aloud,—

"In compliance with orders received from headquarters Department of the South, Atlanta, Georgia, of March 19, 187–, Second Lieutenant John Sidney, with a detachment of ten men selected from Battery 'L,' —th Artillery, by the commanding officer of said battery, will report in person to Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue, at Pensacola, to-morrow at six A.M. Quartermaster will furnish necessary transportation.

"By order of Lieutenant-Colonel Claibourne.

"(Signed) E. P. VOORHEES,
"First Lieutenant and Post Adjutant."

"Now," she exclaimed, "I have saved you the trouble of telling official secrets."

Sidney laughed. "Well, I suppose I have no right to reprimand my captain's wife, though I don't know what he would say to such unmilitary proceedings if he were here. Now, however, you can no doubt guess why I was relieved from the delightful and novel recreation of target practice."

"Scarcely, since you have not to report till to-morrow. Surely it won't take you so long to 'screw your courage to the sticking-point,' will it?"

"At least I'm not to be given the chance, for I'm to start very early in the morning, and I must spend the remainder of to-day in making my arrangements for transportation and so on, after seeing your husband and learning his selection of the men."

"I don't understand it quite," said Bonny. "What are you going to do after you have got to Pensacola with all your selected and assorted men?"

"Don't ask him," interpolated Mrs. Revere. "There's so much 'red tape' ingrained in the composition of these West Pointers that they cannot bear to tell a woman anything before it is officially 'out.' Now, this is not '*out*' yet, you must understand, although I don't doubt it is talked of all over the post. What the adjutant knows his wife knows, and what his wife knows,—but no matter! *I* have no desire to gossip. Didn't you hear any one speaking last night of the illicit

distilleries that have been bothering poor, stupid, old 'Uncle Sam' so lately? Well, some of his trusted nephews are to be sent out by secrecy and stealth upon the war-path to surprise the desperate 'whiskyers' in their lair, that is all."

"Is there any danger about it?" Bonny asked, rather anxiously.

"For the 'whiskyers,' of whom Mrs. Revere makes such graphic mention, a good deal, or more especially for their belongings. For ourselves, scarcely enough to give a spice of entertainment. Only imagine, Miss Duane, that it is almost my first adventure since I left West Point with many high hopes for 'deeds of daring do,' and you can realize how much zest I shall find in even this affair."

"I do feel it," Bonny answered, with flattering eagerness. "I am sure it would be so with me were I a man, yet I think I should have been satisfied with that fire at Warrington if I had been in search of an adventure. I cannot see anything really delightful in this expedition if it is going to be such a one-sided affair as you say. But I am a little afraid that there will be more risk for—for *our* side than you wish us to believe."

"I like my cup of life to be filled with mixed drinks," said Sidney, smiling.

"I have heard, I think, that such refreshment was apt to affect the head and make people giddy. But may I ask how long is it since you left West Point?"

"I graduated seven years ago, yet here I am an insignificant 'second' still. However, the next shuffle of the cards will give me my promotion, and I shall wear no longer a 'field with nary bar.'"

"If Captain Voorhees is a first lieutenant, as it says on that order of yours that Mrs. Revere read out, why do they call him captain, then?" asked Bonny, puzzled.

"He is captain by brevet, and therefore always receives that title socially, you know," Sidney explained. "As for me, I shall be quite satisfied with plain 'Mr.' for a number of years to come, when once I have become first instead of second."

"I once knew a young lady who said of her brother, a cadet at West Point, that the 'authorities had such a high opinion of him they skipped over first lieutenant and made him a second.' What do you think of that?" laughed Bonny.

"It was like reaching one's destination before one had started—rather—wasn't it? But now, really, I must not delay any longer about bidding you farewell."

"Won't we see you again at all before you go?" Bonny asked, rising and looking at him a little wistfully as he held out his hand.

"Oh, yes, I shall certainly look in this evening if only for a moment, just to say the melancholy word 'good-by.' And then that must last me for I cannot tell how long."

"You cannot tell?" somewhat disconsolately, and forgetting to remove her hand from his.

"It will depend upon the luck we have, of course."

"Ugh! One thinks of 'Riderhood' and his ghastly 'luck!' Still we wish it for you, and a safe and speedy return."

* * * * * * * *

Bonny had gone to lie down in her room late that afternoon, when one of the servants knocked and announced that Francisca Suarez had arrived.

"She done 'clar'd yo'd sended fo' her, or I'd of whisked her off, right smart," said the coal-black Violet, to whom the Spanish beauty was but "pore wite trash."

"Let her come up to my room," Miss Duane directed, glad to have the girl in a part of the house quite sacred to herself.

It was a very quiet, shamed Francisca, with drooping head and hands clasped before her, who presently was ushered in.

"Well, Francisca?" interrogated Miss Duane, reproachfully.

"I do not find what there is for me to say," said the girl, downcast and blushing, "I have to feel so sorry!"

"I was sorry too. I really thought when you *promised*,—but sit down, *cara mia*, and don't look quite so grieved. I trust that now you have come to renew your old promise. It is not too late yet."

But Francisca would not sit down. An expression of mingled grief and obstinacy dawned among the blushes on her face.

"No, lady; please do not have anger with me. I am too sorry, but I have come to tell that I must take back of what I said that other time."

"Oh, *Francisca!*"

All the look of obstinacy died away from the pretty Spanish face, and left only the regret.

"It is not of my fault,—no!" she exclaimed, almost tearfully.

"I am sure it is not, when you tell me so. But it must be somebody's fault," Bonny said, trying to eliminate all emotion from her voice. She went to the girl, however, and laid her hand persuasively on the little black alpaca arm.

"Won't you explain to me, Francisca, why it is that you must give one who is so sincerely interested in you this unexpected disappointment? Surely I have a right to ask who has prevailed upon you to break your word?"

Francisca moved away a step or two, and began plaiting up little folds of her stiff dress.

"It is better I say not anything," she muttered.

"Francisca! I had almost thought you were fond of me, till now!"

Then the girl abandoned herself to the tears that had been already trembling on her lashes. They splashed over her cheeks unrestrained,

and fell in little bright drops upon the alpaca gown, for she was by far too embarrassed and alarmed to make the least attempt at wiping them away.

Bonny thrilled with a pity that was keenest pain for the miserable little figure which seemed to feel itself so at her mercy standing all forlorn.

"Don't cry, my poor Francisca," she softly said.

But Francisca's shower of tears was not to be thus lightly stayed.

"I wanted that you liked me," she wept from out her watery veil. "George, it was he who said I was not to come. He said I must not to see you at all, any more, but that I could not to help this one time. In the other things, it is right I do as he tells. He would feel anger with me if he could to know I was here, for he says—he is too much foolish!—he says, you think not well of him, and will make me to believe as you."

Bonny's heart seemed to sink down—down like a weight of lead.

"It has come," she said within herself. Now was the time for diplomacy, for coolness of nerve. She must summon all her art and all her courage, she tried to feel, while her heart was beating so wildly that her head swam in sympathy.

"Francisca," she began, in a voice that choked a little, ever so little, "listen to me. Trust me, if you can, for you *may* trust me. I tell you solemnly, with all there is in your heart, I am not trying to deceive you when I say I am speaking for your good. Tell me, are you expecting to marry this George Dane?"

The girl glanced about her with a strange, wild, startled gaze, as if for some way of escape from the questioning eyes and firm, detaining hands. The old sullen obstinacy flashed back beneath her lashes. "I came to talk but of the acting," she complained.

"Do not trifle with me, Francisca," Bonny said. "I did not *send* for you to talk about the acting only. It was of this I meant to speak, for I have something to tell you it is right that you should know."

"No, no," protested Francisca. "It is what he spoke of. He said I must not even to listen!"

"Oh, what *can* I say to her? What shall I do?" It was a cry wrung from her by the knowledge of her helplessnesss,—a cry that frightened and amazed Francisca Suarez. Then, in an instant, she began anew: "You have got to listen. You *must*—you *must*. Wait a moment. Can you read English writing? Then come with me to my trunk,—no, you shall not go away yet. Can't you see it hurts me more to have you know this I am going to tell you than it does you to learn it?" She caught Francisca by the wrist and drew her gently though forcibly towards the large trunk which stood in a corner of the room. Lifting the lid she opened a small, carved, ebony box and tossed over its contents until she had selected a certain letter from among a

number of others. "Take this," she said, turning to her companion, who stood trembling by her side; "take it home with you and, first, promise me that you will read it as soon as you are there. I don't want you to read it while you are with me. I don't think I could bear it. Neither could you. Surely you will do so much for me—it is all I shall ask—now. And only listen to a few words more before you go. The man who wrote that letter but the other day is your lover, poor child, whom you have known as George Dane. You must have had letters from him, too; you will recognize the hand. And you will learn that you could never, never be his wife, really, for he is already married. It is only harm that he means you, although he will try hard to make you believe differently. He knows I meant to tell you the truth about him, and for that reason he warned you to have nothing more to do with me. He was afraid of what I should say, and he wished to prejudice you against me first."

While she spoke rapidly, and often brokenly, Francisca had listened like one enchained by a spell. Her features gradually changed and froze into something resembling a plaster mask of the bright, childish, rosy face. Only her eyes seemed alive. As the moment came when she must answer in one way or another, her lips fell apart straightly, rather than framed the words which dropped from them slowly, one by one.

"I cannot to see him again," she wailed, more to herself apparently than to her companion. "He is going very early away with the other men who are ordered. He told me in a letter that he made me burn, and he means to come back. He will leave the men, when they do not know, and then soon he would write for me to come to the place where he would be. Now, I dare not to go. I dare not to go. I am afraid he is not true as he had me to believe; and if he is not, oh! what can I do? I loved him; I loved him so."

"He is not worthy of the love, Francisca," Bonny said, gently and sadly. "It is better to find it out now before it is too late."

She laid her hand soothingly on the other's arm, but Francisca shook it off, staring at her like a wild creature.

"No, no!" she cried. "Do not touch me. I will *not* believe! Why should I think it is more truth that you say than what he, who loves me, says?" She drew herself up with a new-born, half-crazed defiance in her gentle eyes. "I will wait till he himself can speak. Then I will believe."

Bonny pointed to the letter, which the girl still unconsciously grasped. "He *has* spoken," she said, decidedly, but not at all angrily. "Will you read that when you are at home?"

"Yes," returned the other, sullenly, after an instant of hesitation.

"Very well. I will ask nothing more of you now, except to try to understand how little worth my while it would be to deceive you, at

all events from my point of view, and to remember, when you are calmer, that I have tried to be kind to you, because I was fond of you and wished to save you from a very terrible mistake. Now, I think it will be better for both of us that you go home. We have each said everything that there is to say."

Francisca turned away silently.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE next morning a species of dull restlessness had settled like a cloud upon the garrison. Only one lieutenant and ten soldiers were absent from the little band who saw each others' faces every day. It was not the lack of their familiar presence which caused the peculiar blankness of feeling, recognized by all. But there had been a stirring up of the ordinary routine into something novel and unusually lively. Now everything had settled back into its old place, and officers and men felt, as Mr. Partridge expressed it, "like the day after a champagne spree." But there was no good reason why the ladies should share in the general weakness and depression of the men. The breaking up of illicit distilleries brought nothing either of regret or joy to them. The thing of interest was would "ours," as represented by Lieutenant Sidney and his little force, triumph in the enterprise? not, would one more excrescence of abomination be demolished. And, for the *denouement*, with plenty to occupy their minds and tongues in the mean time, they could very comfortably possess their souls in patience and wait.

Now, there had been started some two or three months previously a certain organization which owed its birth to the ladies of the navy-yard, but, with the generosity of success, had extended its arms to the feminine portion of Barrancas, and had thereupon adopted the ambitious and appropriate title of the "Ladies' Reading and Mutual Improvement Association." "Reading Association" alone had been the original suggestion, but when experience made it evident that the society refused to be shackled by any such narrowing restrictions (because the ladies *would* talk as well as read), the "Mutual Improvement" clause was wisely inserted. Then, and not till then, the society had license to enjoy itself, for the "Mutual Improvement" covered a multitude of little indulgences. A meeting was held every two weeks, from which all such catchpenny attractions as gentlemen's society were rigidly excluded, books were popularly supposed to be the order of the day, and such innocuous comestibles as tea and thin sandwiches lent a mild zest to the occasions. A leading novel of the time was begun, after much discussion, at their first assembling; but, as at the end of the intervening two weeks each lady reluctantly confessed to having perused it surreptitiously and by stealth in the mean time, "because she

really *could* not wait," Hume was next decided upon, both because of its undoubted solidity and the small temptation it offered toward the previously-committed offense.

It happened fortuitously that one of these semi-monthly meetings fell due upon the afternoon of March 21st, and was held in the parlors of Mrs. Collingwood, at the navy-yard. Most of the members were present, and it promised to be an uncommonly successful day. There had even gone about a whisper to the effect that Mrs. Collingwood (who had been one of the moving spirits in the organization of the society) intended to add chicken salad and, *perhaps*, wine-jelly to the tea and sandwiches called for by a regulation of the club; and, if this turned out to be a fact, Mrs. Wentworth, whose turn came next in order, had already decided that *she* should send to Pensacola for strawberries, at no matter what trouble or expense.

It was, probably, taken altogether, as thoroughly representative a circle of "Army and Navy Ladies" that day present in Mrs. Collingwood's pleasant parlors as one would be apt to find anywhere assembled. There were some pretty, well-dressed young women, whose faces, accent, and manner made it evident that they possessed cleverness, as well as refinement and cultivation. Others there were, much older, who had once been as these, but whose minds, manners, and clothes now sadly showed the wear and tear of their precarious experiences. There were still others whose sole charm and talent seemed to lie in living through, and prattling of, their humdrum round of daily cares,—discoursing upon their husbands, children (always numerous), the ordering of dinners and making over old things into new. And yet again, others, whose delight mainly centred in the husbands, children, dinners, and old-new things of the rest of womankind, to the exclusion, naturally, of their own. These were not the only contrasting types; but now, on the present auspicious occasion, the whole company agreed, with a harmony most uncommon, in the general feeling of anticipatory exaltation attendant on unlimited sandwiches, salad, tea, and Hume, interlarded with "Mutual Improvement."

Mrs. Collingwood presided in a central situation, a large fan waving blandly back and forth against her much-befichued breast, and a volume of Hume (need it be said, still the first?) reposing in her lap, a marker protruding between the eighth and ninth pages of "chapter one."

"Before we begin our reading," prefaced Mrs. Collingwood, "perhaps it would be well to find out just how many and which of our society is absent."

"And then proceed to talk about them," Mrs. Voorhees's sharp tongue whispered in her neighbor's ear.

The next instant she was all attention, her face turned with a pleasant smile in the direction of Mrs. Collingwood.

"First, there are Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Fortescue."

"They say Mrs. Fortescue's husband won't let her come any more," remarked Mrs. Partridge. "I suppose he's afraid we'll all find out how mean and stingy he is with her, for he knows perfectly well she hasn't a decent dress to put on."

"She has worn that old black and blue cashmere, that looks for all the world like a bruise, every time she's attended a meeting; and really, if she had nothing else to wear, I think we may be grateful to her for staying away, as I, for one, began to be heartily sick of seeing it opposite me," laughed Mrs. Voorhees.

"Fortescue spends all his pay in playing poker. He and Dr. McFarland and one or two others I could mention are at it every night," the lady who sat next her murmured.

"Mrs. Allen said to me the other day that she didn't believe she would come any more, for she didn't feel like providing sandwiches and tea, and perhaps more elaborate refreshments, for so many people," said another.

"Well, I notice she is very fond of them, and does them full justice, too, in any house but her own," added Mrs. Partridge, who had entertained the society at her son's quarters last.

"Mrs. Revere and Miss Duane are also absent," hastily announced Miss Kate Collingwood. "Miss Duane sent word this morning that she couldn't come on account of a severe headache, but Mrs. Revere made no excuse at all that I know of; did she, mamma?"

"No," Mrs. Collingwood returned, regretfully. "She has not been as regular as we could wish lately."

"Well, I trust her husband enjoys paying her fines," chimed in somebody from the background.

"I wonder if Miss Duane's headache could possibly have arisen from the absence of stimulant in the shape of masculine society at our meetings?" Mrs. Voorhees questioned, with an air of gentle introspection, gazing into space.

ALICE KING HAMILTON.

(To be continued.)

THE BRANCH HYDROGRAPHIC OFFICES AND THE MERCHANT MARINE.

THE means by which the hydrographic office at present holds its communication with the merchant marine are principally the branch hydrographic offices situated in several of our principal seaports. Though their object is good, and though they are growing in importance, a great deal more would be accomplished were their existence more generally known and their object more universally understood. A large proportion of the people whom the offices are intended to benefit, such as ship-captains, their agents and brokers, are in ignorance of the fact of their establishment, and a great many who are aware of their existence do not thoroughly understand their importance, and consequently fail to avail themselves of the advantages which they offer.

It is with a view of diffusing some information on this subject that this article is written, and an effort will be made to show how the merchant marine may be benefited through the agency of the branch offices, and how the scope of the latter, and consequently the good of the former, may be greatly increased through their active co-operation.

Briefly stated, the branch offices are the outcome of a desire on the part of the chief of the hydrographic office to form more intimate relations with the merchant marine, and are established in our principal seaports in charge of efficient naval officers in order to facilitate the collection and diffusion of nautical information. In his annual report for 1883, the chief hydrographer says, —

"Hitherto the office has not been able to extend the full benefit of its co-operation to the merchant marine, owing to its remoteness from the class of people it was intended to benefit, and to the natural hesitation of the latter to take the initiative in availing themselves of its resources. In order to supply this want, it was necessary to take some steps to bring the office into closer and more direct relations with seafaring men. To this end, branch offices have been established in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, in rooms provided through the generous liberality of the Board of Trade in Boston and of the Maritime Exchanges in the other two cities. The branches have been

placed in charge of officers detailed from this office, with the approval of the Department. Each branch is supplied with charts covering the navigable waters of the globe, nautical works, light-lists, and sailing directions, all corrected to date. The plan has the double advantage of placing within easy reach of masters of vessels all the information contained in the hydrographic office, and of enabling the office to obtain with incomparably greater fullness, accuracy, and dispatch all the information brought to those parts by incoming navigators as the fruit of their own experience."

Since the publication of this report additional offices have been established in Baltimore, New Orleans, and San Francisco, in each case at the centre of maritime trade, and their establishment in other seaports will probably depend upon the importance they may gain in the maritime world.

The set of charts furnished each office includes all the issues of the hydrographic and coast survey offices, as well as some of the British Admiralty charts, while the list of books embraces the sailing directions and works upon navigation, seamanship, meteorology, etc., together with many others interesting to the mariner and touching upon themes which have been made subjects of scientific inquiry. Standard barometers and thermometers, with which masters may compare their own instruments, are also fixtures of the offices, and facilities will soon be afforded for the rating of chronometers of merchant vessels.

Scarcely a captain leaves port without having previously sought in one or more places, generally the latter, for information in regard to his proposed voyage. Certainly no captain ought to sail without having first availed himself of the most recent aids to navigation, and informed himself of the latest reported dangers lying in or near the probable track of his vessel.

The average ship's library is limited at the best; months or even years may have elapsed since her barometer was compared; her charts may have been succeeded by new ones, and her cruising ground may have been in such a remote portion of the globe that notices of dangers to navigation could not have reached her.

It is therefore essential to the ship-captain to know where this information can be procured with the least trouble to himself, and at no expense except to the government. The officers connected with the branch offices are ready, willing, and anxious to furnish him with that which he seeks to correct his barometer, rate his chronometer, provide him with lists of lights, buoys, and beacons, and to render him such other aid as may lie in their power. Surely the master of a vessel would be better satisfied with himself at having taken such precautions before sailing, to say nothing of the increased confidence which the owners of ship and cargo would feel in having good care taken of their property.

Frequently ship-brokers and owners of vessels or cargoes desire to

know the whereabouts of some little frequented port not located on the ordinary maps, or mentioned in the Gazetteer, or they wish to know the depth of water, kind of anchorage, and protection from wind and sea of certain harbors to which they intend sending vessels. The branch offices are as much at their service as to masters of vessels. In fact, the officers connected with these institutions are supposed to keep themselves as thoroughly posted as possible in regard to all nautical matters, and to furnish their information free of charge to any and all who may apply for it.

One of the most important features connected with the offices, and which has not heretofore been mentioned, is the monthly pilot charts. They are issued by the hydrographic office at Washington, and may be procured at any of its branches. A short description of these charts may not be out of place here.

The chart at present includes only the North Atlantic from the equator to sixty degrees north latitude, though it is probable that, as facilities increase, charts of other oceans will be issued. It is constructed on the Mercator projection, and divided into squares of five degrees of longitude and five degrees of latitude. Each square contains an arrow giving the prevailing directions of the wind in that locality during the particular month for which the chart is published, the number of cross-bars on the shaft denoting the comparative force of the wind. Other arrows of different form indicate the prevailing currents. The northern and southern limits of the northeast trade-winds and the northern limit of the southeast trade-winds are marked by broken lines, the steam lines between New York and Liverpool, and the best sailing routes between these ports and the equator, being marked by continuous lines. Appropriate symbols for icebergs and floating wrecks or water-logged vessels, with their drift, are used to indicate the position of these dangers to navigation. The reported position of drifting buoys and of the most recent occurrences of water-spouts are also marked on the charts. On the latest issues appear the tracks of cyclones which occurred during the latter part of 1884, and on that for December the region of inter-tropical rains is located. A list of the most recent notices to mariners is printed on the upper left-hand corner, and explanations for the complete understanding of the chart are to be found at the bottom of the sheet. An interesting comparison of the January and December charts for 1884 may be made to show the progress of the work.

Thus it presents in a graphic form the complete meteorology of the North Atlantic, useful to the mariner, as far as ascertained; and based as it is upon the results obtained by Maury, and the information gleaned from the log-books of "many thousands of voyages" made by vessels of all classes and nationalities since 1861, it cannot fail to be of value to those interested in the sea.

Too much importance cannot be attached to the location of floating wrecks, as they present a formidable obstacle to the navigation of the seas. A number have been reported in or near the tracks of transatlantic steamers, which, with their high rate of speed, must at times incur imminent danger of collision with them.

Who can tell but that many vessels, unheard from after leaving port, may not have met their fate by coming into contact with some of these floating dangers?

It is gratifying to know that the value of the pilot charts is appreciated by those who have used them, and it is believed that when their worth is generally understood, no master of a vessel will consider his sailing outfit complete without one. Owners of vessels especially may find interest in the fact that marine insurance companies are giving them their attention, perhaps with a view of fixing responsibility for losses.

It is proper to state here that the pilot charts of the hydrographic office, adapted to the wants of the sailor, should not be confounded with the valuable weather charts of the United States Signal Service, which are more especially intended to prognosticate the weather for landsmen. Sea-captains frequently fall into this error, owing to the issue to vessels by the Signal Service of simultaneous international meteorological blanks to be filled out at sea.

It is not intended by the officers in charge of this work to rest content with what they have already accomplished. The study of the laws which govern fogs in their formation, location, and frequency of occurrence, if not already begun, is in contemplation, with the object of showing them on the pilot chart; and preliminary correspondence has been held to establish a method by which the approach of westerly gales may be cabled to England, in order that vessels about to leave English ports for this country may have sufficient warning. Should this plan be adopted, masters of vessels, on their arrival in port, might render great assistance by promptly reporting to the branch offices westerly gales which they may have encountered in their passages from forty degrees in longitude west from Greenwich.

The extent to which this work may be perfected is practically unlimited, and there seems to be no reason why, some time in the future, pilot charts should not be issued weekly or more frequently, instead of monthly, as at present, so that the information may be disseminated among the people interested in shipping as soon as possible after being received.

The accomplishment of this very desirable object would depend in a great measure on the cordial co-operation of masters of vessels, their agents, owners, and brokers, and to this part of the subject it is now proposed to devote a few words.

The only ships upon which the hydrographic office can at present

rely for complete meteorological reports are naval vessels, whose log-books, carefully kept by virtue of a regulation of the service, give much valuable information. The whole number of United States naval vessels, as compared with the whole number of merchant vessels of all nationalities, is, however, so exceedingly small as to almost exclude the former, in so far as number is concerned, from being taken into account. It must at once, therefore, be observed how very important it is to obtain complete meteorological reports from merchant vessels, and to what a large extent our knowledge of the sea would be increased could such reports be received. But as there is no law, in the writer's knowledge, either of the United States or Great Britain, requiring complete records of the weather to be kept in the log-books of merchant vessels, it is not to be expected that their masters will keep them and send in their reports, especially, as is often the case, when they are short-handed.

The average log-book of a merchantman at the present time contains only the course, speed, and direction of wind for each hour or every two hours, and the noon position for each day, together with very sparse remarks upon the weather and routine of the ship. Certain other events occurring on board, such as marriages, births, deaths, punishments, etc., are required by law to be entered, but no entries touching upon meteorology are made compulsory. The indications of the barometer are scarcely ever noted, unless it be in the remarks, when in the case of a heavy gale or storm it is sometimes recorded as "falling rapidly." The temperature of the air and water is never recorded. The state of the sea and force of the wind are often mentioned in the remarks, but as there exists no standard in the merchant service for estimating the relative condition and force respectively of these two elements, the remarks are comparatively worthless to the meteorologist. For instance, one master will designate a rough sea as heavy, another will use the term strong to denote its condition, while still others will speak of it as "tremendous" or "terrible." Like terms are often used to denote the force of the wind. In the absence of any fixed standard of comparison, such as exists, for example, in the naval service, every merchant captain has to make his own standard, and it is consequently not surprising that much diversity of opinion is really expressed in their log-books, where, if there were a standard, no difference would appear. It is not supposed that any law will be enacted, for a long period at least, requiring complete meteorological reports to be made by merchant captains or to regulate the system of keeping their log-books, nor is it likely that most captains would care to be troubled with the work that would follow as a consequence of such a law.

But there is a remedy for the evils just mentioned without the aid of a law, and great assistance might be rendered by officers of the merchant marine if they would make use of it. This is the meteorological journal issued by the hydrographic office, and procurable at any of its branches

to officers of vessels of any nationality who will carefully keep the records during their cruises. These journals have regular standards for force of wind, state of sea, etc., being the same as those used in the United States naval service. When filled they are to be forwarded to the hydrographic office or one of its branches, the transportation being at the expense of the government. Those who keep the journals are furnished gratis with general charts of the oceans, and such other courtesies as may lie in the power of the office are freely shown to those who thus interest themselves in the work.

There are, however, few who show a willingness to keep the journals. Though they require simple observations by the officer of the watch but once every two hours while at sea, most masters of vessels say they have not the time or do not care to take the trouble in keeping them. There may be some reason in this when the vessel is short-handed, but it is not believed as a general rule that the officer of the watch cannot devote three or four minutes each two hours to the accomplishment of this object. Far from being a trouble, in many cases it would serve as a diversion to the watch-officer during the long night watches, while in no manner would it distract his attention from the care of the ship. The observations are, moreover, points in regard to which an officer should keep himself posted while on duty. Some argue that the observations are too abstruse and require long study to understand the manner of taking them, or that they have not the ability to do what is required. The very full explanations and directions on the first pages of the book should make them plain to a man of most ordinary education and dull comprehension. Few masters would make such a confession after reading the preliminary instructions.

Although it is desirable to have as many as possible of these journals kept during voyages, much needful information might be gleaned from the log-books of merchantmen, kept according to the present irregular system, were it possible always to gain free access to them.

As stated before, nearly all vessels record the direction of the wind every hour or two hours, and the noon position each day. It is, therefore, possible to obtain the date upon which the trade-winds were encountered and that on which they were lost, with the corresponding latitudes and longitudes. No subject receives more attention from the experienced navigator than the trade-winds which he may encounter in his voyage. The great saving in time and distance made by sailing-vessels through their intelligent use is the result of unwearied labor in the collection of meteorological reports; and though the limits of the trade-winds and their force at different seasons of the year are at present fairly understood, it is important that a greater degree of certainty should be acquired in regard to the subject, in order that the length of voyages, both in time and distance, may be reduced to a minimum.

It is the custom when a vessel, which has passed through the trade-

wind region, enters port, and as soon as her whereabouts can be ascertained, to board her and obtain the necessary information from her log-book, if the person left in charge sees fit to submit it for inspection. Generally when a vessel arrives she is moored alongside a wharf near some store-house, the crew is immediately discharged, unless a steamer intending to sail very soon, and the captain goes on shore, leaving the mate to look after the vessel while the cargo is being discharged. If the captain does not leave the city for weeks at a time, he is rarely to be found on board, as he is probably attending to business with his agents or other people. When he leaves the ship, in half the cases, he locks the log-book in the cabin, taking the key with him, so that even the mate may not have access to it. At other times it is left in charge of the mate, but he is so busy tallying off the cargo or attending to other work that he has not the time to procure the book; and still at other times the person, whether mate or ship-keeper, has implicit instructions not to show it to any one. Sometimes the ship is moored in such a manner that it is impossible to get on board, or the placard "No admittance" appears on her rail. It seems in some cases that masters of vessels, whom the work is especially intended to benefit, are absolutely averse to having their log-books examined, and do what they can to prevent it. They guard the book as though it were a state jewel, and so in a certain sense it may be; but what possible objection can exist, or what injury can accrue to the master of a vessel, through the examination of his log-book for meteorological information is difficult to perceive. These latter cases are, however, happily, rare. In most instances an easy indifference or reluctant compliance are evinced by the officers of vessels when approached for this purpose, and in many cases, to do full justice to all, an interest is displayed and a politeness shown which is warmly appreciated.

With all the obstacles above enumerated in the way, it often happens that the vessel moves to another wharf, and before her new location can be ascertained she leaves port, and the desired information is lost. Thus it will be seen that even these sources are not to be relied upon with any degree of certainty. The collection of the desired data would be greatly facilitated, however, and very little of the valuable information at present contained in log-books would be lost, if ship-captains and their agents would put themselves to a very little trouble.

If the consignees would take pains to deliver the blank trade-wind forms inclosed in their care to captains of vessels, and if the latter would devote ten minutes of their time for each voyage to filling out the blanks, inclose them in the franked envelopes furnished them, and mail them to the branch offices, the object would be accomplished. It would appear to most people that any person, whether interested or not, would do this slight service for the advancement of scientific

knowledge. But as a matter of fact, many of our large shipping firms, in whose care the communications are sent, fail to deliver them, and many captains fail to fill out the blanks when they receive them.

The subject of cyclones and "northers" also receives attention from the hydrographic office, with a view of fathoming the mystery of their origin and learning the laws which govern their action; and obstacles similar to those encountered in the collection of trade-wind reports are found in the endeavor to obtain storm reports. Masters could greatly facilitate matters by keeping records of storms in the journals forwarded them through their consignees.

In the foregoing remarks an effort has been made to explain some of the principal features of the branch hydrographic offices and their relation to the merchant marine, and to show how the latter may benefit and be benefited in turn by its assistance, however slight it may be. Were it possible to obtain full and speedy reports from all sea-going vessels as soon as they enter port, it would in all likelihood be found feasible to represent graphically on a pilot chart, for issue at short intervals of time, the information thus obtained, together with that already known, for the protection and guidance of vessels about to put to sea.

Towards this object the hydrographic office is working, and it is earnestly hoped that the merchant marine will lend its cheerful co-operation towards its speedy accomplishment.

J. A. SHEARMAN,
Lieutenant U.S.N.

THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.[1]

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE MILITARY OPERATIONS AND INFLUENCE OF THE SWEDES.

PART III.—SUPPLEMENTARY. I.

"The burden of the valley of vision."—*Isaiah* xxii. 1.

"Set up the standard . . . : stay not; for I will bring great evil from the north, and a great destruction. The lion [of the north] is come up from his thicket, and the destroyer . . . is on his way; he is gone forth from his place to make thy land desolate; and thy city shall be laid waste, without an inhabitant. Behold, he shall come up as clouds, and his chariots shall be as a whirlwind: his horses are swifter than eagles. Woe unto us! for we are spoiled."—*Jeremiah* iv. 6, 7, 13.

"A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city: and their contentions are like the bars of a castle."—*Proverbs* xviii. 19.

"Two [Banér and Torstenson] are better than one; because they have a good reward for their labor. For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow; but woe to him that is alone when he falleth; . . . And if one prevail against him, two shall withstand him."—*Ecclesiastes* iv. 9, 10, 12.

THE Swiss Sunderlund War, in 1846, was as perfect a type of the "Slaveholders' Rebellion," even to details of preliminary perversion and hypocrisy, as can be possibly imagined. An address was delivered before the Historical Society of Vermont, in the capital of that State, in 1843, in which was demonstrated that while the Swiss Government displayed a vigor that put our own original half-heartedness to the blush, the result on this continent was already, in 1843, and would be

[1] This series of articles was prepared, under peculiar circumstances of pain resulting from a serious accident, for THE UNITED SERVICE in Philadelphia, but being found too long to be brought within the limits of the last two numbers of 1884, portions were excised and suppressed. These parts are now thrown together and presented as a separate Series of Articles, and it is hoped that they will prove interesting and acceptable, inasmuch as the greater portion is extracted from foreign works almost unknown out of Sweden and Germany, and have never before been translated into English and presented to American readers.

Several errors appearing in my articles in the two preceding numbers of this journal should be corrected. In the December number, page 629, Gregory XVI. should be Gregory XV. On page 675, third line from bottom, *Marmont* should be *Macdonald*. In the January number, page 94, line 8 of note, for *Rhadagasy* and *Sancho* read *Rhadagasius* and *Stilicho*.

identically the same. This address was afterwards published, and exhibited in detail most extraordinary parallels of preparation, action, and conclusion.

Although the Thirty Years' War and the "Slaveholders' Rebellion" do not present so vivid and numerous coincidences as the foregoing parallel mentioned, there were a great many striking similarities which manifest themselves as the subject is the more closely scrutinized. In some respects the Protestant Union represents the old Anti-Slavery Party, and the Romanist League the aggressive Slavocrat Confederacy. In the beginning of the war the latter was very successful, and the Battle of the White Mountain or Prague was about equivalent to Bull Run, First. The whole of the first phases covering the first thirteen years, philosophically observed, are not unlike the first two years in this country, ending with Chancellorsville. Leipsic first, in Germany, and Gettysburg, at home, were the turns of the tide. From the death of Gustavus until the assumption of command by Torstenson may be set off against the unsatisfactory results in this country up to the beginning of the Wilderness Campaign. Grant here, and Torstenson there, saw the true objectives. In real greatness, the Swede was by far the superior, both general and man, since even amid the more difficult circumstances of his career it is nevertheless admitted that it is very doubtful if he has ever been surpassed, if equaled. The tohu-bohu of rage which gradually used up the resources of the Imperialists eventually became campaigns of destruction and of famine. All these parallel wars ended very much as the Seven Years' War terminated after the Austrian and Anti-Prussian armies had got the decisive lickings at Schweidnitz (our Petersburg) and Freyburg (Sherman in North Carolina). Both in the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries there were parties within the Imperial and Romanist States crushed into silence and submission by death, torment, and confiscation. These may be likened to the Union sentiment in the slaveholding States and the strong faction in the Northern States which, at different times, appeared to be very dangerous, exactly like those lukewarm, self-seeking, unprincipled wretches represented by the Electors of Saxony and Brandenburg who hampered the Swedes and other Protestant princes, and often made their ultimate triumph appear to be a desperate undertaking. France was from 1630–48 what she was in 1860–65, inimical to free thought and striving to take advantage of the situation. Curious to say, Pope Urban VIII. was so opposed to the House of Hapsburg as to earn the title of the "Protestant Pope," just as Pius IX. at first favored the regeneration of Italy, but never came out like a man with unmistakable kind words and acts for freedom and progress. Irresolution, lukewarmness, moral cowardice, and short-sighted policy engendered the Thirty Years' War, made it so long and so dreadful, protracted the suffering, and rendered that very torment even to exhaustion, the

only solution possible. Just as the ceaseless attrition or "hammering" of Grant, the rubbing out of the Imperial—in our case the Rebel—armies, and the destruction of supplies alone rendered peace possible in 1648, so the surrender and dispersion of the Rebel armies and impoverishment of the South made pacification attainable in 1865. The peace of Westphalia after all was nothing but a long truce or suspension of arms. It lasted for about a generation, and in the next century required the three wars for Silesia, or, more properly speaking, the Seven Years' War; and the Seven Weeks' War in 1866, and the Seven Months' War in 1870–71, to settle the matter on anything like even an apparently solid basis. How long will the truce last in this country? Time alone will show.

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CAVALRY ENGAGEMENT, 26*th July*, 1626, *near the village of Rössing, about one and a quarter miles from Calenberg, on the Leine, between the horse and foot, under Colonel du Four, which Wallenstein had placed at the disposition of Tilly, and the Danish mounted troops under Colonel Freytag.* (Translated, with additional information, from the *Geschichte des Kriegwesens.*)

The Cavalry of both sides had an obstinate encounter at the village of Rössing, of which there has been preserved in the Hanoverian Records a tolerably detailed account by Colonel du Four, which is so much the more interesting that it furnishes at the same time an important contribution to a knowledge of the Cavalry Tactics of the time. Colonel du Four, to enable him to execute his orders with proper speed, had marched twenty-four German (say one hundred and ten English) miles in four days, raised the siege of Marienburg, near Hildesheim, then joined himself to the detachment commanded by Count Fürstenberg, sent to relieve Calenberg, and finally, about a German (one and a quarter English) mile from Calenberg he came upon the first cavalry of the enemy (the Danes), which he had encountered. At Rössing, about a good quarter of a (German) mile from Calenberg, he found the main body of the enemy. There were about seven thousand horse, who formed forty-four companies in six regiments (three hundred dragoons included). Du Four's account states that he found these cavalry in good order fifty paces from their quarters. They checked bravely the one hundred and fifty horse which marched as an advanced guard, but still were routed with loss. Then the colonel proceeds with his description of the Count of Fürstenberg. "He commanded the whole little corps, having formed line of battle, to attack the squadrons which were sent against me, Colonel Erwitte being on one side. Meanwhile waiting, the enemy stood so steady up to the time we reached them that we held pistols at each other's heads, that is to say, could have done so; but there was no skirmishing except that of the one hundred and

fifty in the advance; whereupon I first allowed the enemy to fire his volley and then moved up and attacked his three squadrons which had for a half-hour remained halted at fifty paces from me, so that I was surrounded by the enemy. I was for half an hour *in mêlée* with the enemy, which became engaged with none of us except the advance and my regiment, which composed the vanguard." [This is not clear, but from the language it would appear as if the Imperialists had lances and the Danes had none, so that the former *pushed* the latter before them until they became demoralized and gave up, as the Prussian Hulans served the Austrian Hussars in the war of 1866, in Moravia.] "After me, marched Colonel Erwitte with his regiment, after him Colonel Oranenberg, cousin to the Elector of Mayence, with his regiment, after him the regiment of Colonel Schönberg, with which was Herr Demetto's company. A number of men (*Cavallire*) well known in the army fell. The above four regiments attacked by squadrons upon the seven thousand (enemies') cavalry, and compelled (by sheer impact) the enemy to turn and fight before the other regiments could come up. No cutting in (Schermetzery) or firing took place before the enemy took to flight. In this way the enemy made a stand three times, but were always broken by us until they wholly galloped or ran off. We followed them two long German (between nine and ten English) miles and over the stream called the Leine. If my *Wagener*[2] [heavy infantry carried in wagons built for the purpose] which our general, the Duke of Friedland, kept with him had been with me, I would have mixed them with the cavalry and have attempted something. Before the attack the order, 'No quarter,' was shouted out. Some pennons which the enemy lost which I saw had white lions painted on them, and on another pennon there were two lions, a horse, and a white cock. The cock stands on a roost (*Rocken*). 'Defend thyself, my cock!' Again, 'My men, take courage.' On the others are all sorts of jests," or rather devices (*Lemma*), sharp proverbial sayings. (Harte's Gust. Adol., 36–37.)

The improvements subsequent to this in the cavalry by Gustavus deserve particular notice. Mobility and audacity, each indispensable, without which no cavalry can be effective, were so thoroughly appreciated and their attainment made the object of such incessant improvement that the *Swedish* Cavalry in a short time became a masterpiece. All the successes of the king were prepared for, through the cavalry, a circumstance the more astonishing when a military student considers the state of this Arm under his predecessors. (In this Frederic the Great was his imitator and surpasser, as in artillery.) From being contemptible, he raised the Cavalry in a few campaigns to the position of the

[2] See my article, "The Condottieri of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries," UNITED SERVICE, October, 1884, pages 482–83, last paragraph, for explanation of these *Wagener*.

principal Arm. Several of the most brilliant actions in Pomerania, the successes of Burgstall, Breitenfeld, and partly those on the Lech and at Lutzen belong to it. How much the king relied on it is perhaps best proved by the circumstance that he particularly liked him to head them. The king was indeed a cavalry-general of the first magnitude, in which sort of military ability especially several officers of high rank [notably Torstenson] excelled during the Thirty Years' War.

Of greater importance still were the changes which Gustavus introduced in the *Artillery*. It was especially to these changes that he owed his advantages in the great engagements and battles. The mobility which it exhibited and the rapidity of its fire were what had never been seen before. Its effect against the deep order of the imperial troops must have been most notable. The artillery was especially arranged for shell-firing ("cartridge shot," canister, or shrapnel?). If, in addition to this progress, the very great number of guns with which the king always engaged are considered, his successes may perhaps not seem so surprising. In any case, the resistance which the Imperial troops opposed to the Swedes under such circumstances—this especially where they were well commanded—may lead to a favorable judgment in regard to their tactics and bravery,—circumstances which as yet have not been properly considered by any military writer.

The celebrated fortified camp of Gustavus Adolphus at Werben, in 1631, passes for one of the strongest in all the Thirty Years' War. In its rear it had the Elbe, which here turns to the westward, and thus covered the left flank of the Swedes. In its front, Werben itself, was provided with double wet-ditches and walls, these flanked by judiciously situated towers. By bending the right flank a little backwards, it also rested on the Elbe. The Eid-dam, which from both sides of the town is continued to the river, and was of considerable height, was provided with loopholes (*Creneaux*). The king had also caused a ditch to be dug in front of it, and appropriate sally-ports to be made. Some sunken spots, in which water collected, had made a part of the front perfectly unassailable. Two hundred paces in advance of the Eid-dam or wall was a tolerably deep ditch, which the king lined with musketeers; this extended on both sides of the town, with the southern wall of which it was almost parallel up to the Elbe. The town itself was hastily provided with some earth-works. The army encamped between the Eid-dam and the town. In its rear, at the confluence of the Havel and the Elbe, was a great closed work, which commanded (enfiladed?) both streams, and also the Eid Bridge. In this strong position, then,—concerning which von Bülow asserts that it commands all Germany, and that Frederic the Great would have subdued all Germany, had he selected it for his chief citadel,—the Swedish king awaited the attack of Tilly, who, angered by the check which his cavalry had just suffered at Wolmerstadt, eight miles north of Magdeburg (Geijer), and

just then reinforced by the arrival of a corps of forty thousand men from Central Italy under Fürstenberg, was in march against him. A careful reconnoissance, however, soon caused Tilly to give up the idea of an attack. After several demonstrations, in which some hundred shots were made on Werben, and some skirmishes occurred, finding himself unsuccessful in attempting to entice the Swedes out of their position, he retired. Several Swedish and other writers have made a considerable affair of the above, in which, according to their accounts, Tilly lost six thousand men. Whatever number he did lose, whether few or many, he suffered very greatly in reputation, and the result had a marked effect not only upon his own moral force, but his subsequent anxiety to meet Gustavus on equal terms, even in the open field. The Battle of Leipsic I. or Breitenfeld was not a contest of his own seeking. It was, it may be said, forced upon him by his own lieutenants, and the attack *de facto* was all on the side of the Swedes. (See Harte's Gustavus Adolphus, i. 304–305.)

SWEDISH OPERATIONS SUBSEQUENT TO NORDLINGEN, 1634, AND ANTECEDENT TO, AND AT, WITTSTOCK, 1636.

The victory of the Imperialists over the *principal* army of the Swedes at Nordlingen,[3] 6th September, 1634, greatly imperiled Swedish influence in German affairs, and at the same time placed Banér, with his *secondary* army, in a very perilous position, since he was surrounded by open enemies and, worse, perfidious friends, by whom he expected at any moment to be abandoned. He stood, encamped, in a country—Northern Bohemia—between Leutmeritz and Prague, filled with defiles, or passes, woods, and mountains, and found himself without any other support than that which his own resolution inspired,—a resolution which always manifested itself most clearly when it became most necessary, and displayed itself, then, in its greatest force. Even the bravest men in his command feared that the army would be destroyed on the retreat, which had become unavoidable. Banér alone did not fear. The news of the lost battle had scarcely reached him, when he marched off with celerity and turned against Pirna in September, 1634, instead of moving on to Franconia by the way of Eger, according to his original plan. The sick, one thousand in number,

[3] In criticising this battle Colonel von Brandt, in his "*Kriegswesens*," dwells particularly on the following up of the success and the harvesting of its fruits. He observes, "As to the *pursuit* made by the Imperialists, we may, in all respects, call it a *masterpiece*, yet it seems to have been more the work of individual regiment commanders than a result directed by the commanders-in-chief. *Khevenhiller* says expressly that, during the day, one regiment after another came in from the pursuit of the Weimar troops, bringing in their front ranks Ensigns (*Fahnlein*) and their colors, which they presented to his Majesty [Ferdinand III., then at that time king of the Romans], together with many other captures (prisoners?), whom they likewise presented."

were transported to Magdeburg, but the army was placed in winter quarters in Thuringia, that the troops might recover from the labors and sufferings of the previous campaign, and at the same time keep a watchful eye over the movements of the enemy in the neighboring districts.

Since the army under Banér, at this juncture, was the foundation upon which rested all the Swedish demands, and at the same time constituted the sole force, on German soil, in which Oxenstiern and the country placed all their hopes, Banér's immediate attention was directed to putting himself in such a condition as would make him terrible to all enemies. By enlistments, the regiments were made complete, and by an unceasing vigilance he prevented the emissaries of Brandenburg and Saxony from tampering with their fidelity. As much as possible he kept his troops from being wasted in useless skirmishes. By so doing he discharged a duty to his country as well as towards his men. Existing circumstances required all possible caution in the commander-in-chief.

As regards Saxony, in consequence of the changed relations in which this Electorate stood towards Sweden after the Preliminary Peace of Pirna—signed 22d November, 1634, which eventuated in the Peace of Prague, 30th May, 1635 (Becker, ix. 135)—he was compelled to act in equal degree with cold-blooded determination and patience. These relations were neither hostile nor friendly, but very perplexing. It was of great importance that the Elector should not positively declare himself against the Swedes in order still to keep up before the world the idea of the superiority of the latter. Everything consistent with tact or policy was done on the part of Sweden to prevent a rupture of the peaceful relations, but the more concessions were made by the Swedes the more haughtily did the Saxons manifest their arrogance. The first difficulties caused by this course of conduct were smoothed over for the moment, but the deeper rooted became the hatred on both sides. One of the greatest mischief-makers, which history justly styles "an evil spirit," as regarded every Swedish enterprise, and one who from the beginning to the end was planning the ruin of the Swedes,—Arnheim, Chief General and Prime Minister of the Elector of Saxony,—entered into every possible intrigue which could be generated by a perverted and cunning intelligence to induce Banér to give way and to retire from the Elbe, but all in vain. Before the close of the year 1634, Banér was invited to visit the Saxon camp. As he knew what was intended, he avoided as long as possible an interview which, far from re-establishing the friendship gradually weakening, would lead, he felt assured, to its entire repudiation. Only after manifold consultations, and upon the persuasion of the Prince of Anhalt, he went to Sandersleben, where the Elector Johann George was residing at the time. This was in January, 1635. What Banér

had foreseen now did occur. When the Elector found that Banér could neither be won over by fair means nor shaken by foul, he spoke out bluntly in presence of the Prince of Anhalt, and said, "The quarters in which your troops now lie, in the district of Magdeburg, shall soon be occupied by my soldiers, even against your will." "That is now too late," answered Banér; "your Electoral Highness ought to have taken possession of them before I came from Thuringia. Now I advise nobody to try such a game with me; for if he does, I shall rap him over his knuckles." "How!" exclaimed the Elector; "you will rap me over the fingers! The Swedes had best leave the German soil in time, otherwise I will help them on the road." "That is possible," replied Banér, with suppressed anger; "but your language had a different sound when we first came to Germany, and when Tilly stood before Leipsic. This is the gratitude you show in return for the sacrifice of our blood and our King upon the fields of Saxony." Such were the relations of Sweden to Saxony; not much better were those with Brandenburg. The attention of Oxenstiern and Banér, therefore, was not so much directed upon new enterprises as to the defense of the conquered lands. Even the latter prospect presented many difficulties. The *Swedish* army—so styled—for a great part consisted of *Germans*, and with German blood had several of its victories been won. As long as Fortune favored the arms of the Swedes, these Germans had at all times paid the strictest obedience, except in those troubles which the little-minded Pfuel and Mitschefal had caused after the death of Gustavus. But now, excited by Saxon emissaries, they raised again the voice of dissatisfaction, which threatened to burst forth into open mutiny. The principal officers among them—Dewitz, Sperreuter, and Crocau—were considered the ringleaders of revolt, and they were the more to be feared since they knew no other Fatherland than their tents, and enjoyed the favorable consideration of the soldiers. The cavalry showed the most dissatisfaction, and appeared particularly rebellious. Oxenstiern, it is true, took pains to prevent the outbreak of the mutinous element, but he found himself almost besieged by his own forces in Magdeburg. At this moment, perhaps the most momentous to Sweden and Protestantism during the whole war, Banér arrived from the other quarters, in which, by his vigilance, he had spurred the soldiers to the fulfilling of their duties, and, with some faithful followers, he delivered the Royal (Imperial) Chancellor, and had him escorted safely to Wismar. So soon as the general had secured the safety of this great man, he had some of the unruly colonels arrested, and drew up the army in line of battle. In a speech of power and dignity he set forth the shame which rested upon the abandonment and secret intrigues of Saxony; showed the advantages and profits which the soldiers might expect from a contest against that power; and ended with these words: "He who has a heart for the preservation of the

Evangelic Religion, for the welfare of Sweden, and for his own honor, let him follow me." These words, spoken with earnestness by a general who so often had led his warriors to victory, had the best effect in preserving obedience, and all the soldiers swore to follow wheresoever he might lead their flags. Banér, perceiving from evident preparations that the Saxons would avail themselves of the first opportunity to commence hostilities, took, nevertheless, every measure to keep up the apparent good understanding. Still, in October, 1635, when already hostilities were manifestly imminent, he wrote a letter to the Elector, in which he expressed the hope that Saxony would not forget what Sweden had done for her, and at the same time explained the reasons why Oxenstiern had gone to Pomerania, where his presence had become necessary since that country had been attacked by the Imperial General Marradas. The answer to this communication was at the same time the signal for the beginning of the war, since on the same day the first cannon-shots were exchanged.

Field-Marshal Baudiss, who had served in the Swedish army for a long time with honor, and had often led it to victory, had become dissatisfied, and, abandoning that service, swore eternal hatred to the Swedish Government. He now commanded the Saxon army. Even before hostilities begun he had been chiefly instrumental, endeavoring to seduce the army of Banér, and to induce the soldiers to revolt, and the German officers to abandon it. When hostilities had actually commenced, his plan was to cut the retreat of the Swedes off from the Elbe, and sever their communications with the Baltic. If this plan should be successful, according to ordinary judgment, they would be lost, and probably be compelled to accept any conditions which the enemy should prescribe to them,—in a word, pass under the Caudine Forks. The Veteran Dufour (Craighill, 290), however, in his "Conceptions of Strategy," argues very differently. While not excusing Frederic the Great for placing Fink in such a situation, he blames the latter for the total sacrifice at Maxen,—as Vaudamme is culpable for the utter destruction he incurred at Culm. Dufour cites as an example of his rule of conduct, that "in 1795, the Piedmontese general Roccaviva, being surrounded at Loano by a French Division, refused to surrender, fell in mass upon the enveloping line, broke through it" and escaped. There were several instances of similar successful resolution during the "Slaveholders' Rebellion," most notably the escape of the Union Cavalry from Harper's Ferry in September, 1862. Therefore Banér hastened to reach the banks of the Elbe before Baudiss could intercept him, and such was his expeditiousness that he had already crossed the most part of his army over the river at Boitzenburg when the flags of the enemy came in sight. It was only the last column, with which Banér was present, which had still to be ferried across, when he learned from a prisoner that the enemy, visible,

was only the advanced guard of cavalry, under (the Saxon) Vitzthum, which was pursuing him. Without loss of a moment, Banér turned upon the enemy, and, at the head of only three squadrons, fell upon them, and threw them into such disorder that they had no time to assume any dispositions for resistance. With his own hand Banér may be said to have conquered the "main standard" of the enemy. The Swedes, who, from the opposite side of the Elbe, witnessed the fight, felt nothing but contempt for an enemy who, supported by ten rapidly-advancing regiments, did not dare to farther press the withdrawal of the Swedish general. Thus Banér by victory restored to his soldiers that confidence in themselves which had been lost through the defeat of their brethren at Nordlingen. This lucky accident was followed by another of greater importance. Baudiss had invested Domitz, in the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, with his whole infantry, consisting of seven thousand men. For the assistance of the besieged, Banér sent his general, Patrick Redvin [Ruthven], who, on the 22d October, 1635, completely chased the enemy from the field. Baudiss himself so narrowly escaped from being captured that he left behind his sword and belt in the hands of his pursuers.

A few days after these events fresh traces of mutiny were discovered in the army. The protracted delay in withholding the pay, and the miserable quarters furnished to them, excited great dissatisfaction among the officers and soldiers. They intended *to keep their leader in pawn* until Oxenstiern should procure money and give security for what was due to them. It was not long before the enemies of Sweden got wind about the situation. They crossed the Elbe near Werben, and through Havelburg, opposite, marched into Mecklenburg, so that both armies soon stood in sight of each other in that Duchy. Banér now again found himself in the utmost difficulties. Several opportunities of damaging the enemy had to be left unimproved on account of the daily increasing disobedience in his army. If the Saxon Elector, taking advantage of these circumstances, had attacked vigorously, the Swedish power would probably have been destroyed, and the fruits of five years' bloody campaigns would have been lost. Luckily, Oxenstiern found means to satisfy the troops, and reinforcements—two thousand horse and six regiments of foot from Prussia, under the command of Torstenson—arrived, and in November, 1635, united (at Malchin) with Banér's army, and inspired the latter with new courage. The joint forces now consisted of nine thousand cavalry and seven thousand Infantry.[4]

[4] Shortly after his capture of Landsberg, in Bavaria, 18th April, 1638, and dismantling of that place, Torstenson was compelled by his ever-increasing infirmities—the result of barbarous treatment he had experienced while prisoner to Maximilian—to turn over his command to Marshal Horn and return to Sweden. Although endeavoring to regain some health and strength in his native air, he was

This was manifest soon afterwards when near Goldberg, and then near Kyritz, 7th December, 1635, Torstenson, in command of a strong

not idle, but did all he could to provide men and material for the German war, which absorbed so much and so speedily all that could be sent to the front. His attention was especially directed to the improvement of the artillery, the maintenance of its efficiency, and the insurance of its readiness for service. Thus over two years elapsed. In 1635, when the six years' truce with Poland—known in history as the Armistice of Stumsdorf, concluded "*under canvas*," 16th September, 1629—was about to expire, the Poles exhibited symptoms of an intention to renew the hostilities, which had been terminated by this arrangement through the mediation of England and France, to enable Gustavus Adolphus to enter, with free hands, into the German war.

To provide against the perilous contingency of another war upon its hands, when they were fully occupied with the burden, almost insupportable, they had grappled in Germany, Sweden saw that it was necessary to make such a powerful demonstration that its very appearance in full panoply would deter the Poles from a repetition of a struggle which had hitherto ended invariably in their loss and discomfiture.

In 1634, Torstenson had been commissioned General of Ordnance, or rather Grand Master of the Artillery,—a title equivalent in the Imperial service to the almost invariably misunderstood rank of General-Feldzeugmeister, who was equal to a Field-Marshal in dignity, equal in rank with General of Infantry or of Cavalry, except that to hold it an officer as a rule had to attain to it by service and promotion with Artillery, instead of in either of the other arms. In 1635 he was now assigned as second in command to his wife's uncle, the aged but still able Jacob de la Gardie, with the tacit understanding that while the army derived strength from the reputation of its nominal chief, the virtual command was vested in the young hero, of whom the U. S. Minister at Stockholm, Hon. John L. Stevens, in his recent "History of Gustavus Adolphus," 1884, written with every advantage of new sources of information on the spot, speaks thus: "When he [Gustavus] fell on the fatal field [Lutzen], there were BANÉR, HORN, WRANGEL [Swedes], BERNHARD [German], and, *the most gifted of them all*, LENART TORSTENSON, to take charge of the Swedish troops and their allies in Germany."

And here, even at the risk of a charge of gilding gold and whitening the lily, permit the introduction of a character of this same "inimitable" Torstenson, drawn from the most valuable work of the German General von Hardegg's Introduction to the Study of the Art and Science of War: Torstenson, the most illustrious general of the Thirty Years' War, to whom, at the age of twenty-six, Gustavus Adolphus confided the organization of the Artillery, destined for service in Germany, and was so satisfied with the result that he made the young Colonel Commander-in-Chief of that Arm. As Commander of an Army-corps acting independently, as a General of Artillery, then of Infantry, afterwards of Cavalry, and, finally, as Commander-in-Chief, he proved himself equally eminent. Compelled by the necessities of his government, but against his wishes, to assume the fearful responsibility of the command left vacant by the death of Banér, through the most judicious measures he succeeded in effecting the restoration of complete trustworthiness in that army, which, through neglect and mutiny, had become a power dangerous to the Swedish administration. General von Hardegg refers to the thorough perception of the vast value of the oblique order of battle, which was demonstrated at Wittstock, under Banér and Torstenson, the latter commanding, and leading off, with the right, which delivered the hardest blows, and emphasizes the masterly and successful carrying through (*Durchziehen*)—as a thread is drawn through the eye of a needle—the Fight at Janikau. Finally, the Wurtemberg general, critic, and scholar sums up Torstenson's character in these words: "Torstenson possessed, in addition to his great talents as a soldier and a statesman, a highly cultivated mind, an ex-

expedition, cut to pieces several regiments of hostile cavalry, which intended to unite with the Imperialists under Marazin. As a conse-

quisite heart, and a lofty sense of honor. In courage, in spirit of enterprise, and perseverance he towered, in spite of his body broken by diseases, above all his associates of equal rank. He not only understood how to establish and maintain discipline, but to put an end to the barbarities of the soldiery, and absolutely make them humane." To this Hormayer, the Austrian historiographer, adds, that even when thundering at the gates of Vienna, after Janikau, Torstenson's "chivalric greatness of soul" (*ritterliche Edelmuth*) so won for him the esteem of the Emperor that it was acknowledged by elegant courtesies on the part of the Sovereign whose armies had just been routed, and whose capital was being insulted with cannon-shot. Ferdinand even permitted Torstenson to send officers into Vienna to purchase whatsoever might be agreeable to his wife, Beata de la Gardie, who accompanied her husband in all his latest campaigns, was present in the battles he delivered, and at Janikau was captured by the Bavarians under the great trooper Werth, and actually recaptured through a charge led by her heroic husband. During the Thirty Years' War this presence of ladies of high rank in camp with their husbands was quite common, and when Mercy was mortally wounded at Nordlingen (2d), he had just kissed his wife in the exuberation of a triumph of which he felt assured,—a triumph converted into a reverse by his fall, and the very conduct on the part of Werth, which contributed so greatly to the defeat of Hatzfeld at Janikau,—too wild a dash with his cavalry, and the pursuit carried on, beyond reason, of a fraction of an army; of which the remainder was achieving success, unmolested by the very troopers of Werth who were most needed to assist in a final endeavor to retrieve lost honor and a nearly lost field.

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Believing that the Fortune of War had deserted the Swedes after their four years' enjoyment of her smiles; and that the disastrous issue for them of the two-days' battle of Nordlingen, 26th–27th August, or 6th–7th September, 1634, had put a period to their good luck; the Austrian Cabinet did not lose a moment, nor neglect any incentive, to stir up Poland to resume or again declare war against Sweden. Fortunately for that country, the hatred of the Poles seems to have died out with the death of Sigismund, the rival of Charles IX., father of Gustavus Adolphus. Sigismund expired 2d December, 1634, and his son Uladislaus, whose claims and pretensions were not inconsiderable, was not sufficiently influential to revive the ill-will of his subjects against the Swedes.

The presence of Jacob de la Gardie, the renowned conqueror of the Muscovites, at the head of a well-appointed army, with Torstenson as second in command, made the Poles, however inclined to war, afraid of its consequences, and the slight concessions offered by Sweden induced them to enter into another Armistice for twenty-six years. This was effected on the 2d September, 1635, through the mediation of England, France, the United States of Holland, and, perhaps, some effort on the part of Brandenburg, fearful of hostilities in districts to which it laid claim. This result was very advantageous to Sweden, for by mere demonstrations and the surrender of a few harbors for the period of the Armistice they obtained that which would otherwise have cost streams of blood and greatly endangered their possessions and affairs in Germany. The Armistice having been arranged, Sweden had no need of a large army on the side of Poland, since the forces of this State which had excited the apprehensions of Oxenstiern and the Senate retired into the interior and marched towards the Ukraine to subdue the Cossacks. Torstenson, after Jacob de la Gardie and Peter Brahe had left the army, assumed command of the forces and received orders to march to the assistance of Banér, whom the superior numbers of the enemy had compelled to fall back upon the frontier of Mecklenburg. These orders were extremely welcome to him, since in his present position he could find no opportunity for his ability and activity. Accordingly,

quence of this victory, Havelburg, almost in sight of the whole army of the enemy, fell into the hands of the Swedes, and the Elector of

towards the end of 1634 he advanced along the shores of the Baltic, passing through Farther and Hither Pomerania, and dislodged the Imperialists under Marazin (Maracini). Advancing, he taught the inhabitants of Pomerania, who had evinced hostile sentiments, submission, and turning his march to good account—as did Napoleon hurrying his conscripts forward to the Rhine in 1813—was enabled thereby to discipline his forces, of whom the great proportion were raw recruits. Bogislaus, the last Duke of Pomerania, was near his end. With him expired the Ducal family, which, since the introduction of Christianity, had governed this State. The Swedes were only waiting for the decease of Bogislaus to enforce their claims upon this Province of the German Empire as an appropriate indemnification for the losses and expenses they had sustained in the war. With this object, Sweden had charged herself alone with the defense of the Duchy during the lifetime of the aged Duke, and, at this time, Stjen Bjelke represented Sweden at Stettin, as minister-resident or administrator. Bjelke's mental gifts were so highly esteemed that he stood second in public opinion only to Oxenstiern in council. He had instructions, as soon as the ducal race was extinct, to take full possession of the country and organize at once a competent administration. In the accomplishment of these plans, it was of the utmost importance not to lose all claims, perchance, at once, that the Swedes should not be excluded from the territory during the last hours of the dying Bogislaus, whose fatal illness, notwithstanding all these previsions, occurred most unfortunately for them at a period when the Imperialists held possession of almost the whole country, having invaded it at several points at the same time.

In addition to these difficulties the inhabitants had not only become dissatisfied with the pretensions of the Swedes and refractory under their occupation, but had also taken up arms wherever circumstances permitted to oppose their claims and expel the Swedish troops. These dangers became the more imminent as Banér's army was considerably reduced, so that he had enough to do with the forces under his command to maintain himself and defend Fore (West) or Hither Pomerania. This was more particularly the case since the Elector of Brandenburg, who beheld the establishment of the Swedes as his neighbors with the greatest dislike, had recourse to both secret and open measures to kindle, spread, and feed the flames of war. It required all Stjen Bjelke's courage and ability to maintain the interests of his country, nor would he still have been able to do so, notwithstanding all his vigilance and labor, had not Torstenson made his appearance at the decisive moment with all his forces. The island of Wollin, which had fallen into the hands of the Imperialists, was recaptured, the partial uprisings and threatened disturbances suppressed for the time, and the garrison of Stettin increased. Having by these means secured the possession of Pomerania, Torstenson continued his march through the fortified towns of Usedom and Demmin, and in November, 1635, reached Malchin in the very heart of Mecklenburg. At that place his corps, consisting of two thousand horse and six regiments of foot, united with those under Banér, and the joint force amounted to nine thousand cavalry and seven thousand infantry. This reinforcement, to say nothing of the presence of such a leader as Torstenson, infused an entirely different spirit into Banér's disorganized army, and gave a new and unexpected turn to the war. Saxony had now to swallow the bitter fruit of her own treacherous vacillations and political apostasy, and experience the vengeance of Allies betrayed and Religious adherents sacrificed to the most unprincipled State policy, and the atrocities of a soldiery hitherto unknown except among the Imperialists and their allies. The Saxon-Electoral troops had their headquarters at Parchim, whitherward after Torstenson's arrival the Swedish army put itself in motion. Thence the Saxons were forced back without difficulty upon the Havel, being unwilling, notwithstanding their great numerical superiority, to accept battle

Brandenburg did not consider himself safe any longer in his own capital, Berlin, which itself was threatened (Malleson, 126). In spite of

from the Swedes, since both parties knew it would be decisive. In the mean while the country was pillaged by both armies, which harassed each other by divers attacks, in which, however, Banér generally had the advantage. On one occasion Torstenson, sent out with part of the cavalry, met several regiments of the enemy near Goldberg and Kyritz, and in a very short time destroyed the whole and captured eleven standards. In consequence of these losses, which broke the strength of the enemy's main army to a great degree, as well as by Banér's march upon the Elbe, the war was slowly removed from Pomerania. The Saxon-Elector retired towards Misnia, endeavoring by every means to force the Pass on the Saale, and avert the war from the Saxon frontier, *but found in* TORSTENSON *an obstinate adversary,* BANÉR *having at this time left the army* and taken up his residence at Magdeburg, where his first wife had died. After his return, Torstenson shared with him not only the honor of the conquest of Luneburg and Winsen, but also that of the victory on the fields of Wittstock, 24th September, 1636, whose glories and results effaced the defeat of Nordlingen.

The influence of Torstenson and his share in command with Banér is little known, and scarcely, if ever, mentioned in the narrative of these campaigns. Gustavus III., of Sweden, in his "Royal Utterance," "a crowned or prize essay," read before the Royal Swedish Academy in 1786, is more just and generous than Swedish historians to Sweden's greatest soldier, Torstenson. It is thus he spoke:

[When Jacob de la Gardie was sent with an army into Poland in 1635,]—he *begs* his new relative, brave Torstenson, to accompany him and to be *the prop* of his age. He approaches the shores of Poland and the rumor of his arrival accelerates the conclusion of another Truce. *He leaves his army to* TORSTENSON and returns to his native land. Not without emotion does Torstenson receive the command. From the teacher of Gustavus Adolphus he had still hoped to learn; but greater dangers require his presence. The honor of the Swedish arms calls him to Germany, Banér awaits him; *his presence alone can bring back Fortune to the Swedish armies.* [Was he not "the only man" whom Gustavus, the Great, declared to be especially qualified to command the whole army? (Loccenius, 715.)] *Who can resist Banér and Torstenson united?* Ye cities vacillating in your fidelity! Ye princes who fear Ferdinand's revenge! Ye allies who think the Fortune of Sweden vanished! Ye enemies who presume on your victories! Ye faithless friends who betray your own country, your protectors whom you abandon for your oppressor, *learn what two great men may do!* Torstenson hastens to the assistance of Banér, and hardly has he entered Germany when a *victory announces his arrival.* Maracini, conquered at Wollin, saves himself with difficulty under the walls of Stargard. Torstenson permits him to fly, convinced that a prudent warrior must not allow himself for any cause however brilliant to be diverted from his main objective.

"Torstenson hastens towards Banér and they join their forces at Malchin. Here my voice stops short! I know, now, the extent of the task I have imposed upon myself. In whatever direction I turn my eyes on the remarkable events which the historian has preserved, I find difficulty in doing them justice; not to fatigue by the enumeration of so many victories, and yet to make mention of them and rightly to select the best; not to forget those which, although not productive of eventful results, are yet noteworthy through the genius of the leaders. What examples! [Banér and Torstenson!] What a School for Warriors, Banér and Torstenson combat together! Sweden's fortunes, lately wavering in Germany, are already reestablished; Victory has returned and everywhere the enemy flies! Here words are wanting me to describe such varied victories; so many conquests; be it when Torstenson, on the battle-field at Wittstock, under Banér's command, prepares for him with the Swedish vanguard a complete victory, and, at Chemnitz, contributes

the advantages won, the new year, 1636, opened with little prospects of improvement for the Swedes. In all directions they saw enemies,

to the dispersing of the enemy; or, be it, when TORSTENSON *alone defends the shores of the Saale* and makes them a barrier against the attacks of an enemy superior in force; or, be it, when, during Banér's absence, he gives this hero time to recover from the blow inflicted by the loss of a beloved wife; or, be it, when, despising the hypocritical voice of flattery and discord, and filled with ardor for his Fatherland, he keeps alive his intimate friendship with Banér. Both these men were worthy of each other, both were without jealousy, without other ambition than best to serve their country, the true sign of greatness in men. But so many cares, so much fatigue have exhausted his strength. His body is not equal to his mind; he is compelled to seek rest, he is permitted to return home, where he is installed in the highest office in the realm, and takes his seat in the council."

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The Saxons had been established in a strong camp before Pereburg, having thirteen thousand foot and fifteen thousand horse, to whom Banér and Torstenson could oppose less than nine thousand horse and seven thousand foot. Finding they would not quit their advantageous position, the Swedish generals endeavored to compel them by stopping the passage of the Elbe, attacking with that view Havelburg and the fort of Werben. In this they were so far successful that the Saxons left their camp to cover the return of a detachment of three thousand five hundred men, sent under General Klitzing to seize Old Brandenburg. Determined to engage before this junction could take place, the Swedes immediately advanced until in sight of the enemy, and then endeavored to gain possession of a rising ground near Wittstock; but the Saxon front being protected by a wood and other strongholds defended by artillery, Banér sent off his left wing to turn the wood and charge them in flank, wheeling off himself towards the right with the other, his own right wing, under Torstenson's immediate command, in the hope, by presenting so small a force, of inviting an attack and drawing the enemy from so advantageous a position. This manœuvring succeeded; the Saxons poured their whole forces upon the right wing, and the contest was long maintained with equal animosity and obstinacy on both sides. Not a Swedish regiment but rallied ten times, returned to the charge, and was as often repulsed. Several had begun to fly, when the second line, under Vitzthum, to whom alone the blame of this partial disgrace must attach, on account of the little energy he displayed in bringing his command into action, renewed the attack, and the left wing charging the enemy in flank (left rear), their whole army was immediately routed.* Five thousand of the Saxons and Imperialists were left upon the field, besides such as were killed in the pursuit or who fell into the hands of the exasperated peasantry. In fact, scarcely one thousand infantry, and those mostly Saxons, escaped from the field. The Imperialists were captured and destroyed on all hands. Almost all the cavalry, however, saved themselves by flight during the darkness. The Swedish loss amounted to eleven hundred killed and three thousand wounded. Such a proportion shows hard fighting. One in every four had been hit or killed. From this field of glory, which restored the Swedes at once to their former reputation, and placed them in almost as advantageous a position as they had ever occupied, they drove the Imperialists through Thuringia and Hesse into Westphalia, and then returning, took up their winter quarters in Misnia and the neighboring provinces.

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* Although Vitzthum escaped the punishment due to this treason to his commander and comrades, the former imperiled and the latter sacrificed, he was forced to leave the Swedish service, and is no more heard of in this war. He doubtless owes his escape, like others under similar circumstances, either to family or political influence. As in better known cases of the same kind, his misconduct was not

hunger, and misery. It seemed as if the Elector by a threatened invasion into Pomerania, their real base, would compel Banér to abandon his position, most advantageous in a military sense; in fact, according to von Bulow and other experts, the strongest strategic or commanding point in Germany. Around it revolved the war as if its course depended on Werben as a pivot, very much as Dresden served as a centre to Napoleon's divergent breakings-out against the Allies in 1813,—a Chattanooga in some relations to the war between the Alleghenies and the Mississippi. Only two avenues remained open—Banér had to risk a battle or invade Saxony to draw the attention of Johann George from the Swedish possessions on the Baltic and concentrate for the defense of his own province. Banér chose the latter course, as the other seemed too doubtful, since the enemy had received several reinforcements from Silesia and consequently Banér would not risk the army immediately under his command, it being at that time the only one which remained available for Sweden. Amid the greatest silence in a dark night of January, Banér therefore moved off, his cavalry crossing the Elbe near Magdeburg, while he, with the whole body of his infantry, passed over the river at Werben. Colonel Mitschefal—the man who had been a ringleader in the troubles at Donauwerth, and had caused the dissension between Gustavus Horn and Duke Bernard of Weimar, a difference which led to the defeat at Nordlingen, and who, afterwards, to escape the just punishment due for his misdeeds, had entered the Saxon service—was the first who, with his regiment, was attacked by the Swedes. He was quartered in the small town of Barby, and after a short resistance had to give himself up prisoner. From this point, the Swedes extended their raids in the district of Halle, and threatened Moritzburg. The Elector had hardly heard of the invasion of Banér before he was compelled to renounce all his plans with regard to the conquest of Pomerania, and hastened

due to want of courage, but to causes of which the guilt is enhanced by the fact that the crime was committed calculatedly and in cold blood. Political influence has saved many a like criminal from the fate he deserved, and even rewarded the crime, whereas virtuous men, like Admiral Byng and other mournful exemplars, have been done to death as scapegoats for the sins and shortcomings of agents much more guilty, but possessed of authority, shrouded in the fogs of popular delusion, or vested with a power similar to that of the cuttle-fish of enveloping itself for concealment in the black fluid furnished by nature, and poured forth at will to favor its escape. It is well to examine in this connection the conduct, under somewhat similar circumstances, of the French marshals in Spain, and sometimes, elsewhere, even under Napoleon's own eyes, towards each other. Stuart's utter disobedience to Wellington and Picton's indifference to his orders would be inexplicable were it not that experience tells us that, in all cases, everywhere, throughout time, what is deemed blasphemy or crime in an individual without influence is a witty or sensible remark or pardonable act in another who has influence with a party, class, or calling. (See Zedler's *Universal Lexicon*, 1747, vol. xlix. 421, 422, in "*de Peyster Collection, or Alcove*," N. Y. Historical Society; Von Lundblad's Swedish Plutarch, etc.)

to deliver his own lands from such dangerous enemies. He arrived at Halle in nick of time to compel Banér to abandon the siege of Moritzburg, and to recross the Saale. This, however, was all he could accomplish, for Banér could neither be enticed into a battle nor compelled to leave Saxony. The Swedes rather settled themselves in their position, to remain as long as provisions could be gathered from the country around. Saxony, unfortunate country, now became the scene of all the cruelties of the war, and had to pay most heavily for the perfidious action of its monarch. The indignation which Banér had been compelled for so long a time to suppress, now got free course, and the feeling communicated itself to his troops. They fought against the Saxons, says Schiller, not as they did against the Austrians and Bavarians, from duty, but from personal hatred and bitterness of feeling which had been excited by insults throughout several years, while they campaigned together. Experience now proved too terribly the truth of the proverb which is to be found expressed again and again in different words, all, however, conveying the same idea in the wisest of books, the Bible, that a false friend is the object of a more vehement hatred than an enemy of the longest antagonism. Banér himself set the example of a severity which made him the "punishing rod" for the defeated. The most oppressive contributions of all kinds were levied, and neither nobility nor citizens nor peasants were spared. Weissenfels, Jena, Lutzen, Eiseleben had to purchase exemption from plunder and conflagration by the payment of enormous sums for the times and existing circumstances. He threatened the inhabitants of Naumburg that without the payment of ransom, they should feel the edge of the sword if they fired a single shot. Nevertheless, the Swedes—or rather the Germans, nominal Swedes—gave themselves up to the most unbridled debaucheries when they had entered the city. The unfortunates who looked to the leader for protection found in him only an obstinate soldier. Here to demonstrate the sentiments of this "*Iron Age*," indeed *Iron*, Sir James Turner, 1670–71, in his "Pallas Armata" in Chapter xxvi., on "Prisoners, Parleys," etc., speaks thus *commendingly* of Torstenson, who never broke his word but always kept faith to ear and hope for reward or punishment. "Torstenson," says the experienced knight and soldier, "the *Sweedish* Felt-Marshal did GENEROUSLY when he resolved to put a *Danish* Garrison of six hundred men to the sword, who were in a Sconce (field-work) of the Dutchy of *Holstein;* he REFUSED all Parley and Treaty, and, in the Storm, killed every man." By their wild acts and wasting all the provisions produced or stored along the fertile shore of the Saale were utterly wasted, and Banér himself soon felt the consequences of this want of foresight, so that the want of provisions compelled him to retire under the cannons of Magdeburg. The provisions which could be extracted and brought forward from Halberstadt, Luneburg, Quedlinburg, and Ashersleben were trans-

ported to that fortress, Magdeburg; but even these were not sufficient for the Swedish army for any length of time. They however satisfied the wants of a few weeks until Banér was sufficiently recuperated to make his raids out from Magdeburg, now along the right and now along the left of the Elbe. These raids were only intended to wear out the enemy and to keep him in uncertainty about the further plans of the Swedish leader.

J. WATTS DE PEYSTER,
Brevet Major-General S.N.Y.

(To be continued.)

REFLECTIONS AT SEA.

THERE is a feeling pure and sweet
  That lives through many a troubled scene,
And will the weary heart oft greet,
  Whilst wandering o'er life's fitful dream.
It is the recollection dear
  Of early life, of early joys,
When eyes untainted with a tear
  Shone bright on pleasure's gilded toys;
When hearts were warm and feelings true
  To all that kindness we could seek,
And every shade but sorrow's hue
  Danced in the eye, and lit the cheek;
And when life's changing scene at last
  Shall close around us near the tomb,
Who would not wish when all is past,
  To slumber at his *early home?*

SKETCH OF FORT MEADE, DAKOTA TERRITORY.

WHEN an officer is ordered to change station, and especially if he is going to a *terra incognita*, his first thoughts, naturally, are as to the kind of place in which he is about to reside, the means of access, etc. In the present article my aim is to give a plain, practical sketch of one of our frontier posts, in the hope that the information furnished will be found of value and of general interest.

Fort Meade, Dakota Territory, was established August 27, 1878, by Major Henry Lazelle, First Infantry, with a garrison comprising Companies C and K, First Infantry, and Troops E and M, Seventh Cavalry. The temporary camp used during the construction of the post was named Camp Ruhlen, in honor of Lieutenant George Ruhlen, Seventeenth Infantry. For his efficient and economical administration of this office as acting quartermaster great credit is due.

Fort Meade is situated in the northeastern section of the Black Hills, in the beautiful valley of Bear Butte Creek, about fifteen miles from Deadwood, and at an altitude of three thousand five hundred feet. To reach it from department headquarters, at Fort Snelling, near St. Paul, Minnesota, involves a trip of six hundred and eleven miles by railroad and stage, as follows: St. Paul to Kasota, by Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Omaha Railroad, distance seventy-seven miles; Kasota to Pierre, by Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, distance three hundred and forty-eight miles; Pierre to Fort Meade, by Northwestern Express, Stage, and Transportation Company, distance one hundred and eighty-six miles. The railroad journey is made in seventeen hours. The stage company runs a daily line of Concord coaches, which make the trip, under favorable circumstances, in thirty-six hours. The coach leaves Pierre at 7 A.M., and reaches Fort Meade at 7 P.M. the following day, thus requiring a stay of two days and one night on this uncomfortable means of transportation. Before starting on the stage trip experienced travelers carefully provide themselves with a good lunch and a liberal supply of warm wraps. The trip is made with fair regularity in the summer and fall, but winter snows and spring

thaws render it occasionally a journey of no little magnitude. The fare by this route is twenty-eight dollars.

A second means of communication is by stage from Sidney, Nebraska, on the Union Pacific Railroad; distance, about two hundred miles; time required, fifty hours; fare, thirty-five dollars. It is needless to say that the greater distance of staging on this road renders it less popular than the Pierre route.

The post is situated on Bear Butte Creek, a small stream rising from springs in the Black Hills. It is arranged for ten companies; has a very extensive parade-ground, octagonal in shape, the southern, southeastern, and southwestern sides being occupied by the line of officers' quarters. On the three opposite sides are situated the six barrack buildings, adjutant's office, and guard-house. The surrounding scenery is beautifully picturesque. To the north, about six miles distant, lies old Bear Butte, towering some fifteen hundred feet above ground level, and forming quite a pleasant feature in the landscape. To the northeast is a pretty valley, thickly settled with farms, through which Bear Butte Creek runs to join the Belle Fourche River. On the east and south sides are the Black Hills, covered with tall, dark pines. To the west is a pretty cañon, about three-fourths of a mile long, through which runs the road to Deadwood, and which opens upon a large valley, wherein is situated Sturgis City, a town of one thousand inhabitants, distant one and a half miles from the post.

In its plan, Fort Meade is open to the criticism of being a post of magnificent distances. The distances between the buildings, however, offer great security in case of fire. The guard-house was at first placed in a very faulty position, in rear of one of the barrack buildings, so that no general view of the garrison could be obtained from post number one. This was remedied in 1883 by having it moved up near the adjutant's office. The hospital is located in the southwestern part of the post, near the band quarters and trader's store, consequently in quite a noisy section. The post ice-house, also in this neighborhood, cannot be regarded as ornamental.

The line of officers' quarters, the greater part of which faces the north, is occupied by fifteen structures. Of these, six are frame buildings, one and a half stories high, with mansard-roofs, each divided into two sets of quarters. Each set contains the following rooms: on the first floor, front and back parlor, dining-room, and kitchen; on the second floor, three bedrooms and servant's room. These sets are hard finished and quite comfortable, with the exception that there are no facilities for heating the halls in winter. Eight buildings are frame cottages, one story high, designed for one officer, and containing parlor, two bedrooms, dining-room, kitchen, and small room for servant. The parlor and front bedroom are fifteen by fifteen feet; the back bedroom and dining-room, fifteen by eighteen feet. A box entry, six feet wide,

opens into the two front rooms. Each room is lighted by two large windows. These cottages were built upon plans furnished by Lieutenant Ruhlen, and are considered as very desirable quarters for a small family or for two bachelor officers. They present the great advantage of privacy, the noise of a "semi-detached neighbor" being eliminated. With some modifications this style of quarters could be recommended for general adoption on the frontier.

The climate of the Black Hills is delightful in summer and fall. Generally speaking, the atmosphere is clear, dry, and bracing, though the winter and spring are often made disagreeable by high winds. Local storms are quite common; snow-storms are comparatively frequent in winter, and severe hail- and thunder-storms occur in the summer. On account of the high winds, the snow does not lie long on the level ground, but lasts for some time in the more protected foot-hills. The temperature in winter may fall as low as thirty-four degrees below zero; but a clear, dry cold at this point, without wind, is not nearly as unpleasant as a temperature of —10 degrees with a strong wind. Throughout the winter a buffalo overcoat, fur gloves, fur cap, and arctic overshoes will be found necessary for comfort. In summer the days may be warm; but, as radiation after sundown is very rapid, the nights are almost invariably cool.

The climate is thoroughly healthy, with an atmosphere rendered stimulating by the terebinthinate odors of the pine-trees. For four months in the year, from June to September, I consider the situation a most favorable one for cases of incipient phthisis. It is a climate *par excellence* for children. They thrive in it vigorously, and the summer diseases of the Eastern cities are comparatively infrequent. In the winter, quinsy is perhaps the most common disease of both children and adults.

On account of the good roads and charming scenery, riding and driving are popular amusements for the summer and fall. Sleighing is generally poor. There are no facilities for boating, fishing, skating, or swimming. In the neighborhood of the post there is no hunting. A few prairie-chickens or ducks may be obtained, but it is necessary to go some distance to secure game like antelope or black-tail deer. On the eastern side of the post is located a building used as post library, chapel, and school-room, and containing a good hall for dancing. This is occasionally utilized for dramatic entertainments by the officers. The regimental band of the Seventh Cavalry furnishes music for outdoor and promenade concerts, hops, and germans. The regulation frontier billiard-table is found in the officers' club-room.

Among the pleasures, a visit to the town of Deadwood may be mentioned. Five miles from the post, the road, following the creek, passes for some distance through Boulder Cañon, whose walls rise for several hundred feet, and are crested with a thick growth of pines and

shrubbery. In the spring, when it is swollen by the melting snow, the creek presents a beautiful sight as it flows with great velocity over its rocky bed. After leaving the cañon, and passing through Boulder Park, the road goes over the hills through the pine woods to the valley of the Whitewood Creek, in which Deadwood is situated. This mining-town has about four thousand inhabitants, and has now settled down to steady-going habits, after its lively boom in 1877 and '78. A visit to the gold-mines at Lead and Central Cities, a few miles from Deadwood, is of considerable interest to a stranger. The largest mine is the Homestake, at Lead City.

The cost of living at Fort Meade is quite high. Servants receive from twenty to twenty-five dollars per month. Beef is cheap generally, and is furnished at contract price by the subsistence department. It will average seven cents per pound, is of fair quality, but is not equal to stall-fed meat. Potatoes can be procured usually at fifty cents per bushel from the farmers of Bear Butte Valley. Eggs are very scarce and expensive in the winter. Milk is sold at ten cents per quart. Fresh oysters, frozen in cans, are brought in by express in the winter, and cost seventy-five cents per can. In good seasons, large crops of potatoes, onions, turnips, and cabbages are raised in the company gardens. Severe hail-storms occasionally occur in summer, and cause sad havoc among these products. Corn and tomatoes do not grow well. Game and fish cannot be readily procured, and, except melons, there are no large or small fruits grown in the country. Much variety for the table cannot be had, therefore, except at great expense.

Mails.—The Eastern mail arrives and departs daily on the Pierre coach. A letter to department headquarters will average three days; to Washington, six days. The post-office is conveniently located in the trader's store.

Ample telephonic communication with the neighboring towns and telegraphic facilities exist.

LOUIS BRECHEMIN,
Assistant Surgeon U. S. Army.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

GENERAL GRANT'S financial difficulties have been a fruitful topic of conversation and comment since our last issue, and the service must hail with a feeling of honest pride the noble conduct of General Grant and Mrs. Grant during the trying ordeal through which they are passing, and it must convince the most cynical of his uprightness and integrity in his unfortunate connection with the firm of Grant & Ward; in fact, no greater proof is needed of pure-mindedness and innocence than is shown in the story of his and his son's connection with Ward, as brought to light by the testimony of U. S. Grant, Jr., before the referee. There is but one way in which we believe General Grant will consent to receive assistance out of his troubles, and that is by his appointment to the retired list with the rank of general.

If we mistake not, the army is as unanimous as are his fellow-citizens at large in desiring this may be done, and we think they have it in their power to influence the bringing about of this result by a spontaneous sending of petitions to Congress from the officers of every post in the army petitioning the passage of a law recreating the office of general, and naming him as the choice of Congress to fill the same, and authorizing his retirement if appointed. We hope this suggestion may meet with general approval in the army.

WE hope that in the sketches to appear giving a history of the "Monitor," the credit due the late Rear-Admiral Joseph Smith, U.S.N., for his work in urging its adoption by the Navy Department will be given. Certainly no sketch of historical accuracy can be written that does not do so. The designer of the "Monitor," we believe, would have been much longer in obtaining recognition of the merits of his invention without Admiral Smith's powerful influence with the Department. Not only is he entitled to credit for his efforts on behalf of the original "Monitor," but for his work in placing the entire monitor fleet afloat. He is truly entitled to be remembered, as he is by those who know the history of the subject, as "the father of the monitors," and well do we recall a conversation with him on the subject a short time before his death.

We are glad the opportunity has presented itself of calling attention to the services of Admiral Smith in this respect, for it is with grateful remembrances of many kindnesses we ever recall him.

Admiral Smith's son, Commander Smith, lost his life in the fight between the "Merrimac" and "Cumberland." He himself gave a lifetime of active work to his country, and no braver sailor, no truer man, and no better, ever served it than gallant old Flag-Officer Joseph Smith.

THE public throughout the world are anxiously watching the movements on the part of the British forces in Egypt to relieve their gallant brother-soldier, who has so long and in such a wonderful manner held his own against the Mahdi and his numberless hordes.

It was first given out that the British would certainly reach or be near Khartoum by the last of December, but the obstacles of the river route have proved almost insurmountable, notwithstanding the wonderful efforts put forth by the troops, aided by the men from Canada, the Kroomas and Arabs enlisted for the purpose, with all the appliances that art or money could furnish from England.

It is well for the British expedition that they have not had to deal with a more active enemy, for if the Mahdi had only sent down a force to attack the boats and the few men there were to protect them, it is impossible that any advance by the Nile route could have been made. However, we hope that soon we shall hear of a happy meeting between the two generals; though General Gordon will, no doubt, naturally think his relief might have been accomplished sooner.

Whatever errors of judgment may have been made as to the plan of the campaign, still, the proverbial bull-dog determination to win of the British troops is such that we trust it will pull them through.

THE HON. S. S. COX, Chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs of the House of Representatives, has given publicity to reports seriously reflecting on the management of the Naval Academy, and containing grave and serious charges against that institution and its officers. The report refers primarily to an investigation of the circumstances attending the death of naval cadet Strang, and the Naval Committee has called on the Secretary of the Navy for a report as to the facts of the case. Mr. Cox has received, and made public through the press, letters from the parents and guardians of certain ex-cadets, on the contents of which the charges referred to above are based. The Secretary of the Navy replies in a caustic communication to Mr. Cox, making a sweeping denial of the general charges, and of the insinuation that Cadet Strang's death resulted from hazing by members of the third class; and stating that the death of this young gentleman was due to hernia, and that no cadets except those belonging to his own class were at the time referred to at the Naval Academy.

We have no doubt of the correctness of the facts as stated by the Secretary, and that a thorough investigation will so demonstrate. The other charges reflect, however, too seriously on the *morale* of the navy to be passed lightly by; and in our opinion an investigation should be had at once. The Secretary's refusal to order such an investigation at the request of Superintendant Ramsay, though based on the best of motives, is sincerely to be regretted. It is due to the service, which has no fear of the result, that either the Department or Congress should immediately order the investigation.

THE most important event of the month bearing on civil service affairs is the correspondence between Mr. George William Curtis and President-elect Cleveland. In this correspondence the latter foreshadows his policy of making appointments during his term of office, and the views therein expressed commend themselves most heartily to all who have reform of the civil service at heart. Believing that the letter of the President-elect referred to is deserving of the widest publicity, and that it is an excellent reference for the future, we reprint it herewith:

"ALBANY, N. Y., December 25, 1884.

"TO HON. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, President, etc.:

"DEAR SIR,—Your communication, dated December 20, and addressed to me on behalf of the National Civil Service Reform League, has been received. That a practical reform in the civil service is demanded is abundantly established by the fact that a statute referred to in your communication to secure such a result has been passed in Congress with the assent of both political parties, and by the further fact that a sentiment is generally prevalent among patriotic people calling for the fair and honest enforcement of the law which has been thus enacted. I regard myself pledged to this because my conception of true democratic faith and public duty require that this and all other statutes should be in good faith and without evasion enforced, and because in many utterances made prior to my election as President, approved by the party to which I belong, and which I have no disposition to disclaim, I have in effect promised the people that this should be done.

"I am not unmindful of the fact to which you refer, that many of our citizens fear that the recent party change in the national executive may demonstrate that the abuses which have grown up in the civil service are ineradicable. I know that they are deeply rooted, and that the spoils system has been supposed to be intimately related to success in the maintenance of party organization; and I am not sure that all those who profess to be the friends of this reform will stand firmly among its advocates when they find it obstructing their way to patron-

age and place. But fully appreciating the trust committed to my charge, no such consideration shall cause a relaxation on my part of any earnest effort to enforce this law.

"There is a class of government positions which are not within the letter of civil service statute, but which are so disconnected with the policy of an administration that the removal therefrom of present incumbents, in my opinion, should not be made during the terms for which they were appointed solely on partisan grounds, and for the purpose of putting in their places those who were in political accord with the appointing powers; but many now holding such positions have forfeited all just claim to retention, because they have used their places for party purposes, in disregard of their duty to the people, and because, instead of being decent public servants, they have proved themselves offensive partisans and unscrupulous manipulators of local party management.

"The lessons of the past should be unlearned, and such officials, as well as their successors, should be taught that efficiency, fitness, and devotion to public duty are the conditions of their continuance in public place, and that the quiet and unobtrusive exercise of individual political rights is the reasonable measure of their party service.

"If I were addressing none but party friends I should deem it entirely proper to remind them that though the coming administration is to be Democratic, a due regard for the people's interest does not permit faithful party work to be always rewarded by appointment to office, and to say to them that while Democrats may expect all proper consideration, selections for offices not embraced within the civil service rules will be based upon sufficient inquiry as to fitness, instituted by those charged with that duty, rather than upon persistent importunity of self-solicited recommendations on behalf of candidates for appointment.

"Yours, very truly,
"GROVER CLEVELAND."

THE Senate Committee on Pensions on January 16 reported adversely on the bill to grant a pension of thirty dollars a month to Mrs. Emma De Long, widow of the late Lieutenant-Commander De Long. We hope the Senate will promptly rebuke the niggardliness of its Committee on Pensions by rejecting the report and promptly passing the bill.

WE regret that Lieutenant Shufeldt's manuscript for continuing his article on "Madagascar" was not received in time to be inserted in this number. It will be continued in the March issue of THE UNITED SERVICE.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

[The publisher of THE UNITED SERVICE will send by post, prepaid, any of the following books on receipt of price.]

A, B, C Spanish Phrase Book. By Fredric R. Guernsey. 50 cents.

Allan Dare and Robert le Diable. A Romance. By Admiral Porter. To be published in nine fortnightly parts, 8vo, each part with an illustration by Alfred Fredericks. Price for each part, parts one to seven ready, 25 cents.

Almanach de Gotha. Annuaire Généalogique, Diplomatique et Statistique for 1885. $2.75.

Black Poodle (The), and other Stories. By F. Anstey. Illustrated, paper, 50 cents.

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Choy Susan and other Stories. By William Henry Bishop. One vol. 16mo. $1.25.

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SERVICE LITERATURE.

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN: THE TRUE STORY OF A GREAT LIFE." By WILLIAM O. STODDARD, one of President Lincoln's secretaries during the war of the Rebellion. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.

There is plenty of evidence that the interest in Mr. Lincoln continues fresh and keen. From the time of his nomination to the Presidency to the present day the accounts of his life have been read with avidity. Many of these lives are very hastily written, and upon superficial information. Of course, then, the history of that wonderful man which shall show him in his true proportions, and enable us to understand the reciprocal influences of his character and the circumstances in which he lived, can be written only when the lapse of time shall furnish the true perspective for the philosophical historian. Meanwhile we welcome any account of his life which will help us to understand his remarkable personality. This Mr. Stoddard seeks to do in the work before us. It is intended to be a strictly personal life. In spite of strong temptations to diverge to the discussion of famous political and military events and characters, the writer keeps close to his theme; and the result is a very interesting book. Mr. Stoddard writes from the full personal knowledge of his subject acquired in his secretaryship to Mr. Lincoln from 1861 to 1864; from the material accumulated in his district in Illinois before the war, and from whatever other information that may have been requisite to make clear his subject.

The years of Mr. Lincoln's Presidency were spent in so full a light that most readers feel comparatively well acquainted with that part of his life. It is to his earlier days that we naturally turn for fuller information. Mr. Stoddard describes the childhood of Lincoln with a vivid realism that strongly reminds us of the early chapters of Judd's "Margaret." And it is difficult to conceive of surroundings more utterly forlorn and discouraging than these scenes of Lincoln's early boyhood. A shiftless father and mother, the miserable hut in Kentucky, the wretched pole-shelter and windy log cabin in Indiana, cold, hunger, and pestilence, made up the start. The pestilence carried off the mother, and she fills a nameless grave. The death of his own mother was a blessing to Lincoln, for it made a place for the second Mrs. Lincoln. Here was one who understood him, cheered him, and loved him, and whom he loved to the end of his life. Then began to move the ambition which made him what he became. Of undying interest is the story of Lincoln's early struggles for education and improvement, as showing how a strong character grows in spite of the most untoward circumstances, or rather converts those very circumstances into the means of growth and lasting strength. Here are set forth Lincoln's use of his time for intellectual improvement, his devices, in the absence of slates, pencils, paper, etc., for spelling, writing, and ciphering; his insatiable hunger for books, and his long walks after them, and what was meant by his "reading" a book, which was the transfer of the entire contents to a memory singularly quick and tenacious. We used to wonder where the English of the Gettysburg speech and the second Inaugural came from, and certain were that it was to be found somewhere near the fountain-heads of Lincoln's intellectual life. We understand it when we learn that among the books thus read were Æsop's Fables, Bun-

yan's Pilgrim's Progress, Robinson Crusoe, and the Arabian Nights. Do not some of these books throw some light also upon Lincoln's fondness for clothing a truth in the story-form? The removal to Illinois, the growth of what may be called a civilized community, Lincoln's physical peculiarities, his sociability, his goodness of heart, his anecdotes, his fun, and his study of the people with whom he came in contact, are very fully given in Mr. Stoddard's book. So too Lincoln's law studies, his practice, his views of slavery, his political principles, and the story of Ann Rutledge, whom he loved so passionately, and whose death he mourned with a grief so wild that his reason reeled under the blow. In due time came his marriage, as we all know, but it is made clear that Lincoln was an altered and a saddened man from that day on, and the deepest domestic enjoyment was never to be his. The story follows him through his emergence into political fame, his Congressional experience, his long, earnest opposition to slavery, his growth in knowledge of men and far-sighted statesmanship, his nomination to the Presidency, and the history of that awful burden of care and sorrow till the fatal bullet did its work and gave rest to the weary brain.

The reading of this book makes us feel anew the duality of Mr. Lincoln. It seems like the history of two men,—the one awkward, ungainly, the man of jokes and stories and fun, who by his enemies was caricatured and abused as wholly below the dignity of high office; the other sad, thoughtful, looking far before him and high above him, the man of noble faith and heavenly charity, whom no cloud of battle could obscure, whom no brilliancy of military success about him could eclipse,—

> "The kindly, earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
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"TACTICAL QUERIES FOR THE INFANTRY, WITH ANSWERS AND EXPLANATIONS; TOGETHER WITH ALL RULINGS OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT ON THE SUBJECT OF TACTICS," by Captain William H. Powell, Fourth Infantry, Brevet Major U.S.A., is now ready. Captain Powell is so well known to the army and national guard that it is almost superfluous to speak of the merit of this work, which has been much needed, and will prove invaluable to those interested in tactics, as all army men and national guardsmen are. The price of the book is fifty cents, and it is published by the publisher of this magazine, T. H. S. Hamersly, 835 Broadway. It will be sent, post prepaid, on receipt of price.

The *Army and Navy Register* of January 17 thus speaks of the book:

"A new manual of 'Tactical Queries for the Infantry, with answers and explanations, together with all rulings of the War Department on the Subject of Tactics,' by Major William H. Powell, captain Fourth Infantry, U.S.A., has been published by T. H. S. Hamersly, of New York. We cannot do better than to quote the opinion of this work given by Colonel E. C. Mason, Inspector-General Department of the Platte. He says, 'It is an excellent work, and will, I am sure, be of assistance to all who have occasion to use the infantry tactics of our army. You have explained and made clear obscure paragraphs. The points not covered by the decisions of the War Department you have explained in accordance with customs of service, the unwritten law of the army. I cordially indorse your book, and trust it may have extensive circulation. To the militia of our country I think it will be especially valuable.' We are glad to commend this meritorious little manual, and hope it will have a large sale."

MESSRS. L. R. HAMERSLY & Co., of Philadelphia, have issued the initial number of *The Army and Navy Quarterly*, which is confined exclusively to the republication of articles from the English and Continental service publications, together with a summary of foreign service news in the shape of a letter from a foreign correspondent. The *Quarterly* is handsomely printed, and deserves success, as it places within the reach of officers much important data not otherwise attainable. It may

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THE

UNITED SERVICE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

MILITARY, NAVAL, AND CIVIL SERVICE.

VOL. XII.—MARCH, 1885.—No. 3.

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NEW YORK:
T. H. S. HAMERSLY,
835 BROADWAY.

PHILADELPHIA: CENTRAL NEWS COMPANY.
BOSTON: NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY.
WASHINGTON: A. BRENTANO & Co., 1015 Pennsylvania Ave.
LONDON: B. F. STEVENS, 4 Trafalgar Square.
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BERLIN: EUGENE DEONDI, Behren-Strasse 67.
PARIS: GROVES & BLACKBURNE, 1 Rue Scribe.

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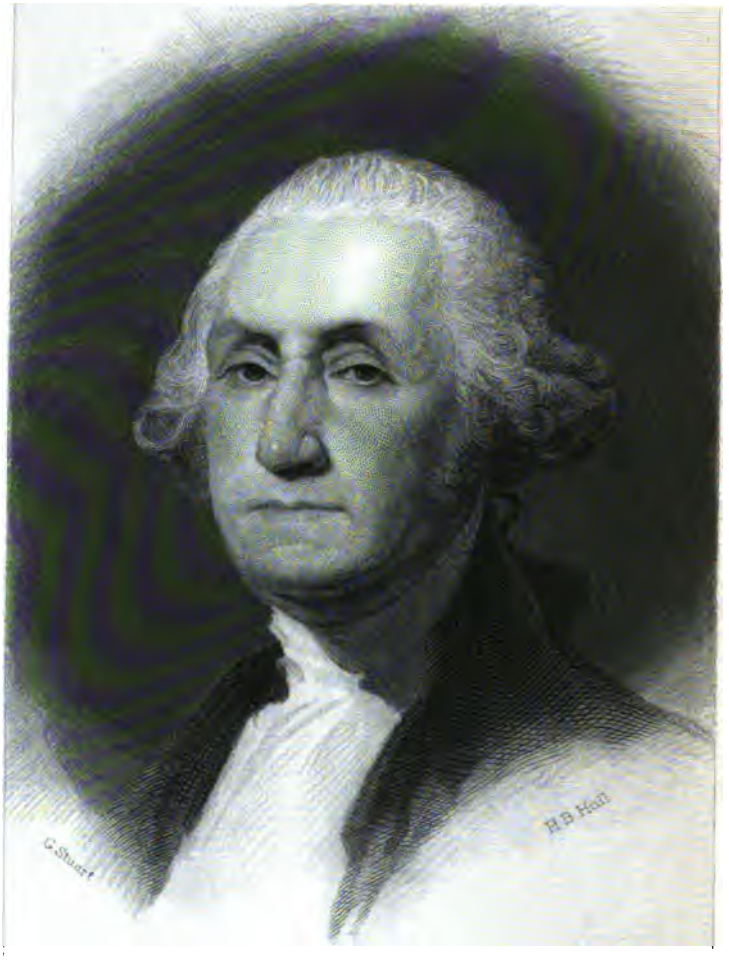


From the original Painting with Martha Washington
taken from life in 1795

THE

UNITED SERVICE.

MARCH 1885.

BRITISH MILITARY OPERATIONS IN THE EGYPTIAN SOUDAN.

IT would not be practicable within the limits of this paper to discuss the origin of that insurrection in the Egyptian Soudan which culminated in the destruction of the army led first into Senaar and later into Kordofan, by Hicks-Pacha, in 1883. That army was Egyptian, sent by the government of the Khédive; and that was the last military effort which British surveillance permitted the Khédive to make for the preservation of his provinces on the Upper Nile.

What will now be considered are the military operations undertaken directly under the authority of the British government; whether at the expense of that government or at that of the Khédive's government, in reference to the withdrawal of the Egyptian forces from those regions, and the surrender of those vast provinces to semi-civilized and barbarous populations.

It will be seen that this policy of abandonment and surrender was forced on the unwilling Khédive and his government, the ministry having been changed, in compliance with the demands of the British government, in order to form a nominal Egyptian government which would consent to and, as much as possible, legalize such a policy.

Hicks-Pacha and his army were entirely destroyed by the forces of the Mahdi in October, 1883, while attempting to march from *Duème*, on the Nile, to *El Obeiyad*, the capital of Kordofan, which capital had been captured, with its garrison, armament, stores, and treasure, by the pretender.

The news of this great disaster did not reach Cairo until the 22d November, 1883.

In October, 1883, all *seemed* favorable to the tranquil management of the affairs of Egypt by the British officials without the assumption of any uncomfortable responsibility on the part of the British government.

The prestige of the Khédive had been thoroughly destroyed, and yet the nominal responsibility for anything which might go wrong could always be thrown upon the Egyptian ministry. The British "Resident," under the name of "Agent and Consul-General of Her Britannic Majesty," was the power behind the throne of the Khédive. The British "Financial Adviser" of the Egyptian government had replaced the "Joint Control" of England and France; the Egyptian army which might have given the Khédive a little personal power had been entirely disbanded, and in its stead there was a small force of about six thousand Egyptian soldiers, dignified by the name "Egyptian Army," with Major-General Sir Evelyn Wood as "General-in-Chief," a British brigadier, and British field-officers, so that it could never be used by the Khédive in any manner in the least conflicting with British interests, to whatever extent those interests might conflict with those of Egypt. Lower Egypt was occupied by a division of six thousand seven hundred British troops, under the command of Lieutenant-General Stephenson, and the British fleet occupied the Mediterranean and Red Seas.

The expenses of the British troops formed a charge on the Egyptian treasury. The military police-force of Egypt was composed of about five thousand Egyptian soldiers, under the command of General Valentine Baker, the superior officers being British retired officers, while the subordinates were carefully-selected Egyptians who had been trained in the military schools of the past.

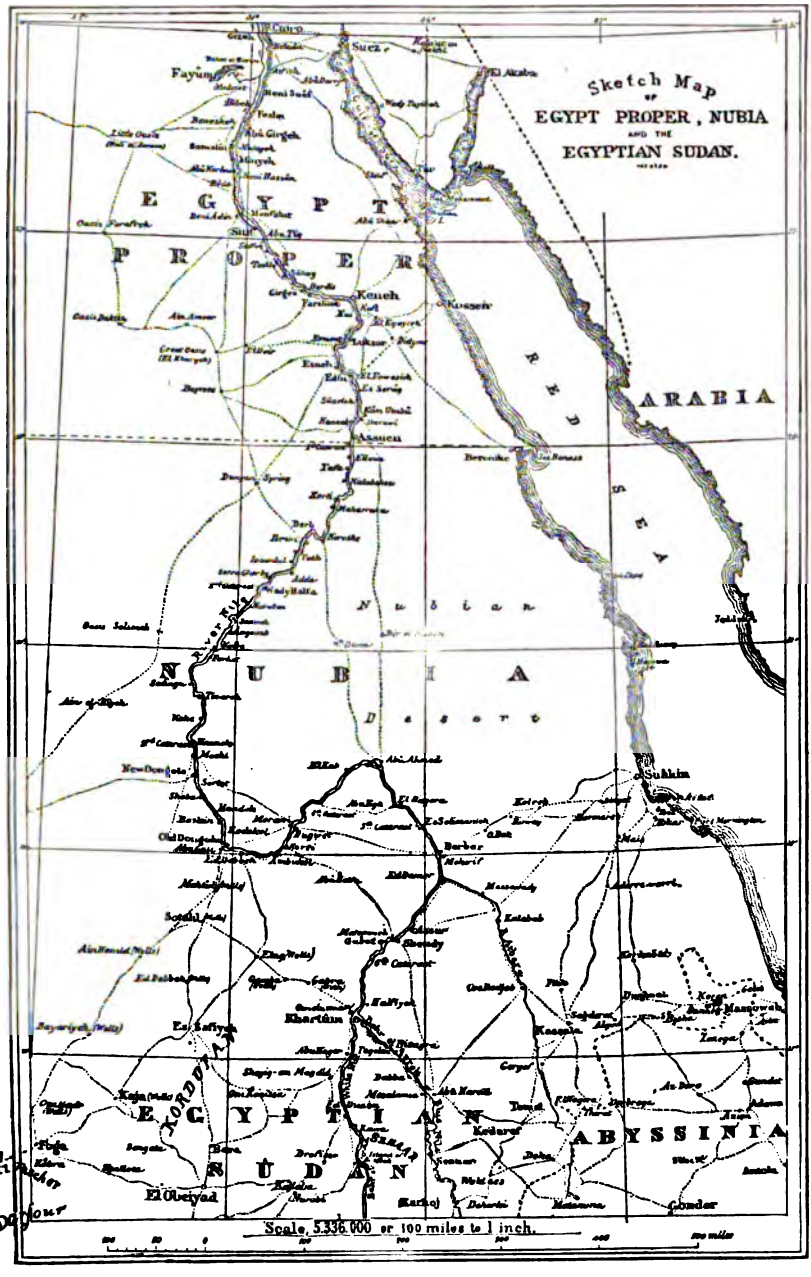
The army in the Soudan, composed of Egyptians, Turkish Bashi-Bazouks, and Soudanese negroes, was commanded in chief by a British officer, Hicks-Pacha, aided by British officers, but was no charge to the British government. News had been received that Hicks-Pacha had, with his army, defeated the rebels in Senaar, and was marching to victory over the Madhi in Kordofan. The cholera scourge, which had so tried Egypt, had relaxed its hold on the country, and the season of great heat had passed; all looked fair and prosperous.

On the 9th of October, 1883, all looked so fair and so prosperous that Sir Evelyn Baring, the British resident in Cairo, wrote to Earl Granville as follows:

"I am of opinion that the British garrison at Cairo may be with safety withdrawn.

"I am of opinion, after consultation with General Stephenson, that the total force in Egypt, which consists at present of about six thousand seven hundred men, may be reduced to three battalions of infantry, one battery of field-artillery, one battery of garrison artillery, and one company of engineers, making a total of about three thousand men and six guns."

On the 31st of October, 1883, Sir Evelyn Baring telegraphed from Cairo to Earl Granville that a report existed "that the Mahdi's army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El Obeyed
Kaja
Scale, 5,336,000 or 100 miles to 1 inch.

has been routed near Obeid [El-Obeiyad], and twelve thousand men killed. This news comes from the officer in command at Duem [Duème], who had it from a Bashi-Bazouk. It is not yet known whether it is authentic."

Such a telegram, if not sufficiently favorable on which to order public rejoicings, was certainly not disquieting; and on the day of its reception, though evidently before its reception, Earl Granville wrote to the Marquis of Hartington, Secretary of State for War, as follows:

"Sir E. Baring has communicated to me the conclusions at which he has arrived. He is of opinion that the total British force in Egypt may be reduced to three battalions of infantry, one battery of field artillery, one battery of garrison artillery, and one company of engineers, making a total of about three thousand men and six guns; and he concurs with the general officer in command that the force as thus reduced should be concentrated at Alexandria.

"Sir Evelyn Baring's recommendations have been considered and approved by Her Majesty's government, and I am commanded by the Queen to request your lordship to give the necessary directions to carry them into effect."

Orders were immediately given to Lieutenant-General Stephenson in accordance with the above, and arrangements were made for the evacuation of Cairo and more complete occupation of Alexandria by the British troops.

It is an indication of marked ability on the part of the Mahdi and his advisers, whoever they may be, that he has from the first up to a recent date been able to not only prevent the rapid communication to his enemies of true information concerning himself and his forces, but he has been able to keep them, on the contrary, thoroughly *misinformed.*

On the 12th of November, 1883, a month after the destruction of Hicks-Pacha's army, with the telegraph working between Khartoum and Cairo, with a superior officer of Hicks's army in Khartoum, Sir Evelyn Baring telegraphed to Earl Granville as follows:

"Authentic news has been received from Khartoum and Senaar that many fugitives and wounded men from the Mahdi's army have arrived at those places; but nothing has yet been heard from Hicks or the Governor-General of the Soudan."

To make the above clear, it should be stated that the Egyptian Governor-General of the Soudan had accompanied Hicks-Pacha in his march through Kordofan.

Thus there was nothing to disturb equanimity at Cairo, and arrangements were continued for the evacuation of that capital by the British forces and the concentration of the diminished force at Alexandria. The distribution in Alexandria was indicated in a note, dated November 17, 1883, from Lieutenant-General Stephenson to Sir Evelyn Baring.

It is difficult to understand how the British officials could have allowed themselves to remain so ill informed as they were of the true condition of affairs in the interior. They seem to have taken it for granted, from the moment they obtained possession of Cairo, that

"*somehow*" all things would go well for them, and no efficient system of keeping themselves well informed seems ever to have been organized until matters had so far progressed as to render it most difficult.

Sir Evelyn Baring, upon whom the British government seems to have relied exclusively for keeping them informed and advised, was kept busy in managing the details of the Khédive's administration, and would seem to have had no reliable agents in the far interior.

It was not until the 12th of December, 1883, that a consular agent of Great Britain was appointed at Khartoum. Then, Mr. Power, the able newspaper correspondent, who had gone thither in his professional capacity, and not at all under the auspices of the British government, was appointed to and accepted the office.

Suddenly, on the 18th November, 1883, the calm repose at Cairo was rudely disturbed. On that day Sir Evelyn Baring telegraphed to Earl Granville as follows:

"*The French Consul-General* has received a telegram from his agent at Khartoum stating that, according to information from a private source, General Hicks's army is surrounded and in want of provisions."

Thus this most important information came to the British resident, not through his own agents, but through the French consul-general, who seems to have had a reliable and active agent in Khartoum.

On this same November 18, Sir Evelyn Baring received news by the way of Suez that her Majesty's consul, Moncrieff, had been slain by Arabs between Suakim and Tokar. This information came from the consul at Suez, he "*having seen a private letter from Suakim stating the fact!*"

Thus in one blast came upon Cairo unexpected sinister news from both Southern and Eastern Soudan of successful rebellion against the Khédive's government and of serious military disasters. From one direction the news came through French agents; from the other, through "a private letter!"

On the following day, 19th November, Sir Evelyn Baring received a letter from Yeddah (Arabia) confirming the news of the slaying of Consul Moncrieff and his servant, together with a large number of Egyptian soldiers, with whom the gallant and unfortunate consul had started for Tokar; and on the same day he learned by a letter written by Consul Moncrieff, on the 4th November, that the Abyssinian chief, Ras Allonla, had attacked an Egyptian force on the Abyssinian frontier.

Naturally enough, with such news pouring in all at once, Cairo was in a panic. The British resident, as was his evident duty, forwarded to Earl Granville the news without attempting to modify it. But, unfortunately, he did not confine himself to the transmission of the alarming news, and, while evidently in rather a panicky state of mind, he added his counsel to the government as to what action should be

taken, and to his counsels may perhaps be ascribed the extraordinary and unfortunate policy to which the British government by sudden decision became committed.

His telegram was as follows:

"CAIRO, November 19, 1883.

"I regret to have to inform your lordship that the present state of affairs in the Soudan is a subject of great anxiety to the Egyptian government. It is clear that their authority in the eastern portion of the Soudan is limited to the coast of the Red Sea, and even there it is seriously threatened. As regards the Western Soudan, there has as yet been no confirmation of the report telegraphed by the French consular agent at Khartoum which formed the subject of my telegram of yesterday. But on the other hand, no definite news has been received from General Hicks since the 27th September. He had only two months' provisions for his army when he started on his present expedition. The Egyptian government is becoming very anxious, and evidently expects to get bad news of him. This morning I saw Giegler-Pacha, who was formerly in the Soudan under Colonel Gordon; he says that if General Hicks's army is defeated Khartoum will probably fall into the hands of the rebels. The Egyptian government has no funds to meet an emergency, and they have already dispatched almost every available man to the Soudan, with the exception of the forces under Sir Evelyn Wood and General Baker. If General Hicks's army is destroyed, it is nearly certain that the Egyptian government will lose nearly the whole of the Soudan, unless some assistance from outside is given to them; and once they begin to withdraw, it is hard to say at what point along the valley of the Nile they could stem the rebel movement.

"I think that it is not at all improbable that the Egyptian government will request her Majesty's government to send English or Indian troops.

"My own opinion is that once General Hicks's army is defeated, it would be wiser for the Egyptian government to accept the fact, and to withdraw to whatever point on the Nile they can be sure of defending, although a great impulse would thus be given to the slave trade.

"Another alternative which the Egyptian government will not improbably suggest is to send a portion of General Wood's army to the Soudan. Chérif-Pacha has already spoken of the desirability of sending one of the English officers who are serving under General Wood to command at Suakim. But I think that General Wood's army should be retained in Egypt proper, especially in view of the partial withdrawal of Her Majesty's troops."

The extremely narrow and, from a military point of view, unwise policy suggested by the latter portion of this communication, evidently written during a panic and without due consideration as to the effect of thus abandoning, without the least effort to save it, a territory and population equal to those of a great empire, when that territory was still, in all its great strategic points, in the possession of faithful garrisons, was, most unfortunately for Egypt and for England, instantly adopted by the British government. The above telegram was received at the Foreign Office in London on the 20th November at 3.45 P.M., and was replied to by Earl Granville at 7.30 P.M. of the same day, refusing in advance any request which might be made for assistance, and directing Sir Evelyn Baring to immediately recommend, if consulted, the abandonment of the Soudan!

The full reply was as follows:

"FOREIGN OFFICE, November 20, 1883.
7.30 P.M.

"Your telegram of 19th.

"We cannot lend English or Indian troops.

"If consulted, recommend abandonment of the Soudan within certain limits."

Thus, within less than four hours after the reception of Sir Evelyn Baring's panicky telegram, the British government was committed to the policy of abandonment.

Let us now consider what was really the military situation, even after the destruction of General Hicks's army, and at the moment when the policy of abandonment was decreed from London.

Egypt proper was occupied by six thousand seven hundred British troops, six thousand Egyptian regulars under General Wood, five thousand Egyptian regulars under General Baker, making a total of seventeen thousand seven hundred men.

The Nile from Lake Albert throughout its entire length down to the sea was in the possession of the Egyptian government, and there was no sign of rebellion on the course of that river from Khartoum to the sea, say one thousand six hundred miles of its length, while for the course of the river above Khartoum for one thousand five hundred miles strategic points were occupied by faithful garrisons, and steamers could pass freely between them.

Thirty-four thousand Egyptian troops garrisoned the strategic points of the Soudan, as follows: In Dongola and Berber, one thousand five hundred; in Khartoum, two thousand five hundred; on the White Nile, between Khartoum and Fashodah, three thousand seven hundred (in easy communication by steamers with Khartoum); on the White Nile above Fashodah, two thousand one hundred and thirty-one, under the command of Emin-Bey, a German officer; in Darfour, four thousand eight hundred, under Slatin-Bey, an Austrian officer; on the Bahr-el-Gazal eight hundred and eighty-six, under Lupton-Bey, an Englishman; in Hanar and Berberah, three thousand nine hundred; in Suakim, Massowah, Keren, Amdib, and Kassala, the latter three on the border of Abyssinia, eight thousand four hundred and fifty, etc. Not one of these garrisons had proved unfaithful to their sovereign. The only territory in the possession of the Mahdi and his followers was that of Central Kordofan and a small space occupied by Osman Digna and the Hadendower Arabs in the district between Suakim and Kassala, and on a portion of the route between Suakim and Berber. Even on this route, Tewfick-Bey, with a small force of black troops, firmly upheld the flag at Sinkat.

The situation was by no means desperate.

The Egyptian ministry, led by Chérif-Pacha, seem to have well comprehended the situation and its necessities, and were faithful to the trust reposed in them by the Khédive. They asked for the aid of ten thousand British and Indian troops for a limited time in order to con-

centrate the forces in the Soudan at the most important points. This aid was promptly refused by the British government and the Khédive, and his government were counseled to evacuate the whole Soudan without delay.

Thereupon Chérif-Pacha proposed, in a calm and well-prepared paper, that the Ottoman Porte should be requested to furnish a force of ten thousand soldiers for the purpose of saving the Soudan; and should the Porte refuse this assistance he proposed to cede back to Turkey the entire sea-coast from Suakim to Berberah and, by using the garrisons in those countries, strengthen those of Central Soudan. This proposition to bring Turkish troops into the dependencies of Egypt was evidently exceedingly distasteful to the British government, and produced an energetic reply. It was difficult to object to the introduction of troops by the Ottoman Porte, since the Sultan in his capacity of the acknowledged suzerain of Egypt could hardly be refused permission to preserve from abandonment a large portion of territory which owed him allegiance. It therefore became necessary to consent for the moment, in appearance, and while attaching such conditions as to make the consent void, to guard against any such evil in the future by putting away an Egyptian ministry who could have any national feeling or any will not in accord with the opinions of the British ministry.

Under date of January 4, 1884, Earl Granville signified the assent of the British government to Chérif-Pacha's suggestion of appeal for ten thousand Turkish troops, "provided that it (the sending of Turkish troops to the Soudan) will not increase the expenditure falling on the Egyptian treasury or cause the Egyptian government to delay coming to a decision as to the movement of their troops from the interior of the Soudan." This proviso not only rendered the assent nugatory, but if accepted in that form made the arrangement useless. It was like offering a hungry man a rich and nutritious dish with the condition attached that he should not eat of it.

In the same dispatch, Earl Granville renewed, almost in the form of command, the recommendation that Egypt should withdraw from Khartoum as well as from the interior of the Soudan, and directed the British resident to so inform Chérif-Pacha. As if expecting immediate compliance with his order for the evacuation of Khartoum, Earl Granville directed Sir Evelyn Baring to keep him "informed of the progress made in the preparations for the defense of Egypt proper at Assouan or Wady Halfa, according to whichever of these places may be fixed upon by the authorities as the first point of defense."

On the same day, Earl Granville addressed a second dispatch to Sir Evelyn Baring, threatening the Khédive in case the requirements of Her Majesty's government were not complied with, and indicating that if the ministry of Chérif-Pacha should not be sufficiently obedient, a new ministry should be found who would "be ready to execute the

orders which the Khédive, acting on the advice of Her Majesty's government, may give them."

In order to give Sir Evelyn Baring nerve to sufficiently threaten the Khédive, in case His Highness should feel bound to defend his country, Earl Granville closed his dispatch with these words: "In any representations which you may make, with a view of carrying out the views above expressed, you may rely on the full support of Her Majesty's government."

On the 6th January, 1884, 11.30 A.M., Sir Evelyn Baring telegraphed to Earl Granville: "I have communicated to Khédive and to Chérif-Pacha the views of Her Majesty's Government on the Soudan question."

The natural result followed. Chérif-Pacha and his colleagues refused to execute a policy which seemed to them certain to bring disaster on their country, and they resigned, carrying with them the respect and sympathy of the best portion of the Egyptians.

Riaz-Pacha was called upon to form a ministry, but refused. After some little time Nubar-Pacha was called, and by assuming himself the presidency of the Council, and the portfolios of Foreign Affairs and Justice, succeeded in forming a ministry with one portfolio vacant, which would consent to the policy of abandonment. From that time, January 9, 1884, the orders of the British government have, up to the date of this writing, directed, in fact, all the military operations concerning the Soudan. The result, thus far, has been most unfortunate for Egypt and for Great Britain.

When the ministry of Chérif-Pacha yielded up the direction of affairs, no military post of the Soudan outside of Kordofan had yielded to the rebels. Khartoum had been reinforced by the garrisons of the White Nile as far south as Fachodah, and the force in Khartoum numbered more than six thousand men, while a supply of corn for one year had been stored there by the governor for the whole population. Sinkat and Tokar held out bravely, though closely besieged and sorely tempted, and General Baker had been sent to Suakim with a force of his *gendarmerie*, to which were added some black troops withdrawn from Massowah. His entire force amounted to about five thousand men, well supplied with arms, cannon, and ammunition. He was clothed with full powers from the Khédive to declare and execute martial law, and instructed to pacify as far as possible the region between Suakim and Berber, to open and maintain communications. He was cautioned, however, not to commence extended operations until the black troops, collected by Zobehr-Pacha, should join him.

The first two acts of the new ministry seem to have been: 1st, a letter of instructions to Baker-Pacha at Suakim, dated January 9 (the day of the formation of the new ministry), informing him that the Khédive had determined to abandon the Soudan provinces, canceling

that portion of the Khédive's instructions to him which left it discretionary with him to open by force the Suakim-Berber route, and directing him to continue by all means possible to open that route "by *diplomatic* means!" and 2d, an order to the governor of Khartoum, authorizing him to "prepare measures for sending to Berber the women and children, and all those of the civil population who wish to leave Khartoum." The policy of retreat, purely defensive, and evacuation was promptly put into execution, and its demoralizing influences soon made themselves felt in all directions.

The entire British force of six thousand seven hundred men remained in Egypt, but remained in garrison in Lower Egypt. The brigade under General Sir Evelyn Wood, pompously called the "Egyptian Army," remained in Egypt proper, as if the Mahdi might be at any time expected there. It is evident that if one-half the British force had been promptly sent to Suakim, that and Baker's force together could have within three days relieved Sinkat, and within a week following the garrison of Tokar could have been saved. But all the solicitude of the British government, and, as a consequence, that of the new Egyptian ministry, seemed to be concentrated on the evacuation of the Soudan, and notwithstanding the fact that Rear-Admiral Sir W. Hewitt made an admirable report on the condition of Sinkat and Tokar on the 18th of December, 1883, which report was transmitted on the 8th of January, 1884, to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and in this report states that it would be a lasting disgrace on the Egyptian army should these places fall into the hands of the enemy, and that he had offered to garrison and protect Suakim in order that the whole of the troops there might be available for an expedition of relief, yet no more vigorous steps were taken for such relief, while the Foreign Secretary was industriously telegraphing to Egypt concerning details of evacuation of Khartoum *and guarding against stimulus of the slave trade*, and making inquiry as to whether General Gordon and Sir C. Wilson might not be valuable in Egypt under the new conditions.

On the 10th January, 1884, Earl Granville telegraphed to Sir E. Baring: "Would General Charles Gordon or Sir C. Wilson be of assistance under altered circumstances in Egypt?" and on the following day Sir E. Baring replied, "I have consulted with Nubar-Pacha, and I do not think that the services of General Gordon or Sir C. Wilson can be utilized at present."

On the 15th, Earl Granville again telegraphed: "I hear indirectly that Gordon is ready to go straight to Suakim, without passing through Cairo."

On the 16th January, Sir E. Baring telegraphed to Earl Granville that very great difficulties would no doubt be encountered in effecting the withdrawal from Khartoum, that it was intended to send Abd-el-Kader Pacha, the new minister of war there; that he had at first

accepted the duty but now declined to go. That the Egyptian government would feel greatly obliged if H. M.'s government would select a well-qualified British officer to go to Khartoum instead of the War Minister. That such officer would be given full powers, both civil and military, to conduct the retreat.

In a second telegram of the same date, Sir Evelyn Baring states that "General Gordon would be best man."

On the 18th January, General Gordon received orders to proceed at once to Egypt, to report to the government on the military situation in the Soudan. The following is a copy of his letter of instructions, signed by Earl Granville:

"FOREIGN OFFICE, January 18, 1884.

"SIR:

"Her Majesty's government are desirous that you should proceed at once to Egypt to report to them on the military situation in the Soudan, and on the measures which it may be advisable to take for the security of the Egyptian garrisons still holding positions in that country, and for the safety of the European population in Khartoum.

"You are also desired to consider and report upon the best mode of effecting the evacuation of the interior of the Soudan, and upon the manner in which the safety and the good administration by the Egyptian government of the ports on the sea-coast can best be secured.

"In connection with this subject you should pay especial consideration to the question of the steps that may usefully be taken to counteract the stimulus which it is feared may possibly be given to the slave trade by the present insurrectionary movement, and by the withdrawal of the Egyptian authority from the interior.

"You will be under the instructions of Her Majesty's Agent and Consul-General at Cairo, through whom your reports to Her Majesty's government should be sent, under flying seal.

"You will consider yourself authorized and instructed to perform such other duties as the Egyptian government may desire to intrust to you, and as may be communicated to you by Sir E. Baring. You will be accompanied by Colonel Stewart, who will assist you in the duties thus confided to you.

"On your arrival in Egypt you will at once communicate with Sir E. Baring, who will arrange to meet you and will settle with you whether you should proceed direct to Suakim, or should go yourself or dispatch Colonel Stewart to Khartoum *via* the Nile.

"I am, etc.,

(Signed) "GRANVILLE."

General Gordon arrived at Cairo on the 24th of January, had audience of the Khédive on the 25th, and left for Khartoum on the 26th of that month. He took the route up the Nile to Korasko, and thence across the desert by camel to Abou-Hammad and Berber.

It is doubtful if history anywhere records an instance of higher devotion to duty than that of General Gordon and Colonel Stewart in this case; and equally doubtful if history anywhere records a more beautiful instance of self-abnegation than that of Colonel Stewart, who, while taking all the risks of person which were taken by Gordon, went on this forlorn hope unmurmuringly as second to Gordon, forming a part of the latter, to whom all glory or credit would necessarily attach if any were gained. It is quite certain that English history does

not record an instance in which a government has so *unnecessarily* demanded of an officer such a service as that demanded of these two.

The writer of this paper knows the British army well enough to feel certain that, had volunteers from that army been called for to form a proper escort for these devoted officers, whether of one thousand or of five thousand men, the roll could have been filled in one day; and had Gordon taken with him two thousand choice British troops, he could have accomplished in the Soudan almost anything he might have desired.

In reading the official history of the affairs in Egypt and the Soudan in 1882–83, it strikes one as extraordinary that the reports which seemed to furnish bases for all important decisions by the British government, while regarding almost exclusively military matters, were the reports, not of military commanders to the War Secretary, but of the diplomatic agent to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and that all orders were given by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, even when deciding important military questions, so promptly as to lead one to suppose that military authorities could hardly have been seriously consulted.

On the 26th January, 1884, General Gordon, before his departure for the Soudan, was, by the Khédive, appointed governor-general of that country, with full powers, as follows:

"EXCELLENCY:

"Having confidence in your tact and experience, and being aware that the excellent services rendered by you in the Soudan have endeared you to the people of those provinces, and made them acknowledge the good derived from your efforts to introduce among them tranquillity and good government; and seeing that the present state of affairs in those territories requires a person capable of grappling with the difficulties of the situation, and of ameliorating the condition of the inhabitants by restoring public tranquillity on a sure basis, as it is our earnest desire to do what is just and right, to remove all sources of discontent, and to observe equity towards the native populations, we do hereby appoint you Governor-General of the Soudan, by reason of your perfect knowledge of that country, and we trust that you will carry out our good intentions for the establishment of justice and order, and that you will assure the peace and prosperity of the peoples of Soudan by maintaining the security of the roads open to commerce.

"Now, by these presents we make known to you our desire, and urge upon you a speedy departure for those provinces, so that good government may be restored by your tact and experience."

He was also furnished with two different proclamations of the Khédive to the inhabitants of the Soudan of opposite terms. One was to be used in case evacuation was to be immediately effected, the other to be used in case occupation might be practicable.

His instructions, signed by his Highness, were, however, explicit to carry into execution the evacuation. They were as follows:

"EXCELLENCY:

"You are aware that the object of your arrival here, and of your mission to the Soudan, is to carry into execution the evacuation of those territories, and to

withdraw our troops, civil officials, and such of the inhabitants, together with their belongings, as may wish to leave for Egypt. We trust that your Excellency will adopt the most effective measures for the accomplishment of your mission in this respect, and that after completing the evacuation, you will take the necessary steps for establishing an organized government in the different provinces of the Soudan, for the maintenance of order and the cessation of all disasters and incitement to revolt.

"We have full confidence in your tried abilities and tact, and are convinced that you will accomplish your mission according to our desire."

While Gordon, armed solely with paper instructions and a credit of one hundred thousand pounds, was making his way up the Nile, disaster, the legitimate result of the policy which retained all good forces in the peaceful country, was rapidly approaching on the Red Sea coast. Sinkat and Tokar, both in desperate straits, still held out bravely, the men fighting daily and the women cheering them on to their duty. Every attack was repulsed, but provisions and ammunition became daily less and less, and starvation stared the garrisons in face. It should be remembered by those who have systematically denounced the Egyptian troops that these were Egyptian troops when England assumed control of affairs, commanded and officered by Egyptians.

Between the 9th of January and the 26th, when Gordon left Cairo, abundance of time had elapsed to transfer from Cairo to Suakim the surplus three thousand seven hundred British troops, but not one British soldier had been sent there. General Baker-Pacha was there with about five thousand troops, but of such composition that he could not depend upon them under difficult circumstances. Nevertheless, on the 2d of February, no longer able to remain deaf to the appeals of Tokar for relief, he telegraphed to Cairo that he would advance with thirty-two hundred men to the relief of that place.

On the 4th of February, 1884, the British consul at Suakim telegraphed to Sir E. Baring as follows:

"Sinkat has not been taken, but the garrison is most probably perishing. Generals Baker and Sartorius are about ten miles east of Tokar with four thousand infantry, half blacks, also four hundred cavalry, and six guns. The enemy is on the alert, two thousand or three thousand strong. Battles are hourly expected. I shall report result."

General Valentine Baker-Pacha sailed from Suakim to Trinkitat, where he disembarked with his force, advanced three miles, and threw up a fort for the protection of his supplies, and occupied it with thirty-eight hundred men. He was then one long day's march from Tokar. On the morning of February 5, leaving his heavy baggage in the fort, guarded by three hundred men, he advanced towards Tokar by the road passing by the wells of Teeb. When only two miles from his fort he was attacked by a small force of Arabs who retreated rapidly on being fired upon, drawing him on some two miles farther on the road, where he was suddenly attacked by a large force and with great

vigor. His troops were almost immediately routed and put to flight. The general himself was wounded in the rush, the greater number of his best officers were killed in attempting to rally their men, and it was only on their arrival at the fort that the slaughter ceased. The total number of officers killed was ninety-six, of soldiers twenty-two hundred and fifty.

The Arabs captured four Krupp cannon and nearly three thousand Remington rifles with much ammunition.

General Baker-Pacha succeeded in re-embarking the remnants of his force, and with them returned to Suakim, where he arrived on the following day, February 6. Naturally this result filled Suakim with panic and the Arabs with exultation and arrogance.

Confidence was quickly restored in Suakim by the prompt and vigorous action of Rear-Admiral Hewett, who landed men from his fleet and took charge of the defense of the town.

The effect of the news of Baker's defeat in Cairo seems to have been very much the same as the effect of Baker's return in Suakim. It evidently created a panic there.

Instead of inspiring the authorities to vigorous and immediate action as it had the gallant Admiral Hewett, it seems to have paralyzed Cairo.

Instead of causing the immediate dispatch to Suakim of additional and reliable force, which might even then have saved Tokar, indecision still reigned in the councils, and Sir Evelyn Baring telegraphed as follows to Earl Granville February 6:

"I have consulted Nubar-Pacha and Sir Evelyn Wood as to the course of action to be pursued in consequence of General Baker's defeat at Tokar. We propose to await General Gordon's views before coming to a decision. When General Gordon was here he was strongly in favor of recalling General Baker from Suakim as soon as possible, leaving only one hundred and fifty men, which he considered sufficient to hold the town."

So Gordon was telegraphed to for advice, and the authorities reposed until news arrived, simultaneously in Cairo and in London, on the 12th February, that the gallant Tewfick-Bey with the entire garrison of Sinkat had been destroyed in attempting to cut their way through the enemy after their provisions had all been consumed!

This new and horrible disaster, occurring within twenty-two miles of the fort occupied by a British admiral, a disaster, too, which could in no possible manner be charged to bad conduct of Egyptian troops, was too much to be passed over with indifference. Orders were finally issued that a portion of the British army of occupation in Egypt should be sent to endeavor, if possible, to relieve Tokar, still holding out. Sir Evelyn Baring received instructions to aid General Stephenson in carrying out these orders.

On the same day Sir Evelyn Baring received a telegram from

General Gordon, who was in Berber, in reply to the request for advice.

Gordon, confident in his influence with the native population, replied that in consequence of Baker's defeat Sinkat and Tokar might be regarded as lost, but that he thought the tribes who had defeated Baker would not leave their tribal limits. He thought the rise of the tribes near Cassala was to be expected; and he continues, "But in spite of this, I think that a satisfactory solution of the question may be expected, especially as the Soudan people fear that, unless they accept peace and independence from me, *they will be exposed to an invasion of the Sultan's troops.* I would carry out what you would say is being done at Suakim, namely, the formation of a fresh force of blacks. I would accompany it with a proclamation, signed by Baker or by Wood, that no operation will be undertaken unless they refuse terms, which I am authorized to offer. The garrisons of Tokar and Sinkat may be considered lost. I must say that it would reflect great discredit on our name to recall me after having seen these people; also, as I firmly believe, in spite of all, God will bless our efforts. I feel confident that if you keep up unofficially the fear of Turkish invasion that you will aid me, and that I shall succeed D. V. I feel sure of this, and I pray that you do not flinch, but that you continue your policy as if this had not occurred."

One can see by the above that General Gordon had not been informed of the British policy that Turkey should not be permitted to meddle with the Soudan affairs.

At midnight of the 11th of February, Gordon again telegraphed to Sir E. Baring as follows:

"I would not, were I supreme, try again any Egyptian forces at Suakim, but would engage three thousand Turkish troops in British pay. That would settle the affair. It would be sufficient for the Padishah's troops to appear to cause a collapse of all fanatical feeling."

Again he telegraphed,—

"As for telegram *in re* Tokar and Sinkat, you can do nothing except by proclaiming that chiefs of tribes should come to Khartoum to the Meglis [Council of Notables] when the independence of the Soudan will be decided. As for money, it would be well to try, but difficult to arrange."

These telegrams indicate the confidence which Gordon had in his mission as the liberator of the Soudan, but they cannot be said to contain sound military advice excepting in the proposition to employ Turkish troops; and in that he underrated the extent of the rebellion.

Once authority given to the lieutenant-general in command of the corps of occupation to act on the coast near Suakim, there was no lack of energy or activity in that army. Within ten days from the receipt of the order Major-General Graham was at Trinkitat disembarking troops. But the order had been given too late. Before he could place

his men on shore Tokar had been forced to yield, and was occupied by the exultant Arabs, who now, emboldened by repeated success, appeared in force near the landing-place of Trinkitat.

On the 1st of March, 1884, Major-General Graham advanced from the fort previously constructed by General Baker towards Teeb, where the Arabs had formed intrenchments and armed them with the cannon captured from Baker. General Graham's force consisted of three thousand British infantry, a naval detachment of one hundred and fifteen men, and seven hundred and fifty cavalry. Skillfully manœuvring to the right of his enemy, he attacked the Arabs' works in the rear, and quickly captured them with all the artillery which had been taken from Baker. The Arabs retired to a second position, from which they were also dislodged with severe loss after three hours of combat. The Arab force was estimated by the British at ten thousand. Their loss in killed was nine hundred (nine per cent.), while that of the British was twenty-two killed, one hundred and forty-two wounded, and two missing,—total *hors du combat*, one hundred and sixty-six (four and four-tenths per cent.).

On the following day, March 2, General Graham advanced to Tokar without further opposition, the Arabs retiring to the mountains.

On the 5th March, Rear-Admiral Hewett and Major-General Graham issued the following proclamation, which was sent out to the Arab tribes:

"We, the English Admiral and General, ask Sheikhs to come and meet us at Suakim. We warned you that English had come to relieve Tokar, and that your wrongs, under which you had suffered so long, should be redressed. You trusted in the notorious scoundrel, Osman Digna, who is well known to you all as a bad man; his former life in Suakim has shown it. He has led you away with the foolish idea that the Mahdi has come on earth. We tell you the Great God that rules the universe does not allow such scoundrels as Osman Digna to rule over men.

"Your people are brave and England always respects such men. Awake, then, out of your delusions, chase Osman Digna from your country, and we promise that you shall be protected and pardon granted to all. Come in at once, or the fate of those who fell at El Teb will surely overtake you."

This proclamation, industriously distributed in the neighboring country, did not long await reply. It came on the 9th of March, and was certainly not inferior to the British proclamation in dignity of language:

"In the name of the most merciful God, the Lord be praised, etc.

"From all the tribes and Sheikhs who have received your writings and those who did not receive writings, greetings to the commandant of the English soldiers, whom may God help to accept Islam. Amen.

"Your letters have arrived among us, and we comprehend what you have therein informed us: that we should come in. Know, then, that the Gracious God has suddenly sent His Mahdi, the expected, the looked-for messenger for the faithful and the enemy of infidels, in order to show by him the religion of God and by him to kill those who hate Him, as has happened.

"You have seen who have flocked to him, countless multitudes of the people and soldiers." . . .

After a long letter quoting the Koran, the answer concludes as follows:

"Therefore God has waited for you a long time, and you have thought that He would always continue waiting for you; but God said He would wait for you, as you were sinners. But know that during the time of the Mahdi he will not accept bribes [tributes] from you, and also will not leave you in your infidelity; there is nothing for you but the sword, so that there will not remain one of you on the face of the earth. Therefore, accept Islam."

(Sealed by Sheikhs of twenty-one tribes.)

On the 6th of March, 1884, Sir Evelyn Baring sent to Lord Granville a cautionary telegram, advising against the sending of any British troops to Berber, as follows:

"With reference to General Graham's message, communicated to Her Majesty's Secretary of State for War, relative to the opening out of the Berber-Suakim route, I wish to say that I do not recommend any English troops being sent to Berber. My opinion is that if Osman Digna were attacked and severely beaten in the neighborhood of Suakim, the road to Berber would probably be opened without any further military operations. If it is decided that Osman Digna is to be attacked, the sooner it is done the better."

This was most unfortunate military advice, and most unfortunately for the British government it was adopted. It was, as well as we can see from documents published, contrary to the ideas of General Graham, contrary to the ideas of Gordon, contrary to the ideas of General Stephenson. The lesson of Graham's victory at Teeb, with its consequences of renewed defiance, was contrary to this idea that a severe beating of Osman Digna would by its *moral* influence open the route.

From a military point of view, considering the position of Gordon as there clearly shown by his telegrams, and the position of the faithful garrisons in the Soudan, it would seem clear that the proper course to be pursued at that time was to promptly reinforce General Graham by British and Indian troops, and, while these reinforcements were on their way to join him, to collect for him at Suakim a large number of camels, which could easily have been done. At the same time the entire "Egyptian Army" under General Wood should have been sent to Dongola to support, morally, the Governor of Berber and (as could have easily been done) open communications with Slatin-Bey at El-Facher, Darfour, and bring him with his four thousand eight hundred men in to Dongola. That junction made, Berber might have been reinforced largely from Dongola. Graham could then have marched out of Suakim and overwhelmed Osman Digna, and before he could have collected another force Graham could have been in Berber with all the stragetic points of the Berber-Suakim route guarded. Two routes, both perfectly safe, would then have been open to Gordon

for deliberate retreat of his garrisons, which might have been effected (if still desired) with perfect ease. He could have retired by the way of Berber and Suakim, or directly down the Nile to Cairo, and might have taken his own time for it.

Such results would, from a military point of view, have justified the great destruction of brave Arabs and the loss of gallant officers and soldiers of the British army, which soon afterwards took place in the vicinity of Suakim.

Gordon, in Khartoum, and in presence of all the difficulties of his position and the execution of his orders, which, as has been written above, required him to evacuate the Soudan and yet leave there a government, soon arrived at the conclusion that he must have a man of the peculiar qualities of Zebehr-Pacha, to whom to turn over the Soudan. He knew that Zebehr-Pacha was an old slave-trader; he knew that he was daring and ambitious; he knew that Zebehr's son had rebelled against him (Gordon) in former days, and had been shot under his authority; he believed firmly that Zebehr-Pacha had incited that son to the rebellion that had caused his death. He doubtless believed that Zebehr would, in time, do anything regardless of promises, to increase his power and wealth even to the final detriment of Egypt. Yet the position was a desperate one, and required desperate means, and he saw in Zebehr a man who would work intelligently, energetically, and effectively even for him, his personal enemy, if by so doing he could finally secure possession for himself of the Soudan; and under the desperate circumstances Gordon earnestly requested that Zebehr should be sent to him to be his successor after evacuation. He felt certain that Zebehr was the only man who, with the Soudanese, could crush the Mahdi, and knew that he would brook no rival in the government of the Soudan.

But the British government, in this as in everything else concerning the Soudan, at the time *hesitated*, objected, wanted information about this and security against that, very much in the fashion of a householder with his dwelling on fire, objecting to have the hose turned on lest a china vase might be broken.

Gordon's impatience was shown by his telegrams to Sir Evelyn Baring, as follows:

Khartoum, February 29. "From this you can draw your own deduction. There is not much chance of improving, and every chance of it getting worse, for we have nothing to rely on to make it better. You must therefore decide whether you will or will not make an attempt to save two-thirds of the population who are well affected before these two-thirds retreat.

"Should you wish to intervene, send two hundred British troops to Wady Halfa, and adjutants to inspect Dongola, and then open up Suakim-Berber road by Indian Moslem troops. This will cause an immediate collapse of the revolt. Whether you think it worth while to do this or not you are, of course, the best judge. I can only tell you the *modus operandi* of an expeditious intervention. If

you decide against this, you may probably have to decide between Zebehr and the Mahdi. Zebehr with £100,000."

Khartoum, March 1, 1884. "Some influential men whom I have appointed to places, seeing that accepting such places will embroil them with the Mahdi, to whose vengeance they will be left, do not see the advantage of accepting such appointments, and I cannot blame them."

"*Re* policy. I maintain firmly policy of eventual evacuation, but I tell you plainly it is impossible to get Cairo employés out of Khartoum unless the government helps in the way I told you. They refuse Zebehr, and are quite right (may be) to do so, but it was the only chance. It is scarcely worth while saying any more on the subject. I will do my best to carry out my instructions, but I feel conviction I shall be caught in Khartoum."

While all the courts of Europe were congratulating the British government on the victory of General Graham at Teeb, and the world expecting another victory to soon follow, Gordon telegraphed to Sir Evelyn Baring, on the 9th of March:

"I shall await your decision. If wire is cut I shall consider your silence is consent to my propositions, and shall hold on to Khartoum and await Zebehr and *British diversion at Berber*."

This last telegram was transmitted from Cairo to Earl Granville on the 11th of March, 1884, and received in London the same day. Yet in contempt of General Gordon's request, any attempt to open that route by British troops was forbidden from London.

On the 9th of March Gordon telegraphs again:

"I have written authority of the king of the Belgians to take over the provnces of the Equator and Bahr-el-Gazelle, and all money responsibilities. With respect to the retreat of Colonel Stewart and his band from Berber to Egypt, it is a most difficult matter, as his band would be augmented by Berbereen refugees, and by Hussur-Pacha Khalifa and his company, *unless the road from Suakim to Berber was open*."

March 9, 1884, 11.40 P.M.:

"If the immediate evacuation of Khartoum is determined on, irrespective of outlying towns, I would propose to send down all the Cairo employés and white troops with Colonel Stewart to Berber, where he would await your orders. I would also ask Her Majesty's government to accept the resignation of my commission, and I would take all steamers and stores up to the Equatorial and Bahr-Gazelle Provinces, and consider those provinces as under the King of the Belgians.

"You would be able to retire all Cairo employés and white troops with Stewart from Berber to Dongola, and thence to Wady Halfa.

"If you, therefore, determine on the immediate evacuation of Khartoum, this is my idea. If you object, tell me.

"It is the only solution that I can see if the immediate evacuation of Khartoum, irrespective of the outlying towns, is determined on."

March 10, 1884, 8 A.M.:

"I would wish to add to my telegram this, that through delay in sending up Zebehr, the sending him up is now inseparable from the British diversion at Berber. Zebehr's value naturally diminishes in degree as the tribes take up sides with the Mahdi and thus involve themselves. Shall I send Colonel Stewart and Mr. Power to Berber? They can be of no use here if you decide on the immediate evacuation of Khartoum."

To these telegrams Sir Evelyn Baring replied, March 13, 1884, instructing Gordon to "hold on at Khartoum until I can communicate further with her Majesty's government, and on no account proceed to the Bahr-Gazelle and Equatorial Provinces." Thus was Gordon's last line of retreat cut off by order, and all his counsels concerning the opening of the Suakim-Berber route were rejected by orders given to General Graham, in accordance with the advice of the British resident. Subsequently permission was sent to him to escape by any route, but, like almost every order given by the British government in reference to movements respecting the Soudan, it was sent "*too late!*" The cold reply of Sir Evelyn Baring, on the 13th March, is only equaled in coolness and utter lack of comprehending the military situation by the reply of Earl Granville on the same date to Sir Evelyn Baring, approving his disastrous message. It tempts one to employ, in referring to it, the vigorous denunciations of Napoleon and other great captains on ministers who, hundreds (in this case thousands) of miles from the seat of war, attempt to direct the details of military operations in defiance of the opinions of the general on the spot. If Gordon was not supposed to know, on the spot, the best policy to pursue, why was he not, before matters reached the state they were then in, recalled from his dangerous post? When he left Cairo, he was assured of full support in whatever he might find it necessary to do from the "authorities in Cairo, whether English or Egyptian;" yet, he once in distant Khartoum, almost every recommendation he made seems, from such documents as have been published, to have been either disapproved and rejected, or "taken under consideration and discussion" until everything was too late for him and direct communication cut off.

Earl Granville's reply of March 13 to Sir Evelyn Baring reads as follows:

"FOREIGN OFFICE, March 13, 1884.

"SIR:

"I received your telegram of the 13th instant, on the subject of General Gordon's suggestions with regard to the appointment of Zebehr-Pacha as Governor of Khartoum and the dispatch of British troops to Berber.

"Her Majesty's government are unable to accept these proposals. If General Gordon is of opinion that the prospect of his early departure diminishes the chance of accomplishing his task, and that by staying at Khartoum himself for any length of time which he may judge necessary he would be able to establish a settled government at that place, he is at liberty to remain there.

"In the event of his being unable to carry out this suggestion, he should evacuate Khartoum and save the garrison by conducting it himself to Berber without delay.

"Her Majesty's government trust that General Gordon will not resign his commission.

"He should act according to his judgment as to the best course to pursue with regard to the steam vessels and stores.

"I am, etc.,

(Signed) "GRANVILLE."

Were anything wanting to complete the condemnation of the military policy of the British government in reference to their contempt of military opinion "on the spot," the following telegram of Colonel Stewart to Sir Evelyn Baring, dated "Khartoum, March 4, 1884," would furnish it. This telegram was received by Sir E. Baring March 4, and transmitted the same day to Earl Granville, by whom it was received the same day. It reads as follows:

"The principal desire of General Gordon is to have Zebehr here as soon as possible. His reasons are: Zebehr is the only man with sufficient prestige to hold the country together, at any rate for a time, after the evacuation. Being a Pacha among the Shagie irregulars, he will be able to get at sources of information and action now closed to us. He will be opposed to the Mahdi. I agree with Gordon. It seems evident to me that it is impossible for us to leave this country without leaving some sort of established government, which will last at any rate for a time, and Zebehr is the only man who can insure that. Also, that we must withdraw the Senaar and other besieged garrisons, and here also Zebehr can greatly assist us. The principal objections to Zebehr are his evil reputation as a slave-dealer and his enmity to Gordon. As regards the first, it will have to be defended on the plea that no other course is open except British annexation or anarchy. As regards the second, if precautionary measures are taken, such as making the subsidy payable through General Gordon, I think Zebehr will see that his interests are in working with General Gordon, etc. Colonel Stewart also favors the sending of British or Indian cavalry to Berber and a small force of British cavalry to Wady Halfa."

In a telegram of March 7, Colonel Stewart repeated these recommendations.

Neither the Foreign Office in London nor the Residency at Cairo were afterwards disturbed by the frequent direct telegrams from Gordon. On the very next day, March 14, 1884, Sir Evelyn Baring telegraphed to Earl Granville:

"I have received a telegram from the European telegraph agents at Berber, whom General Gordon directed to keep me informed of the state of affairs there, to the effect that a steamer, which has arrived at Shendy, was fired on by some rebels about an hour's journey from Khartoum. It cannot, I fear, be any longer doubted that the Sheikh El Obeid has declared in favor of the Mahdi, and that the tribes between Khartoum and Shendy are in revolt."

Still there was no change of programme. The British ministry seem to have been determined that matters *must be* in the condition in which they desired them to be in, and they acted, in spite of all warnings, as if they were so.

They would have it that another slaughter of defiant Arabs near Suakim would produce such moral effect that the route thence to Berber would be opened without further trouble, and, acting apparently on this false supposition, caused the destruction of about two thousand more desperately brave Arabs, by the sacrifice of some scores of the Queen's splendid officers and soldiers, without any more permanent effect than to yet more increase the detestation in which Europeans were already held by the mass of the inhabitants of Nubia and the Soudan.

On the 9th March, 1884, General Graham, having prepared his forces for new action, telegraphed to the Secretary of State for War as follows:

"SUAKIM, March 9, 1884. 5.50 P.M.

"Went with squadron to Baker's Zeriba, eight miles in front, this morning. Will occupy it with infantry to-morrow, and store water on Tuesday. All infantry bivouac at Zeriba. On Wednesday, cavalry joins infantry and all force moves to Osman's camp, where water is plentiful, and entrench."

To this telegram the Marquis of Hartington replied by telegraph the following day:

"WAR OFFICE, March 10, 1884. 4.30 P.M.

"Yours 9th.

"As soon as you are ready and confident of success, whatever movements contemplated should not be delayed, as hot weather approaches, when bulk of British force must re-embark. If you defeat Osman, or his force disperse, perhaps you can arrange with tribes to open road to Berber. Can you do anything, by ransom or otherwise, for captured wives and families of Sinkat garrison?"

The position chosen by the British commander was strengthened rapidly by his troops, while the Arabs on the 11th annoyed somewhat his convoys of supplies.

On the 12th March, at 9.40 P.M., General Graham telegraphed:

"Marched whole force out to Zeriba last night. Reconnoitred the enemy this morning. Moved within two or three miles of Osman's camp this afternoon. Formed Zeriba. Too late to attack. Will attack to-morrow. Troops all well."

The Arabs did not await attack. They made a desperate attack by moonlight upon the British squares and intrenchments. Disregarding the murderous effect of the rapid-firing Martini-Henry rifles and machine-guns, they rushed to close quarters, where their spears and swords had more chance against the bayonets than they had against the fire. They crawled under the guns and speared the gunners, capturing the guns, under the horses and speared the cavalrymen. So impetuous and determined was their rush on the square of the second brigade that the square was broken and even the famous (justly famous in every sense of the word) Highlanders were forced to yield ground to them for nearly half a mile. But disciplined courage and perfect arms finally prevailed, and the Arab force was, after hours of fighting, forced to retire, which they did, however, slowly and sullenly.

Before the action, the force of the Arabs was estimated at about seven thousand. After the action, General Graham estimated it at from ten thousand to twelve thousand, and he reported that the Arab loss was two thousand killed. In this action, as in that of Teeb, the British army paid heavy tribute in the loss of officers and men to Arab valor. In the naval detachment alone three officers and seven men were killed at their guns, and the guns were captured, but afterwards retaken.

The British force marched back to the intrenchments eight miles from Suakim, but on the 14th March again advanced to Tamai, Osman Digna's headquarters, which was burned. Even during this march the Arabs were not quite unseen, but showed themselves on the hills, and kept up a straggling fire on the British.

Within four days after this great slaughter, Osman Digna reappeared near his old camp with some thousands of followers, proving that the sentiment which had called his masses together was still strong enough to hold them together.

An unfortunate episode in the campaign was the issuance by Rear-Admiral Hewett of a proclamation in the following terms:

"To the People:

"I make it known to you all that any one who will bring Osman Digna, the murderer, who spilt the blood of the tribes by lies, alive or dead, will receive for the same a reward of five thousand dollars from me, British Admiral and Governor of Suakim."

A proceeding so utterly at variance with the laws of war elicited throughout the civilized world a condemnation as general as the cry of admiration had been for the splendid fighting qualities displayed by the British forces.

Among the Arabs it created a feeling of disdain for the English, and produced the opposite result from that intended.

The British government immediately disapproved of this proclamation and ordered its immediate withdrawal, which took place.

Again for two or three days after the battle of March 13, messages of congratulation poured in upon the British governments from the sovereigns and ministers of all European countries; but these glowing compliments must have been neutralized by the indignant and prophetic telegrams which soon afterwards arrived from the abandoned Gordon, and the calm reproaches of the also abandoned Stewart and Power, all three of whom succeeded in sending messages through their besiegers' lines to Berber, whence they were forwarded by telegraph to Cairo, and arrived after a delay of ten days.

General Gordon to Sir E. Baring.

"Khartoum, April, 1884.

"As far as I can understand the situation is this: you state your intention of not sending any relief up here or to Berber, and you refuse me Zebehr.

"I consider myself free to act according to circumstances. I shall hold on here as long as I can, and if I can suppress the rebellion I shall do so. If I cannot I shall retire to the Equator, and leave you indelible disgrace of abandoning the garrisons of Senaar, Kassala, Berber, and Dongola, *with a certainty that you will eventually be forced to smash up the Mahdi under great difficulties if you would retain peace in Egypt.*"

Colonel Stewart to Sir E. Baring.

"Khartoum, April, 1884.

"General Gordon has acquainted me with your intention of not relieving Khartoum, and proposes I should go to Berber and trust to success of your nego-

tiations for opening road from Suakim to Berber. General Gordon has given you his decision as to what he himself intends doing, and weighing all circumstances and doubting the success of your opening the road to Berber, unless by advancing troops, I am inclined to think my retreat will be perhaps safer by the Equator. I shall therefore follow the fortunes of General Gordon."

Mr. Power to Sir E. Baring.

"KHARTOUM, April, 1884.

"General Gordon, in view of the present critical situation here, has made the following intimation to me: 'As soon as it is possible I propose you should go to Berber. If you do not so elect, then justify me to British minister.'

"General Gordon, of course, does not like responsibility of taking English consul to Equator, but at present I do not see how it is possible for any but an Arab to get to Berber. I would elect to take the less risky route, and go *via* the Equator. We are quite blocked on the north, east, and west."

General Gordon succeeded in sending another message April 8, by hand, to Berber, whence it was telegraphed to Sir Evelyn Baring, who received it on the 18th of April, and transmitted it in a letter to Earl Granville on that date. It reads as follows:

"The man who brought letters from Berber, states Zebehr is at Korosko; if so, you did not tell me this important fact. Scarcely a day passes without our inflicting losses on rebels, which losses are quite unnecessary if we are eventually to succumb.

"Cuzzi sent me a copy of his telegram to you, and I quite concur in what he says of the futility of negotiations respecting road to Berber. I have telegraphed to Baker to make an appeal to British and American millionaires to give me three hundred thousand pounds, to engage three thousand Turkish troops from Sultan, and send them here. This would settle the Soudan and Mahdi forever; for my part I think you agree with me.

"I do not see the fun of being caught here to walk about the streets for years as a Dervish, with sandaled feet; not that (D. V.) I will ever be taken alive. It would be the climax of meanness, after I had borrowed money from the people here, had called on them to sell their grain at a low price, etc., to go and abandon them without using every effort to relieve them, whether those efforts are diplomatically correct or not; and I feel sure, whatever you may feel diplomatically, I have your support—and that of every man professing himself a gentleman—in private. Nothing could be more meagre than your telegram, 'Osman Digna's followers have been dispersed.' Surely something more than this was required by me."

In transmitting the above telegram to Earl Granville, Sir Evelyn Baring deplores the fact that of all the telegrams which he had sent since 10th of March, only one very short one of the 23d appears to have reached him.

He also states: "General Gordon *appears to think he is to be abandoned, and is very indignant*, as you will have observed from my dispatch of the 16th." One would think that if ever a man had full right to feel indignant, General Charles E. Gordon had that right.

GENERAL C. P. STONE.

(To be continued.)

THE CAMPAIGN AND BATTLE OF SHILOH.

"The battle of Shiloh, fought on Sunday and Monday, the 6th and 7th of April, 1862, is perhaps less understood or, to state the case more accurately, more persistently misunderstood, than any other engagement between National and so-called Confederate troops during the entire rebellion."—GENERAL U. S. GRANT, *Century Illustrated Magazine* for February, 1885.

FULLY agreeing with the distinguished soldier who commanded the army which remained in possession of the field of Shiloh, that the battle fought there has been "*more persistently misunderstood*" than any other action of the war of secession of 1861–1865, and being very certain that some of the most important features both of the campaign and battle have been recently mistold, I propose to relate the story of Shiloh once again,—as also how it came about that by the 1st of April, 1862, a Confederate army was assembled at Corinth, in the northeast corner of the State of Mississippi, of sufficient strength to lead its commander to undertake an offensive stroke against the Federal forces, in position twenty-three miles distant eastwardly, at the point on the west bank of the Tennessee then as now known as Pittsburg Landing. This I am led to undertake because my official position and duties, as adjutant-general of the Confederate forces engaged, naturally brought me into intimate relations with the means and influences by which the Confederate forces were concentrated at Corinth more than was any other officer whomsoever, except Generals Johnston and Beauregard. Moreover, no Confederate officer saw more of the *terrain* and of the troops engaged on that side than I did, nor witnessed more of the phases of the battle on both days than I was brought to witness by virtue of my duties.

I.

Upon the crushing defeat inflicted by General George H. Thomas upon the Confederate forces under General Zollicoffer, about the 19th of January, 1862, at Mill Spring, in Eastern Kentucky, the members of the Confederate Provisional Congress from the Mississippi Valley States at Richmond, having become alarmed for the territorial integrity of that section of the Confederacy, sent Colonel Roger A. Pryor, of the

Military Committee of Congress, to Centreville, during the last week of that month, to urge General Beauregard to agree to be transferred from the army in Virginia to the command then exercised by Major-General Polk, with his headquarters at Columbus, Kentucky, within the Department of Kentucky and Tennessee, under the superior command of General Albert Sidney Johnston. After much hesitation on his part and of dissuasion also on the part of friends at Richmond, General Beauregard was led to authorize Colonel Pryor to say that, under certain circumstances, the transfer would be acceptable to him, should it please the Confederate authorities to make it. Thus it happened that General Beauregard left the Army of the Potomac on the 2d of February, 1862, and reached the headquarters of General Albert Sidney Johnston, at Bowling Green, in Kentucky, about the 5th of that month.

Bowling Green, some seventy miles by rail northward of Nashville, is about one hundred and ten miles, in a direct line, south of east from Columbus, the other advanced position then occupied by the Confederates in force in that quarter. As a glance at the map will show, these two positions were the salients of the defensive line occupied in the Mississippi Valley by the Confederates, facing any hostile approach from the northward, while Forts Donelson and Henry, about twelve miles apart,—the first on the Cumberland and the latter on the Tennessee River,—were respectively nearly equidistant by rail from these salients of that line. The force brought to disaster at Mill Spring, under Zollicoffer and Crittenden, on the 19th of January, 1862, as already mentioned, had occupied another avenue of approach to Tennessee from Kentucky, known as Cumberland Ford, to the south of east from Bowling Green.

When General Beauregard reported to General Johnston at Bowling Green, the Confederate forces assembled in that immediate vicinity aggregated fourteen thousand, rank and file, of all arms, while a force of at most fifteen thousand had recently been concentrated at Forts Henry and Donelson and, in part, in the quarter of Clarksville, as a support to Fort Donelson, and making, together with the remains of the Crittenden-Zollicoffer command, an aggregate Confederate force in Kentucky and Middle Tennessee of thirty-two thousand, rank and file, of all arms.

At the same time, Columbus was occupied by about twelve thousand five hundred, rank and file, added to which were the garrisons of the positions of Island 10, New Madrid, and Fort Pillow, making the aggregate force commanded by Major-General Polk about seventeen thousand men of all arms. That is to say, at the time the Federal expeditionary force, under General Grant, of about seventeen thousand men was projected, by way of the Tennessee River, against the re-entering angle of the Confederate defensive line, already described, the

effective Confederate force at or in the near quarter of the assailed positions, and within easy reach by rail, was as follows:

At Forts Henry and Donelson and at Clarksville and Columbus	14,500
Bowling Green	14,000
Columbus	12,500
	41,000

Upon general military principles the Confederate line thus occupied was most faulty, for its right salient, Bowling Green, must fall by its own weight, without even a battle, if General Buell really had at his disposition the superior well-appointed army of fifty thousand men, reported by General Johnston as early as the 27th of November, 1861, swollen to seventy-five thousand within less than a month later,[1] whensoever that accomplished Union soldier should see fit to take the offensive by marching directly upon Nashville. And the other, or western salient, Columbus, was equally exposed to be easily taken in reverse from the Tennessee River, and to have its communications with its base cut off not only by the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, but by the Mississippi River, merely by the planting of a few siege guns at Hickman, with the early inevitable consequence of the capitulation of the twelve thousand five hundred Confederates, thus cooped up at Columbus, by the twenty-five thousand men reported to be assembled at Cairo, with the object of an early offensive against Columbus. These defective strategic conditions of the Confederate position Beauregard felt constrained to point out very frankly to General Johnston, but at the same time expressed the opinion that the plan of attack which had just been developed—Grant's movement up the Tennessee against the Confederate centre—had served to invest the Confederates with that potential military advantage in war of holding the interior lines, with the power to swiftly mass their scattered resources upon the seventeen thousand men with which the Union general had flung himself into the re-entering angle of the Confederate lines. Beauregard therefore proposed that the main Confederate force should be immediately concentrated upon Grant, and thus overwhelm him with decisive odds. Johnston objected that in such an operation Buell would follow him so closely that his forces would be exposed to the hazard of being caught and fatally crushed between the two Federal armies, or that Nashville would be left uncovered and exposed to easy capture by Buell, together with the large depots of commissary stores at Bowling Green and Clarksville. In apprehension of one or the other of these results, General Johnston declined to adventure the proposed movements by which at least thirty-four thousand men might have been thrown upon General Grant at Fort Donelson, while leaving seven or

[1] See letters of General Johnston to Confederate War Department, pages 382–386, and 387. Life of that officer by his son.

eight thousand men in occupation of Bowling Green and Columbus to make so effective a show of occupation as to conceal the actual situation at either point at least sufficiently long to crush Grant and be ready to meet Buell offensively. Such a concentration as affairs stood, had it been undertaken with energy, could have been easily executed with the ample means of railway transportation both from Columbus and Bowling Green at Johnston's disposition, or even by marching in the expeditious manner of his retrograde from Bowling Green upon Nashville not many days later, when not only Fort Donelson was lost with more than ten thousand men, but Bowling Green was given up, and, as the natural consequence of the disaster at Donelson, Nashville fell also into Federal possession.

Thus it having been decided by General Johnston to suffer the centre of his lines to stand or fall with the force I have stated as brought together for its defense, it was further decided, in effect, that should Donelson succumb and Nashville have to be abandoned, the Confederate forces in Middle Tennessee surviving these disasters should retire upon Stevenson, in Northeastern Alabama.[2] At the same time, the Confederate forces at Columbus being left exposed by the fall of Donelson and Henry, to be easily taken in reverse and overpowered,[3] that position was to be evacuated or only held by a comparatively small garrison, and the Confederate forces in Western Kentucky and West Tennessee were to be concentrated at some central position, to cover the two main railroads to Memphis from the eastward and northward. With this understanding of General Johnston's views, General Beauregard repaired to Jackson, in West Tennessee, arriving there February 17, 1862.

Meanwhile I had gone to Columbus, accompanied by Captain D. B. Harris, chief engineer on the staff of General Beauregard, one of the very ablest military engineers and soldiers of either side employed in the war. I had thus gone in advance to Columbus directly from Richmond to inspect the forces there. I found the works somewhat defectively located, and of altogether too great development or extent for an effective sustained defense from the land side by the force there assembled. I also found the troops to be imperfectly organized, and was unable to procure a full and clear statement of the number and character of the forces and resources available for the defense expected of that command. Called by telegraph from the general to Jackson, I at once made known my views of the situation at Columbus, and characterized that position as certain to prove a "*dead-fall*" to any force left there, and gave my opinion that it could not be too soon wholly evacuated. As

[2] See Memorandum printed page 487, Life of General Albert Sidney Johnston, by William Preston Johnston. D. Appleton & Co., New York, 1878.

[3] The position was even thus exposed, as I have already said, before the fall of Fort Henry.

in these opinions I was fully sustained by Captain Harris, General Beauregard reported the situation to the Richmond authorities as so precarious that he desired to give up so salient and ill-prepared a defensive position as Columbus and attempt to defend the Mississippi from less easily assailed positions to the southward, which he indicated.[4] He also called General Polk to Jackson, to discuss the remedial measures which military conditions involved. That officer at first manifested the utmost confidence in his ability to successfully defend the position, but

[4] In Mr. William Preston Johnston's remarkable paper in the *Century* for February, 1885, entitled "Albert Sidney Johnston and the Shiloh Campaign," occurs this characteristic paragraph: "He (Johnston) sent him (Beauregard) with instructions to concentrate all available forces near Corinth, a movement previously begun. His own plan (Johnston's) was to defend Columbus to the last extremity with a reduced garrison, and withdraw Polk and his army for active movements. Beauregard made the mistake, however, of evacuating Columbus, and making his defense of the Mississippi River at Island Number 10, which proved untenable and soon surrendered" (page 618). This I term characteristic, because it is made in disregard of the following passage in his own statements in the Life of General Johnston (page 486): 'General Beauregard remained in Bowling Green until the 12th. His conference with General Johnston did not take place until February 7, when they both knew of the fall of Fort Henry, and made *their* plans with reference to that fact." Those plans, reduced to writing so far as Beauregard was affected, I append also from the work before cited (page 487): "But as the possession of the former river (Tennessee) by the enemy renders the lines of communication of the army at Columbus liable to be cut off at any time from the Tennessee River as a base, by an overwhelming force of the enemy rapidly concentrated from various points on the Ohio, it becomes necessary, to prevent such a calamity, that the main body of that army should fall back to Humboldt, and thence, if necessary, to Grand Junction, so as to protect Memphis from either point and still have a line of retreat to the latter place, or to Grenada, Mississippi, and if necessary, to Jackson, Mississippi."

As will be noticed, among all the places then thought of for possible concentration upon Beauregard's forces, Corinth is not named, and the nearest to it is Grand Junction, forty miles due west from it; the next position is Grenada, more than one hundred miles to the southwest from Corinth, and finally Jackson, more than two hundred miles southwesterly from Grand Junction. In other words, the line of retrogression selected was not by the Mobile and Ohio Railroad through Corinth, but by the one branching from it at Jackson, Tennessee, to New Orleans *via* Grand Junction, Grenada, and Jackson, Mississippi. As for the idea that a movement looking to a junction upon Corinth had "previously begun" it is a sheer figment. Moreover, General Johnston himself had seen and pointed out on the 10th of December, 1861, in a letter to General Polk, as we learn vaguely from the pages of William Preston Johnston, that Columbus might be easily turned and its communications with its base cut off by means of a force sent up the Tennessee. As for the idea that the position could be held for any length of time by a materially smaller force than Polk's army, and then used to effectually bar the river to the southward passage of the Federal fleet, really, no experienced soldier acquainted with military possibilities and aware of the extent of the Confederate works, their real character, and the nature of the ground would entertain so chimerical a fancy. It so happens, also, that Island Number 10, Fort Pillow, had been selected by Polk before the advent of Beauregard as the places of *great strength* to retire to when forced out of Columbus. See pages 324–25, "Life of Albert Sidney Johnston," by W. P. Johnston.

in the end was led to concur in the expedience of not risking the contingencies of such an operation. The Confederate War Department promptly telegraphed its assent to the proposed evacuation, and the proper orders were accordingly issued to that end, as well as for providing for the energetic fortification of Island 10, Fort Pillow, and Madrid Bend, positions which proved to be far from being as well fortified as they were represented to be at the time of our arrival in the district. By sheer good fortune the evacuation of Columbus and movement of the heavy guns to Island 10 and to the batteries on the east shore of the river in that quarter and to Fort Pillow were safely effected without the knowledge of the United States naval forces at Cairo.

As early as the 18th of February, or when as yet at Nashville, General Johnston telegraphed to Beauregard at Jackson, "You must now act as seems best to you; the separation of our armies is for the present complete." That same night his retreating army, by his orders, encamped midway between Nashville and Murfreesboro', on the direct road to Stevenson. But at Murfreesboro' his column was halted to await and cover the removal from Nashville in the direction of Chattanooga of as much as possible of the rich accumulation of subsistence stores, and to collect fugitives from Donelson, and certain detached bodies of Confederate troops. Nashville was not finally evacuated by the Confederate rear-guard until the night of the 23d, nor occupied by the Federal army until the 26th or 27th of February, 1862, by which time Johnston's forces at Murfreesboro' numbered seventeen thousand men.

Meanwhile, heeding and yielding to the repeated strong solicitations of Beauregard, presented in various forms and methods, that instead of falling back to Stevenson as the best point from which to observe and counter-strike subsequent Federal operations in Middle Tennessee, while leaving Beauregard to defend Memphis and West Tennessee, General Johnston was now brought to recognize that the true military movement for him was "to co-operate or unite with Beauregard for the defense of Memphis and the Mississippi," as he expressed his purpose on the 27th of February in a letter to the Confederate Secretary of War.[5] However, while the movement for this junction of the

[5] See Life of General A. S. Johnston, by his son, page 504. And as the author of that biography avails himself of all possible occasions to strenuously insist, in the face of all documentary and other proof, that General Johnston, as far back as the abandonment of Bowling Green, had fixed precisely upon *Corinth* as the point at which he intended to concentrate all his forces for a vigorous offensive, I may properly take the occasion to give all readers an opportunity to judge intelligently of the facts of this historical question. First, in the letter to Secretary Benjamin, "Corinth" is not mentioned as the point at which he intended to unite with Beauregard, and for the good reason that at the time Corinth had not been mentioned by Beauregard, because, as yet, the Federals had not developed any purpose to make Pittsburg Landing their base of offensive operations, which would naturally have made Corinth the Confederate base. Johnston's purpose, as announced in that letter, was a purely defensive one. Had he intended at Nashville to proceed

Confederate forces—a "hazardous experiment"[6] as General Johnston characterized it—was initiated on the 28th of February, so much time was consumed in its execution that it was only practicable, because of the tardiness and lack of energetic seizure of the plain opportunity in the hands of the Federal commander as early at least as the 20th of March, to cut the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, or Johnston's communications with Beauregard, with a force of thirty odd thousand men. That opportunity having been neglected by his

to Corinth *via* Decatur, he certainly would not have marched southeasterly thirty odd miles to Murfreesboro', but would have gone due south directly towards Decatur, halting at Franklin to await the final evacuation of Nashville, as an intelligent examination of any map of the country must show. The chief witness cited by Mr. Johnston in support of his theory is his maternal uncle, General William Preston, to the effect that "General Johnston withdrew from Nashville to Murfreesboro' determined to effect a junction with Beauregard near Corinth. His two chief staff-officers, Colonels Mackall and Gilmer, deemed it impossible. Johnston persevered." Surely such a reference to Mackall, General Johnston's adjutant-general, and to Gilmer, his chief engineer, must naturally suggest that their testimony upon this point would be of that conclusive character that it could not be safely omitted if obtainable. Now it so happens, as is shown on page 507 of Mr. Preston Johnston's work, that Gilmer when questioned by him upon this crucial subject answered, "I think it was at Murfreesboro' that I first knew of the decision to make if practicable a junction with Beauregard." It happens also that General Mackall's evidence, though not elicited by Mr. Johnston, is not wanting,—evidence which I have seen in his handwriting in a letter to General Beauregard, under date of September 25, 1878, as follows: "My impression was then (at Murfreesboro') *that the idea of uniting the Bowling Green forces with those of Columbus for future operations* was yours, and by you impressed upon General Johnston, but I can give no proof that this was so." (Page 506, "Military Operations of General Beauregard," by Alfred Roman.)

Finally, to brush away this unfounded pretence that the presence of the Bowling Green forces at Corinth was the fruit of a long prearranged plan formed in the mind of General Johnston and looking to vigorously offensive operations, I have but to adduce the following telegraphic dispatch, carefully suppressed by Mr. Preston Johnston in all his writings, dated only nine days before General Johnston reached Corinth:

"DECATUR, March 15.

"To GENERAL G. T. BEAUREGARD,—Have you had the right bank of the Hatchee examined near Bolivar? I recommend it to your attention. It has, besides other advantages, that of *being farther from enemy's base.*

"A. S. JOHNSTON."

In other words, instead of looking to a concentration at Corinth, or as near as practicable to the enemy then assembled at about Pittsburg Landing, and with a view to the prompt offensive against Grant, Johnston favored a concentration at a point some fifty miles northwest of Corinth, towards the Mississippi River, and materially north of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, a point, as he urged, possessed of the advantage of being *farther away from the enemy than Corinth;* in other words, a defensive plan of operation upon the line of the Mississippi Central Railroad to cover Memphis. This, it is to be noted further, was simply returning to his old idea (*vide* his Bowling Green plan of the 7th of February) that the Confederate forces, left to operate west of the Tennessee, should be employed to cover Memphis, and retreat upon that point, or possibly even to Jackson, Mississippi.

[6] Letter of General A. S. Johnston, dated Decatur, March 18, 1862.

adversary, General Johnston achieved the junction at Corinth by the 25th of March. Meanwhile, the two Confederate generals had met and Johnston expressed to Beauregard his purpose to place him in direct command of the army thus assembled, reserving to himself the departmental command with his headquarters at or about Holly Springs, Mississippi, for the reason as he stated that recent events had deprived him of the confidence of the country and he feared of the army to such extent as to impair its moral strength if he remained in command of it. Profoundly touched by Johnston's manner and spirit of self-renunciation, Beauregard declined to accept such a sacrifice, but unfolding his views of the highly favorable possibilities of a successful offensive campaign against General Grant, now that their forces were united, the high consideration of the Southern people might be speedily recovered, to which end Beauregard pledged all possible efforts on his own part to prepare that army for such a consummation. Under these circumstances, on the 29th of March, 1862, General Johnston assumed command of the "forces" in an order which I drew up from notes taken from General Beauregard before the order was submitted to General Johnston. In this order all the details of organization were prescribed, including the designation of General Beauregard as "second in command."[7] In another order of the same date I was named adjutant-general of that army. As prescribed in that order, the Confederate forces were got ready for the field with the utmost energy, day and night during the next five days, under the immediate direction in all things of General Beauregard. Upon this point I may quote the words of Colonel David Urquhart, the aide-de-camp nearest the person of General Bragg himself, in a letter to me dated August 25, 1880: "In fact, all which concerned the army from the time of its collection at Corinth, was arranged at and proceeded from General Beauregard's headquarters. Further, that, essentially, he exercised the command of the army."

As to who on the Confederate side planned the operations which

[7] The forces were designated as the Army of the Mississippi. It was arranged into three corps, with a reserve force of two brigades. These corps were subdivided into divisions of not less than two brigades each, with a regiment of cavalry; the brigades as far as practicable of two thousand five hundred infantry, with a light battery of six pieces. General Bragg in this order was announced chief of staff. This was my own suggestion, to enable that officer in certain contingencies to give orders personally, in the name of General Johnston, to an officer senior to him, a power thought desirable by General Johnston, as well as by Beauregard. Bragg's duties as corps commander absorbed all his attention, and he did not in any sense perform the duties of a chief of staff unto that army. The only documentary trace of his connection with the duties during the ten days so announced is to be found in a note addressed to him as "chief of staff" by General Hardee, April 4, when the army was in motion to attack General Grant, and while Generals Johnston and Beauregard were to the rear as yet,—that is to say, when the very contingency was existing for which Bragg had been named chief of staff.

led to the battle of Shiloh, nothing but special pleading and evasion of official evidence can support the pretense that the history of their *genesis* is not briefly as follows:

On the night of the 2d of April, 1862, after ten o'clock, a telegram reached me, signed by General Cheatham commanding a division of Polk's corps, stationed at Bethel on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, twenty-three miles north of Corinth, addressed to General Polk, which gave notice that a Federal force under General Lew Wallace was menacing his position. This dispatch Polk had sent to Beauregard, who, in turn, sent it to me, indorsed in effect: "Now is the time to advance upon Pittsburg Landing." Following that indorsement, addressed to General Johnston, was another to me, in substance, "Colonel Jordan had better carry this dispatch to General Johnston and explain the military situation." This paper with its indorsements I read at once to Colonel Jacob Thompson, aide-de-camp, and he will readily recall the pleasure it gave us—and how I manifested mine—that Beauregard had thus declared decisively for an immediate offensive. Then going to the quarters of General Johnston, a quarter of a mile away on the line of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, I handed him the open telegram, and, after he had read it and the indorsements (without one word of comment), he and I went directly across the railroad to the quarters of General Bragg, who, as we found, was already in bed. Admitted, however, to his bedside, the dispatch in question was given to and read by Bragg, who immediately said, "I agree with General Beauregard."

General Johnston advanced some objections, including the apprehension that our forces were too freshly assembled and poorly equipped for an offensive undertaking such as the proposed onset upon the Federal army in a position of General Grant's own selection; further, that he did not see whence we could assemble soon enough the necessary reserve. To these objections I was able to make such answer, chiefly regarding the reserve, that he consented to the operation proposed by Beauregard; thereupon, turning to a table in Bragg's chamber, I wrote a brief "circular order" to the three corps commanders (based on our experience in Virginia), substantially in these terms: "That each corps should be assembled under arms by 12 meridian on the 3d of April, each infantry soldier to be provided with forty rounds of ammunition in his cartridge-box, with sixty rounds to be carried in wagons, and with three days' cooked rations in haversack, with three days' more in wagons; each gun to be provided with forty rounds in the artillery caisson, with sixty more as a reserve." I also specified the maximum limit of baggage transportation, with certain other details. After I had read aloud the draft of this circular to General Johnston, the necessary copies were immediately made by aides-de-camp of Bragg. These copies, each one signed by me, were in the hands of

Generals Hardee and Polk respectively by 1.40 A.M., as specified in their receipts therefor brought to my office. On my way back to my quarters, arousing Colonel Chisolm, aide-de-camp to Beauregard, I asked him to apprise the general by 5 A.M. that the movement was ordered.

It was hardly sunrise when, called to General Beauregard's quarters, he gave me the notes of the order of march and battle in the handwriting of Colonel Chisolm, who had copied them from the general's own notes written during the night while in bed upon the backs of telegrams and envelopes, as the latter has told me. Asking Beauregard for a topographical sketch of the ground to be traversed, which was on his table, I returned with that and his notes to my office, to frame the orders including the proper details as to administration, a duty always left to me, and for the completeness of which I was always held responsible. Meanwhile, on my way to my breakfast, I met General Johnston on horseback, going to see Beauregard, with whom I found him, on my return, carefully discussing the details of the movement of the different corps by the several roads leading from Corinth in the direction of the enemy, which resulted in Johnston's final unqualified acceptance of the plan, including the tactical manner of entering into the battle, sketched by Beauregard in the notes already in my possession. Polk, Bragg, and Hardee now being present, I stated that as it would take some time to frame the full text of the order and to have the necessary copies made, it were best, as a precaution against any delay in beginning the movement at mid-day, that the first day's movement should be explained orally by Beauregard to the corps commanders, which was done before I left the room.

During the forenoon I completed Special Orders No. 8, precisely as they were published under date of April 3, 1862, and, later on, the "Memorandum for Corps Commanders," without having received one word touching their tenor from any one except Beauregard. Nor did General Johnston see the orders until the next morning, when I handed him the copies specially prepared for him, which are printed pages 555–57 of his Life by his son.[8] This I did in front of my office, as he

[8] The "Memorandum for Corps Commanders" was written and signed by me, as will be seen. It remains to be said, the tenor of it was given to me by and emanated from General Beauregard late in the afternoon, as supplementary to the longer order. It was as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
"CORINTH, April 3, 1862.

"*Memorandum for the Commanders of the Corps and of the Reserve.*

"I.—As soon as the reserve shall have taken position at Monterey, a strong working-party will be sent to repair the bridges, causeway, and road across Lick Creek, on the direct road from Monterey to Pittsburg, so that it may be used in any forward movement of the reserve.

"II.—In the approaching battle every effort should be made to turn the left flank of the enemy, so as to cut off his line of retreat to the Tennessee River, and

called there with his personal staff, all mounted, *en route* for Monterey. Such is the true history of this perversely presented matter, and all other accounts essentially at variance with it are without the least historical foundation.

By midday on the 3d of April, the several Confederate corps densely filled the streets of Corinth, as also the railway tracks and all other approaches to the place, with a martial array of serried infantry, evidently eager for the campaign, with field batteries, cavalry, and baggage-trains all in marching order. But from some misunderstanding on the part of General Polk, his corps blocked the way for the egress of Hardee's troops, a fact not reported, however, to General Beauregard, as it should have been, earlier than 3 P.M. This untoward delay of the beginning of the movements from 12 M. to after 3 P.M., when all had been ready for the march even before the first hour, really delayed the Confederates twenty-four hours in reaching the field,—or not until Saturday, 3 P.M., instead of Friday, as had been expected. General Johnston himself left Corinth with his personal staff on the morning of the 4th of April, but finding that the mass of his forces would not be pushed materially beyond Monterey that night, he halted there, where General Bragg also had established his headquarters. To the same point, only eleven miles distant from Corinth, General Beauregard also repaired, reaching it a little before sunset. Just as we dismounted at the house occupied by Generals Johnston and Bragg, a bare-headed young Federal officer, Major Crockett of the Seventy-ninth Ohio, was brought in from the front, where he had been captured in the course of a heavy reconnoissance that had been pushed with singular indiscretion from Bragg's corps almost into the enemy's lines. From an examination which I made of this officer, assisted by Major Gilmer, I was satisfied, and so reported to Generals Johnston and Beaure-

throw him back on Owl Creek, where he will be obliged to surrender. Every precaution must also be taken on our part to prevent unnecessary exposure of our men to the enemy's gunboats."

This, I may add, is the order of battle upon which so much stress is laid by Mr. Preston Johnston, in his recent article upon the battle of Shiloh in the *Century* magazine, as being his father's order, rather than the more elaborate one issued the same day, towards which he assumes a critical posture not warranted by his acquaintance with the art and business of war. Every idea of that "Memorandum," however, belongs to Beauregard, and the words to the present writer.

In view of the criticisms of the detailed order of the same date as above, I am quite willing that professional soldiers should decide whether it is not an exceptionally clear and explicit order; one easily executed and likely to avoid confusion in moving an army of forty thousand men of all arms through a heavily wooded country, with few and narrow roads. Soldiers will understand the necessity for the tactical details that provided for the quick deployment of each corps upon reaching the ground of combat, in its proper position, as also the tactical order in which each corps moved into action by which deployment was made specially easy as it might be called for by the exigencies of the battle. Only the first line (Hardee) went into action deploye.

gard, that as yet our approach was wholly unexpected, and that no intrenchments whatsoever had been thrown up for the protection of the Federal encampments. On Saturday, such was the clumsy handling of the troops that Hardee's corps was not in its prescribed position, deployed in line of battle, much before 3 P.M.,—an hour altogether too late for an attack that day. The unnecessary time taken in marching little more than twenty miles, and the untoward re-encounter had the day before with the Federal troops, coupled with the report now made by General Polk that his men had practically exhausted their five days' rations in three, led General Beauregard to the conclusion that the campaign had miscarried, for its success had depended mainly upon the element of a complete surprise, which we could no longer rationally anticipate, nor expect to find the Federal army otherwise than so strongly intrenched that it would be folly to attempt to attack it with so undisciplined an army as our own had been seen to be. General Johnston admitted the weight of what Beauregard said, but added that he still hoped we should not find the enemy intrenched or expecting an attack: therefore as he had taken the field for a battle, he should adventure the hazard. Thereupon the corps commanders repaired to their respective positions with the understanding that the attack should be made as early as possible the next morning, precisely in the tactical order and manner directed and explained to them before leaving Corinth. The front lines of the two armies were now less than two miles apart, and from the spot at which General Johnston bivouacked I heard that night the drums of the Federal troops as tattoo was beaten from their right to left, very distinctly.

Soon after 3 o'clock A.M., Sunday morning, the Confederates were astir, and, breakfasting hastily, their lines were formed as had been prescribed, except that fortunately, as we shall see, for Sherman's division, Hardee did not so extend the left of his corps, which formed the first line engaged, as to reach Owl Creek, as he had been directed to do. His corps, reinforced to nine thousand and twenty-four rank and file by Gladden's fine brigade of Withers's division of Braggs' corps, and embracing eight thousand five hundred bayonets, was deployed in line of battle.

Rearward some five or six hundred yards, Bragg's corps, less Gladden's brigade, was disposed as far as practicable in a line of regiments in double column at half-distance, carrying into action about ten thousand bayonets, or ten thousand seven hundred and thirty-one rank and file, including the artillery.

Polk's corps of nine thousand one hundred and thirty-five men with eight thousand five hundred bayonets constituted the third line, eight hundred yards to the rear of Bragg, and it was formed in a column of brigades, each one deployed in line.

Thus, including the reserve, under Breckenridge, of three brigades,

numbering six thousand four hundred and thirty-nine men, the Confederate army, which about five o'clock that April morning was sent into action, aggregated thirty-three thousand infantry (or thirty-five thousand three hundred and twenty-nine artillery and infantry), with four thousand three hundred cavalry, more than half of which had no offensive power whatsoever for lack of proper arms, their only value being to watch upon the flanks for any hostile approach or menace.

Here a sketch of the precise ground occupied by the army about to be so rudely and unexpectedly roused from their comfortable encampments will serve to make more readily intelligible the occurrences and vicissitudes of the ensuing battle. Two streams, Lick and Owl Creeks, taking their start very near each other, somewhat westward of Monterey, in a ridge parting the waters that fall directly into the Mississippi from those that empty into the Tennessee, flowing sinuously with a general direction, the latter to the northeast and the former south of east, after its junction with Snake Creek, finally debouch into the Tennessee about four miles asunder. These water-courses embrace an area of undulating table-land some five miles in depth from the river, from three to five miles broad, and about one hundred feet above the low-water level of the river. Intersected by a labyrinth of ravines, the drainage generally is into Owl and Snake Creeks, as the ground rises somewhat ridge-like near Lick Creek. Near to the river these ravines, deep and steep, have their water-shed either into Snake Creek or the Tennessee itself. At the time, recent heavy rains had filled them with springs or rills, making the soil boggy and difficult for the movement of artillery in many places. A primeval forest, cumbered with undergrowth, covered the whole region, except a few small farms of from fifty to seventy acres here and there. A warehouse and one or two dwellings by the river-side constituted Pittsburg Landing. It was near the mouth of Snake Creek, and about three miles below that of Lick Creek. The two roads leading from Corinth, while crossing Lick Creek a mile apart, unite two miles from the Landing. Other roads traverse this area,—one passing Owl Creek by a bridge from the direction of Purdy also afforded one way of communication between Crump's and Pittsburg Landing, the other, or shorter way between the two points, being by a road and bridge across Snake Creek.

The Union army of five divisions, which occupied the ground which I have described, was, in effective force, thus constituted:

	Regiments.	Men.	Guns.
Sherman's division	12	8,830	16
Prentiss's "	8	5,468	12
McClernand's "	12	7,028	12
Hurlbut's "	12	7,802	10
Wallace's (W. H. L.) division	12	8,708	24
Total Union force at Pittsburg Landing	56	37,831	74

Three of Sherman's brigades, supported by eighteen guns and eight companies of cavalry, were in position covering the Purdy road, the right resting near the bridge across Owl Creek. Prentiss's division was encamped to the left of Sherman, and on his left and the extreme Federal left was posted Stuart's brigade of Sherman's division at the crossing of the road from Pittsburg to Hamburg, and about one mile, by that road, from the Landing. This was the Federal front line. To the rearward of Sherman, within close supporting distance, McClernand's division was encamped at the confluence of the Purdy and Ridge roads, and ten of the twelve regiments of that division were entitled to have "Fort Donelson" inscribed on their flags. Hurlbut's and Wallace's (W. H. L.) divisions formed a second line nearly parallel with the course of the river, and stretching nearly perpendicular to the Corinth road, in the direction of and with its left reaching almost to Stuart's position. As is apparent, the several parts of the Federal army were well disposed for the quick support of the front line in the event of an attack. At the same time neither flank could be turned, as each rested upon a stream unfordable at that season.

That the attack, when it burst upon the Union army, just after sunrise on Sunday morning, was wholly unexpected, both by General Grant and General Sherman, really does not admit of candid doubt. In a note of the latter to the former, late in the afternoon of the 5th of April, it is reported, the "enemy is saucy, but got the worst of it yesterday." . . . "*I do not apprehend anything like an attack upon our position.*" Later the same afternoon, General Grant wrote to his superior commander, General Halleck, at St. Louis, "Our outposts have been attacked in considerable force. I immediately went up,[9] but found all quiet." . . . "*I have scarcely the faintest idea of an attack (general one) being made upon us.*" That they regarded the hostile force in their immediate front no larger than "two regiments of infantry and one battery of artillery six miles out," is made apparent by another note from General Sherman, to be found in the appendix to Badeau's sketch of the battle. Moreover, Grant had been absent all the afternoon of the 5th of April at Savannah, where at three o'clock he visited the encampment of Colonel Ammen, one of our old West Point professors, to whom he said that steamers would be sent for his transportation to Pittsburg Landing on "Monday or Tuesday, or some time early in the week;" as also that there would be "no fight at Pittsburg Landing," but at "Corinth, where the rebels are fortified."[10] Sleeping at Savannah, the sound of many cannon at Shiloh gave the first tiding to the Federal commander-in-chief of a hostile juncture in that direction; but even that he can scarcely have regarded as the announcement of a serious

[9] From his headquarters at Savannah to Pittsburg Landing.

[10] Diary of Colonel Jacob Ammen, Nelson's divisions, p. 331, Reb. Rec., vol. x. chap. xxii.

offensive movement against his position, for Nelson's whole division of Buell's army lay at Savannah, and as he was leaving by steamer for Pittsburg, General Grant merely ordered that division to march thither by the nearest road instead of sending it forward by the abundant steam transportation available. However, as he steamed towards the scene, the western bank of the river was soon found alive with his men fleeing from the danger which early that morning had routed them from their comfortable tents.[11] Halting half-way, at Crump's Landing, as we are told, to communicate with and order Lew Wallace into action,[12] he reached Pittsburg Landing, hardly before nine o'clock, to find his whole front line surprised and dislodged, and the ravines and river-bank adjacent packed with thousands of crouching fugitives. These were not to be rallied or reorganized, or incited to return to the field and, by co-operation with those who there still battled manfully, make an effort to recover the fortunes of the day.

But it seems to me that, wholly aside from any documentary proof, it is impossible to believe that either General Grant or his trusted lieutenant, Sherman, had the faintest expectation of the attack impending from a hostile army, forty thousand strong, bivouacked within a mile and a half of Sherman's headquarters, when they wrote so confidently of the improbability of any serious attack. The complete absence of those ordinary precautions that hedge an army in the field must forbid the future historian from regarding the first day's battle of Shiloh as other than the completest surprise ever inflicted on an army. Really, there were no infantry pickets or cavalry videttes exterior to the line of brigade sentinels, who, taken utterly unaware, were driven in from their posts, with barely time to discharge their pieces, and the Confederate masses pressed on close at their heels into many of the half-roused encampments, while to some regiments the first intimation of a hostile presence was a salute of grape in their very camp.[13] Officers and men were still numerously asleep in their blankets, many others dressing, many were cooking, the rest eating their breakfast, and the arms of all lay scattered around in the orderless fashion of holiday soldiers. Numbers, therefore, were killed or wounded in their beds or tents, and very many were not given time to clutch up either arms or accoutrements before their encampments were in possession of the enemy. In consequence, however, of the failure of Hardee to form his line with his left extended to Owl Creek, when the collision came it was only with the left brigade (Hildebrand's) of Sherman's division; but Prentiss was struck with overwhelming force from flank to flank. Hilde-

[11] "Agate" (Whitelaw Read),—*Cincinnati Gazette*, Reb. Rec., p. 387, vol. iv.

[12] General Grant's *Century* article.

[13] It is due to General Prentiss, however, to state that he alone seems to have taken any precautions against surprise by a substantial outpost a mile and a half in advance of his division, which became engaged with and was driven in by Hardee's skirmish line.

brand's brigade, swept from its encampments, scattered, and was heard of no more as a belligerent organization on that field either day. Prentiss's division rallying, however, was formed in good time on a neighboring ridge, but unable to stand the torrent that streamed after it, was pressed farther back. Meanwhile, Sherman's rightward brigades, which Hardee had left untouched, had been formed, and right stoutly did he avail himself of the advantages of the ground and strive to make head against Ruggles's division of Bragg's corps, that had now come strenuously into action. Sherman's position was one of natural strength, with a small water-course in front. It afforded a converging fire upon his assailants, and McClernand, apprised of Sherman's situation, was advancing to support him. But such was the pressure, meantime, upon Sherman that, with the loss of five or six guns, he was forced back just as McClernand came up. Both were now forced rearward to the line of the cross-road from Hamburg to Purdy. There gaining a foothold, and with several batteries favorably posted, they made a stand on a thickly-wooded ridge with a ravine in front. But such again was the fury with which Ruggles, in co-operation with some of Polk's brigades, assailed the position that the Federal line again yielded, and now receded to the position of McClernand's encampment, with the loss of several pieces of artillery.

Meantime Hurlbut, informed by the uproar in front, as well as by calls for aid, of what had happened there, threw Veach's brigade of his division forward at 7.30 to support Sherman, while he in person with his two other brigades moved swiftly to the succor of Prentiss, and with him went eight companies of cavalry and three batteries. Prentiss's division was met, however, broken in fragments, which filtered through his lines as he formed along the edge of a field on favorable ground, sheltered by timber and thick undergrowth, near the Hamburg road, south of the position last taken by Sherman and McClernand. Here Hurlbut in turn was quickly assailed, but for several hours the Union troops maintained their position with great obstinacy, even after the early loss of Myers's Ohio battery, which, under the fire of the Confederate artillery, was abandoned, horses as well as pieces and caissons, by their officers and men, who, as General Hurlbut reports, he did not see again until after the second day's battle, though the horses were soon recovered and the guns spiked. In this quarter of the field the Confederates moved to the attack, it seems, "in columns doubled on the centre,"[14] instead of being opportunely deployed by their immediate commanders, and, as a consequence, suffered severely. Meanwhile, Prentiss rallying a part of his troops on Hurlbut's right, and these two Union divisions gave back before the heavy onslaught upon their position but a short distance at a time, using effectively two 20-pounder guns, under the command of Surgeon

[14] See Report of General Hurlbut, Reb. Rec., S. 1, vol. ix.

Cornyn, as well as several light batteries, to stay the progress of their assailants. Meanwhile, however, the whole front line of Federal encampments was in the hands of the Confederates, filled with equipage and baggage the most abundant and luxurious that ever encumbered any except an Oriental army.[15]

While Hurlbut and Prentiss were so obstinately fighting their adversaries, Polk's corps was mainly engaged with Sherman, who ably endeavored to redeem the losses of the morning. Several of his positions in the stages of his retrogression towards the river were quite strong, fronted, as they were, by tangled ravines and affording thick cover, from which his troops poured a desolating fire that more than once checked the ardent press of their adversaries. But gathering volume and renewing the onset, the Confederates still, though slowly, drove their enemy nearer the river with each hour, in that quarter of the field as elsewhere.

W. H. L. Wallace's division did not become involved in the battle before nine o'clock, apparently. It had been commanded and trained by so thorough a soldier as C. F. Smith, and had figured in the capture of Donelson. Wallace, a gallant soldier who had also fought at Donelson, handled his troops with decided stamina. Stuart's brigade of Sherman's division, on the extreme Federal left of the front line, having been attacked, made an obstinate stand, but was overpowered and driven from its ground rearward towards the river, and now the whole Federal line of battle had been pushed back to within a mile of the Landing, or to the ground of their last encampments. There were massed what remained of their artillery, and the fragments of Sherman's, Prentiss's, McClernand's, Hurlbut's, and Wallace's divisions greatly intermixed with each other.

In the mean time, from the nature of the field,—the net-work of ravines, the interlaced thickets, and wide scope of forest,—the Confederate organization had become greatly disordered. Not only divisions and brigades had been dislocated, but regiments also; and the troops of all three corps, in fact, were intermingled.[16] For the most part, confident of the issue and bent on pressing towards the enemy, there was, nevertheless, a lack of harmonious, properly propulsive movement on the part of the corps commanders. These superior officers, when the action was at its height, about meridian, who should have been occupied with the concentration and continuous projection of their corps in full strength upon the shattered Federal divisions, and fighting their batteries so massed as to employ not less than twelve pieces upon any one point, as had been especially enjoined upon them, through the present writer,

[15] Including tent-stoves, trunks, and a species of *vest-armor* of sheet-iron or steel, whose owners had not time to don them.

[16] See Reports of General Bragg and of subordinate Confederate commanders, Reb. Rec., vol. x. ch. xxii., pages 446–66.

the morning of the battle as a special feature of the attack, pressed personally into the thickest or to the "perilous edge" of the battle, leading forward brigades and even single regiments into engagement with great personal intrepidity, and doing a great deal, no doubt, by their personal examples, to impel small bodies forward upon errands somewhat resultless compared with what must have happened had the same ardor been given to gathering and keeping their troops better in hand, and thrown in greater masses against their tottering, demoralized foe. Instead of attending to the swing and direction of the great war engine at their disposition, they became rather as it were so many heads of battering-rams of that machine. General Johnston himself, from an early period, was in the very front of the battle, chiefly in the Confederate right, stimulating personally the onset where the resistance seemed most stubborn. Repeatedly brigades that faltered, under the inspiration of the indifference with which he exposed his person and affronted danger, bore back the enemy and wrested the position fought for.

About eight o'clock I had left General Beauregard with his headquarters established upon the high ground between the Pittsburg and Hamsburg roads, whence, with his staff, he was directing and hurrying the forward movement of the reserves. Aiming to join General Johnston, I rode forward with Colonel Jacob Thompson, who was carrying a special message to some part of the field. Upon reaching the scene of the first collision, I came upon many of the Confederate troops at a halt; sometimes a regiment or battery, sometimes a brigade, and even a whole division at order arms, separated from the rest of the organization to which they may have belonged, and wholly confused or at a loss for the proper orders or directions from their common superiors. Seeing this extraordinary situation of the field, and meeting also a large number of officers attached to the staff of the three corps commanders, who reported their inability to find their respective chiefs,[17] I saw that it was far more vital to the issue of the battle to endeavor to remedy this condition of the Confederate rear than to attempt to find General Johnston. Accordingly, instead of pressing to the front, I dispatched the superior staff-officers whom I had encountered to the right and left to mass as much as possible, and to press forward into action in the direction of the heaviest firing all the troops to be found not engaged, while accompanied by Col. William Preston, aide-de-camp to General Johnston, and Colonel David Urquhart, aide-de-camp to General Bragg, I now addressed myself specially to the duty of urging forward such troops as might be found either straggling or at a loss for orders or course of action.

[17] Including, at one time, near Shiloh Chapel, Major Garner, adjutant-general to General Bragg; Major Williamson, adjutant-general, and Major Blake, inspector-general, to General Polk; and Major Pickett, adjutant-general to General Hardee.

Within the hollows, and on the slopes and flat ridges of that circumscribed Tennessee woodland, more than sixty thousand muskets and rifles were now incessantly employed in the dire work of carnage. The continuous rattle, roll, and roar, the blaze of small-arms, with the hurtle shriek and crash of rifle projectiles through the trees, the explosion of shells, the louder discharges and reverberation of more than a hundred cannon, and the hoarse continuous cheers and shouts, especially of the Confederates, filled every nook of the forest with the varied, commingled, savage clamors of the bloodiest of modern battles. Meanwhile the sun had dissipated the fog of the early morning, and shone bright and warm through the young spring foliage.

THOMAS JORDAN.

(To be continued.)

OVER THE BORDER WITH MACKENZIE.

THE close of the Rebellion found the Fourth United States Cavalry in Macon, to which place it had followed General I. H. Wilson in his brilliant campaign through Alabama and Georgia.

In November, 1865, the regiment was ordered to Texas, and, after nine years' arduous service in preserving law and order during reconstruction and protecting the frontier from Indian incursions, the winter of 1872–73 found it garrisoning the posts of Richardson, Griffen, and Concho.

The Fourth had won a high reputation for efficiency and gallantry during the war, and acquired additional laurels under an active colonel, who never allowed its sabres to rust for want of employment. In spite of the disagreeable duties imposed upon the regiment during reconstruction, both officers and men secured the respect, and in many cases the regard, of the citizens of Texas, and General Mackenzie is deservedly popular throughout the State for his untiring efforts to protect the frontier. In the spring of 1873, in consequence of frequent and disastrous raids by hostile Indians from Mexico, a portion of the regiment was ordered to concentrate at Clark, about thirty miles from the Rio Grande. Five companies left Fort Richardson on the 5th of March, and, taking the road *via* Griffin, Phantom Hill, Concho, and McKavett, reached Fort Clark on the 1st of April, having marched over four hundred miles. The wives and children of the officers and men, some sixty in number, accompanied the command during this pleasant march, and lent an air of refinement and comfort to the monotony of camp life. The Ninth Cavalry, under General Merritt, was relieved by four companies of the Fourth, and two more of the same regiment were sent to Duncan on the Rio Grande, as there were no quarters for them at Clark.

General Mackenzie arrived soon after, bringing with him the Secretary of War and Lieutenant-General Sheridan. The latter inspected the troops equipped for scouting, and expressed himself well pleased with their serviceable condition.

It is thought that the policy to be pursued in regard to border raids was determined upon during the presence of these distinguished

officers, and the emphatic indorsement of the War Department of General Mackenzie's invasion seems to confirm this opinion.

With the ostensible purpose of recuperating the horses, which had been somewhat reduced in flesh by long marches, the companies were sent out of the post to grazing camps from seven to fourteen miles, where the men were drilled, practiced at target-firing, and subjected to rigid discipline. This dispersion of the companies would allow the command to move without discovering the object to the prying eyes at Clark, for, without doubt, the garrison was closely watched by those interested in stolen stock.

Fort Clark is situated on the bank of the Las Moras Creek, which heads in a beautiful spring, two hundred yards from the post. From a platform extending some distance from the bank one can look down into the clear water ten or fifteen feet, when the view is closed by luxuriant water-plants. Far down in the crystal depths fine bass, sunfish, and catfish can be seen swimming among the plants, disdaining the most tempting baits of the disgusted angler. The pool of the spring is some sixty feet across, affording a volume of water about eight feet wide and two feet deep, with a swift current.

Clark stands about forty feet above the stream, on a ridge which terminates in the head of the creek, and spreads out into a considerable plain, slightly undulating. There is scarcely any soil, but feeble patches of grass rest the eye, and a few stunted trees bear faithful testimony to the utter barrenness of the plateau. Wind-storms of great violence visit this vicinity, breaking down light frame buildings, and in the fall of 1873 literally made kindling-wood of a cavalry stable, the horses being fortunately at the picket-line at the time, or many would have been killed, whereas but one was lost. Framed tents have been picked up and carried several yards by the wind, and then torn to ribbons. West of Fort Clark and the Rio Grande, in the Mexican territory, lies the Bolson de Mapimi, a dreary, waterless waste of mountains and trackless deserts. Secure in this wild region, the Apaches for three centuries defied the efforts of the Spanish troops, necessitating the presence of large garrisons on the route from New Mexico *via* Chihuahua to Monterey, to protect the settlements and supply escorts for trains and travelers. So little is known of the region by whites that it appears on the maps as the Terreno Desconocido, and a remnant of the once powerful Apaches dwell among its mountains, but had changed the scene of their depredations to the soil of Texas. They had a good market in Mexico for their stolen mules, horses, and cattle. This, however, is in strict obedience to the law of compensation, for it is not much over a quarter of a century since powerful bands of Comanches and kindred thieves, whose camps lined the banks of the Llano Sansaba and Concho Rivers, plundered the frontier settlements of Mexico and found a market in Texas. Fredericksburg, a frontier settlement

seventy-five miles northwest of San Antonio, was a regular horse-mart, and there are living old citizens who have witnessed the return of bands of plunderers exulting in their fine show of horses and scalps of women and children, and whose drunken savage orgies have chilled the life-blood of the peacefully disposed Germans.

It is related that a band of Indians once captured a German near Fredericksburg, and never having heard such a barbarous lingo before, actually released him without harm, probably believing him to be demented. A Fredericksburger is responsible for this statement.

Joined with the Apaches were bands of Lipans and Kickapoos, all actuated by deadly hostility to the Texans. Issuing from their mountain retreats, they traveled by night across the plains and mountains, hid by day among the ravines or cedar-brakes which abound, suddenly swooped down upon some unprotected ranch, cruelly murdering its wretched inhabitants, drove off the stock, and sometimes carried women and children into captivity. Small parties drove off the horses and mules from different parts of the country, and, assembling far out on the Staked Plain, where white men had never been, and where want of water makes it dangerous to penetrate without a guide, they rested, and leisurely retreated into Mexico.

The Kickapoos were the most relentless, if possible, towards the Texans, by whom they were wantonly attacked while peacefully emigrating from Arkansas. The Texans were routed with severe loss, but from that day Texas has been considered fair ground for Kickapoo raids, and all murders there as justifiable retaliation. Rumor says that the Texans fired on a flag of truce and killed a squaw by whom it was carried. To the credit of the Texans, it is said that the command, to a large extent, were opposed to interfering with the peaceful march of the Kickapoos, who had committed no depredations, but some of the hotheaded men insisted upon fighting, and fired upon the flag. It is to be hoped these latter bore the brunt of the fight and the punishment.

Against these Kickapoos and their allies all Mackenzie's efforts were directed, and he sought every means to discover their villages. Spies were sent into Mexico, stimulated by offers of a large reward, but weeks went by, until the thought of action was disappearing from the minds of the troopers, but they were quickly aroused from their fancied security.

The cozy camp of "A" and "B" companies on the Piedraspintos Creek, nestling among the tall elms and luxuriant undergrowth, lay calmly sleeping in the soft light of a May moon, when the sentinel over the guard heard the whirring rattle of wheels as they came rolling from the direction of Clark. A sharp challenge rang out in the midnight air, when a short, active officer jumped from the carriage, gave a few curt orders to the sergeant of the guard, and walked rapidly through the camp to the tent of his brother captain. Stepping into the open

tent, before which a few smouldering embers marked the camp-fire, he bent forward and, placing his hand lightly on his comrade's shoulder, wakened the sleeper, saying, in half-serious and half-playful tones, "Wake up, old fellow; I have news for you. A courier has just arrived from Duncan, and we are to march as soon as possible. Pack up and saddle at once, for we must cross the San Felipe road before daylight. Take five days' rations, leave your property and tents standing in charge of one man; everything will be sent for from Clark in the morning." In a moment the shrill notes of the assembly disturbed the sleepers. The companies were formed, the orders given, and the camp is all life and activity. Here the cooks are hastily preparing breakfast, the troopers saddling their horses or making hasty toilets, while the patient pack-mules are receiving their loads and curses from sleepy soldiers. Our active friend from Clark is in the mean time restlessly moving about the camp, solving difficulties for the brave and subordinate soldiers, whose powers of analysis are limited. Then back to his brother officer's camp with the query, "All ready, old fellow? All ready, hombre! Well, then, mount at once and follow my company, for 'we are bound over the border.'"

The moon sailed high in the heavens as the commands "Stand to horse! Lead out! Count fours and mount!" followed in quick succession.

No unnecessary noise marked the departure of the regulars from their beautiful camp upon which they had spent so much labor, but they hardly think of it now, as the prospect of action stifles all regrets; and when the day broke the column had crossed the San Felipe road, and was wending its way along the little valleys which cut the country southwest of Clark. About 8 A.M., after a march of fifteen miles, the command reached the banks of Las Moras Creek, fourteen miles from Clark, where "C" company was basking in the sun, for but few trees afforded grateful relief from the overpowering heat. The Las Moras at this place had contracted into a narrow, shallow stream, choked with water-plants spreading over a marshy bottom, difficult to approach, and almost impossible to cross.

Halting here, the companies unpacked and unsaddled to await the other companies from Clark. General Mackenzie arrived early, with "I" company, and at noon "E" and "M," with a detachment of Seminoles under Lieutenant Bullit, of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, made their appearance, after a very fatiguing march, having gone some miles out of their way. The six companies of cavalry, guides, Seminoles, and detached men of other companies made a total force of nearly four hundred, well mounted and in fine fighting condition. About 1 P.M., under a blazing sun, the march commenced, Bullit leading with his Seminoles, and the companies of rank, "I," "B," "C," "A," "M," "E." Following the course of the Las Moras,

which gradually dwindled to a muddy ditch difficult to cross, the Rio Grande del Norte was reached about 8 P.M., the command having halted for half an hour to let night come before approaching the ford. The trail on the Mexican side had been washed by high water, and it was with difficulty that a place could be found where the column could get out of the river. The double line of horses made a living dam across the stream, while the treacherous quicksands would give way and allow the animals to sink to their girths, but in less than two hours all were assembled on the Mexican shore, in an open bottom, surrounded by tall reeds and thick undergrowth. Dismounted and awaiting the signal to move, smoking their pipes or eating the lunch carried in the saddle-bags, officers and men quietly discussed the object of their expedition and its chances of success.

At ten o'clock the head of the column emerged from the river-bottom, and winding through a rocky ravine, ascended to open, rolling ground, when the order to trot was given, and away sped the sombre troopers, startling the dwellers in the lonely ranches, when the dull thunder of tramping hoofs rose and fell as the rapid human torrent poured across plains or plunged into ravines. Lights disappeared from dwellings as if by magic, and perhaps many a devoted mother clasped her babe to her bosom in awful terror at this unusual and ominous roar at the dread hour of midnight. It soon became evident that the laden mules could not keep up at this gait, and the general ordered the companies to take what they could in their pockets and saddle-bags and abandon the stores, his own packs sharing the fate of the rest. The halt occupied but a few minutes, and away dashed the column through blinding dust all night. Once a part of the column was misled by a pack-train, which had stopped to water without orders, and upon issuing from a ravine the advance had disappeared. The moon had risen and looked blood-red, but by its light a faint line of dust was seen, and following this at a gallop for two miles the column was overtaken. It seemed as though the long night of fatigue, discomfort, and thirst would never end, but daylight found the troops descending into the beautiful valley. When day breaks upon the prairie nature appears the personification of death,—cold, motionless, dreary, and hopeless,—the faces of the worn troopers are pallid and corpse-like; but when the glorious sun pours its golden flood of light upon the plain, the earth smiles and life and hope return. Daybreak disclosed a creek in the valley, which was followed for six miles, when four more in advance the hostile villages were discovered. Dropping out the pack-trains and forming fours, the column took the gallop, and in an impetuous charge rushed down upon the doomed villages of savage Kickapoos, Lipans, and Apaches. "I" company, with its intrepid captain (McLaughlin) and fearless lieutenant (Hudson), led the van, and with a wild hurrah dashed into the grass huts and shot

right and left at the Indians, who, arms in hand, rushed out to escape. The Kickapoos were struck first, and the firing alarmed the other villages, whose inhabitants had time to escape to the ravines, thickets, and marshes which encircled their homes, but not before twenty of their warriors had paid the penalty of their brutal crimes. Two or three companies were deployed, and circling round the villages, captured some two hundred head of horses and forty squaws and children.

These villages were said to contain nearly two hundred fighting men, but at the time of the attack a large party was absent on a thieving expedition and escaped punishment, for Mackenzie had hoped to find all at home, and strike a blow that would paralyze these marauders forever. They were of the tribes who perpetrated the Howard's Well massacre, and deserved the worst punishment that could be inflicted. How many Indians were wounded is unknown, as the country afforded excellent facilities for concealment. The troops had one man mortally wounded, one broke a leg, and one lost an arm.

Resting men and horses for some five hours, while the captured stock, consisting largely of Texas brands, was gathered, litters were prepared for the wounded, and ponies selected for the prisoners to ride. The torch was applied to the grass-roofed huts and canvas shelters, and in a short time the villages were reduced to ashes. At this moment two Seminoles brought in a mounted Indian whom they had not disarmed, but stupidly allowed to carry his rifle in his hand. Brought in the midst of the troops, the villages burning, women and children standing under guard, he suddenly realized that he was among enemies, and uttering a feeble yell, leveled his rifle at Captain Mauck, who had just ridden up. As quick as thought the captain threw himself behind his horse's shoulder, when the Indian changed his aim and fired without effect at one of the Seminoles. The captive fell from his horse dead, pierced by three or four balls, for the men, horrified at their captain's imminent danger, fired at once. For a moment Mauck's deadly peril seemed to paralyze all who witnessed the scene without being near enough to afford any assistance, and success would have been too dearly purchased by the sacrifice of so gallant and efficient an officer. But our army records will show scores of noble soldiers who, after years of usefulness to the country, have ignobly died in conflicts with these human *lice*. Witness the noble Canby's death. Ruin and desolation now marked the spot, and danger lurked in the homeward path, for a few hours' march distant was a town and a well-settled district, which would send their rancheros to avenge the insult to their territory. Mackenzie thoroughly understood the situation; but confident in the excellence of his troops, carefully and rapidly made his arrangements for the transport of the wounded and prisoners, and leisurely took up his march for the Rio Grande. During the afternoon a few ranches were passed, whose inhabitants appeared anything but pleased at seeing

United States troops on their soil, and occasionally horsemen could be seen observing the column.

At sunset the troops halted for water, and then commenced another long night of fatigue to the troops, and suffering for wounded and captives. The children, worn out with terror and fatigue, could hardly be kept on their ponies, and frequent halts had to be made to close up the column and arrange the litters. Officers and men, worn out by three nights' marches, would fall asleep in their saddles, or, while awake, imagined they heard men conversing, and that they were passing through towns. Men became morose and quarrelsome, and lying down during a halt with arm through bridle-rein, could with difficulty be roused, and the officers had to be constantly on the watch to prevent them from being lost. Woe betide any sleeper who might be left behind, for the rear was dogged by raging, merciless foes, who had their homes and kindred to avenge. Hour after hour dragged its slow length along, until fourteen had passed, and the rising sun of May 19 disclosed the welcome waters of the Rio Grande, which must be passed ere rest could be hoped for. Descending from the ridge which bounded the valley, the weary column wound by shaded roads bordered by dense thickets until a Mexican ranch with a clearing to the river was reached, when, without the formality of "by your leave," the farm-gate was opened, and following a narrow path, the horses soon buried their noses in the wide, rapid stream. Men and horses seemed to draw new strength from the refreshing waters, and pushed forward with animation across the deep ford. The eastern bank was soon climbed, and the welcome order to go into camp given. The saddles were stripped from the jaded horses for the first time in forty-one hours, and while the scanty breakfast was preparing, the men thronged to the river to bathe. Supplies came from Duncan in a few hours, messengers having been sent to announce the arrival of the command. A shot or two from the Mexican shore caused a ripple of excitement, but the day and night passed without disturbance, though precaution was taken for fear of surprise, as the reports from Duncan indicated great excitement in Piedras Negras, where drums had been beaten for two days to raise volunteers to intercept the return march. The command slept in a circle with the animals in the centre, and at noon next day started for Clark, where it arrived on the 21st. "A" and "B" companies marched in forty-nine hours, including all halts, one hundred and twenty-five miles, without losing a horse or mule. In the mean time the garrison at Clark had been full of rumors of disaster,—the command had been surrounded and cut to pieces, or was retreating before overwhelming numbers, and was in extreme peril. There was but little sleep for the anxious wives at Clark. The slightest noise in garrison would bring pale, frightened women to the doors to learn the cause, and the careless soldiers were anxious for their absent comrades. A courier from the camp brought letters which dis-

pelled all anxiety, and the garrison joyfully awaited the return of the successful troops. In a few days reports were brought that Mexicans or Indians, or both, meditated an attack on the post, and measures were taken for defense; but in a week or two all thought of danger, if any existed, passed away, and quiet reigned on the banks of the Las Moras.

This raid brought the Kickapoos to terms, and some months later a treaty was effected by which they agreed to move to a reservation in the Indian Territory, where it is hoped they will forever remain at peace.

E. B. BEAUMONT,
Major 4th Cav. and Brevet Lt.-Col. U.S.A.

A DEAD HERO.

"On the 12th of September, 1857, at 8 P.M., the United States mail steamer 'Central America' foundered in a gale in latitude 31° 45′ N., near the outer edge of the Gulf Stream, with most of her passengers, the California mail, and an immense amount of treasure." Such was the paragraph that took grief and desolation to many homes and evoked sympathy from all hearts on the morning of the 14th of September, 1857.

She was commanded by William Lewis Herndon, U. S. Navy, who went down with his ship, leaving a glowing example of devotion to duty, Christian conduct, and true heroism that will live forever.

Captain Herndon was a native of Fredericksburg, Virginia, born on the 25th day of October, 1813; the son of Dabney Herndon, of that place, and the fifth of seven children. He was named after William Lewis, U.S.N., who was lost on the United States brig "Epervier" in 1815. Herndon was but fifteen years old when he entered the navy, and up to the date of taking command of the mail steamer his record was as honorable and distinguished as it was possible for an officer in time of peace to make; and wearying of routine duty, Herndon, in accordance with a custom of that period, asked and obtained leave to accept command of one of the Pacific mail steamers, the "Central America," which at the time of her loss was coming from Aspinwall to New York *via* Havana, carrying four hundred and fourteen passengers, a crew of one hundred and one, a heavy mail, and two million dollars in gold.

All went well with the steamer from Aspinwall to Havana, where she touched on the 7th of September, putting to sea again on the morning of the 8th. The ship was in splendid trim, the crew in fine spirits, and captain and passengers well content at the prospect of a safe and near ending to their long voyage. The weather was magnificent, and with wind from the trade-wind quarter at northeast, there was nothing to apprehend. That night every one went to bed in the peace and security that confidence in the ship and her commander gave.

At midnight the wind freshened. By day-dawn it was a gale that increased in violence and blew from north-northeast. Up to the forenoon of Friday, though the passengers were anxious, the captain felt

no fear, for the steamer behaved admirably and gave every reason for the hope that she would weather the storm. On the afternoon of the 11th it was discovered she had sprung a leak. The sea ran mountains high, the wind blew with terrific force, and the noble vessel, heeled over on her larboard side, was laboring heavily. The leak was so large that by 4 P.M. the water had gained sufficient depth to extinguish the fires on one side and stop the engine.

Bailing gangs were organized, assisted by the passengers, who worked in relays, and nobly did their utmost to aid the weary crew. Much of the freight and all the passengers were sent to the windward side to trim the ship, and thus relieved, she once more moved on an even keel and the fires were relighted. Higher and higher ran the sea, fiercer and fiercer howled the wind, more and more laboriously went the ship, without intermission the pumps were worked, and without relief the gangs bailed, using buckets, whips, and barrels to fight the water, which, in spite of all, gained until once more it reached the furnaces and extinguished fires that were never more to be rekindled.

Now, indeed, gloom settled over the steamer, and, at the mercy of the waves, she was wallowing in the trough of the sea like a log.

She was a side-wheel steamer, with not a little top-hamper, and an ugly thing to handle in such a situation. The storm-spencer had been blown away, and the fore-yard was sent down during the night. Attempts were made to get her before the wind, but no canvas was stout enough to withstand its violence. After the head-sails had been blown away, Captain Herndon ordered all the clews of the foresail to be lashed to the deck, thinking he might hoist the yard, if only a few feet, show canvas, and get her off, but scarcely was the yard well clear of the bulwarks when the pitiless fury of the wind seized and took it entirely out of the bolt-ropes.

The foremast was cut away, the fore-yard made into a drag and thrown overboard, and bits of canvas spread in the rigging aft, hoping to bring her head to wind, but the effort was fruitless; yet all through that long afternoon and longer night of Friday, crew and passengers worked without ceasing, and hoped without despair, but when the grim, gray dawn of Saturday brought increase rather than subsidence of the tempest, hope failed, and the gallant captain and his brave, tired company saw that everything that skilled seamanship could do to save them *had* been done and the ship's fate was sealed.

With this despair came a new hope,—if not all, some lives might be saved, and each breathed a prayer that of the some he might be one. They were in a part of the ocean frequented by vessels, a passing steamer or some sailing craft might rescue them,—'twas thus Herndon encouraged their despairing hearts, so that they answered his call for a "Rally all!" with cheers. The lady passengers took their turn at the pumps. The act so inspired the men that they went to work

with renewed ardor, whipping up barrel after barrel of water to the steady rhythmic measure of the sailor's working song.

About noon of Saturday the gale showed the first sign of abating, the wind blew less fiercely, the lowering clouds lifted, the sky brightened, and once more hope grew strong, the flag was hoisted "Union down," and minute-guns were fired. About three o'clock a vessel hove in sight, women cried their joy, and loud huzzas went from the throats of the wearied men. She ran down to the steamer, was hailed, heard, replied. Herndon asked for aid, told of the helpless women and children, and begged the captain to give him help. He refused and went on his course!

Oh, the bitter agony of that moment! Oh, the dark despair shrouding those hearts! But no word was spoken. On went the pumps, down and up came the barrels, and tears were seen on every side. Suddenly Herndon's voice again rang out,—

"A sail, men! a sail! Fire the gun!"

Down to them came the brig, the "Marine," of Boston, and her captain (whose name should be here in letters of gold), "Burt." His vessel was sorely crippled, but this humane man brought his ship to, under the steamer's stern, spoke to Herndon, encouraged him to hope, promised to lay by through the night, and nobly kept his word.

At once Herndon ordered his boats lowered, for the "Marine" had none that could live in such a sea. It was an anxious moment. Equally dear was life to all, and Herndon feared the courage and resolve of his crew might fail, and that they would fill the boats, and leave the women and children to their fate; but not a man showed even a wish for this! Crews were made up, and it was found there was one man needed in Black the boatswain's gig. Herndon was hesitating, when a sailor stepped up and offered to go; the man had been shipped at Aspinwall, and was not well known to the captain, who, in his so well remembered gentle voice, said, musingly rather than questioningly,—

"I wonder if I can trust you?"

The sailor's quick ear caught the words, and understanding all the doubt they expressed, looked at Herndon, his eyes filled with tears, but his voice steady and earnest,—

"Yes, captain, you *can* trust me, for I have hands that are hard to row, and a heart that is soft to feel!"

Quickly Herndon took his hard hands, wrung them silently, and passed him to the vacant place.

The women and children arrived safely on the brig; but by the time each boat had made two trips, carrying in all one hundred persons, night had fallen, and the brig had drifted several miles to leeward from the steamer. Again and again she tried to make her way to the wreck, but was too badly crippled.

As one of the boats was about pushing off at the last trip, Herndon took from his pocket his watch, and handing it to a passenger, tried to charge him with a loving message of farewell to his wife.

"Give it to her," he said, "and tell her,—tell her—tell her from me——"

Then shaking his head, he bowed his tear-stained face in his hands as though in prayer for the wife and daughter whom he would never see, and who, in losing husband and father, gave to the world a hero.

In a moment he recovered outward calm, and none again saw him give way.

The hurricane-deck was being cut away; life-preservers had been brought up and distributed to those who would wear them. The gloom of night settled, and Herndon directed Frazer, the second officer, to take charge of the arm-chest, and send up rockets each quarter of the hour.

The law requires every officer of the navy to show in himself a good example of the virtue and patriotism he expects to find in his men, and never was there a more perfect instance of a literal interpretation of this law than in Herndon's case. After giving his order to Frazer, he turned to his first officer, Van Rennselaer, and told him he would go below for his uniform. He went to his state-room, and in a few moments returned in *full dress* and took his stand on the wheel-house, holding by the iron railing with his left hand. Frazer sent off a rocket. The ship fetched a heavy lurch, like a last sigh, and, as she sank, Herndon was seen, by the rocket's glare, to bare his head and wave his hand,—then the waters closed over the bravest heart that was ever stilled, and night saw the most sublime moral spectacle the sea ever showed.

A few moments before going to get his uniform oars were heard; Herndon hailed, and was answered from Black the boatswain's boat, rowed "by hands that were hard, and a heart that was soft to feel," who implored the captain to save himself. Herndon called to him to keep off, fearing the small craft might be drawn down by the then sinking ship. Eagerly, earnestly, the man pled, then imperatively Herndon ordered him to take whom he could pick up and *go back* to the brig; and, like a true sailor, he obeyed his commander.

This was the last order ever given by him, who, to the close of an unselfish, generous life, was forgetful of self and mindful of others. Truly was his life grand and beautiful, and surely in his death was a new and greater glory given to the annals of the sea.

Forty-nine of the passengers and crew were picked from the waters that night and the next morning by the Norwegian bark "Ellen"—strangely enough the name of Herndon's wife and daughter—and brought safely to Norfolk, Virginia. Three more were saved by the English brig "Mary," having drifted four hundred and fifty miles

with the Gulf Stream. The total number saved was one hundred and fifty-two; lost, four hundred and twenty-three. One of the passengers thought he spoke in the water with Herndon that night; but, as he was not in robust health, it is not likely he ever rose after the ship went down. We cannot better close this story of a heroic deed by a brave man than by quoting what his brother-in-law, Lieutenant Maury, said of him:

"Affectionate in disposition, soft and gentle in his manners, he won the love and esteem of his associates, and was a favorite throughout the service, and of all none knew him better or loved him more than I."

It is known, of course, to my readers that Captain Herndon's daughter afterwards became the wife of Chester A. Arthur, now President of the United States.

(NOTE.—The subject-matter of this was taken from the official report of the wreck made at the time.

I have to thank Mr. Hogg, chief clerk of the Navy Department, for his kindness in allowing me to refer to this document for dates, etc.)

R. DORSEY MOHUN.

THE BATTALION SYSTEM FOR THE NATIONAL GUARD.

THE battalion system is now in use in the artillery and cavalry arms of the army of the United States. In his recent report, Lieutenant-General Sheridan has recommended the extension of it to the infantry regiments, or rather the readoption of it, since, as is well known, the new regiments of infantry (or at least some of them) raised during the late war were divided severally into three battalions. Lately, General Sherman, in a public address, renewed his earlier suggestions in favor of the battalion formation with especial reference to the militia. With the approval of officers so distinguished, it is probable that the army of this country, so far at least as the infantry is concerned, will not long remain almost the only one of modern civilized nations without that valuable feature.[1] It is now too late to discuss the general merits of a system the advantages of which are so almost universally recognized.

It is intended here to consider the peculiar propriety of adopting it in the National Guard of the several States with regard to the present efficiency of the militia and the prospective advantages to the general and State governments on the breaking out of war, which, in view of the determined policy of all political parties to enforce the Monroe doctrine and from other causes, may not be so far distant as might be imagined.

In a majority of the States the several companies which comprise a regiment are usually much scattered over a territory of considerable extent. The limits of at least three regiments of the National Guard of Pennsylvania extend over an area of one hundred miles in length by half as many or more in width. The districts, no doubt, may be much greater in other States less densely populated. It is impossible, under ordinary circumstances, outside of a call for duty at an encampment or to uphold the civil authorities in the case of riot or insurrection, to assemble ten such companies at any one point without an expense too great to be borne by them or too large to be assumed by the State. From which fact in such cases it happens that a colonel or other field-officer rarely if ever sees the regiment as a whole except on

[1] It is in use, at least to a limited extent, in the army of Great Britain.

the occasions mentioned. The opportunities for exercise in drill are therefore confined to the period of the encampment, and where such facilities are not afforded they do not exist at all. But it by no means follows that there is foundation for the remark by a recent writer in THE UNITED SERVICE, "That there is almost an entire absence of the knowledge of battalion drills by both field and company officers," so far at least as it applies to Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and other States. A little further observation, especially the reading of the report of Colonel Black, Twenty-third Infantry, U.S.A., on the late encampment at Gettysburg, will no doubt cause him to revise an opinion which a wider knowledge of his subject would not have justified.

By the system of annual inspection, such as that of some years' standing in Pennsylvania, the inspecting officer requires, besides the usual examination of arms, accoutrements, etc., a display of a knowledge of the tactics, guard and other duties. Outside of the large cities this can go no further than an inspection of companies, the condition and state of drill of the regiment, as such, remaining for exemplification in camp. The inspection, necessarily hurried, and therefore incomplete, of regiments in a brigade or division camp, by a single officer, with his assistants, exhausting as it is to him and destructive of time quite as valuable for other purposes, is in no wise equal to that where time is sufficient and opportunity ample for a careful examination in all the requisites to a thorough inspection.

These difficulties may be completely met by the assembly and inspection of the several battalions. Four companies, distant only twenty-five or thirty miles from the rendezvous, may be brought together under their own major with ease at light expense. Selected with some view to his place of residence, the major has thus occasion to exercise his battalion, to acquire and to display the knowledge of duties to be expected from an officer of his rank, and to ascertain and exemplify to the inspector the capacity of his officers and men. In this way the whole regiment of twelve companies may be thoroughly inspected by battalion, and accurate information acquired of its condition. Other occasions during the year naturally offer to assemble the battalion, such as the 22d February, 30th May, and other days, when it is now impossible to concentrate the regiment. Thus the major, besides the exercises in camp, has frequent opportunities to drill the battalion and to accustom it to his command.

While too small to form an administrative unit, the battalion is a convenient body for picket, provost, and many other duties, under its own officer, when a detachment of the same size taken from various commands, as experience often shows, does not work together to full advantage. Four companies taken for any purpose from a regiment of ten companies not only too much reduces it for drill or review, but

the detachment itself is under an officer not accustomed to command it. If it be worth while, in this connection, to consider the office-work of a colonel or an adjutant, it would be so slightly increased by the addition of two companies as to be scarcely perceptible. A colonel can command twelve companies with the same facility as he now commands ten,—in fact, with more, as the majors would be charged with certain supervision over the battalions, in the way of discipline and otherwise, to be in turn supervised by the colonel.

With the exception of an assistant surgeon to be taken from the regimental staff, the staff of a battalion acting independently could be improvised from the subalterns and sergeants, thus training them for the discharge of important duties to devolve upon them in the contingency presently to be considered. Once introduced, the battalion system would accustom the majors to command, reduce the aggregate of field and staff, make the regiments of uniform size and strength (a matter of no small moment in view of the appearance and efficiency of the whole force), and, while actually diminishing the whole number of officers, would increase the number, experience, and capacity of those officers from whom regimental commanders must hereafter be taken as those now in commission retire from or are incapacitated for service. The massive and imposing regiment of three battalions, each of four companies, under command of Colonel (now Adjutant-General) Guthrie at Yorktown in 1881, is a fair illustration, although under unfavorable circumstances, of the system proposed. Suddenly called together, without time to drill, with little previous acquaintance, yet certainly no organization presented a finer military appearance at the review on that occasion than the Provisional regiment, N. G. P.

A system so beneficial to the militia in time of peace, in the event of war (a possibility not lightly to be dismissed) would offer advantages far superior to those presented by the present organization of regiments of ten companies. These may be considered from three points of view.

In the first place, the twelve companies raised by enlistment to the maximum each of one hundred and one, the limit now fixed by the law of the federal government, with all the companies in line, the regiment would be twelve hundred and twenty-eight strong. Necessary details to the various departments, and casualties from sickness and other causes, would soon reduce it to the usual limit of about one thousand. In such case, to fill the ranks reduced by the accidents of war it would be necessary to rely on the ordinary method of recruiting, which proved to be a total failure in the late war, at least in the regiments from Pennsylvania and other States, where recruits, instead of being forwarded to the old regiments to fill them up, were organized into new ones. It is remarkable how soon a recruit, put into the ranks with trained and veteran soldiers, will pick up the drill and a knowl-

edge of his duties, and in a few weeks become so well instructed and disciplined as no longer to be distinguished from the men about him. A few of the States (Michigan, Maine, and perhaps others) kept full the ranks of their regiments, and in time it came to pass that a regiment from one of those States was equal in strength to a brigade of troops from the other States. Political and other reasons seemed generally to demand that recruits should be organized into new regiments, the old ones thus becoming mere skeletons. Originally nearly or quite one thousand strong, the One Hundred and Forty-second Pennsylvania Volunteers, after sustaining a loss of two hundred and forty at the battle of Gettysburg, on the 1st July, 1863, came out with only eighty-three officers and men. It was a matter of frequent observation that companies were commanded by sergeants or corporals, and regiments by captains. It was once a question with the four company officers present of the One Hundred and Twenty-first Pennsylvania Volunteers whether or not they should obey the colonel's order to assume command over and be responsible for property, etc., of one or more companies besides their own. The effectiveness of a regiment was thus destroyed, and it was allowed to exist a mere skeleton, disorganized, without enthusiasm, held together only by the iron bond of discipline, while recruits requisite to fill it up were put into a new organization under officers without experience. No one familiar with the volunteer regiments during the late war would favor a repetition of the same system.

In the second place, supposing a division of three brigades, and twelve regiments each of three battalions, to exist as the National Guard of any State, it may with ease be expanded to a corps of eighteen regiments each of two battalions. A battalion each would be taken from two contiguous regiments and formed into a new organization under the senior lieutenant-colonel as colonel. Other details for field and staff, and for a third battalion in that contingency, readily suggest themselves. By that plan all the regiments would consist of two battalions, while the third would be in process of formation at the depot. If the eight companies in such case were severally raised to one hundred and eighteen (118) privates, ten corporals, six sergeants, and four company officers, they would, with field and staff, etc., form an aggregate of one thousand one hundred and nineteen (1119), quite large enough for the direct command of any one man. A company of larger size cannot be led by a captain on foot, while necessary details and casualties would soon reduce it to the active maximum of one hundred and one, now the conventional limit. Three regiments of that strength would be sufficient to form a brigade, in accord with recent remarks of Lieutenant-General Sheridan.

The third battalion, when recruited, uniformed, and equipped, and at least partially drilled, with a strength of five hundred and fifty-three

(553) officers and men, would be forwarded to the front to relieve the battalion most depleted by the accidents of war. In turn the battalion so relieved would repair to the rendezvous to be filled up to the maximum, when it would rejoin the colors to relieve the second, and so on in alternation. In this way the regiment would remain strong, and the men full of spirit from having been allowed or expecting to return to their homes for a season of rest. Nothing was more clearly demonstrated in the late war than the propriety and advantage of a continual flow of furloughs to the troops. So desirable was a furlough that it was offered as a premium to induce men to re-enlist as veterans. The old regiment, now no larger than a company, returns home to go back no stronger than before, but with the men under obligation to serve another term. Under the plan proposed, which, however, so far as concerns the mode of relief and recruitment offers nothing new, would be far preferable, as the battalion would speedily recruit its ranks, being sent back for that purpose, and soon relieve the comrades of their own regiment at the front.

It remains to consider the third method of rendering the division before described an effective force for active service in the field. In the twelve regiments there would be thirty-six battalions, each under an experienced and capable officer. In each battalion there would be a major, four captains, eight lieutenants, twenty sergeants, and thirty-two corporals, all presumably well trained and disciplined. There would be no difficulty, therefore, considering the disposition shown in the late war to volunteer, to expand each battalion into a regiment of two battalions, a third to be in process of formation as heretofore explained. The three senior colonels of each brigade in such case would command brigades, the four lieutenant-colonels and seven majors would be promoted to colonel, and so on properly to supply the new regiments with field, staff, and company officers by promotion. Thus the major-general would command the corps, and the three brigade commanders respectively divisions. The Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, fifteen thousand strong, was raised in a period of a few weeks from a population two-thirds as great only as that of the State at the present time. Volunteers in that State enlisted for three years at a yearly average of over sixty thousand. Assuming that in the case of a foreign war the supply of volunteers would be ample to fill up the thirty-six infantry regiments to a strength of forty thousand men, there would be a corps of three divisions, and nine brigades each of four regiments. Such a force, with every commissioned and non-commissioned officer qualified for his place, and a large proportion of the men already drilled, in a few weeks, or almost as soon as they should be supplied with arms and uniforms, would be ready to take the field. Many of the new recruits, previously members of the regiments, would already be trained, as the enlisted men, certainly in the large cities, do not now serve more

on the average than three years, and then pass into the great reserve force from which volunteers must be supplied. Contrast those troops, so organized under trained officers, with the regiments raised during the war, where, in many instances, from the colonel down, no one at first knew the difference between carry arms and ground arms, or was able to give orders proper to change the formation from a line to a column, or where the lack of knowledge of picket duty was only exceeded by the desire to learn it. No tribute need here be paid to the valor and efficiency in the main of the regiments organized and forwarded to the front under such adverse circumstances. If, therefore, regiments almost entirely composed of officers and men without the least previous knowledge of tactics or experience under arms rendered services so distinguished, how much more might be expected from those wherein every officer and non-commissioned officer, and many of the privates, would be well drilled, capable of teaching those under them, and ready almost at once for active service? A corps of that kind would prove itself to be a most valuable part of any army called to uphold at home or abroad the honor of our country. A primary object of the National Guard is to teach the tactics and other knowledge essential to the welfare of the country in war, or, in other words, a school; the value of it, in that respect, would thus be fully illustrated to the admiration and justification of its friends and the approval of all.

These, briefly stated, are some of the advantages to be derived from the introduction of the battalion system into the National Guard of the several States. Is it worth while to wait for the proverbially slow action of Congress to re-introduce it into the regular army? It has received the sanction of distinguished officers of our own country, is now in practical operation in the armies of Europe, and undoubtedly will at some time be established in the army of the United States. The adoption of it by the several States would compel Congress soon to restore it, thereby to uphold in a material way the recommendations of officers charged with the responsibility of supreme command.

GEORGE R. SNOWDEN,
Brigadier-General National Guard of Pennsylvania.

ESEK HOPKINS, THE FIRST "COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF" OF THE AMERICAN NAVY, 1775.

(Concluded from page 146.)

THE following order was issued by Commodore Hopkins to the captains of the fleet on sailing from the capes of the Delaware, February 17, 1776:

"SIR,—You are hereby ordered to keep company with me, if possible, and truly observe the signals given by the ship I am in, but in case you should be separated, in a gale of wind or otherwise, you are then to use all possible means to join the fleet as soon as possible; but if you cannot in four days after you leave the fleet, you are to make the best of your way to the southern port of Abaco, and there await for the fleet fourteen days. But if the fleet does not join you in that time, you are to cruise in such places as you think will most annoy the enemy. And you are to send into port for trial all British vessels with any supplies for the ministerial forces, which you may make yourself master of, to such places as you may think best within the United Colonies.

"In case you are in any great danger of being taken, you are to destroy these orders and your signals.

"ESEK HOPKINS, Commander-in-chief.

"SIGNALS FOR THE AMERICAN FLEET BY DAY.

"*For sailing.*—Loose the fore topsail and sheet it home.

"*For weighing and coming to sail.*—Loose all the topsails and sheet them home.

"*For the fleet to anchor.*—Clew up the main topsail and hoist a weft in the ensign.

"*For seeing a strange vessel.*—Hoist the ensign, and lower and hoist it as many times as you see vessels, allowing two minutes between each time.

"*For chasing.*—For the whole fleet to chase, a red pendant at the fore topmast-head.

"*For the 'Columbus' to chase.*—Strike the broad pendant[17] half-mast, to be answered by a weft in the ensign and making sail.

"*To chase to windward.*—Hoist the ensign, lowering the pendant at the same time; if to leeward, not.

"*To give over the chase.*—A white pendant at the fore topmast-head, and if at a great distance, fire a gun at the same time. This may serve for any of the vessels to give over the chase and return to the fleet.

"*For the 'Andrea Doria' to chase.*—A Dutch flag at the fore topmast-head.

"*To give over the chase.*—A white pendant at the fore topmast-head, and if at a great distance, fire a gun at the same time.

[17] As the "Alfred" was his flag-ship, this signal, showing that the "Columbus" carried a broad pendant, indicates that the commander-in-chief carried a square flag on the "Alfred."

"*For the 'Cabot' to chase.*—A white flag at the fore topmast-head. To chase to windward, etc., as above.

"*For the 'Providence' to chase.*—A St. George's ensign *with stripes* at the mizzen-peak. To chase to windward as above.

"*For the 'Fly' to chase.*—A Dutch flag at the main topmast-head. To chase to windward, etc., as above.

"*For the 'Hornet' to chase.*—A red pendant at the main topmast-head. To chase to windward, etc., as above.

"*For the 'Wasp' to chase.*—A Dutch flag at the mizzen-peak(?). To chase to windward, etc., as above.

"*For a general attack, or the whole fleet to engage.—The standard* at the main topmast-head, with the striped jack and ensign at their proper places.

"*To disengage and form into a squadron.*—A white flag at the ensign staff, and the same into a weft for every vessel to make the best of their way off from the enemy for their own preservation.

"*To all captains to come aboard the 'Commodore.'*—A red pendant at the ensign staff.

"*To speak with the 'Columbus.'*—A white pendant at the mizzen topmast-head.

"*To speak with the 'Andrea Doria.'*—A Dutch flag at the mizzen topmast-head.

"*To speak with the 'Cabot.'*—A weft in a jack at the mizzen topmast-head.

"*To speak with the 'Providence.'*—A white flag at the mizzen topmast-head.

"*To speak with the 'Fly.'*—A Dutch flag at the ensign staff.

"*To any vessel of the fleet that wants to speak with the Commodore.*—A weft in the ensign, and if in distress, accompanied by two guns.

"*To fall into line abreast.*—A red pendant at the mizzen-peak.

"*To fall into line ahead.*—A white pendant at the mizzen-peak.

"*For meeting after separation.*—A weft in the ensign at the main topmast-head, to be answered with the same, and clewing up the main topgallant sail if they have any set.

"*For ship 'Providence' to chase.*—A red pendant at the mizzen topmast-head. To chase to windward as before.

"*To speak with the ship 'Providence.'*—A weft in the ensign at the ensign staff."

Arrived at New Providence the following manifesto was sent on shore:

"*To the Gentlemen, Freemen, and Inhabitants of the Island of New Providence:*

"The reason for my landing an armed force on this island is, in order to take possession of the powder and warlike stores belonging to the crown; and if I am not opposed in putting my design in execution, the persons and property of the inhabitants shall be safe, neither shall they be suffered to be hurt in case they make no resistance.

"Given under my hand on board the ship 'Alfred,' March 3, 1776.

"ESEK HOPKINS, Commander-in-Chief."[18]

After securing the ammunition, governor, etc., Hopkins gave orders to return to Providence; hailing a Danish ship in distress, he gave her permission to put into one of the southern ports for repairs.[19]

[18] Am. Archives, vol. v. p. 46.
[19] Ibid., p. 47.

The following report of his doings during the cruise was read to Congress April 16, 1776:

Admiral Hopkins to the President of Congress.

"SHIP 'ALFRED,' NEW LONDON, April 9, 1776.

"SIR,—When I put to sea the 17th of February, from Cape Henlopen, we had many sick, and four of the vessels had a large number on board with small-pox. The 'Hornet' and 'Wasp' joined me two days before. The wind came at northeast, which made it unsafe to lie there. The wind after we got out came on to blow hard. I did not think we were in a condition to keep on a cold coast, and appointed our rendezvous at Abaco, one of the Bahama Islands.

"The second night we lost [sight of] the 'Hornet' and 'Fly.' I arrived at the rendezvous in order to wait for them fifteen days agreeable to orders. I then formed an expedition against New Providence, which I put in execution the 3d of March by landing two hundred marines under command of Captain Nicholas, and fifty sailors under the command of Lieutenant Weaver of the 'Cabot,' who was well acquainted there. The same day they took possession of a small fort of seventeen pieces of cannon without any opposition, save five guns which were fired at them without doing any damage.

"I received that evening an account that they had two hundred and odd men in the main fort, all inhabitants. I caused my manifesto to be published.[20] Captain Nicholas sent by my orders to the governor for the keys of the fort, which were delivered, and the troops marched in, where we found the several warlike stores agreeable to the inventory inclosed. But the governor had sent one hundred and fifty barrels of powder off in a small sloop the night before. I have all the stores on board the fleet, and a large sloop I found there, and which I have promised the owner to send back and pay him hire for.

"The 'Fly' joined us at Providence, and gave an account that he got foul of the 'Hornet,' and carried away the boom and head of her masts, and I hear since she has got into some port of South Carolina. I have taken [prisoners] the governor, Mountfort Browne; the lieutenant-governor, who is a half-pay officer; Mr. Thomas Irving, who is a councillor and collector of His Majesty's quit-rents in South Carolina, and it appears by the Court Calendar that he is also inspector-general of His Majesty's customs of North America.

"Since we came out we have lost company with the 'Wasp.' The 4th instant we fell in with, on the east end of Long Island, and took the schooner ['Hawke'] commanded by young Wallace, of six carriage-guns and eight swivels, and on the 5th instant took the bomb-brig ['Bolton'] of eight guns, two howitzers, ten swivels, and forty-eight hands, well found in all sorts of stores, arms, powder, etc. The 6th, in the morning, fell in with the 'Glasgow' and her tender, and engaged her for near three hours. We lost six men killed and many wounded. The 'Cabot' [the commodore's son commanded the 'Cabot'] had four men killed and seven wounded, the captain among the latter. The 'Columbus' had one man who lost his arm. We received considerable damage in our ship, but the greatest was in having our wheel-ropes and blocks shot away, which gave the 'Glasgow' time to make sail, which I did not think proper to follow, as it would have brought on an action with the whole of their fleet. As I had upwards of thirty of our best seamen on board prizes, and some *that were on board had got too much liquor out of the prizes* to be fit for duty, I thought it most prudent to give over the chase and secure our prizes, and got nothing but the 'Glasgow's' tender, and arrived here on the 7th instant with the fleet.

"Among the dead are Mr. Sinclair Seymour, master of the 'Cabot,' a good officer; First Lieutenant Wilson, of the 'Cabot,' and Lieutenant Fitzpatric, of the 'Alfred.' The officers all behaved well on board the 'Alfred,' but too much

[20] For which see preceding page.

praise cannot be given to the officers of the 'Cabot,' who gave and sustained the whole fire for some considerable time within pistol-shot.

"I expect to leave this place in three or four days, and as General Washington is expected here every minute, if he will give me leave to enlist some of his men, shall be able to get away sooner. I hear since the action the fleet [British] has gone from Newport, but whether they intend to return again I cannot tell, but if I can get the fleet well manned shall be able to give a more intelligent account.

"I have now on board eighty pieces of heavy sail duck, which I purchased at New Providence, and have drawn bills on the treasurer for.

"I am, with great respect,

"Your humble servant,

"ESEK HOPKINS."[21]

The following is an extract from the inventory alluded to:

"To the Hon. John Hancock, Esq., President of the Continental Congress.

"Inventory of stores taken at Fort Montague, March 3, 1776.

"17 cannon, 9 36-pounders; 1240 round shot; 121 shells; 81 iron trucks for carriages; 22 copper hoops; 2 copper powder-measures; 1 worm; 1 ladle; some old iron, copper, lead, &c.

"At Fort Nassau, 17 cannon, 9 32-pounders; 15 mortars, 4 11-inch; 5337 shells; 9831 round shot; 165 chain double-headed shot, &c."[22]

Ten days after this report to Congress, Commodore Hopkins wrote to his brother Stephen, as follows:

"ON BOARD SHIP 'ALFRED' AT THE MOUTH OF THE NEW LONDON RIVER, April 21, 1776.

"DEAR BROTHER,—Since I wrote nothing material has happened. We landed our sick (which *were one hundred and forty men* in the fleet) and got some new men out of the army, and were ready to sail, when I received General Washington's letter by express, a copy of which I have enclosed.

"I sent out the 'Cabot' in order to strengthen the town of Newport, where she is arrived, as you will see by Lieutenant Hinman's letter, a copy of which you have enclosed. Two days past we were under sail to get out, but run ashore on the rocks on Fisher's Island, but got off again without much damage after about eight hours, and came in again and ordered all the vessels in which I had under convoy, five of whom were at the risk of the Congress. The 'Fly' is now out in order to learn the strength of the [British] fleet. If they are not much stronger than we [are], we shall go out the first fair wind.

"We are much better manned than we ever have been. My son [John B. Hopkins] is ashore, at Mr. Shaw's, and getting better of his wounds, but I do not expect he will be able to go on board his brig to take the command in less than three or four weeks.

"I am your loving brother,

"ESEK HOPKINS.

"P.S.—I have obliged most of the sailors that I have taken out of the armed vessels to do duty on board. Should be glad to know if that is agreeable with the sentiments of the Congress, that I may still follow the same rule."[23]

[21] 5th vol. Am. Archives, page 823, and the original report in the office of the Secretary of State, letters 1776, page 35.

[22] Am. Archives, vol. v. p. 823.

[23] Ibid., p. 1006.

About this time Congress passed the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That twenty of the heaviest cannon brought by Commodore Hopkins from New Providence, be carried to Philadelphia to fortify that city."[24]

It will be observed that in this resolve the Continental Congress styles Hopkins "*commodore*," which shows that it recognized the first commander-in-chief of the navy as a "commodore," that therefore as a high title it is coeval in our navy with its establishment, and it furnishes an argument that the rank should not be thrown out of the navy as has been recently attempted, more especially as a majority of our naval victories have been obtained under it, and our most distinguished naval officers up to the era of the civil war have been known by the title, and earned their honors and celebrity under it.[25]

The captive governor of New Providence applied to Hopkins for an enlargement of his liberty, who referred him to the governor of Connecticut as follows:

"NEW LONDON, April 25, 1776.

"SIR,—The bearer, Gov. Brown, requests me to use my influence with your honor, that he may have leave sometimes on parole, to go as far as where he can go to *church*. And as he is a gentleman of character, I make no doubt you will give him as much liberty as is consistent with the public safety, and further he cannot expect.

"I am with great respect
"Your most obedient servant
"ESEK HOPKINS.

"TO JONATHAN TRUMBULL, ESQ.,
"Gov. of the Colony of Connecticut,
"At Lebanon."[26]

Hopkins succeeded in borrowing two hundred men from Washington,[27] which were, however, a fortnight later demanded back and returned, as appears from the following letter:

"PROVIDENCE, May 1, 1776.

"SIR,—Your favor of the 25th of April, per express, has been received. I am very much obliged to you for the use of your men, and shall dispatch them to New York immediately in the sloop 'Providence,' Capt. Hazard. Although we still continue to be sickly on board all the vessels, so that it will be impossible to go to sea with the fleet *before we get recruited with hands, which will not be easily done*

"I am with great respect, sir,
"Your most obt. humble servant,
"ESEK HOPKINS.

"TO GEN. WASHINGTON."

[24] Am. Archives, vol. v. p. 1006.

[25] Perhaps a better reason for retaining the title of commodore is that in all the navies of the great powers, Great Britain alone excepted, it is a regular commissioned rank and title,—equivalent to that of a brigadier-general,—and that only in the British service is the commodore an acting appointment for the reason that in the British army there is no rank commissioned between major-general and colonel, other than acting brigadier-generals.

[26] Am. Archives, p. 47.

[27] See *ante*, his report to Congress dated April 9, 1776.

Writing to John Hancock, President of Congress, Commodore Hopkins alludes to a dissension between him and his relative Captain Whipple, who it seems had asked not to be deprived of his office for not coming up in the fight with the "Glasgow:"

"Enclosed you have a copy of Captain Whipple's request to me, which I suppose I shall grant, and expect that it may bring on some more enquiries, but I do not expect anything which may now be done will mend the past."

In the same letter he presents a detailed account of the fleet's doings.

John Paul Jones was the executive lieutenant of the flag-ship "Alfred," and has stated that he hoisted the "flag of America" over her for the first time in the Delaware, adding, "it being the first time it was ever displayed by a regular man-of-war." Of the commissioned officers of this pioneer American fleet, eight belonged to Rhode Island, and were appointed most probably through the influence of the "commander-in-chief." On the 19th of February, 1776, the squadron was standing with a fresh breeze to the southward of the Bahama Islands, and rendezvoused at Abaco, where the final arrangements were made for an advance on New Providence. The attack was made and the forts carried in gallant style. About one hundred cannon were captured, with a large quantity of ordnance stores and ammunition; also tbe governor of the island.

"On this occasion," says Cooper, "the first that ever occurred in the regular American navy, the marines behaved with a spirit and steadiness that have distinguished them ever since." The object of the expedition having been accomplished, Commodore Hopkins stood northward, homeward bound. When off Block Island he fell in with and captured the British schooner "Hawke," of six carriage-guns and eight swivels, and the bomb-brig "Bolton," of eight guns, two howitzers, ten swivels, and forty-eight men, well provided with ammunition and stores. For this act the President of Congress complimented Hopkins officially.[28] Before leaving the Delaware (February 17, 1776), Hopkins issued a general order for the guidance of the fleet,[29] directing the vessels in case of separation to rendezvous at Abaco, and, also, a series of day signals for their guidance, which were undoubtedly the first signals used by our navy.[30]

We are indebted to a letter written by Paul Jones[31] for the following graphic account of the proceedings of the fleet at New Providence, which furnishes an excellent supplement to the official report of Hopkins:

"When I undertook to write you," says Jones, "an account of our

[28] See Hopkins's Report to Congress, *ante*, p. 302.

[29] See *ante*, p. 300.

[30] Am. Archives, 4th series, vol. iv. p. 179, etc.

[31] Lieut. Paul Jones to the Hon. Mr. Hewes. See Sherburne's Life of Paul Jones.

proceedings in the fleet I did not imagine I should have been so stinted in point of time: I owed you a much earlier account; but since we arrived here the repairs and business of the ship have required my constant attention. I will endeavor to be more punctual hereafter; in the meanwhile I hope you will excuse this omission till I can account for it personally. I pass over what was prior to our arrival at the Capes of the Delaware, where we were met by the 'Hornet' sloop and 'Wasp' schooner from Maryland.

"On the 17th of February the fleet put to sea with a smart north-east wind. On the night of the 19th (the gale having increased) we lost company with the 'Hornet' and 'Fly' tenders. We steered to the southward without seeing a single sail or meeting with anything remarkable till the 1st of March, when we anchored at Abaco, one of the Bahama Islands, having previously brought to a couple of New Providence sloops to take pilots out of them. By these people we were informed that there was a large quantity of powder, with a number of cannon, in the forts of New Providence. In consequence of this intelligence the marines and landsmen, to the number of three hundred and upwards, under the command of Captain Nicholas, were embarked in the two sloops. It was determined that they should keep below deck until the sloops were got in close to the fort, and they were then to land instantly and take possession before the island could be alarmed. This, however, was rendered abortive, as the fort fired an alarm-gun on the approach of our fleet. We then ran in and anchored at a small key, three leagues to windward of the town, and from thence the commander dispatched the marines, with the sloop 'Providence' and schooner 'Wasp' to cover their landings. They landed without opposition and soon took possession of the eastern garrison, which, after firing a few shot, the islanders abandoned. The next morning the marines marched for the town and were met by a messenger from the governor, who told Captain Nicholas that the western garrison (Fort Nassau) was ready for his reception, and that he might march his force in as soon as he pleased. This was effected without firing a gun on our side; but the governor had sent off one hundred and fifty barrels of powder the night before.[32]

"Enclosed you have an inventory of the cannon, stores, etc., which we brought off in the fleet.[33] We continued at New Providence until the 17th ult., and then brought off the governor and two more gentlemen prisoners. Our course was now directed back for the continent, and after meeting with much bad weather, on the 5th inst., off Block Island, we took the 'Hawke,' schooner of six guns, one of Captain Wallace's tenders, and the bomb-brig 'Bolton,' of eight guns and two howitzers. The next morning we fell in with the 'Glasgow' man-of-war, and a hot engagement ensued, the particulars of which I cannot

[32] See *ante*, p. 302. [33] See *ante*, p. 303.

communicate better than by extracting the minutes which I entered in the 'Alfred's' log-book.

"I have the pleasure of assuring you that the commander-in-chief (Hopkins) is respected throughout the fleet, and I verily believe the officers and men in general would go any length to execute his orders."

The following are minutes of the engagement with the "Glasgow," 29, Captain Wingham, taken from in the "Alfred's" log, to which Jones refers in his letter:

"At 2 A.M. (March 6) cleared ship for action.

"At half-past two, the 'Cabot' being between us and the enemy, began to engage, and soon after we did the same. At the third glass the enemy wore away and by crowding sail got a considerable distance ahead, and made signals for the rest of the English fleet at Rhode Island to come to her assistance, and steered directly for the harbor. The commodore then thought it imprudent to risk our prizes, etc., by pursuing further; therefore, to prevent our being decoyed into their hands, at half-past six he made the signal to leave off chase, and haul by the wind to previous prizes.

"The 'Cabot' was disabled at the second broadside; the 'captain' (J. B. Hopkins) being dangerously wounded, and the master and several men killed. The enemy's whole fire was then directed at us (the 'Alfred'); and an unlucky shot having carried away our wheel-block and ropes, the ship broached to, and gave the enemy an opportunity of raking us with several broadsides before we were in a condition to steer the ship and return the fire. In the action we received several shots under water, which made the ship leaky, and we had besides the main-mast shot through, and the upper works and rigging very considerably damaged; yet it is surprising that we only lost the second lieutenant of marines and four men, one of whom (Martin Gillingwater), a midshipman, a prisoner, who was in the cock-pit, and had been taken in the bomb-brig 'Bolton' yesterday. We had no more than three men dangerously and four slightly wounded."

The "Alfred" was poorly prepared to contend with the "Glasgow," as her main deck guns were so near the water in a fresh breeze as to be useless. On this occasion, however, she was brought gallantly into action.

The commodore's son, John B. Hopkins, the captain of the "Cabot," seeing the condition of the "Alfred," ran up within pistol-shot of the "Glasgow," and poured in a destructive fire, and received her broadsides nearly half an hour, manifesting the most undaunted bravery. Captain Whipple, of the "Columbus," was signaled to join in the attack but failed to come to the rescue, and the "Glasgow" escaped into Newport. For this the commodore, and particularly Captains Hazard and Whipple, were censured. The latter demanded a court-martial, and his request was forwarded to the President of

Congress, who addressed a letter to Commodore Hopkins, which concluded by saying, "Though it is to be regretted that the 'Glasgow' man-of-war made her escape, yet, as it was not through any misconduct, the praise due to you and the other officers is undoubtedly the same."

The squadron after a cruise of fifty-three days put into New London, Connecticut. When we consider the prowess and prestige of England on the sea and the indifferent qualities of the extemporized merchant vessels that composed the American fleet, the cruise of Commodore Hopkins must be considered a bold and adventurous one, and it was not without beneficial results to the cause of the Colonies.

After a short stay at New London, Hopkins brought his fleet around to Rhode Island, but never made another cruise in the navy. A celebrated writer says, "Commodore or 'Admiral' Hopkins, as he was generally called even by Washington, who so addressed him in his official letters, performed remarkable exploits, though he had great difficulties to contend with. His name became a synonym for heroism and for American patriotism."

In June, 1776, Hopkins was ordered by Congress to appear before the Naval Committee, in Philadelphia, to reply to charges which had been preferred against him for not annoying the enemy's ships on the southern coast. He was defended by John Adams, and was acquitted. December of the same year the Committee of Safety of the State of Rhode Island reported, and it was

"Unanimously resolved by all the upper and lower houses of Assembly now present, to wit:

"His honor, the Governor, and three of his council and eleven members of the General Assembly, that we will, and do hereby, advise Commodore Hopkins, with the Continental vessels under his command, within any of the harbors of this State, to put to sea as soon as he thinks the same can be done with safety.

"A copy of an order of part of the committee to act in the recess of the Assembly in December, 1776.

"HENRY WARD, Secretary."

The unavoidable delay at a later period in getting his ships ready for sea gave another opportunity for his enemies to complain. Neglecting a citation to appear at Philadelphia, because no specific charges were made against him, and on account of his general disgust at the conduct of his opponents, he was dismissed the service January 2, 1778.[34] He resided near Providence, and exerted during a long life

[34] "IN CONGRESS, Jan. 2, 1778.

"Congress having no further occasion for the service of ESEK HOPKINS, ESQ., who on the 22d of December, 1775, was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the fleet fitted out by the Naval Committee;

"*Resolved*, That the said ESEK HOPKINS, ESQ., be dismissed from the service of the United States.

"Extract from the minutes. CHARLES THOMSON, Secy.

—*Boston Ind. Chronicle, January* 22, 1778.

a great political influence in Rhode Island, being often elected to the General Assembly of that State.

The difficulties of getting the ships again in cruising order, as disclosed in the letters of the time, could not be realized by the impatient people, and hence Hopkins's disgrace.

General Knox, writing to General Washington, says under date:

"NEW LONDON, April 24, 1776.

"SIR,—In consequence of your Excellency's directions, I am employed in looking at and getting the necessary information respecting the harbor, in which I shall spare no pains. I mentioned to your Excellency Newport Harbor, which, in conjunction with this when fortified, affords a safe retreat to the American navy or their prizes in any wind that blows. They are equally convenient for ships coming from sea; and if the wind is fair to go into one harbor, they may go into the other. The stores and artillery are all embarked together with the remaining company of my regiment, and I have been waiting for a fair wind two days.

"Admiral Hopkins is still in this harbor, and I believe *will be obliged to continue here some time.* He has this day received intelligence that four ships and two brigs are off Montauk Point and Rhode Island, stationed in such a manner that but one appears at a time, and each able to come up to the assistance of the others. The captain of the 'Cerberus' was on Block Island yesterday, and told a man that he was waiting for the admiral, and expected to be joined in four days by Captain Wallace and his squadron." [35]

About the same time in a letter to his wife Knox says, "I have been on board Admiral Hopkins' [ship] and in company with his gallant son, who was wounded in the engagement with the 'Glasgow.' The admiral is an *antiquated* figure. He brought to my mind Van Tromp, the famous Dutch admiral. Though antiquated in figure he is shrewd and sensible. I, whom you think not a little enthusiastic, should have taken him for an angel only *he swore now and then.*"

In Paul Jones's letter to Mr. Hewes, from which we have extracted his account of the cruise of the American fleet, he says, "The fleet having been reinforced with two hundred men from the army, is now in condition for another enterprise, and we expect to embrace the first wind for Rhode Island, where I hope we shall meet with better success, as I understand the 'Scarborough' is now there. It is proposed to clean

"He was censured by Congress for not following literally his instructions on his southern cruise, and although his whole career as a commandant reflected honor on himself and glory to the navy, his enemies finally succeeded in procuring his discharge (*i.e.* dismissal) from the service.

"From long experience as a commander in the merchant marine, where the exercise of autocratic power was deemed indispensable, he was not well fitted to brook the restraint imposed upon him by his new position, and his own judgment ruled his action when in the service of the government, regardless of its effect upon the opinions of others. Hence the hostility to him with the result named.

"The records show that after his retirement from the navy he was constantly engaged in duties of a public nature, and no lukewarmness to the cause of his country during her peril resulted from the action of the government in displacing him."—*Arnold's History of Rhode Island.*

[35] Drake's Life of Henry Knox.

the ships at Providence, Rhode Island, so that our detention there will admit of a return of letters from Philadelphia."

Soon after the arrival of the fleet in Rhode Island, June, 1776, that colony memorialized Congress for permission to retain twenty pieces of cannon for the defense of Newport; a portion of the spoils of war that had been brought from New Providence, and which had been landed and put upon platforms for the defense of the place. The memorial states that the commodore had also landed thirty-six heavy cannon at New London.

Notwithstanding the success of the enterprise against New Providence, and the alacrity expressed in the letter of Lieutenant Jones, dated the 14th of April, 1776, for a new expedition, which we have quoted, it was easier said than done, for the squadron was in no condition to put to sea immediately.[36] The seamen after their return were afflicted with sickness, the ships were not half manned, and nearly a month elapsed before the "Andrea Doria" and "Cabot" could be prepared for a cruise they were to undertake in company for four weeks from Rhode Island. The "Alfred" and "Columbus" could not fill up the complement of their crews. It was difficult and almost impossible to enlist seamen, as numbers of them had been enrolled in the army. Jones says, in a letter dated "New York, May 19, 1776: The seamen almost to a man had entered the army before the fleet was set on foot; and I am well informed that there are four or five thousand seamen now in the land service." This class of persons, always among the most patriotic, had been thrown out of employment at the commencement of hostilities, and promptly resorted to the standard of their country, under General Washington, until arrangements could be made by Congress to give more scope to their energies on the element to which they had been accustomed.

This difficulty of procuring seamen was not the only one which the infant American navy had to encounter. The unsuccessful engagement with the "Glasgow," which allowed her escape, caused considerable dissatisfaction, and unfavorable but unjust reflections were cast on the officers of the fleet. It is evident from the correspondence that while the Rhode Island people wanted the American fleet to sail and be rid of it, as its presence and the attention of the naval authorities of the enemy had endangered their safety, at the same time the American fleet was in no condition to put to sea.

Sept. 9, 1776, Governor Jonathan Trumbull, of Connecticut, wrote Governor Cooke of Rhode Island:

"Since my last I have made inquiry what naval force can be had in this State to assist in an attempt to clear the sound of the enemy's ships; and find we can soon have a ship mounting twenty guns, 9-pounders, and a brigantine of sixteen guns ready for service; we could

[36] See *ante*, Hopkins's letter to Washington, May 1.

also add another brigantine of eight guns, could we procure cannon to put upon her; besides our galleys, which we hope may be able to join them. . . . Could Commodore Hopkins be prevailed upon to join the force under his command with your galleys and such naval force as your State can furnish to our ship, brigantine, and galleys, I flatter myself it would be sufficient to effect the purpose intended; if greater force should be necessary there are two privateers in the harbor of New London that may be had to assist them."

Five days later (September 14, 1776) the governor of Rhode Island wrote the governor of Connecticut: "It is with pain I inform your honor that it is not in the power of this State to make an attack upon the enemey's ships in the sound in any manner advisable; the two galleys, and the 'Alfred,' *which is not a quarter manned,* constituting the whole force of this State;" or to advise Commodore Hopkins to put to sea with the Continental vessels at his command as soon as it can be done with safety.

October 5, 1776, the governor of Rhode Island wrote to Washington to say that it was concluded to stop the march of Colonel Richmond's battalion, "to permit such of the men as should incline to enlist in the Continental navy." In that battalion were a considerable number of seamen who it was thought would enter the navy, and in the scarcity of seamen in Rhode Island, more than twelve hundred being in privateers, it was impossible to supply seamen in any other way.[37]

The impatience of the Rhode Island people to get rid of the fleet which was drawing such attention to its waters is shown by its action on the 4th of December, 1776, when it was voted and resolved by the Rhode Island Assembly "that Esek Hopkins, Esq., commander-in-chief of the Continental fleet, be requested by special message to attend the Assembly in order that by making such inquiry as they think proper this Assembly may be enabled to render to this navy the most effectual assistance, and acquit this State of injurious misrepresentations." The same day the governor of Rhode Island wrote: "We observe you have orders from the H. M. C. to get all vessels out as soon as you can man them. . . . Nothing on our part shall be wanting."

The next day (December 5), Hopkins replied to the governor:

"Yours of yesterday I have just received, and I shall take it for granted that you will take every legal method to forward the manning of the ships; and as to what you infer with respect to wages and prize-money, I must let you know that I am *not agent or paymaster;* that I have nothing to do in that matter; further, I have no knowledge of any fraud in any officer under my command, and I believe there is none. I shall caution the officers to keep the men on board, although I believe the greatest part of the desertions was before they ever came

[37] Rhode Island Colonial Records, vol. viii.

on board; and as to what you desire that the ships should go around to Boston, *my orders will not admit of it*, and if they would I can see little prospect of securing men there."[38]

Under date Providence, December 4, 1776, he wrote Governor Cooke, in reply to a resolve of the General Assembly of the same date:

"GENTLEMEN,—I received your resolve of this day and note the contents of it. I now let you know I have long had orders from the honorable Marine Committee to get all the vessels out as soon as I can man them.

"I should be glad that your honorable board would devise some way to compel their men to enlist, and likewise some way that the great number of deserters may be sent on board, a considerable number of whom are now in this State.

"I am, etc.,

"ESEK HOPKINS."

The same date Governor Cooke replied to Commodore Hopkins:

"PROVIDENCE, December 4, 1776.

"COMMODORE HOPKINS:

"SIR,—Yours of this date is before us, by which we observe you have orders from the honorable Marine Committee to get all the vessels under your command out as soon as you could man them; and as you request of us to devise some method to complete the same, we do assure you that nothing in our power in a constitutional way shall be wanting to effect so desirable an object as the sailing of the new frigates, and we recommend that the strictest punctuality be attended to; that every man in the Naval Department be, as soon as possible, paid off both his wages and shares of all prizes heretofore taken, which will be a great inducement for other men to engage in the service.

"We are not now a committee, but as soon as we are, make no doubt we shall resolve that all the officers, both civil and military, within the State, give every assistance in their power to your officers to get their men on board, and hope more care will be taken *to keep them there* till the ships sail, *than has been heretofore used;* and if you have not a full complement of men to attack ships of any considerable force, we think it advisable, if you have a sufficient number to navigate the ships with safety round into Boston Bay to join the Continental ships there, that you immediately proceed.[39]

"We make no doubt that the State of Massachusetts Bay would assist the completion of your complement of men in a more speedy manner than it is in the power of this small State to do (whose men are already so greatly exhausted); if not they will then be in a place of safety, and may be rendered serviceable when fully manned, which if they remain here cannot be, provided this harbor is blockaded, which is hourly expected.

"All the deserters from your ships that can be found in this State shall be taken up and sent to you to Boston if you think proper to go there.

"I am, etc.,

"NICHOLAS COOKE.

"To COMMODORE HOPKINS."

To this Commodore Hopkins replied the following day:

"PROVIDENCE, December 5, 1776.

"SIR,—Yours of yesterday I have just received, and I shall take it for granted that you will take every legal method to forward the manning of the ships; and as to what you infer with respect to the wages and prize-money, I must now let you

[38] See letter in full, p. 313.

[39] They evidently wished to be rid of these unpleasant sojourners.

know that I am not agent or paymaster, that I have nothing to do in that matter, further than to use my influence that right be done to every man in the navy.

"I have no knowledge of any fraud in any officer under my command, and I believe there is none. I shall caution the officers to take care to keep the men on board, although I believe the greatest part of the desertions was before they ever came on board; and as to what you seem to desire that the ships shall go around to Boston, *my orders will not admit of such a step*, and if they would, I can see but little prospect of getting men there, as I am well assured that if one of the ships there had been manned she would have sailed before now.

"I am, sir, yours, and the members of the Assembly's

"Most humble servant,

"ESEK HOPKINS.

"TO THE HONORABLE NICHOLAS COOKE, ESQ., to be laid before such members as he may see fit."

Extract from a letter written by Henry Marchant, delegate in the Continental Congress, to the governor of Rhode Island:

"PHILADELPHIA, July 18, 1777.

"HONORED SIR,—. . . I now enclose to your honor the resolves of the Marine Committee, passed March the 25th, 1777, respecting the contract made by some of the officers of Commodore Hopkins' fleet when in Delaware River. As the complaints in consequence of that contract have still continued, notwithstanding these resolves were forwarded so long ago to the Continental agents; by order of the Marine Committee, I sent a copy of them to the agent, Mr. Tillinghast, by the last post, supposing it possible they might have miscarried before. And as I never heard of them before I left the State, for that reason I have enclosed them to your honor.". . .

After Commodore Hopkins had been dismissed from the navy, it was voted October, 1778, by the General Assembly of Rhode Island, "that Esek Hopkins be one of a committee (of five) to enquire into the causes of the miscarriages of the late expedition against the island of Rhode Island."

March, 1778, Commodore Hopkins was appointed a member of a committee to report on the petition of Mr. Joseph Ballou, who represented that he had discovered a silver-mine on his land in Cumberland, and prayed the Assembly "to grant him liberty to set forth a lottery to raise £3000 lawful money to be appropriated to opening it, the State to receive one-fifth part of said mine upon being at that proportion of the expense of opening it." And it was subsequently voted and resolved that Esek Hopkins be one of a committee "to raise that sum by means of a lottery."

An incident related by the Hon. Asher Robbins evidences the legislative influence of Esek Hopkins, and his impulsive character.

In 1786, when he was a representative for North Providence, Dr. Manning, the President of Brown University, visited out of curiosity the State-house, to look upon the Assembly, and was introduced to the floor and accommodated with a seat. Soon after the commodore arose, and nominated Dr. Manning as a delegate to Congress, there being a vacancy to fill in that body, and he was unanimously appointed. Not

long after Mr. Robbins met the commodore at the house of his brother, Governor Hopkins, and was informed by him that the idea never entered his head until he saw President Manning take his seat on the floor of the Assembly, and that then the thought struck him that he would make a very fit member for that august body, the Continental Congress.

Few men enjoyed the confidence of his fellow-citizens to a greater degree than Commodore Hopkins. His opponents invariably were strangers to him, and when we consider the circumstances attending his youth, left as he was an orphan, at an age when he most needed parental care, and without patronage, his advancement to honor and renown must be considered praiseworthy and remarkable.

The Rev. Mr. Goodrich in his historical discourse delivered in North Providence, June, 1865, speaking of Commodore Hopkins, says, "It were superfluous to praise him. His valor is a part of the heroic heritage of his nature; and his name and Perry's, who alike, in different wars, upheld the honor of our country on the sea, have given our little State cause to glory in her naval warriors. For between two and three years Hopkins was *commander-in-chief of the navy*, but the bitter sectional feeling in Congress which operated so much on many an occasion greatly to the disparagement of New England men, finally succeeded in ousting him from his honorable position. But by this act our country suffered most."

Some time before his death Commodore Hopkins gave the town of North Providence a lot of land for a cemetery, situated about one-third of a mile from his residence to the north of Providence, and within this inclosure his remains are deposited. His tombstone bears the following inscription:

"This stone is Consecrated
To the memory of
ESEK HOPKINS, ESQ.,
Who departed this life
on the
26th day of February, A.D. 1802.
He was born in the year 1718, in Scituate,
in this State, and during the
Revolutionary War,
was appointed
Admiral and Commander-in-Chief
of the
Naval forces of the United States.
He was afterwards a member of our State Legislature,
and was no less distinguished
for his deliberation than for his valour.
As he lived highly respected,
So he died deeply regretted
by his country and his friends,
At the advanced age of 83 years and 10 months.
'Look next on Greatness,' 'Say where Greatness lies.'"

When Commodore Hopkins died, Judge Dorrance, who lived in Providence, received in charge all his papers. When Judge Dorrance died these papers were left in the garret of the Dorrance building until Mr. Wharton Baker took possession of the building, when believing these papers of some importance he took them to Baltimore and endeavored to sell them there, but not obtaining a satisfactory offer for them he brought them again to Providence; and finally, with the consent of the Hopkins heirs, they have been deposited with the RHODE ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY, where they now are. These papers are arranged in three volumes. Vol. i. is made up of copies of letters written by Esek Hopkins, signals for the American fleet, etc. These letters are dated 1776 and 1777. Vol. ii. has a table of contents, 1728 to 1786. The first document is the commission given by Governor Nicholas Cooke, dated October 4, 1775. Vol. iii. contains letters and papers dated 1776–1778.

Many characteristic anecdotes are related of Commodore Hopkins. One of these is: He was laughed at for living in North Providence on such a miserable farm, and was told by one more candid than polite, "that nobody but a fool would live on such a piece of land." He replied, "No fool could live on such a piece of land, he would starve; but you see *I* am well fed."

On another occasion General Nathaniel Greene being in Providence, Commodore Hopkins invited him to dine with him. "At what hour do you dine?" inquired the polite general. "At twelve o'clock," responded the commodore. "But I do not dine until two or three," rejoined Greene. "Then you won't dine with me by a d—ned long chalk," replied Hopkins.

His success in his early calling had resulted in a competency, and on his removal to Providence he invested extensively in real estate, and with a provident management of his resources was enabled to provide for his large family without encroaching upon his acquired capital. His Providence home yet stands on the outskirts of the city, and is owned by his descendants.

His children were:

1. John Burroughs, born August 25, 1742, died December 5, 1796, leaving no descendants.

2. Heart, born September 1, 1744, died unmarried July 11, 1825.

3. Abigail, born October 25, 1746, married Joseph Hawkins, and had eight children; died April 25, 1821.

4. Samuel, born February 19, 1748, died September 22, 1750, two and a half years old.

5. Amey, born January 25, 1751, had two children, and died December, 1825.

6. Stephen, born March 6, 1753, died July 3, 1761, eight years old.

7. Susanna, born May 10, 1756, married Rev. Dr. John Maxcy, 1791, died ——, leaving seven children; one of her sons, Virgil, was killed by the explosion of the gun on board the "Princeton," in 1844.

8. Esek, born June 9, 1758, died 1777.

9. Samuel, born ——, died 1782, leaving a daughter, Sarah, who died October 30, 1860, aged seventy-eight years.

10. Desire, born May, 1764, died May 20, 1843; she married twice, and had three children.

As the decease of all the commodore's sons preceded his own, and all died without male issue, with his own decease the Hopkins name ceased to exist in *his line*, though numerous descendants through marriage of his daughters are yet living in Rhode Island and elsewhere.

In this connection it seems only proper to record in brief what is known of his sons.

Captain John Burroughs Hopkins, the eldest son of Commodore Esek, was born August 25, 1742. He married his cousin, Sarah Harris, October 2, 1768, daughter of Henry Harris and Hope Hopkins, who was born December 7, 1742, and died December 8, 1824, at the advanced age of eighty-two years, having survived her husband twenty-eight years, and died December 5, 1796, aged fifty-four years, *without issue.*

He commanded one of the boats engaged to convey the parties who captured and destroyed the "Gasper" off Pawtuxet, on the 9th of June, 1772. He followed up this exploit by service of a naval character during the American Revolution.

He commanded the "Cabot" of fourteen guns, and was severely wounded in the engagement with the "Glasgow," as we have already recorded.

June 8, 1776, he was appointed to the command of the frigate "Warren," and sailed from Providence on a cruise, February 16, 1778, and on the 16th of April arrived in Boston with the "Queen of France," Captain Joseph Olney, and the "Ranger," Captain Simpson. These ships had sailed under Captain J. B. Hopkins as senior officer, and had captured seven British vessels, one a twenty-gun ship and six transports with valuable stores, and twenty-four British officers bound for Georgia. The value of the captured stores was estimated at *four hundred thousand dollars.*

Esek Hopkins, Jr., the eighth child of the commodore, graduated at Brown University in the class of 1775, at the age of seventeen years. Very little information concerning him can be gathered, and that little is somewhat confused in the matter of dates. Arnold in his History of Rhode Island, vol. ii. p. 441, says, "In July, 1779, he was in command of the privateer 'Lively,' which vessel had been a British privateer of ten guns, taken by Colonel Talbot in a small

sloop, called the 'Argo.'" Colonial Records, vol. viii. p. 335, notes that he was a prisoner of war at Halifax, having been captured by a British force while acting as lieutenant on board the "Providence" sloop, and in the December term of the General Assembly, in 1777, a resolution was passed that Major-General Spencer be requested to suffer and permit Lieutenant Otway, who was captured by the State's forces with the British frigate "Lark," to be given up in order to redeem said *Hopkins* from captivity.

The triennial catalogue of Brown University notes him as deceased in 1777. No record of his father's family contains the date of his decease, and the probable conjecture is that Arnold was in error, and that Esek, Jr., died in 1777, at Halifax, while a prisoner of war, before an exchange could be effected. No gravestone for him is in the family burying-ground, while the resting-places of the other sons of the commodore, Samuel excepted, who died at sea, are thus identified.

GEO. HENRY PREBLE,
Rear-Admiral U.S.N.

ONE OF THE DUANES.

(Continued from page 199.)

CHAPTER XIII. (Continued).

A MILD laugh rippled around the circle.

"One naturally begins to wonder a little,—even the most charitable,—you know," Mrs. Voorhees smilingly went on, "when these headaches recur so remarkably often."

"Is Miss Duane particularly subject to headaches?" Miss Levara asked, innocently.

"Oh, whenever convenient, I believe; or, if it isn't headache, it can easily be something else, you understand," returned Mrs. Voorhees.

"Well," put in Mrs. Crawford, a young and rather pretty bride, whose husband adored her, "if Miss Duane really is fond of men (which I don't think she is, so very, as she has snubbed two or three of the set here more than once), you'll admit that the objects of her affection seem most heartily to reciprocate the sentiment."

"Ah, she flatters them, no doubt. The least vain of mankind delight in flattery. In fact, they cannot withstand it when judiciously administered."

"I feel so great a confidence in your opinion on such matters, Mrs. Voorhees," laughed Mrs. Crawford, good-naturedly, "that I shall try a large dose upon my husband next time I want him to buy me a new dress. I think he will be a tiny bit surprised."

"Ah, your husband evidently hasn't gone over to the enemy yet, my dear," observed Miss Collingwood, sagely, "or you wouldn't put yourself out to defend Miss Duane. Though really, for my part, what men see so miraculously lovely to admire and rave over about her, *I* cannot conceive."

"Don't you think men rather fancy stupid women, if they have any pretensions to being pretty?" asked Miss Levara, with an air of appealing to a higher wisdom than her own. "It pleases them to feel that they are talking to some one who is intellectually inferior to themselves."

"Oh, yes; they never forgive a woman who gets the better of them in a repartee," murmured Mrs. Voorhees, a little savagely.

"But certainly Miss Duane is not stupid," protested poor Bonny's one advocate. "I should fancy her a girl with wit enough to make even ignorance charming. And she is *not* ignorant either; on the contrary, very accomplished, I should think."

"She has every appearance of being particularly accomplished in several nice little arts; but yet, if we would be as charitable as Mrs. Crawford evidently thinks we ought to be, we should trust that she is indeed *blindly, grossly* ignorant of army customs and distinctions, at least, unless we would cast her from among us as a *pariah!*" Mrs. Voorhees exclaimed, with very bright eyes, and a color visibly rising beneath her pearl-powder.

"Why—why—what do you mean?" several ladies began excitedly to interrogate. Mrs. Voorhees's expression was promising of a very choice bit of gossip, indeed.

For a moment she did not answer, but bent her head over her embroidery, with an ominous sparkle showing under her black eyelashes.

Mrs. Collingwood had begun to be a little alarmed for the success of her afternoon, and now, although inwardly consumed with curiosity, unselfishly interrupted to stem the dangerous tide of gossip which was setting in. "I can easily get it all out of her afterwards, when we are alone, if she really knows anything worth telling," she thought, as she said aloud, hurriedly, "Come, come, good friends! Really I must advise that it is quite time we took up Hume."

A hush instantaneously fell upon the humming circle. Mrs. Voorhees flushed with annoyance, but said nothing, merely biting her scarlet under lip viciously with her small, sharp, white teeth. Knitting-needles began to click, "lost stitches" were picked up, and the worthy Hume formed a cloak for many little private meditations and conjectures.

Presently Mrs. Collingwood, who had been reading, drew out her watch and consulted it gravely. "My fifteen minutes are up," she announced, "and now I will hand the book over to you, Mrs. Voorhees."

"Allow me just a moment or two, to finish this daisy I'm working on: it is almost completed," returned Mrs. Voorhees.

"I beg your pardon," spoke up Mrs. Partridge, an elderly, sharp-visaged lady who presided over the establishment of her bachelor son; "but just while we are waiting, I really think it may be my duty to inquire if a certain thing which has come to my knowledge can have any bearing on what Mrs. Voorhees said a few moments ago. There may be nothing much in it;—it came through a servant, and one never should place *too* great confidence in what these ignorant colored people say;—still it has troubled me considerably, especially since Mrs. Voorhees spoke. It is about a letter which concerns Miss Duane."

Every one waited breathlessly. Even the knitting-needles were stilled. This promised to be too tempting, and the scruples of the hostess were laid aside. Mrs. Partridge continued, in an unctuous, subdued monotone, counting out some patches for a satin "crazy quilt" with one yellow, claw-like finger as she spoke, "You know that mulatto girl, 'Partheny,' as she is called, Mrs. Revere's waitress? Well, Mrs. Revere has taken some interest in her, as she is rather a bright, tidy-looking creature, and has taught her how to read, though not very fluently, I dare say. It wouldn't be like Mrs. Revere to take *too* much trouble for any person who could not repay her, you know. But, to return to the point, this girl told my cook, Rosie, that in sweeping one of the hearths she had come across a torn sheet of pink letter-paper with some words on it, which she made out as accusing Miss Duane of—of—well, in short, a rather questionable acquaintance with some common soldier on the post. His name I am not quite sure of, though it was mentioned, I am confident."

"Was it Dane?" suggested Mrs. Voorhees, with a certain gravity of manner, covering a suppressed but ungovernable excitement.

"That *was* it, I believe. Did you know anything about it?" sharply and quickly.

Mrs. Voorhees flushed even more deeply than before, and her eyes drooped slightly beneath the gaze of her friends and companions. "Of the letter, of course, nothing," she said emphatically, yet not *too* emphatically; "of the affair itself, a great deal,—more than is pleasant, I assure you."

"You don't mean to say there is *really* anything in it?"

"Oh, horrid! I never heard of such a scandal at an army post!"

"And she pretends to be a piece of such elegant perfection! Quite too disgraceful, I declare!"

"*What* is it, anyway? What is the story?"

"You *must* tell us what you know! You have said too much now to keep silence." And so on, with numerous and varied condemnatory ejaculations, during the recital by Mrs. Voorhees which immediately ensued.

"Well, of course, I am a girl myself, and should be sorry to believe such quite too awful things of any other girl, especially one with whom I had associated," asseverated Miss Collingwood (who was soon to celebrate her twenty-fifth birthday). "Let us try to be charitable, and *say* we won't believe any more than we are positively obliged to. But I *do* wish Lola and I hadn't asked her to be in our tableaux."

"Perhaps you can get out of it," Mrs. Collingwood suggested, with maternal solicitude. "It might be better if you could, without making too much talk. You might even change the nature of the entertainment, if not too late, to something in which her assistance need not be required. Otherwise, let us give the poor misguided girl the

benefit of a doubt. Of course, it becomes a painful duty at times to condemn other people's errors and mistakes, especially where there are young ladies to be considered; yet now, friends, I do not see that we are justified in making any pronounced move at present, and therefore we must be careful that we do not yield to the temptation of degenerating into *gossip*, so I make a motion that we continue our reading until it be time to adjourn for refreshment."

Hume again was reluctantly called into requisition, while the scheme of "Mutual Improvement" was for the moment allowed to drop.

CHAPTER XIV.

On reporting to the deputy collector of internal revenue at Pensacola, Sidney was surprised to learn that instead of proceeding to the hills near the boundary-line of Alabama, as he had supposed, the directions received would carry him and his command to a certain large and desolate Floridian swamp. Sidney only knew the place from varying accounts to which he had listened, regarding a poisonously malarial sheet of water appropriately known as "Death Lake," which lay hidden in and surrounded by the swamp. However, the deputy collector would accompany him, and the party was provided with a guide,—a hideous, pock-marked Floridian who had turned "State's evidence" against the very gang of whom they were in quest. This high-toned and tobacco-spitting Southern gentleman was an acquaintance of Private Dane, who, somewhat to Sidney's surprise, had been among the men selected by his captain for this duty, and it occasioned him a vague sensation of displeasure and distrust whenever he observed the two conversing together.

"What knowledge have you that that villainous-looking guide of yours is to be trusted?" he inquired of the deputy collector, after they had boarded the train at Pensacola.

"Merely the reason that he has only received half his pay down. The rest he won't get till we are safely back," said the collector, laughing.

The plan was that the party should proceed a certain distance by rail, when at a signal, previously agreed upon with the necessary authority, the train should be stopped, and they should be let off in the midst of the pine woods. They had reported to the collector at six o'clock, and then had marched down to the station. By the time that they had dragged tediously over the insignificant number of miles which they were able to travel by rail, it was past seven o'clock, and the principal part of the journey remained to be accomplished. The region through which they now had to march in the best order they could maintain was desolate in the extreme, with tall pines stretching their bare boles far skyward before they were crowned by green, and scrubby brushwood under foot that made the men stumble as they

walked. An eight-miles' tramp, and they had reached the river, where all were glad to take a brief rest, and to drink some coffee, which the soldiers heated over a fire built of sticks.

An ancient and dilapidated negro, whose cabin tottered rather than stood by the river's side, and who scraped a precarious living by fishing and renting three or four boats apparently nearly as ancient as himself, was now paid for the loan of all his floating property, and then taken off bodily (though protesting) lest his babbling tongue should work mischief to their expedition.

The men now began to be imbued with the spirit of their undertaking. The longest march had been made, they were in the midst of what was to them a new and interesting country, and they expected soon to come upon their prize. Up the brackish, slow-running river they rowed, with the flat pine lands on one shore, and on the other a hideous waste of swamp.

So on and on. Everything expressed utter loneliness, and they scarcely passed a cabin among the soughing pines. The old negro, at length reconciled to his kidnappers through the bonus he had received, chatted volubly from time to time, telling of the lurking dangers of the swamp, and gloatingly relating weird legions of the poisoned Death Lake. Then he would count out his lately-earned money upon the two pointed knees which showed in brown patches through a series of holes with some fragmentary bits of trousers still attached. When the process of counting was finished to his satisfaction, the money would be stowed away in a knotted bandanna, next his bony breast, only to be brought forth again presently, as his greedy eyes longed to feed once more upon his unaccustomed wealth.

He had been assigned to the boat with Sidney and the collector, and catered not a little to their entertainment.

It was half-past twelve o'clock when the boats arrived at the mouth of a creek which afforded an opening to the lake, and so into the swamp. No more uncanny could have appeared the entrance of the river Styx, and Sidney was forcibly reminded of Doré's weird fancies. Although high noon was hardly past, they seemed to be sailing into the veritable birthplace of the night. Tall cypresses hedged them in and towered up—up—until to the lifted eye apparently they reached the very zenith. Thick, rope-like vines twined bare, black arms from tree to tree, and formed a woody lattice, while rusty trails of Florida moss spread a matted net-work over all, and dropped tangled loops and ends into the pool below. As they rowed onward, awed or depressed into a desire for the silence which it was necessary to maintain, the darkness grew more intense, and not a man, save perhaps the stolid negro, but thrilled with an odd, untranslatable emotion that was half horror, half amaze, when at length their boats pushed out into the lake. Death Lake, indeed! with its thick, green floor of stagnant scum

which wrinkled like cream before the passage of the boats' bows, and clung upon the lifted oars. The very air was heavy, and the twilight was dense as with the breath of nightmares. A deathly silence reigned; there was no sound of bird or splash of fish, and the place seemed set apart from life and days, and the world of humanity, by the curse of its Creator.

The lake was long and narrow, of a peculiar shape. No water was visible, all being coated with the foul, green slime; but if one plunged a hand beneath the surface the liquid below was warm, with a sleek, repulsive feel, and (it might have been merely a trick of fancy) one's fingers certainly seemed nerveless when again they reached the air.

The creek through which the boats had passed was the only known outlet of the lake, and legend said that *inlet* there was none. All about lay the desolation of the swamp. The cypresses so bent their giant forms that in places the parasite vines had bridged the water with their branches. Others reared their high defiance up to heaven, shutting away forever the light of sun or moon (except while directly in the zenith), and sending out gnarled, twisted roots to drink from the lake thus jealously guarded.

"It's a moughty good ting, massahs, dat you hain't gwine ter be heah any much by night," whispered the old negro, his low, guttural voice breaking the silence with a strange effect. "Dey ses 'tis suah def to be heah tru' one whole night. I knowed a wite man done lose hissef hea' ons't, an' when dey come de nex' day an' foun' him in de swamp, his face was black as dis yere niggah's. Den dey darsen't fotch him home, but done pitched him in de wattah, whar I s'pose he lies yit, ef de debbil ain't cotched him 'fore now."

"How, then, do the distillers contrive to live, if what the old man says about the deadly malaria is true?" asked Sidney, turning to the deputy collector.

"Oh, they no doubt get away somehow before night. All their business may be done by daylight, or rather in the daytime, for there's precious little of the other here," he answered.

"I wish," went on Sidney more than half to himself, "I could overcome a certain disagreeable impression that I'm a sneak, engaged on a dastardly rather than a laudable undertaking. One hates to do a thing by stealth, when that means pouncing down with ten men on perhaps two or three unprepared wretches. Of course, it's all right, and the only way, but its repulsiveness strikes me in these silences as it hadn't done before."

"Wait a little," said the collector, rubbing his hands slowly back and forth over his chubby knees. "Save your remorse until you are out of the woods, lieutenant. It is now"—taking out his watch—"twenty minutes of two. I'd like to hear what you'll have to say in a couple or so more hours."

The boats were rowed across the lake, where, at the point of entrance to the swamp, a fallen cypress had been laid about with planks as an impromptu landing. Here the men hastily moored the negro's property, and, under Sidney's orders and the suggestions of the guide, formed a line of march toward the swamp's unknown interior. All were armed, and each man knew by heart his own directions, among the foremost of which was to make as little noise as possible while plodding through the muddy ooze.

Presently the guide halted. "Do you smell the wood smoke?" he asked. "Well, that means we are close to the distillery."

"I want to send out one of you men to act as a spy," said Sidney, surveying his command.

George Dane stepped forward with a rapid salute. "Won't you take me, lieutenant?" he eagerly inquired.

"No," shortly and sternly. "Murphy, you go in that direction as cautiously as possible, proceeding till you see some sign of the whisky camp. Observe carefully just what the number of men is, how situated, and what the best approach is. Then come back here without any delay. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir." And saluting, Murphy set about putting his instructions into instant practice.

Sidney occupied the time of waiting in issuing some last directions to be carried out in case certain complications in the anticipated programme should arise. As he concluded his commands, Rawles, the guide, stepped up to him and began asking him a number of what seemed to Sidney foolish and unnecessary questions. He answered somewhat impatiently, but the discussion had consumed a moment or two, and when the officer turned again towards his men, the group consisted of but nine.

"Where is Dane?" he inquired, sharply.

Nobody knew. He had managed to steal away without attracting any one's attention to his movements. Scarcely more than a minute had passed, and it seemed impossible that he could have gone far, although some subsequent moments of fruitless search for him were convincing that a good deal of ground may be covered in a very short space of time. Rawles displayed a degree of alacrity and anxiety that was truly laudable, and yet he only succeeded in making himself more than ever an object of suspicion in the eyes of Lieutenant Sidney. There was now no further time to spend in beating about through the swamp for the deserter, if indeed Dane had voluntarily become one; and the man had made his calculations well. In Sidney's mind there remained no doubt that he had all along intended to desert when the fitting opportunity arrived, and inwardly he cursed what he termed his own stupidity and lack of foresight.

Murphy very speedily returned with the intelligence that the dis-

tillery indeed existed, as had been described, and that it was not even as far distant as they had been inclined to suppose. He had only been able to discover three men, and they were occupied, apparently unsuspicious of any hostile presence.

"Come on, then, men," said Sidney, taking the advance. "We will have them peaceably if we can, but at all events, I'm resolved it shall not be our fault if this expedition fails to do what is expected of it." Cautiously they picked their way through the yielding soil of the bog. Sometimes a man would sink unexpectedly, with one leg in the mud up to the knee, or the foot of another would catch in a tangle of fibrous roots, and he would pitch forward, losing his cap in the wet, fleshy grass. Had it been a little later in the year the place would have been infested with swamp moccasins, the deadliest of all the many poisonous Southern reptiles; and, even as it was, one or two crawling, mottled coils were seen stealthily disappearing beneath the trunks of fallen trees.

Presently, through a sudden break in the matted net-work of trailing moss and knotted vines that formed an almost impenetrable screen before them, they sighted the object of their search. A fire had been kindled on a comparatively dry spot, and large copper kettles were suspended over it. A number of barrels stood or lay about, while a large heap of brushwood, evidently intended for use as a covering and concealment when necessary, was piled close at hand. Low in the air hovered a thick blue cloud of smoke, and a sickly odor of burning wood added its incense to the reeking vapor of the swamp. Two men stood throwing sticks upon the blaze, and another, with a tin-cup in his hand, had evidently been sampling the whisky from a barrel.

According to Sidney's previous directions, as soon as the whisky camp had become visible, his men had spread themselves about, surrounding the spot as well as natural obstacles allowed; and now, as he gave the word (whether it was because it is as hard to take one's whisky through another man's lips, as it is to see "one's happiness" through his eyes, or merely because of a certain inspiration in their commander's look and tone), the little band swooped down on the distillery with a will.

There was no struggle,—not a shot fired,—to the keen disappointment of some members of the party, and the three despoilers of the governmental pocket and peace of mind were captured, so to speak, red-handed. They were simply three thoroughly surprised and disgusted men, who considered themselves as martyrs, having been aggrieved beyond reparation. At first they could scarcely realize what had come upon them, but once aroused to a realization of it, they bore their calamity with a species of sullen resignation which would speedily have changed to fierce resistance, had there been the faintest hope that such a change could save them.

Having secured his prisoners and detailed a guard to look after their welfare, spiritual and physical, and having also stationed sentinels in case of attack from some unexpected quarter, Sidney and the remainder of his force (saving the old negro, who had been assisted against his will to follow with the party) set cheerfully about the work of general destruction. Since nothing could be carried away, all must necessarily be reduced to chaos, lest a new distillery should arise, phœnix-like, out of the ashes of the old.

It was merely agreeable muscular exercise to scatter the brushwood, stamp down the fire, and beat the copper kettles out of all shape or utility; but it was with countenances expressive of the keenest mental agony that the men burst asunder the full barrels, and saw their fragrant, golden-brown contents wasting its sweetness on the desert air. Sidney's permission for each man to have "one drink" filled their hearts with rapture and gratitude unspeakable, and the privilege was speedily enjoyed. If the celebrated "tailor's thimble" had been available, it would have been used as a convenient means of making the "one drink" a "sweetness long drawn out," but a good deal can be adroitly accomplished, without conspicuous greed, by medium of a tin-cup. The deputy collector, also, condescended to dip his pocket-flask into the gushing fluid, and, turning toward Sidney, drank to the success of all such future undertakings.

"Hurrah for the artillery! the —th forever!" he cried, while almost simultaneously a shot rang through the air, the sharp "ping" of a bullet whistled close by Sidney's ear, and the collector's hand shook as his silver flask was struck and nearly sent out of his grasp.

Instantly came an alarm from the sentinels,—a little too late to be of any practical importance. The destroying party threw down their axes, and picked up their arms, in time to face a rapidly advancing knot of men who had crept upon them from the ambush of the low-hung boughs. A dozen or fifteen there were in all,—a strange group, with unkempt beards, slouched hats, and uncouth garments, but they were armed to the teeth, and sprang upon the soldiers with a yell of exultation and defiance. After that one shot, which had so narrowly missed its mark, there followed a scattering storm of bullets, fired haphazard, with no commander save passion, and directed by neither discipline nor skill.

Now the advantage of the tried soldier over the untutored mob began to assert itself, in spite of the shock and surprise. The men had been prepared beforehand for just such an attack as this. They had not expected it, but they had been directed what to do in case it came. Sidney had his force rallied and organized in a moment. He was cool, though excited, and his example formed an immediate inspiration for his men. In spite of discipline, however, there was one instant of bewilderment, and something like confusion, and in that instant two

of the prisoners had effected their escape, joining themselves with their newly-arrived friends.

Sidney was filled with a bitter anger, which well-nigh merged into a personal hatred, as he saw the form of Dane among the band of ruffians whose ill-gotten advantage was doubtless owing to his treachery. The same thought, perhaps, was in the mind of each, "He shall pay for this!" while the temporary line of defense became a counter-attack, and discipline bade fair to win the day over numbers.

Dane and his rough comrades, aided by the two escaped distillers, fought with an angry desperation, yet steadily changing their aggressive tactics as they lost their ground. For Dane, capture meant punishment scarcely less severe than death,—in a manner worse, perhaps, to a man of his temperament. He had staked his all upon the venture, and could not afford to fail. The surprise and superior number were what he had greatly counted on, and the sullen force with which men will fight for their own; and he was like a maniac when he saw how inch by inch, slowly, yet surely, his men gave way.

He seemed to have assumed the command, after a fashion, since the first, when all had been confusion, and, with a mutual impulse, he and his lieutenant had each singled the other out as a special target.

"Come on, men," shouted Sidney, "we'll chase them to the lake! Keep your eyes on Dane: he mustn't get off again!"

ALICE KING HAMILTON.

(To be continued.)

JACK HAULTAUT, MIDSHIPMAN UNITED STATES NAVY; OR, LIFE AT THE NAVAL ACADEMY.

(Continued from page 185.)

CHAPTER VII.

END OF THE FIRST TERM.

MENTION has been make of the store and a pass-book. It may be well to acquaint our readers with some further details of a financial character. The pay of an acting midshipman was five hundred dollars per year. Of this sum one hundred dollars was put aside, under the title of reserved pay (or R. P., as it was generally styled), to be given to each one upon graduation, to pay for the necessary outfit to be procured upon entering upon active service. This left thirty-three and one-third dollars per month from which all expenses were to be defrayed. First and foremost of these came the mess bill, for, contrary to the commonly-received opinion, the government does not furnish its naval officers with their provender. The amount of this was some eighteen dollars per month, the provisions being furnished by a commissary, widely known and universally respected by all with whom he has ever been associated. The portly form of the genial, kindly colonel could be seen every market-day, rain or shine, at an hour when his constituents were still asleep, procuring the viands for the day. All the mess arrangements were under his care, the bill of fare being made out by a board of officers appointed for that purpose. At that time the luxuries of cold tea or milk, with butter at all three meals, were entirely unheard of, and many were the reports made of those whose desire for the lacteal fluid overcame their fear of demerits. Butter was frequently saved from the breakfast-table, placed in the interior of a hollowed crust of bread, and stowed away under the tables, for use at dinner. With the remaining sum the washing was to be paid for, and then clothing, boots, etc., as needed from time to time. When any article was wanted a printed form was filled out in the requisition-book of each midshipman, and by him submitted for approval to the captain.

The books were sent to the storekeeper, a list of the names of those who had approved requisitions was read at breakfast formation on Saturday, and the "store-party," in charge of one of its number, proceeded to its destination during the forenoon. Ordinarily, by the exercise of strict economy, the pay was quite sufficient to cover all necessary expenses; and to those not in debt was given each month a dollar, wherewith to enjoy themselves at Daute's or otherwise.

The policy of isolation before referred to had the result of keeping Jack's class in ignorance of much that was taking place on shore, and of many of the customs of the school. The term then went on its usual course, the hops succeeded each other rapidly, the drills were bringing the class to some little knowledge of the practical part of their chosen profession, the Christmas holidays (with a grand ball lasting until two o'clock A.M.,—with a supper furnished by the colonel,—followed by any number of zeros at the first recitation of the day) came and went, and the semi-annual examination drew near.

Jack had succeeded in keeping his position in the first section, though not without some trouble. At that time the higher sections of the class had rather longer recitations assigned them than were given the lower ones, and every fortnight a transfer was made of those who had done badly in one section by putting them down a step, and advancing those of the lower section who had done well enough to merit it. It not unfrequently happened that half a dozen men in the third section would have higher marks than those in the second, and in such cases a transfer would generally be made: not always, however, for frequently the instructor would manage in some way to persuade the head of his department that Smith ought not to replace Brown, though his marks were higher. Carried out rigidly, the system was not a bad one, as an incentive was constantly present to induce study; but carried on as it was, with a good deal of partiality, it undoubtedly merited the fate of abolition that it met in later years.

While the routine went smoothly on within the precincts of the Academy, events of great importance were taking place in the country, occasioning considerable excitement among the midshipmen, though, as a rule, there was but little ruffling of the surface quiet that existed on board the ship. Still, there was a good deal of feeling underneath, and as the election of Mr. Lincoln was followed by the events so well known to every reader of this chronicle, those members of the class from the North were drawn more and more together, as were those from the Slave States. Soon after the secession of South Carolina the first break in the ranks was made by the resignation of the midshipmen from that State. The class was sorry to lose these genial fellows, and public opinion was so undecided here, as indeed throughout the country at large, that the step taken by these young men was regarded quite as a matter of course. That they should "go with their State" was the de-

cided opinion of all the Southern youths, and most of those from the North sympathized with this feeling. The little ripple of excitement produced by this episode soon subsided, and recitations and drills went on as in former years, until the month of January brought the subject of the semi-annual examination to the front as the question of the hour. The studies of the past three months were reviewed, and every one was preparing for the dreaded ordeal. No one knew how the examination was conducted, and it was with somewhat quaking hearts that the first section in arithmetic marched ashore, and entered the lyceum, a room hitherto sealed from their vision. It adjoined the library, and was quite crowded with models of various vessels of the navy, together with many curiosities contributed from time to time by various officers. Here was a table, with several chairs around it, and blackboards conveniently placed, from which signs it was rightly concluded that the academic (somewhat disrespectfully called the epidemic) board was soon to assemble to hear what the individual members of the section knew regarding the subjects over which they had been laboring for the past months. Soon they entered, the superintendent took his place at the head of the table, his usually genial face bearing somewhat of the look of a bored, or about to be bored, person. There were some officers there whose presence was quite new to all these junior classmen. The commandant of midshipmen, next in rank to the superintendent, a lieutenant of over twenty years' standing, was now first seen by them. His duties on shore were quite like those of the commanding officer of the school-ship, who was to the class under him the commandant, so far as they were concerned. Various heads of departments, who had been visible in the recitation-rooms once or twice during the term, were there also; and some, whose duties lay entirely with the upper classes, were regarded with a good deal of curiosity. The cold, blonde professor of mathematics took his seat at a small table, and said, "Gentlemen, come and draw your papers." All advanced, and from a quantity of apparently blank slips of paper each drew what fate assigned to him. An examination of the other side revealed the prize drawn, and, after a moment's delay, Jack's name was called: he was to read his question, and then to solve and explain it, which he proceeded to do with rapidity and ease. Alas for the vanity of human hopes! The subject was so easy that he grew careless, and, in the midst of his talking, stumbled, floundered, and fell. Mortified beyond measure, he took his seat, feeling that he had disgraced himself beyond recovery, and that his failure would bring dire results (he knew not what) in its train. Visions of an enforced return to the paternal roof flitted before his eyes, and the thought that in his weekly letter he would be obliged to tell his mother what had befallen him was maddening. At last the ordeal was over, and the section filed out, to be replaced by another. Outside the door the jolly countenance of Jack's

friend, the other professor, was seen, and he was at once appealed to to know what would probably happen. "Failed did you, eh? Bad, Mr. Haultaut; very bad! Pass you down half a dozen numbers, at least. I'm sorry for you: look out for June, sir." "Only go down six places," thought our young friend; "what a relief! and I sha'n't have to tell mother that I have disgraced the family by failure to pass." For the first time did it become clear that the examination was only a relative, and not an absolute, means of determining class standing. The marks given by the board were combined with those received during the term in a certain definite proportion, and hence it might happen that an almost total failure might occur, without causing a final falling below the standard of 2.5.

There was an interval of two or three days before the other examinations and the beginning of the second term, and the first section in geography determined that there should be something done to commemorate their emancipation from the hard and fast bonds of Cornell's text. Accordingly a series of resolutions was drawn up by some of them, and submitted to the rest for their approval. They read as follows:

"By the Fourth Class, First Section in Geography, in Convention duly assembled:

"WHEREAS, It hath appeared in the course of the present examination that the Board of Examiners are not furnished with text-books, and hence are not supposed to be acquainted with the component matter of a text-book edited by one S. S. Cornell; and

"WHEREAS, As our instructor is wont to say, 'I have not paid much attention to the subject lately,' and 'It may be so, but the book don't say so;' and

"WHEREAS, According to the same authority, 'It is generally hard work to give the first section anything but 4's,' and that hence we may hope to 'come out with flying colors;'

"Therefore, be it unanimously *Resolved*, That any member of the section whose lot it may be to write upon the subject of Volcanoes, Earthquakes, and Springs, who does not introduce into his exercise, 'Lonely Iceland, situated in the regions of eternal snow,' or who, having to discourse on Lowland Plains, shall fail to describe 'The shepherds of the Pampas,' etc., or omits to say, 'Woe be to the animal,' etc., or who in any exercise whatever omits what our venerable instructor is pleased to call 'anything of interest,' whether Mr. Cornell informs us of the fact or not, shall be obliged to deliver a discourse over the mortal remains of our text-book on the occasion of its consignment to the depths of the Severn.

"*And be it further resolved*, That in order that each member of the section shall fill his board, he shall first write what he knows to be so; secondly, what he thinks ought to be so; thirdly, 'anything of interest' that he knows is not so; and, lastly,—if he gets stuck,—that which he does not know."

This having been signed by all the members of the section, the following day brought to light in the examination-room flagrant derelictions from the resolutions; and in the afternoon preparations were made for the funeral, and speeches got in readiness for the occasion. Three boats were lowered, and, headed by the first section in the life-

boat, the procession pulled into the outer harbor. Here the boats came together, and the speeches were made; some poetry (very bad, it is to be feared) was read; and finally, with great solemnity, the leader of the section threw into the river a brand-new geography, draped with crape and white flowers, the assembled thousands (?) joining in the familiar requiem,—

"We are going home."

To the book was attached a buoy, with the following inscription:

"Sacred to the Memory of
CORNELL'S GEOGRAPHY.
Died February 21, 1861.

'Come to order, young gentlemen!'—SOFTWOOD, i. 27."

So close was the surveillance under which the class was kept that there was but little room for any gross infractions of the regulations; but on this last Saturday night, after all was reported quiet on the berth-deck, and every one was supposed to be wrapped in slumber, there was suddenly heard a loud rumbling noise, which seemed to pass from one end of the deck to the other, and which most effectually roused all hands from their real or feigned repose.

This was followed by another, and still another; and soon the practiced ear recognized that it was the rolling of 32-pounder shot which caused the disturbance. By this time the officer in charge, a delightfully pleasant fellow, called Bobby for short, having made a hasty toilet, appeared upon the scene. In his peculiarly crisp and somewhat sarcastic voice he inquired, "Who's been rolling those shot?" Naturally there was no reply, and then with a quiet remark to the effect that "he didn't want any more of that skylarking," he departed. Hardly had he ensconced himself between the sheets, or the innocent ones in their hammocks dropped off to sleep again, when the thundering reverberation once, twice, thrice repeated, roused all hands once more. There was not much doubt what was to happen, for the sound had barely ceased before the familiar "rat-tat, rat-tat" of the drum, accompanied by the shrill whistle of the fife, was heard sounding the call to quarters. A moment later was heard the voice of the officer of the day, "Turn out everybody, lash your hammocks and stow them in the netting." Amazed, bewildered, and disgusted, feeling robbed of the sweetest part of their night's sleep, the commands were moodily obeyed by all, and then was heard Jack's voice on the gun-deck giving the order to fall in. The crews were mustered, and the reports made as usual. Bobby quietly remarked, "Gentlemen, you all know why you are here. If those gentlemen who rolled the shot will make themselves known, the rest will be allowed to go below." Of course

there was no reply. Nine-tenths of the class were ignorant of the perpetrator of the offense, and none would have told had they known. There were many, a majority indeed, who would have stepped at once to the front and acknowledged their guilt rather than have their classmates punished, but those who had done this were not made of such material. Having directed the adjutant to bring the battalion to a parade rest, Bobby sat down and said, taking a cup of coffee that was handed him by a servant, "Well, gentlemen, I think I can stand it as long as you can."

> "There was silence as of death,
> And each one held his breath,
> For a while."

And still they stood, with no nearer approach to a solution of the problem than at first. After an hour, finding no headway made, Bobby had the order, "Attention!" given, and then said, "Does any one know who did it?" As there was no reply, beginning at the first crew, he passed along the line, asking each one in turn if he had done it, and from each he received a negative reply. Here was a dilemma, and his sharp wit was quick to seize the opportunity for a few remarks to the effect that "he supposed it must all be a mistake; that no shot had been rolled; that the drum had not beaten to quarters, and that he was still in bed, or else some one had *lied!*" "It is a hard word, gentlemen," he said, "but the truth must be told. Some one in the class has *lied!* I only hope, for the sake of your reputation, that you will discover the offender, and as of course I cannot find a man who takes refuge behind a falsehood, I must leave the case with you. March to hammocks, sir!"

This was the first case of the kind that had occurred, and Jack and Ben, who had each been brought up to regard falsehood as a despicable meanness, consulted with the captains of the various crews, and it was decided that the fellow must be found out and either made to acknowledge his guilt or else be reported. It was an easy matter to find him. He was indeed known to his captain, who, while he would not tell his name so long as it was a mere question of skylarking, now determined that it should be made public. Accordingly, a moral pressure judiciously applied early on Sunday morning produced the desired effect, and it was soon known that the culprit had confessed, and that Jacobs was the man. He had not been liked in the class, and as he was fully persuaded that he was deficient in all his studies, he took this method of showing his spite. He was not mistaken, for on the Monday he received an intimation from the Department that he would be permitted to resign. In naval parlance he was *bilged*, and departed to his paternal roof, never heard of until in the last years of the war he was found to have amassed a reasonable fortune as a sutler. Accompany-

ing him in his banishment were some ten or a dozen others, whose names had been for the last three months constantly among the *immortals*, the last section in everything. They were of small loss either to the class or to the service, and the gap caused by their absence was not felt, except when at great-gun drill an extra pair or two of hands would have been found acceptable.

When the class-standing was published, Jack found himself ten in mathematics, lower than he had ever stood, and among the single numbers in the other studies, save in drawing, where even all the genius of the old Don (who had half finished his last picture) could not bring him above fifty. With these results he could not but be satisfied, though he was determined not to remain so low in mathematics. With a fixed purpose to regain his lost position and to advance his general standing, so that if possible he might be a *star* (one of the first five), he began the studies of the second term.

ALLAN D. BROWN,
Commander U.S.N.

(To be continued.)

CHRONICLES OF CARTER BARRACKS.

(Concluded from page 155.)

WE were just on the point of saying that friendships of a purely feminine nature seem a good deal like the Santa Cruz River, which capriciously disappears and then breaks out again in some new place, instead of confining itself to that monotonous regularity of flow so much more preferred by both the resident and transient public. Nobody cares to put up a castle by a spring that drops out of sight one week, and the next breaks loose a day's march down the valley.

Restricting ourselves, then, to the time of our story, we are willing to introduce Mrs. Truffles as the dearest friend of Mrs. Featherfoot, which implies that they trimmed their bonnets and tested their recipes together.

Mrs. Truffles was just in the mood for a quiet talk. Her husband was out, the fruit season was over, her store-rooms were filled with cans and jars and pots of all manner of devices, sweet, spiced, and tart; and, after such careful anticipation of the various appetites under her charge, Mrs. Truffles felt as though she was entitled to a little leisure. For she was altogether too wise to flatter herself that her husband was of the sort that are "content with anything," generally for the reason they can get little else. On the contrary, she knew that the gastric juices, left too much to themselves, are very apt to wander off into improper relations with beer, nicotine, a straight flush, and divers other entangling alliances, much to the detriment of good sound protoplasm. So she gave him no excuse for change of diet or inquiry after court-martial details as far from home as possible.

Mrs. Truffles, at the very instant of her visitor's entrance, detected that preoccupation of mind which meant either something to tell or something to borrow, the two great conservative impulses which hold society together, both in barracks and on Murray Hill.

Now we must stop a moment to note how pleasant it is to think that we have no secrets from the reader. Our story is as plain and simple as Herbert Spencer himself. The practice of crowding a plot into the last page or so is very reprehensible. It encourages hasty work and desultory reading. Everybody turns at once to the conclu-

sion and then finds the rest insipid; whereas it is the charm of our method that the reader gets nothing more at one end of the work than at the other, and even less in the middle.

It was near tattoo when Mrs. Featherfoot came home, taking advantage of the escort of Captain Truffles on his way to roll-call, all of which he invariably attended, including reveille, instead of assigning it to his subalterns, whom, by the way, he considered very useless pieces of military furniture. He thought they should be shut up in a sort of incubation-box, and only taken out when there was a vacancy above them. But they are very useful, principally in memorializing Congress and keeping our law-makers alive to the fact that we have an army, and that it needs everything—exeept fewer officers.

However, one lieutenant after another, they reported to Captain Truffles, and one after another were quietly told that nothing was required of them but to keep as far away from the company as practicable. This was in view of a peculiar experience of the captain's which nearly killed him.

Having consented to absent himself for rather a long leave, by changes while he was away, Lieutenant Straightedge finally took his place. Method was this gentleman's passion,—not the methods vulgarly adopted by the service, but his own individual methods. Finding it necessary one day to refer to the clothing-book, he was struck by a "happy thought." He went to work immediately to revise and fix up its balances after a plan of his own, so that the most cursory inspection should show the exact standing of each soldier. Any indebtedness to the government should be carried out in black ink, as the color most suitable to such mournful results, while the credits of the men should be entered in the brightest of red. In that way, a half-glance at the page would show whether further issues of clothing were advisable. This was the main idea, but there were other improvements equally luminous and far more novel. The consequence was in time a record that reminded one of the American flag eclipsed in crape.

Now, the clothing-book had been kept by Captain Truffles himself, with every figure secured and verified by his own labor, and set down in his own hand, not, perhaps, with the precise evenness of prize-penmanship, but plainly enough to be read by any careful inspector; and when the captain returned to duty, and Mr. Straightedge proudly produced his work, and sought to indoctrinate his company commander into the mysteries of red balances, black balances, blue diagonals, and parallel combinations of red, black, and blue, that officer turned on his heel, walked down to the first sergeant's office, and prepared an order in reference to the company records that made access to them on the part of his future lieutenants about as easy as admission into the ordnance corps. All the labor of Mr. Straightedge was finally bundled into the stove, and the captain, having spent nearly two months on a

new clothing-book after the good old ways, then took all the roll-calls into his own hands, so as to expose the company to as little contagion as possible, which explains why Mrs. Featherfoot had the pleasure of his society as far as her gate after her visit to the madam.

By the time these two ladies had disposed of the news about Mr. Buttons, it was understood that he, Mr. Penwiper, and Major Longbow had passed a very jolly afternoon over at "that place," the major of course singing his famous song of the "Three Black Cats" at the top of his voice, while the other two beat out the time, one with a tumbler and the other with an inkstand, until the sight of the officer of the day through the window put a stop to the uproar, and Mr. Buttons staggered off to bed.

Not all of these facts had been communicated by Mr. Featherfoot, or even disclosed by his wife. They were the inevitable interpretation of shrugs and sighs and nods, half-uttered phrases, and significant interjections, with all the other machinery by which realities become myths, the commonplace grows into scandal.

Mrs. Truffles was a very good-natured woman, but, like Aristides, Aspasia, and the people of those times, was fond of hearing some new thing. Her husband had married rather late in life, was addicted to silence and cod-liver oil, and much given to executing anomalous designs with scroll-saws, lathes, and other enginery of that species. Whether it was to carve an eagle or to wheel his company, he labored with an accuracy that made existence a burden to the guides and his work a model for nature. It followed that the madam was largely thrown on her own resources. She compounded all manner of recondite comestibles in the kitchen, while the captain was busy with bric-a-brac in the garret. For a neighbor to run in now and then with the last rumor from headquarters, or the newest incident from the bachelors' mess, or the style of the most recent arrival from the metropolis, was an act of charity partly, and if the madam took too lively an interest in such things, clearly it was the fault of her husband, who should have been reading "Thaddeus of Warsaw" or the Waverley Novels to her instead of doing up still life in walnut.

But it was a very strange thing that Mrs. Boomer fared no better than Mrs. Truffles. It will be recollected that there was nothing silent about the captain himself. On the contrary, he was loquacious as the poly-voiced sea, a veritable speech-mitrailleuse, and yet the moment he passed within his own entry-door no oyster could have said less.

Why this should be so it is difficult to see. At the club, on the corner, after parade, and, more particularly, at whist, the captain was inexhaustible; but the moment he was *vis-à-vis* with Mrs. Boomer at his own fireside all inspiration failed him, and he sank away to sleep and recuperation for the next day's monologue. Neither was there anything soporific about Mrs. Boomer. Her eyes were always open,

and no remark of hers was ever off the target, nor did she need a sighting-shot in order to get home with what she wished to say. Come to think of it, probably this simple directness on the part of Mrs. Boomer was the very thing that made the vocal embroidery of the captain impossible. It is not pleasant to have the embellishments of a narrative stripped down to the very skeleton by a lady, though, like all the rest, she has no scruple in enveloping herself with an amount of fabrication in wire, muslin, lace, and ruffles that would put the Arabian Nights to blush. Mrs. Boomer, however, was not an acrid woman. She was simply no poet, and as incapable of exaggeration as a compound pendulum, not from any sense of duty, but from sheer poverty of nature. She was one of those people who read the history of Diedrich Knickerbocker, and, tormented with doubt as to its accuracy, would look him up in the encyclopædia to verify his family and surroundings, and permit themselves a mild wonder that he is not down among the K's with Keats and Kepler.

But Mrs. Truffles delighted in Captain Boomer. She found him far more entertaining than the post-library, despite its literature, that ranged from Abercrombie on the "Intellectual Powers" to Zimmerman on "Solitude," and bore evidence of the tastes of many a commanding officer, from General Storms, an austere man with a large family, who had contributed Hutton's "Recreations in Science" and Pollok's "Course of Time," to Major Moulds, who, unmarried and of an antiquarian turn of mind, left behind him Blount's "Nomo-Lexicon" and Selden's "Table-Talk."

Consequently, when Captain Boomer dropped in the next evening after Mrs. Featherfoot's visit, Truffles was up-stairs, as usual, executing landscapes in wood, and there he was left to stay. Though in the matter of Mr. Buttons the madam had been charged never to tell, and her promise to that effect accepted, it was only after the manner of the two back-buttons on a dress-coat, as a survival from the times when such things meant something, and linger into the present from simple inertia.

So Mrs. Truffles began to banter the captain on the alacrity with which his subaltern, Mr. Buttons, was completing his professional education, and how gratified his commanding officer must be at this new proof of efficiency. And Captain Boomer—well—well—what clams and champagne were to Tom Tice was the revelation of this evening to him; for he was no teetotaler, except on courts-martial, when he punished all cases of intoxication with a severity that was of no small benefit to the United States treasury, if but little to the transgressor, perhaps out of a desire to convince himself that his opinions were correct, however askew his practice might be in this particular respect.

Slowly did Captain Boomer digest the delicious morsels of this

feast, where Buttons was served up like Pelops, and whose reconstruction, ivory shoulder and all, we still undertake to bring about.

It appeared to have been satisfactorily ascertained that Mr. Penwiper, Major Longbow, the lieutenant, and some others had engaged in a pretty severe carouse up at the "Soldiers' Home;" that the major had been called upon for his favorite song, which was received by Mr. Buttons with satiric applause; that the major hereupon had intimated that melody was no part of the course at the Academy, and Mr. Buttons no more of a judge of music than of brigade drill; upon which Mr. Penwiper interfered, with a remark that he had heard of field-officers who provided themselves with miniature editions of tactics pasted in the tops of their hats, and soon tumblers and inkstands were flying about the premises like Hebrew roots through a divinity student's dream. Finally the officer of the day suppressed the disturbance, and, in spite of entreaties to the contrary, was almost certain to report the whole affair to the colonel.

Mrs. Truffles was one of those generous people who give far more than they receive, and find themselves truly blessed in doing so. Whether it was fricasseed chicken or gossip, nothing passed through her hands without material enrichment. Yet she never went out of the way to distribute her good things. At her dinner-table or by her fireside you were always sure of the best there was, but you had to be there to get it.

It is not Mother Partlett that can be held altogether responsible for a nest-full of ducks. The hues of the blossom are not in the bulb. Most of the color in which Mr. Buttons's adventures were now dressed was evolved by the subtile chemistry of Captain Boomer's imagination. So when he went home that night he was quite confident he had something to say to which Mrs. Boomer would listen. He was mistaken, as the sequel showed. She heard him as a cat might be supposed to hear a canary, with little care for the song, and a good deal of calculation as to the distance. She was putting this and that together. Mrs. Truffles and Mrs. Featherfoot were quite intimate. Mr. Featherfoot, too, was the officer of the day concerned. Probably, then, he was the source of the story. Now, Mrs. Boomer had seen a good deal of service. She had never read Virgil, and could not have translated

> "Fama
> Mobilitate viget viresque acquirit eundo,"

but would have said, in her homely idiom, that garrison-talk, like commissary rice, swelled dreadfully in the cooking. Besides, she was well acquainted with most of the elderly officers, not as in uniform, but as in essence,—not through her husband, but her own eyes and ears, all the more reliable that their work was seldom obstructed by her tongue.

She knew Mr. Penwiper to be as steady as an ox, and that any spirituous indiscretion was no more to be expected of him than from an ice-house. A toddy at eleven o'clock, another at three, and a third just before bedtime, neither more nor less, had been with him a rule as fixed as the remotest star. And that Major Longbow should ever forget who he was and what was due to him so far as to quarrel with a callow graduate, was as soon to be thought of as John Randolph for a Mormon or Jonathan Edwards at the circus. No one knew or could know exactly how much Major Longbow thought of himself, just as no one would think of hefting Mount Monadnoc in the hand, but it was most certain that he could be trusted—with his own dignity, surely as President Washington.

The madam proceeded to point this out to Captain Boomer in her chilly, matter-of-fact way, until that gentleman went down-stairs to shake up the furnace, and deplore the utter lack of concern evinced by Mrs. Boomer in local events. But she had undoubtedly saved him from a good deal of trouble.

Shortly after this Mr. Buttons, who discharged his social duties as punctually as those of roll-call and drill, paid his respects to Mrs. Truffles, and gradually came to fancy that he was looked at with a sort of quizzical interest, pretty much as one watches a kitten introducing herself to a bumble-bee, and anticipates what a novel addition to her experience she is about to acquire. This evening the captain was off in one corner working out an involved problem in tactics by means of compasses and India ink, and the lieutenant, in trying to conceive of himself as doing such a thing, got to feel very miserable and unworthy of his commission, all of which seemed to the madam like the remorse natural to previous levity, and her sympathies were wakened. Just how to administer consolation, dashed with enough reproof to make it a tonic, was a puzzle. But heaven helps those who think seriously of helping other folks, by opening up all manner of unusual opportunities. The lieutenant picked up her thimble, and commenced at once to compliment the madam upon its diameter.

"Well," replied she, "small as it is, there are some things of which it could hold a great deal too much."

The lieutenant thought of India ink, but only ventured a hesitating, "Y-e-s."

The madam went on: "There are occasions when a thimble would do better than a tumbler."

Mr. Buttons laughed, and tried to conceal his ignorance of what was meant. The madam thought him under conviction, and added, "Certainly, for instance, it ought to contain less headache."

The lieutenant sprang at a solution of the riddle, and mournfully asked Mrs. Truffles if sewing gave her the neuralgia. He had heard of such cases, he said.

The madam, in despair, turned the conversation towards the probabilities of a regimental move, always an easy subject for diffident subalterns, and soon Mr. Buttons took his leave, feeling as though he had gone back to the calculus and confusion of the section-room.

There was time, however, to discharge himself of Mrs. Featherfoot, and thither he went. Generally this lady was very gracious, for the lieutenant reminded her of red clover and apple-blossoms and summer afternoons not so very long ago, when the visions of love were in the fourth state of matter, and before they had materialized into a smoking husband, a cross cook, and a tipsy laundress, when Mars seemed glorious in the gold and crimson that had so soon become tarnished brass and rusty flannel.

But now Mr. Buttons, in all his spring-like innocence, this very last oriole of the madam's aviary, had turned out quite an ordinary sparrow, and she resented the degeneration of her ideal even though it partly vindicated the dingy plumage of her own bosom bird.

Her reception, then, of Mr. Buttons was not what he anticipated, —it seemed frosty and styptic. She met him somewhat as Father Mathew might have met Doctor Maginn. There was a ray of affability, but it struggled though the fogs of disapproval. The social experience of the lieutenant was limited; he felt driven in upon his own resources, and went home resolved to find his entertainment in himself hereafter, and take up the higher mathematics or a course in ethics, and let the world and women go.

And when he next encountered Mr. Featherfoot, that gentleman was by no means as responsive as usual. The tide of his conviction had begun to ebb, and he was quite uncertain if he had done Mr. Buttons justice. Consequently he felt aggrieved, not with himself, but with Buttons, after the manner of conscientious people generally. This, however, was a minor inconvenience. If you like another man's wife very much, you are prepared to dispense with the husband's society.

Heretofore we have followed the main current of the rumors set in motion by the Featherfoot family. But there were eddies beating against remoter shores, like the kitchen, for instance, of the junior household of the garrison. Mrs. Jafferty and her husband were recent acquisitions, due to the enterprise of Jafferty senior, who used to go to singing-school in "auld lang syne" with the present wife of—never mind. The fact would have been of no use to him in these days of appointment by examination and promotion for worth, and so far he was fortunate.

But Mrs. Jafferty was ready to believe anything of the service. In the last six months she had already moved nine times, till there was not a sound saucer or a safe chair in all her belongings. No matter who joined, bachelor or benedict, Jafferty was sure to be turned out, until he had desperate thoughts of applying for the dead-house, and was

wont to cast envious eyes upon the chickens of the post-commander, whose spacious coop reared its latticed front directly beside Jafferty's "short cut" to the garrison.

And the madam said in her heart that the whole of them, from the colonel down to the chaplain, were a mean, nasty set. She would much rather her husband kept a country-store, but yet he remained in the army, as most of us do, notwithstanding the loss thereby to—other trades and professions.

Consequently, Mrs. Jafferty was not at all surprised when she heard from her cook *ad interim*, who was a company laundress, the madam having exhausted every intelligence-office in the district, that some of the gentlemen had been having a dreadful time over their cups, and that the colonel was going to have Major Longbow tried, and that Mr. Penwiper had consented to transfer into another regiment, and that Mr. Buttons had resigned.

When she told this to Jafferty he would have said *si non e vero e ben trorato* had he known how. He cared for no knowledge except that of vacancies above him, and scanned his elders with sharp eyes for any evidence of chronic ail or breaking health. A hollow cough from a captain was like a note of Patti, and a yellow-faced major pleasanter to see than even the paternal acres of pumpkins and corn. But he did not yet feel quite at home in the service, save for a blissful moment or two on pay-days, and devoted himself mainly to keeping his tactics and tobacco uppermost on the quartermaster's truck through the various shiftings of his furniture over the reservation.

Coming from the land of Goshen, he was prepared to believe anything of men who drank aught stronger than buttermilk; but having found little demand for his opinions hitherto, he kept them in stock and dreamed of the consolations of a future colonelcy, since as far back as he could verify his ancestors not one had died under eighty-eight. But he counted no chickens until they could crow, or at least cackle. When a resignation or a dismissal or a death came down from the adjutant-general's office, then he revised his army register, and meantime waited patiently for the years to roll by, where we leave him simply as a beach-mark, to show the farthest reach of the Featherfoot legend.

Mr. Penwiper had been very kind to Lieutenant Buttons, with kindness of an open and tempting sort, like the colored sunlight streaming down a free-church aisle, lighting up everything except the contribution-box. Our young friend accordingly ventured to lay before the adjutant the problem of his cool reception by the Featherfoots. As it involved some real acquaintance with the intricacies of the female mind, the selection of Penwiper was peculiarly appropriate, as he was a bachelor who never had aunt or sister, and whose mother had been years in heaven.

The adjutant listened good-naturedly, for this was before the days of target-records and percentages, and when the old guard scattered ball and buck over the nearest hill-side, and trudged silently homewards to gather strength for the next tour. He assured Mr. Buttons that these little oscillations of the domestic thermometer were as common as dandelions, and meant nothing more than an infidel's kiss of the Bible. "Probably," said the adjutant, "Featherfoot had forgotten to pay his respects to the door-mat, or the servant had broken a bit of old china. You know," added the sage, confidentially, "that anything upsets a woman, and she takes it out of the first man she meets."

This was a satisfactory view of the case, so far as it concerned the lady, but it left the change in Featherfoot himself to be accounted for. Mr. Penwiper disposed of this very briefly. "You never can tell," said he, "what to expect from a married man."

Mr. Buttons, being already in the second month of a third engagement, looked alarmed, and the adjutant hastened to explain. "He either loves his wife or he does not. In the one case her wishes govern him absolutely, and he passes outside the reach of any known laws into the domain of the supernatural." And Mr. Penwiper illustrated the transition with a graceful wave of his pipe upwards, leaving to Mr. Buttons large possibilities of inference as to the indefinite blessedness of that man. "But," continued the adjutant, "if, on the other hand, he is disobedient to the heavenly vision, he puts himself equally beyond ordinary calculation, only in the opposite direction." And Mr. Penwiper thrust his pipe towards the floor with a vehemence which showed that he intended his meaning to go very much farther.

Mr. Buttons was beginning to feel rather sorry for Mr. Featherfoot, in view of his probable destiny, and he half resolved he would overlook any torpidity of demeanor in an officer occupying so difficult a position, when the adjutant resumed his pipe and counsel. "If this sort of thing continues," said he, thoughtfully, "it might signify something, some little official inadvertence on your part which a word or two would dispose of, and perhaps you had better speak to Featherfoot about it when convenient."

But any further trouble in the matter was saved, and that by Captain Boomer himself. It was not the nature of this gentleman to allow any uncertainties in his vicinity, and, as Mr. Buttons was one of his own subalterns, the captain felt it all the more incumbent upon him to clear things up. Nor did he waste any forethought upon his operations. "Good-morning, good-morning, Mr. Buttons!" shouted Boomer when next they met. "What's this I hear about your going off on a spree with Penwiper and the rest of them?"

"On a spree with Mr. Penwiper?" repeated the lieutenant, looking at the captain as if questioning *his* sobriety.

"Yes; they tell me you had a time of it, sure enough."

"*Who* tells you so?"

"Who? Why, the whole garrison is talking about it."

If Mr. Buttons had suddenly come across his own coffin he could not have been more astonished, and he showed it so genuinely that Captain Boomer immediately felt a greater respect for his wife's judgment than ever. Fortunately, drill-call sounded, and there was no time for further questions; and that drill was diversified by an incident so altogether out of the line of the profession, into the details of which our present complications do not now permit us to enter, that the shock set up a sort of counter-irritation with Mr. Buttons; and, as two rightly-adjusted waves swallow up one another and leave a smooth sea behind, so, when drill was over, the lieutenant had recovered his equilibrium, and was quite inclined to believe that his captain was joking. And innocence can afford to be indifferent in proportion to its purity.

But Mr. Buttons was on the edge of a discovery that would probably render unnecessary his projected self-discipline with Quaternious or the problem of the origin of evil. It occurred to him that if any rumor, however absurd, of indiscretions on his part had gone abroad, it would explain his apparent exile from female favor, and give some coherency to those wonderful remarks of Mrs. Truffles over which the lieutenant had pondered in vain.

And in the intervals of looking after the skirmish-line at that day's drill he had concluded that Mr. Featherfoot would certainly know what the whole garrison was talking about, and, under cover of a natural interest in this, he might explore that gentleman's disposition generally. Coming events not only cast their shadows before, but once over the meridian they leave them behind, walking in the trail of which Mr. Buttons found increasing suggestions of Featherfoot's concern with his difficulties. There was that accident at the adjutant's office, which suddenly came to the lieutenant's recollection, together with the tenor of Mr. Featherfoot's look, manifesting rather more surprise than an ordinary stumble would merit. What connection there could be with that and Captain Boomer's assertion did not, however, appear. In the midst of these speculations Mr. Buttons came face to face with Featherfoot in person. He accepted the omen. "Mr. Featherfoot," said he, "just before drill I met Captain Boomer, and he said there was a very strange story out concerning me. Have you heard anything of it?"

Now Mr. Featherfoot was constitutionally unable to gain time for himself by any diplomatic circumlocutions. He pulled out his watch, of course, and did not even see that he was looking at the back of it. But Mr. Buttons did. Nor had the latter been long enough in service to sour his sympathies. "Don't let me detain you, Mr. Featherfoot," added he, briskly.

That gentleman, however, made no attempt at escape. With a

deprecating cough, he replied, "Ah, well—yes—the other day, you know—I saw you at the adjutant's; but of course I made no report of the matter,—no official report."

"No report of what?" impatiently asked Mr. Buttons.

"Well, you know, I saw you; it couldn't be helped."

"*What* couldn't be helped?"

"Why, Mr. Buttons, everybody understands what a pleasant place old 'Vesuvius' is. Ha! ha! Once in a while there is a little drinking there; not enough to do any harm, to be sure; nothing to be talked about,—that is, to any extent."

"Of course not," said the lieutenant; "but, Mr. Featherfoot, I never drank a drop of anything there or anywhere else."

"Certainly, Mr. Buttons, certainly; but it looked that way, at least it seemed to, to me."

Colonel Peppercorn's appearance at this moment put a stop to the interview, and, moreover, he took Mr. Buttons home with him for a game of chess, for which the lieutenant possessed a qualification to be found in very few of his superiors. He accepted defeat with so much grace and good nature that even the kind-hearted colonel never hesitated to do his best without a fear of depressing his opponent's happiness by a hair's breadth. And, in fact, Mr. Buttons, on this occasion, though sadly beaten, looked as merry as Mark Twain. Very droll were his recollections of Featherfoot's fragmentary speech and confused manner, in such contrast to his usual appearance, like that of a man on whom the sun of Austerlitz rises daily the year round.

To him the intervention of the colonel came

"Like the benediction that follows after prayer."

It brought him time, at all events. But time, taken into partnership, depends for its value very much upon the other member of the firm. There was nothing better to be done, so Featherfoot thought, like the average man, than to shift the responsibility. So he made his way home, and called the madam to account for tale-bearing.

"You have got me into a pretty scrape," was his ejaculation, as he stood up before the fender, where so many of his sex have intrenched themselves in that worst of all positions, between two fires,—"a pretty scrape indeed. Here is this fellow Boomer spreading all over the reservation some story of yours about that frolic of Mr. Buttons. Certainly, I have never spoken of it except to you."

The madam laid down her work. Her eyes sparkled. She replied very slowly, "Well, Mr. Featherfoot, if I have said anything, I have only said what was true,—that is, if you told the truth to me."

"Good gracious!" was the only answer Mr. Featherfoot had at command. He could hardly fail to see sleepless nights and short rations

ahead of him unless he manœuvred cautiously. Looking out of the window as though some spectacle of great interest was transacting there, "I remember," he went on, plaintively,—"I remember what I said,—I was very careful, very: that it appeared to me Mr. Buttons had been drinking,—that was it, had been drinking,—if I was not mistaken, and it seems I was."

"*If*, indeed!" retorted the madam; "I heard no ifs, but a story that lasted nearly the whole of dinner-time."

"Good gracious!" said the lieutenant. He felt that on the occasion in question he had made more use of Mr. Buttons than was prudent. Once a man opens his mouth, except to eat, the vocal instinct may commit him to anything. Men, and women, too, have gone to the asylum, the stake, the altar, who never had the slightest purpose to go anywhere, simply because of lack of tension in the *orbicularis oris*. Presidents have been made by it and dynasties overthrown.

It is almost unnecessary to report that Featherfoot was in due time forced to see that there was only one thing for him to do. Being alone to blame, he should, the madam thought, hunt up Mr. Buttons at once, acknowledge that he had been altogether too hasty in his conclusions, volunteer to so state to Captain Boomer, and then invite the lieutenant to tea. The madam was confident that this would redeem the past and secure the future.

It was quite late in the evening when Mr. Featherfoot started out upon his errand of reconstruction. He found Mr. Buttons at home, and that gentleman was somewhat taken aback at the hasty and disconnected excuses to which he was treated. It was not his nature to make such a task disagreeable or to prolong it, nor even to this day does he quite understand how it all came about. "A matter of no consequence, none whatever; really nothing to be troubled about. Won't you sit down?" And finally Mr. Buttons persuaded his visitor to join him in a quiet smoke. Inspired by the only other party present, Ponto the pointer, the conversation soon drifted into a discussion upon the difference between quail and partridge.

But Mr. Featherfoot forgot the invitation to tea, and it was a very lucky thing for him that Major Longbow never heard of his connection with the story according to the revised versions. The major looked after his good name with all the energy of a man who has nothing else to look after, and was wont for the benefit of every young gentleman to distinguish carefully between intemperance and that grateful recognition of the good things of life which is a part of the duty of man, and never perfectly discharged, says the major, except when the sugar is clean and the whisky pure, in which case the water may be safely left to itself.

H. W. C.

PROMOTION IN THE CIVIL SERVICE.

THE subject of this article designates an act so utterly devoid of any system beyond that of personal preference in its execution, that it may be said of it, without fear of successful contradiction, that it is wholly destitute of any of that order of safety and justice which, by the limitation of power in the executive officers of the government, characterizes most other acts pertaining to the civil government. This is a matter so far removed from public scrutiny, that it has failed to receive such attention in the acts of Congress governing the executive departments, as has been applied from year to year to many other acts of far less importance, but which, from their nature, attract the attention of the people.

Promotion in the civil service is governed by no law in its operation. It is an act of an executive officer, which, strange as it may seem, is beyond any legal limits or restraints. Its operations are wholly outside of any legislation, and it has no shadow of any organized system.

It will readily be seen that a matter of so much moment to thousands of employés in the civil branch of the government, which is left entirely beyond the control of law, or even of departmental regulation, cannot fail, for these very reasons, to present innumerable acts of injustice.

Under this condition of things merit alone can never hope to combat successfully with influence and personal friendship.

A combination of these two qualifications is almost always certain to secure the advance of their fortunate possessor very rapidly, while, if separated, merit becomes impotent. As long as promotion in the civil service remains without law or system, there can be no stimulus to exertion to attain such merit as in other affairs of life would be deservedly rewarded.

The writer of this article does not intend in any sense to reflect upon the acts of the heads of the departments in this matter, for it would be simply an impossibility for them to acquaint themselves personally with the hundreds of people in their respective departments, or to ascertain their qualifications by personal interviews or examination.

The recommendation for promotion, whenever a vacancy exists in

any bureau of a department, is made by the head of such bureau to the Secretary. The matter of personal preference or political influence often begins right there, and ends, almost without exception, in the promotion of the person so recommended; unless, as is sometimes the case, the head of the bureau is ignored by some daring applicant, who either by personal importunity of the Secretary, or by the mustering of his or her Congressional delegation in his office, secures the prize.

It must not be inferred from these statements that either merit or justice are rebuked in every case of promotion, for it frequently occurs that a promotion is made which is eminently proper and justly commendable in the appointing power; but such cases are far more frequent as exceptions than as a rule. In a large department, in which there are employed from one to two thousand persons, distributed through eight or ten different bureaus, it is not difficult to comprehend how completely buried a single individual may be, so far as the probability of his merit or qualifications ever being brought to the attention of the head of such a department is concerned; and the consequent impossibility of receiving deserving official recognition under such circumstances cannot but be equally apparent.

In view of this condition of things in that inner life of the civil service, which from its position and nature seems to demand no special recognition or attention in the general legislation governing the civil service, and from the daily proofs of injustice which are presented, as the result of acts beyond the control of regulation or system, it would seem that now, while the spirit of reform is so heartily commended by the people, that its benefits should be extended beyond the surface, into the heart of this great governmental establishment.

The Civil Service Commission simply opens the door of a department and admits an applicant after having passed a successful examination, and there it leaves him to fight his own way to advancement if possible. I venture to assert that no plausible reason can be presented why the civil service should not be as susceptible of regulation in the matter of promotions as the military or naval service.

In either of those branches of the government the man's position and grade are established from the very day of his commission, and his advance step by step is positive and assured. Those who come into the service behind him are always behind him; their advance cannot be faster than his, except by some special reason, which can in no case be a violation or evasion of the law or regulations.

There is no reason why the same or a similar system should not be extended to the civil service, and by its fairness establish a foundation upon which those servants of the government who are faithful to their charges may hope for the recognition of merit, when the time shall have arrived for its reward by promotion.

In the general legislation governing the civil service since the close

of the war, it has always been contemplated, and in some acts of Congress has been incorporated, that in selections for admission to the service, as well as in the matter of promotion, those men who served in the Federal army should have the preference, other things being equal. It has also, by common consent and by the practices in all branches of commercial life, become an established rule that those people should first be considered for promotion whose term of service has been the longest, provided, of course, that they should be otherwise qualified.

It has been the frequent observation of the writer that applicants possessing both of these worthy advantages have been compelled to witness the advancement of a person claiming neither of them.

There are numerous plans which might be offered as remedying this disordered state of things in the inside life of the civil service, and it does not seem difficult to devise a system which shall, by its harmonious working, remove the possibility of simple political or personal preferment, as the power for elevating men and women above their fellows in the civil service, and so establish each one in the line of promotion as to place beyond doubt the advancement step by step, and the positive reward for long and continuous faithful service.

I. E. VAIL.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

On Saturday, February 21, under a sky clear but cold, amidst thousands of interested spectators, and with ceremonies as elaborate as the severity of the weather would allow, the Washington Monument was formally dedicated. It marks an epoch in the commemorative history of the United States, both in itself considered and for what it suggests, and its completion ought to be a subject of congratulation among all good citizens.

Its inception dates back to 1799, when Congress recommended a marble monument to the memory of Washington, which should fitly commemorate the great events of his military and civic career. This was, however, mere paper, and in consequence of the impoverished condition of the country nothing was done till 1833, when an association was formed, with Chief Justice Marshall as its president, to raise funds and begin the work. The funds were raised by private subscription, and it was not until July 4, 1848, that the corner-stone was laid. Slowly the shaft crept upward until it reached the height of one hundred and seventy-four feet, and in that incomplete state it remained through all the war for the Union, fit symbol of the uncertainty as to whether the nation itself would survive the awful conflict. In the centennial year of 1876 Congress assumed charge of the work, enlarged and strengthened the foundations, and has at last completed the column.

It has been urged that in the case of a fame as great as that of Washington any visible memorial is useless, that there is no possibility of his name perishing among men, and that statues, columns, and other memorials are needful only in the case of lesser men, who otherwise might be forgotten. However that may be, it is well that the work once undertaken should be carried through to a triumphant conclusion. In its simplicity, its grandeur, in its materials contributed by so many States at home and lands abroad, in its height, unreached as yet by any work of human hands, it may be fairly be taken to symbolize that character among men,—the character of Washington.

Never has there been greater need that the true elements of the best character should be emphasized among us than now. We have been fond of exulting in the extent of our territory, in its wonders of moun-

tain, stream, and prairie, in our physical power, in our wealth and resources, so that our society is become sodden with materialism; and we need to be reminded that none of these things, nor even that wide education of which we boast, can take the place of character. And, happily, no character is better worth the studying for those needed lessons than that of our own Washington. His absolute truthfulness, his simplicity, his purity, his transparent honesty in public and private life, his thorough discharge of duty, his subordination of his own ease and comfort to the service of his country, his calmness, his patience, his fortitude and faith, the steadfastness with which he bore envy, malice, and detraction, the absence of mock-modesty, and the quiet insistence upon his own worth until the work confided to himself was done, his far-reaching wisdom, his sublime patriotism, and his unaffected piety, all these make an example of priceless value to his country and the world. This nation will be found to degenerate in all that is worth anything in proportion as that high character is forgotten; and it will accord to its truest greatness as its citizens, in public and private life, approximate to the standard furnished by Washington.

Among all the tributes which have been rendered to Washington, none have been heartier than those from Englishmen. These tributes date from his own times; and of those which have lately been given, it is pleasant to recall that of one whose own character is one of the chief glories of modern England,—Mr. Gladstone:

"If, among all the pedestals supplied by history for public characters of extraordinary nobility and purity, I saw one higher than all the rest, and I required at a moment's notice to name the fittest occupant for it, I think my choice at any time during the last forty-five years would have lighted, and it would now light, upon Washington."

Fit prose for the noble lines of Byron,—

"Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the Great;
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes, one,—the first, the last, the best,—
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make man blush there was but one!"

We are unable to give our readers the promised article on the Civil Service by Judge Thoman, Civil Service Commissioner. We have received a telegram from him in which he says, "Serious sickness in my family for past month has prevented the sending of manuscript for March number." We regret the cause of delay, and we hope to have the article for the next number.

SECRETARY CHANDLER is unfortunate so near the close of his official term in creating so much controversy and bitterness by his action in overhauling the officers of the "Lancaster" for alleged expressions of opinion condemnatory of the Department, because of orders for that vessel to proceed to the coast of Africa. Also by his demand for an explanation from such of the officers who signed a petition to Congress remonstrating against the passage of the joint resolution tendering the thanks of Congress to Commodore Schley and officers of the Greely Relief Expedition.

In the former case punishment seems to have preceded investigation, and the Secretary's temper seems to have got the better of his sense of justice, for it is said to be an open secret in Washington that the "Lancaster" has been transferred from Europe to the South Atlantic Station. We have every reason to believe that this is true; but even if it is not, the telegraphic correspondence on the part of the Secretary with Admiral English is little better than a reprimand itself.

In the latter case the Secretary arbitrarily denies the right of officers to petition Congress, except through the Navy Department, a right which the Constitution plainly and specifically guarantees to all citizens. And in his correspondence with Admiral Case he boldly asserts that an officer on entering the service surrenders many of his rights as a citizen. The Secretary's action in this matter is parallel to his assertion that he was not bound by the decisions of the Court of Claims, except that he goes much further, and practically asserts that the regulations and orders of the Navy Department are higher authority than the Constitution of the United States.

Mr. Chandler has shown so much executive ability in his administration of the affairs of the Navy Department during his term of office that it is a pity an otherwise excellent record has been spoiled by his unjust and tyrannical actions in many cases involving the personal rights of officers.

THE findings of the court-martial in the case of Judge-Advocate-General Swaim, and the sentence of the court as approved by President Arthur, have been made public. He has been sentenced to suspension from rank and duty for twelve years, with forfeiture of half his pay. The charges preferred against General Swaim were two in number, and are as follows:

Charge 1. Conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, in violation of the 61st article of war.

Charge 2. Neglect of duty, in violation of the 62d article of war.

The record of the case was referred to the attorney-general for review, and in his letter to the President returning the same, he writes as follows:

"The court has, in fact, found the accused guilty of having pre-

sented to the Secretary of War 'a written indorsement containing certain specific statements which the accused knew to be false, and of having made such statements for the purpose and with the intention of deceiving the Secretary of War.'

"The finding of the court upon the specifications plainly shows this; yet, at the same time, taken as a whole in connection with the finding upon the charge, it would seem to indicate that in the opinion of the members of the court the offense thus established is not one which can properly be classified as one unbecoming an officer and a gentleman."

The attorney-general tartly takes exception to this conclusion of the court, and closes an able argument by recommending that the court be reconvened for a reconsideration of its action. The original sentence of the court was that the accused be suspended from rank and pay for three years. The President referred the matter back to the court. The court having reconsidered its action, adhered to its finding upon the first charge, it having already found him not guilty of the second; remarking thereon as follows:

"The court, upon mature reconsideration, has not found the accused guilty of such degree of wrongful or deceitful conduct as to justify a finding guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, and has therefore respectfully adhered to its finding upon the first charge; but adjudged the following sentence: To be suspended from rank and duty for one year, with forfeiture of all pay for the same period, and at the end of that period to be reduced to the grade of judge-advocate, with the rank of major, in the Judge-Advocate-General's Department."

The record of proceedings having been submitted to the President, was again returned to the court, for reconsideration of the amended sentence, for the reason that it was illegal and could not be carried out.

The court thereupon revoked its former sentence and adjudged as follows: "To be suspended from rank and duty for twelve years, and to forfeit one-half his monthly pay every month for the same period." This sentence the President approved, with the following comments:

"IV.

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, February 24, 1885.

"The opinion of the President as to the proper consequence of the findings of fact made by the court in the within record has already been given, and no further comment will be made upon the final sentence than to say that it is difficult to understand how the court could be willing to have the officer tried retained as a pensioner upon the Army Register while it expressed a sense of his unfitness to perform the duties of his important office by the imposition of two different sentences, under either of which he would be deprived permanently of his functions. The idea that an office like that of Judge-Advocate-General should remain vacant in effect for twelve years merely to save a part of its emoluments to its incumbent, under such circumstances, would seem to come from an inversion of the proper relations of public offices and those holding them, and is an idea not suited to our institutions. While holding the views now and heretofore expressed, it is deemed to be for the

public interest that the proceedings in this case be not without result, and, therefore, the proceedings, findings, and sentence in the foregoing case of Brigadier-General David G. Swaim, Judge-Advocate-General, United States Army, are approved and the sentence will be duly executed. CHESTER A. ARTHUR."

General Swaim may be placed on the retired list December 22, 1896. It will be noticed that the sentence of the court, as approved by the President, suspends him from office up to and beyond the date of his possible retirement. The trial of General Swaim on the charge of having violated the sixtieth article of war in having sold forage issued to him for his personal use resulted in an acquittal.

Thus ended a remarkable trial, the like of which it is to be hoped will never occur again. For the first time an army officer of high rank, on charges involving his personal honor, used every subtile device and technicality known to the law to bar a thorough investigation of the charges before the court, and apparently with a very fair degree of success in involving the court in considerable doubt, if we may judge by its findings and successive sentences.

The comments of the press of the country have been very severe on the action of the court, and we quite concur in the general opinion that General Swaim either should have been honorably acquitted or dismissed the service.

WE can only apologize for the omission of the continuation of Lieutenant Shufeldt's article on "Madagascar." We have been unable to hear from Lieutenant Shufeldt when it will be completed.

WE invite the attention of our readers to the portrait of General Washington forming the frontispiece of this number, which we insert as preliminary to the series of articles on the generals-in-chief of the United States army, to be illustrated with the portrait of each general-in-chief, except one or two, of whom there is no known portrait extant. The history of General Washington is so well known that we have not deemed it necessary to accompany the portrait with a memoir of his life.

WE refrain from commenting on the British military in the Soudan, and invite our readers' special attention to Lieutenant-General Stone's article on that subject in this and the following number.

THE article by General Boynton, in the February number of THE UNITED SERVICE, was the commencement of a series of articles on the War of the Rebellion, which will be found worthy of careful reading. The present number contains an answer to General Grant's article on the battle of Shiloh, published in the *Century* magazine, written by General Jordan, adjutant-general of the Confederate forces engaged in

that battle. In the publication of this series it is our intention to have articles from officers of both our own and the Confederate army who participated in the events they describe.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR entered upon the duties of his office as President amidst funereal gloom and under very trying circumstances. Throughout his administration he has met with the strongest hostility and opposition from the machine politicians of both parties; but in the face of all this he has shown that he had the interests of the people alone at heart, and looked to their approval only. He has given the country an administration that will compare favorably with any of his predecessors. He has elevated the Civil Service to a higher standard than it has ever occupied before. He has done nothing to arouse sectional antagonism, and done much to unite the South with the North in closer bonds of brotherhood.

His foreign policy has been patriotic, definite, and decisive, and if carried out by his successors, will do much to uphold the country's dignity in the eyes of the world. He retires from office with the respect and well-wishes of the entire nation.

JUST as we are going to press with this number we learn the sad news of the death of Rear-Admiral George Henry Preble, U.S.N., who was well known to the readers of THE UNITED SERVICE, and to whom this magazine was indebted for many valuable contributions to its pages. We tender our hearty sympathy to his bereaved family in their great affliction. His death was very sudden and unexpected, and only two days before its announcement we received from him a completed article on Commodore Barron, one of the series on commanders-in-chief of the navy now being published in THE UNITED SERVICE, of which he had previously written the sketches of Commodore Hopkins, the first commander-in-chief, concluded in this number, and Commodore Nicholson, the second, to be published in our April number. We reserve a notice of the distinguished life and services of Admiral Preble for our next number.

THE statement is made on authority of General Grant's physician, Dr. Douglas, that he cannot possibly live more than six months. The news of his death at an earlier period will not cause surprise. The nation can meet with no greater loss, and it views with bitterness the action of certain members of the House of Representatives, who have combined to so far defeat the bill placing the old hero on the retired list of the army as general. A demand, that it will be well for these gentlemen to heed, goes forth from the country that Congress shall not adjourn without doing so.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

[The publisher of THE UNITED SERVICE will send by post, prepaid, any of the following books on receipt of price.]

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ONE of the most attractive articles in the handsome February *Magazine of American History* is Rev. Dr. Vermilye's sketch of the "Early New York Post-Office," accompanied with several admirable illustrations. The portrait of Ebenezer Hazard, postmaster and Postmaster-General, never before published, will be greatly prized by picture collectors. Alfred Frederick's sketch of the primitive "locked box," and "Letter Carrier of the Olden Time," is his best. The second illustrated article, by the eminent scholar Horatio Hale, describes the great Mohawk chief, George H. M. Johnson, with a graphic and fascinating account of his life and work among the Six Nations. His portrait in picturesque Indian costume, the frontispiece to the number, is striking, and the engraving of his charming home in no sense suggests the wigwam. He married Miss Howells, first cousin of W. D. Howells, the author. Colonel William Howard Mills contributes new and interesting material concerning "Benedict Arnold's March through Maine to Canada." T. J. Chapman, A.M., gives an instructive paper on "Early Virginia Claims in Pennsylvania." Hon. Charles Gayarré discusses the character of Andrew Jackson, furnishing extracts from private letters never before given to the public. Professor Wilson settles the question as to "André's Landing-Place at Haverstraw," illustrating his position with an original and valuable map. Minor Topics is delightfully diversified with readable matter. It contains, among other riches, a letter from C. S. Bushnell, an interesting sketch of Colonel Alexander William Doniphan by Thomas L. Snead, and a criticism on "Some Recent School Books" by Professor Channing, of Harvard. Original Documents present a hitherto unpub-

lished letter from James Duane to Governor George Clinton. The third installment of Colonel Norton's "Political Americanisms," Notes, Queries, Replies, Societies, and Book Notices conclude an exceptionally good number of one of the very best monthly publications in the country.

The March number of the *Magazine of American History* is filled with choice reading. It opens with a graphic account of "The Fairfaxes of Yorkshire and Virginia," from the pen of Rev. Richard Wheatley, D.D., admirably illustrated with portraits and homes. The most notable portrait is that of Lord Fairfax, the great general of the Cromwell period, on horseback; and the home that will attract the most notice is Steeton Hall, the original mansion of the family,—six or more centuries old. Charles I. sitting before his judges is made the frontispiece to the number. The second article, entitled "Personal Recollections of General Nathaniel Lyon," by the eminent scholar and writer, Dr. William A. Hammond, will command a wide circle of interested readers. Following this comes "The Adventure of Monsieur De Belle Isle," a true chapter in the annals of Louisiana, more curious than fiction, by Charles Dimitry; "An Old Masonic Charter," by Oscar J. Harvey, —a sketch of quaint and permanent interest; "About Richard Bellingham,"—the old Massachusetts governor who in 1641 persisted in performing his own marriage ceremony,—by E. H. Goss, and the "Story of Astoria," by P. Koch, are delightfully informing contributions. Minor Topics contains several short articles of consequence. Daniel Goodwin, Jr., of Chicago, contributes a memorial sketch of Rev. William Barry; Miss Morrison writes of "Where a King once Lived;" and Captain R. M. Potter, U.S.A., criticises, under the title of "Deaf Smith," one of the recent contributions to the *Century*. Original Documents include some important and humorous unpublished letters. Colonel Norton's interesting dictionary of Political Americanisms is continued; and Notes, Queries, Replies, Societies and Book Notices, are replete with good things. This periodical richly deserves the high rank accorded to it by leading historical scholars in the two hemispheres. Price, $5.00 a year in advance. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York City.

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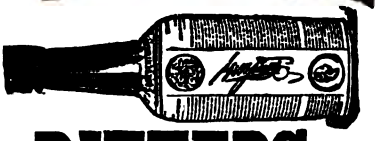

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THE UNITED SERVICE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

MILITARY, NAVAL, AND CIVIL SERVICE.

VOL. XII.—APRIL, 1885.—NO. 4.

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NEW YORK:
T. H. S. HAMERSLY,
835 BROADWAY.

PHILADELPHIA: CENTRAL NEWS COMPANY.
BOSTON: NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY.
CHICAGO: BRENTANO BROS., 101 State Street.
WASHINGTON: BRENTANO BROS., 1015 Pennsylvania Ave.
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APR 13 1885

THE

UNITED SERVICE.

April 1885.

BRITISH MILITARY OPERATIONS IN THE EGYPTIAN SOUDAN.

(Continued from page 261.)

In considering subsequent military movements a new element had now become involved. It was no longer the simple question as to how the Soudan and especially Khartoum could be most speedily and practically evacuated and abandoned, but, on the contrary, how long Khartoum could hold out under the immediate command of the legal governor-general, and what might be the most rapid and effective means of reaching and delivering him. Sent as Gordon had been to the Soudan by the British government, it could not be a question, the honor of Great Britain being fairly engaged, whether or not he should be extricated, but simply a question *how* this should be accomplished. Such was the sentiment of the British people; such would, then, necessarily be the policy of the British government. Yet that government would not apparently for a time comprehend the true military position or its necessities, and as a natural consequence long delays occurred, each one of which added to the military difficulties.

As was to have been expected, the Arab forces having succeeded in cutting off Khartoum from anything like regular communication with the outside world, having, in fact, completed its investment, they next commenced a strong movement against Berber, which was held by Gordon's faithful friend, Hussien-Pacha-Halufa.

In thus undertaking a strong offensive movement to render themselves masters of the Nile terminus of the Suakim-Berber route they certainly displayed better strategy than did the British military au-

thorities, who having, on the 13th March, paralyzed for a moment the power of Osman Digna by the heavy destruction of his troops near Suakim, and thus becoming able by a little energy to assure the possession of that important line of communications, weakly withdrew from further military operations, and trusted entirely to diplomacy and bribery to reap the fruits of victory.

On the 2d April, 1884, General Graham sailed from Suakim for Suez, declaring that Osman Digna had "less than three hundred followers" left, and, as a natural consequence, within two weeks, that chieftain was reported with at least two thousand followers in the immediate vicinity of Suakim, with the Berber road in his possession, while the Nile terminus at Berber was strongly threatened from Shendy.

As early as the 22d March, Hussien-Pacha gave warning of the danger to Berber, and asked for reinforcements and ammunition. At that time two battalions of Egyptian troops, commanded by British officers, were at Assouan, and the route from Korosko to Berber was open. It would have been easy, then, to have sent these troops to Berber with a full supply of ammunition, but nothing was done. One appeal after another was sent to Cairo by the faithful Hussien-Pacha, and these appeals were backed by those of his sons, who, strong on the desert route, were earnest in demanding a chance to conduct the relieving force to their father.

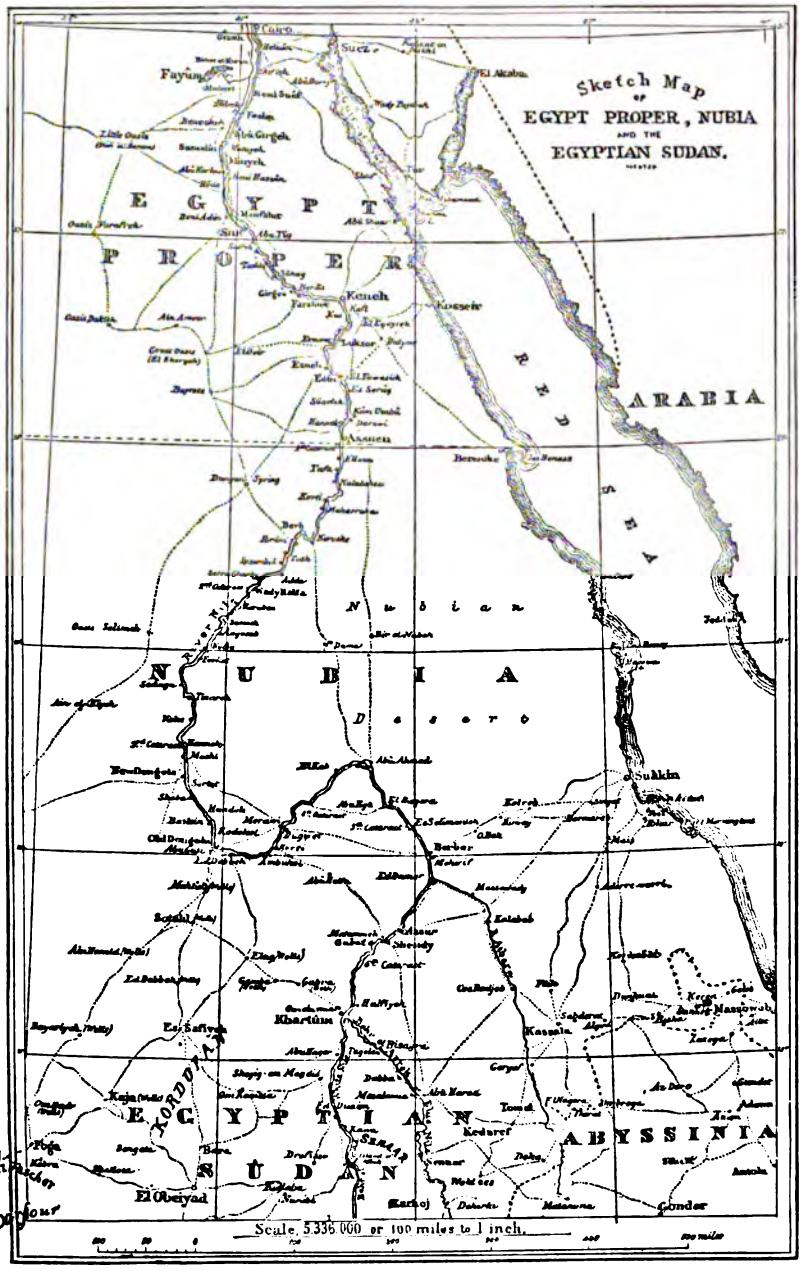
On the 15th of April, all the appeals of the governor having been received without responsive action, the following telegram was received in Cairo from the "Europeans, Turks, Egyptians, Hedjazites, and Algerians in Berber:"

"The Egyptian government and the other powers are aware of the condition of ruin, murder, pillage, rape, and other illegal atrocities of which the Soudan is the theatre. This condition should melt the most cruel hearts.

"These disorders began at Kordofan and Senaar,—the province of Berber and other places had been preserved from it. But since Khartoum has been besieged, the Bedouins of Berber and of the surrounding districts have risen with the intention of putting the officials and merchants to death, and of handing over their property to pillage and their honor to shame The certainty of seeing no force arrive against them has emboldened them; if any force whatever had arrived, they would not have taken up such a hostile attitude. The rich have emigrated, indignant at being forced to defend their property and their honor against despicable and feeble persons who will not bear comparison with the Bedouins of Kordofan, who supported Mohammed Ahmed against the government.

"We, Europeans, Turks, Egyptians, Hedjazites, Algerians, came to the Soudan relying on the support and protection of the government. Now, if it abandons us to-day, through indifference or weakness, its honor will be everlastingly tarnished in thus handing over its servants and subjects to death and dishonor.

"If Egypt has given up the Soudan to England, we implore that great, vchialrous, and humane power to come to our help, for it is quite time. Can it raise us again after our death? We await help from England, from our government, or from any charitable power, for if the same state of things continues for ten days or a fortnight more our country will be ravaged, and we shall be lost.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of
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AND THE
EGYPTIAN SUDAN.
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Scale, 5336 000 or 100 miles to 1 inch.

"We implore you, then, to quiet our minds by announcing to us the immediate dispatch of a force to our assistance. If not, certain death awaits us."

It seems hardly credible that such a telegram, supported by similar communications made by the governor and by the European telegraph operators, should not have produced even a reply. But so it seems to have been. Troops *could* have been, even after that date, dispatched in time to have been so near Berber at the supreme moment as to have encouraged the garrison to hold out until the arrival of relief; but no word of hope even could be sent by the Egyptian government without the permission of the "great, chivalrous, and humane power" which then controlled the destinies of Egypt, and no such permission was given.

Fifteen days after the earnest appeal above quoted reached Cairo, the representative of the Mahdi appeared before the devoted town, and the fate of Berber is thus told by a telegram from Mr. Egerton to Earl Granville:

"CAIRO, April 30, 1884.
"4.20 P.M.

"The telegraph line has been cut at Merawe."

From that time the Berber was lost to Egypt, and the great advantage of its possession was lost to the British military authorities in their operations for the relief of Gordon.

After the fall of Berber, Dongola became the last centre in the possession of Egypt, between Cairo and Khartoum, and the British authorities regarded the governor of this province hardly faithful to the Khédive.

Darfour, with its garrisons and armament, had fallen into the hands of the Mahdi, Slatin-Bey, the governor-general, having been forced, by abandonment and destitution, to surrender, with his four thousand eight hundred men. This catastrophe might have been, earlier, very easily avoided.

Much uneasiness was felt, both in Upper and Lower Egypt, lest emissaries of the Mahdi might stir up revolt even at home. In June, Egyptian river-steamers were armed and manned by the British navy to patrol the Nile between Assouan and Wady-Hulfa, and on the 27th June, Lieutenant-General Stevenson telegraphed to the Secretary of State for War, "May require reinforcements in the course of next month. Should be glad if two battalions from Mediterranean were held in readiness at short notice." This was promptly answered on the 1st July: "Yours 27th June. Two battalions will be held in readiness accordingly."

Still, no measures were adopted for anything more than protecting Egypt proper from invasion and insurrection, the *purely defensive* having been, apparently, the established policy. So completely was the succor of Gordon and his garrisons disregarded, that when, on the

4th July, 1884, a telegram was received from the governor of Dongola that in order to hold that province he must have ammunition, men, horses, money, clothing, and the provisions necessary for the soldiers, a consultation was held between Nubar-Pacha, Mr. Egerton, General Stevenson, and General Wood, and the result of this conference was a telegram to the governor "to the effect that if he finds that he is unable to defend the province with the means at his disposal, he had better come away with those who wish to leave, after destroying the military stores which he cannot remove; arrangements would then be made to form a depot of provisions on the road to Wady-Halfa, in order to supply the refugees in their journey to Egypt."

The policy indicated by the above-quoted telegram might be well expressed by reversing an old political cry, and stating, "Millions for retreat and tribute; not one cent for defense!"

To illustrate the state of mind of the British diplomatic agent, Mr. Egerton, at this period, and the extraordinary counsels he sent to the Foreign Office, it may be well to quote here a telegram sent by him to Earl Granville on the 7th July:

"My Lord:

"I have received a letter from Nubar-Pacha, urging, on behalf of himself and of the Minister of War, that one or two Egyptian battalions be sent on to save Dongola, as the loss of that province would, in their opinion, not only entail great trouble throughout the country, from the Mahdi's emissaries, but also a guerrilla warfare with the Bedouins, who are scattered along the whole of Egypt.

"I answered that the course of military action with regard to the defense of the Egyptian frontier had been decided upon some months ago, and that I had received no expression of opinion from the military authorities here which would justify my pressing the question again upon your Lordship. With ordinary precautions I do not think that Nubar-Pacha's apprehensions respecting the Bedouins will be realized."

This significant dispatch shows, first, what an utter lack of comprehension of the gravity of the situation was Mr. Egerton's; and, second, how utterly without any power were the ministers of the Khédive at that time in the presence of the British representative. The prime minister and minister of war could not presume to move a battalion of Egyptian troops when they were both of opinion that such movement was essential to the defense of their country!

It was during this period that the British ministry expected, or professed to expect, that the relief of Gordon would be effected by the action of an Abyssinian army for which Rear-Admiral Hewett had, by order, negotiated. This army was to march in one direction to the relief of Kassala, and by another to the relief of Gallabat. The siege of the first-named place was to be raised, and its garrison, with the garrisons of Amdib and Sanhiet, was to retire under the escort of the Abyssinians to Massowah, while the garrison of Gallabat was to retire under the protection of the Abyssinians (their hereditary foes)

through the territory of Abyssinia! It is safe to state that a wilder and more impracticable scheme was never seriously entertained by a European government, if exception be made of that scheme by which the peace of Egypt was to be secured by the evacuation of the Soudan. To this time Kassala remains besieged, while Gallabat long since fell into the possession of the Mahdi.

To secure to Great Britain the alliance of the savage Abyssinians, the British negotiator ceded to King John of Ethiopia the Egyptian province of *Bogos*,—surely an extraordinary proceeding, since Great Britain thus handed over to the Abyssinian banditti territory and populations owing allegiance not in any manner to her, but to Turkey, a friendly power.

The want of knowledge even of the geography of that region on the part of the British diplomatic agent in Egypt is very clearly displayed in his telegram of July 8, 1884, to Earl Granville. In this telegram he states that the commandant on the Abyssinian frontier had been told by Admiral Hewett that *Sanhiet* was to be given up to King John on the 1st September following, while Admiral Hewett, in a telegram to him (Mr. Egerton), had mentioned that *Bogos alone* was to be given up. He was evidently ignorant of the fact that Sanhiet is the chief town of Bogos! And yet this gentleman was the chief source of information on Egyptian current affairs that the British Foreign Office had.

The next move for the relief of Gordon was to make an offer of ten thousand or twenty thousand pounds to Sheikh Saleh to bring him safely out of Khartoum and into the British lines. But nothing resulted from this.

Thus passed away the months of May, June, July, and a part of August, during which time only weak and, from a military point of view, childish measures were adopted for the relief of General Gordon in Khartoum and the Egyptian garrisons throughout the Soudan. The energy and activity of the governor of Dongola, in spite of the neglect to respond to his demands, had maintained that province for the benefit of future operations in possession of the Egyptian government. Gordon, in Khartoum, was more closely besieged than ever, while the Mahdi had added largely to the extent of territory over which he ruled, and had greatly increased the number of his followers.

Early in August the expressions of public opinion, not only in England but in all parts of the civilized world, required that something positive and effective should be done for the relief of General Gordon, and an expedition of relief was finally declared to be the policy of the British government. Yet nearly the whole of the month of August was passed in discussion as to *what* should be done.

Lieutenant-General Stevenson, in command in Egypt, was distinctly in favor of the route by Suakim and Berber, *provided* friendly

tribes could co-operate *and furnish the large number of camels necessary for an expedition on that line;* and in case the Nile route should be adopted, he was in favor of using immediately the steamboats which were available on that river (the Nile boats), of which there were many on the Upper Nile, and plenty on the Lower Nile, with camels for the interior.

The War Office authorities, on the contrary, were in favor of the Nile route, and, rejecting the idea of using steamboats and Nile boats, proposed to use small row-boats, "such as were employed on the Red River Expedition."

The naval officers serving on the Nile were of the same opinion with General Stevenson, that *local* means of transport should be used, and that no time was to be lost in gathering and using these means of transportation.

GENERAL C. P. STONE.

(To be continued.)

[The serious illness of General Stone has prevented him from completing this article in the present number. We hope he will have recovered his health in time to do so in the next.—EDITOR.]

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

THE reform of the civil service steadily progresses in accordance with the provisions of the Pendleton law and the rules promulgated by the President. The transformation from the spoils system to the merit system has become stable and persistent. It was not destined to be a mere political diorama. Cordially supported by the last Administration during its tentative stages and the period of mistaken clamor, the system finds its establishment made firmer by the unreserved indorsement of President Cleveland. The theme is no longer confined in its exposition to the compilation of experimental tests. The present regulation of the civil service is an institution of government.

The popular mind comprehends the nature of the former partisan system of official appointment. Preferment was accorded solely as a reward for party service. It was thus exclusive. It was determined by personal favoritism, and hence was dangerously connected with either incapacity or dishonesty. There was, in a large degree, an aristocracy of incapables, and the reciprocal evil was the devotion of the public official to their aspirations at the expense of his legitimate duties. To reward his retainers was the motive of the feudal dispenser of patronage; the perquisites of office alone filled their visual angles. The performance of clearly-defined service was a secondary consideration.

The new system inaugurated a radical change. Its scope was limited to executive places, where the requisites are business capacity and honesty, and to the duties of which political ideas have no necessary relation. They are distinct from those executive positions upon the incumbents of which may be rightfully imposed the maintenance of popularly-indorsed party principles, and even political propagandism. The conception of the civil service now is that it is solely the agency by which the business of the executive branch is conducted. And thus its agents are business men, selected by the same tests of capacity and with the same references as to integrity which are exacted in commercial circles.

But it is not alone in this reclamation of the civil service from its condition of a depot of prizes for favorites that the reform has been in-

cisive. The former oligarchy, erected upon party supremacy and personal influence, has been overthrown and supplanted by a broad democratic system. Merit, without regard to political affiliation, without official support, is accorded the chance to succeed in a fair competition. The American youth is furnished a new incentive to acquire a common-school education. Ambition to enter governmental service may be satisfied without humiliation of self to vassalage. The public service itself is elevated in popular appreciation, because it is no longer the refuge of official slaves.

The civil service law in no manner abridges the power of removal. It relates to entrance into the service. It has no provisions relative to exits or ejections from it. The appointees, before and since its enactment, have had neither term nor tenure of office. The original constitutional tenure of "during good behavior" has never been extended to the subordinate places now controlled by the Pendleton act. The notion prevalent to some extent that this law establishes an indefinite tenure is erroneous. Only so far as it is an inevitable corollary to the civil service law, prescribing tests for entrance, does there attach the moral duty to the appointive power to retain a capable incumbent. There is no such dictation to the executive, or department heads, in the law, and those conversant with constitutional controversy will generally agree that the omission was necessary. Wholesale and summary removal is yet possible. The exercise of the power is restrained only by the implication that an executive will preserve the symmetry of the reform by not exerting his prerogative of removal in antagonism to the principle embodied in the law, which operates upon appointments.

The striking feature of the new departure is the competitive examination. The adoption of it can now be independently approved, because good results have directly ensued, but competition will readily appear, upon reflection, to have been a necessary sequence in evolving the scheme of reform. Had an examination been merely required, without grading the applicant's relative proficiency, partisan influence would have been left free to control the ultimate selections for appointment. By competition the best capacity is obtained, and the last vestige of political favoritism removed. There have been strictures upon the plan of examination, which proceeded upon the mistaken assumption that the applicant is puzzled with pedagogic queries that would demand collegiate education to answer. Error could not be further deflected. The aim in all cases is to frame the questions so as to determine the fitness of the applicant for the position sought, and they involve facts reasonably presumed to be within the knowledge of one worthy to aspire to the country's service in its business departments. The records of the Commission prove that seventy per cent. of those found eligible by examination have enjoyed the education of common

schools only, and there is nothing in the general examinations which transcends the instruction furnished by such schools. The topics include penmanship, copying, writing from dictation, the fundamental branches of arithmetic, the general features of the geography and history of the United States. Nothing technical, nothing foreign, is exacted. Some caviling at these tests of competency is based upon the demagogic and fanciful plea that many men unable to locate the Hudson River would be thoroughly capable to discharge the duties of the civil service. Specific ignorance may thus be shrewdly coddled, and the liberty-loving American prejudiced against an arrogant aristocracy of brains. But while it may be true that a government clerk can perform his duties well in ignorance of the shade of Cæsar's hair, his inability to answer the required percentage of the elementary questions submitted by the Civil Service Commission will convince the dispassionate business mind of his dullness of observation, his indolent character, his general incapacity. It is the general average which determines the fitness of the applicant. The employer engages a mechanic after examining the product of his labor, a book-keeper after testing his ability to marshal accounts. The government now employs persons in certain defined positions only after investigating their general intelligence, and proving their capacity during a six months' probation.

There has been an objection made to the reform which would not receive allusion here were not its absurdity egregious. It is urged that the new system incorporates into our government an institution of British aristocracy. He would be a narrow-minded statesman who would ignore the intrinsic merits of a polity, and reject it because its national source is unpopular. But the adoption of the civil service system in Great Britain and India marked only another epoch, wherein the people gained new concessions from royalty. If this latest popular right, wrested from British aristocracy, has been borrowed, it is only another appropriation added to the list of the *habeas corpus*, the Bill of Rights, and even the Declaration of Independence,—an inspiration, not of Rousseauism, but of the English pamphleteers. The stages of the reform have been similar in England and the United States. The evils remedied in the older country were more intolerable, more pernicious than they had ever become here. Periods of amelioration are to be found. In the long course of progress and retrogression the reform finally reached the period when some test of capacity was conceded to be proper, but as yet none were permitted to present themselves for examination who did not bear credentials from members of Parliament. This system of pass examination was duplicated in the United States, when, in 1853, civil service reform had its real inception. At last Great Britain inaugurated its present stable and successful system, and the English people won in another long-protracted con-

flict with monarchical aggression. It would be superfluous to discuss further this fantastic quibble that British aristocracy has been aped. In civil service reform another triumph has been achieved by the common people. It tends to diminish "the spurns, which patient merit of the unworthy takes."

The civil service law embraces within its operation the classified executive service of the government. This classification includes, as separately classified, the departments at Washington, the postal service, and the customs service. Only such post-offices and custom districts where the employés are as many as fifty are within the provisions of the law. Of the one hundred and ten thousand Federal employés, about fifteen thousand are subject to it. Appointees requiring Senate confirmation, and laborers, are specifically excepted from its operation. When the law became operative, the statutory classification in the departments was that arranged under the initial reform of 1854. But subsequently there were created, at least by implication from successive appropriation bills, quasi classes, the salaries of which were less than those of the others. Uniform classification in the several executive departments has not existed, but an effort to secure it by the retiring secretaries was made. This would prove beneficial, because lack of systematization produces unfairness and presents many complications. The expiring opposition has seized upon these recent acts as a pretext for a momentary criticism upon the Commission's imagined arrogance in extending the scope of the classification. The Commission did not make nor dictate the attempted uniformity. The application of the law is not extended by it, though exceptional cases may be found. All the three classified services—departmental, postal, and customs—are within the original act. Whatever extension of scope the reform may hereafter secure will be from the exercise of the power devolved by the law, as first enacted, and with that power the Commission is not intrusted. The exceptions from examination prescribed by Rule XIX. include confidential clerks, cashiers, heads of bureaus, etc., where the fiduciary relations should devolve unhampered choice upon the responsible superior. But these exceptions are only one hundred and forty-four in a total departmental classification of six thousand.

The steps by which the applicant enters the classified service may now be briefly described. He obtains an application blank from the Civil Service Commission, from the postmaster at the place, or the customs officer of the district, where he seeks entrance. Under oath, he is required to respond to the printed questions which relate to his age, citizenship, business employment for five preceding years, sobriety, etc. Attached are statements of reputable citizens certifying to the truth of the applicant's answers, with the further statement that they would not refuse to employ him in their private business. He is notified

of the time of holding examinations for the particular service he desires to enter. For the departmental service the examinations are limited or general. The former is extremely simple, and is only exacted of applicants for positions where copying is the chief duty. The general examination is required of those who seek a higher service. Its common school character, and special adaptation to the place sought, have been set forth. Over ninety per cent. of all applicants examined have submitted to these two grades of examination. The third examination demands mere allusion. It is technical or linguistic, as the important positions desired daily require use of such knowledge. The same general features mark the examinations, wherever held, for the postal and customs service.

Thus far, without partisan influence, and without regard to party connection, the applicant has been accorded a free chance to exhibit his qualifications. In order that the best of competing merit may be secured, and to prevent an ultimate partisan selection, the various applicants are graded according to the proficiency displayed by each, and such grades are recorded. The entrance into the coveted place is then dependent upon the standing attained, the State quota, upon the occurrence of a vacancy, and the needs of the service. When there is a requisition from a department head, the Commission certifies four names of those graded highest from the proper register, and from said four an appointment must be made. It was impossible under the constitution to invade the executive prerogative, and to dictate the appointment of the highest graded person. But it has been held that confining the right of choice to several was no invasion. The final appointment of the chosen applicant is made only after a probationary period of six months has afforded opportunity to further test, by the quality of actual service rendered, his capacity.

Many who have passed examinations await, with anxiety, an appointment. They do not comprehend that the Commission has no power to create vacancies. That provision of the law is overlooked, which apportions the appointments among the States in proportion to their populations. Many women grow impatient while expecting a summons, and the vague idea in their minds crystallizes into the belief that there is discrimination against the female sex. The Commission has no control in the premises. The heads of departments alone determine whether males or females are desired by them for appointment. The difficulties which surround the entrance of women into the service are in no manner resultant from the reform law. There is no distinction of sex known to it. Similar qualifications place applicants of each sex upon precisely the same level before the final appointive power, and whatever preference of sex is then made is within its discretion.

Thus far no rules have been promulgated for the promotions in the

service. The civil service law presented a scheme of reform in bold and broad outlines. The Commission was confronted with the onerous work of arranging multifarious details, where models were not existent, but original plans absolutely necessary. Such rules for the advancement of proved servants to higher grades may be expected when the more important portions of the practical reform work are advanced. While it is true that no safeguards have been erected against unjust promotions, and within the service partisan favoritism may thus flourish, yet its possible exercise has been reduced already to a minimum, because the entrance of the public servant was based upon merit, and the partisan superior thus finds no favorites to attach to his standard by arbitrary promotion. Perhaps, as a rule, promotions made since the inauguration of the reform have been in accordance with its true spirit.

The statistics of the reform, as compiled in the second annual report of the Commission, just printed, may be examined briefly with profit. Of the 6347 examined during the year, 4141 attained sixty-five per cent., the minimum, and were registered as eligible for appointment. The average age was nearly thirty. Over seventy per cent. of those graded as eligible had received a common-school education only. From these recorded figures it must appear that the large percentage of successful applicants and the stated kind of education mainly enjoyed absolutely disprove the alleged scholastic nature of the examinations. The mature age of the applicants shows that at least twelve years of practical experience had intervened their departure from the public schools. The pertinency and efficacy of the examinations appear from the fact that only three removals have been made among civil service appointees in the departments, and but one probationer failed to receive a permanent assignment. The thoroughly successful execution of the non-partisan provisions of the reform law is thence also deducible.

The statistical argument can be further utilized. If the number of appointments made to the civil service since the reform act became operative be compared with the number crowded into it in the same time during the halcyon days of the spoils system, the saving obtained will be evident. The party shibboleth, "the actual needs of the government, economically administered," voices a limitation, not unanimously approved as a check upon revenue collections, but as applicable to public expenditure, it is generally acceptable. Civil service reform proceeds in the direct line of this economy of outlay for actually required service. Under the old system party interests were subserved by unnecessary appointments. Importunate political workers compelled the creation of needless places, where the ward champion, but incompetent official, might enjoy a salary in his first character, which, in his latter, he could not earn. Under the new system the

inducement to profligacy of expenditure by the wholesale selection of needless placemen is removed, as partisan proscription is prevented by non-partisan competitive examinations, and appointments to the service are only made when the necessity exists therefor. Not only is this economizing expressible in dollars, but in the increased efficiency of service, which is a continuing investment. And what is true of the departmental service can as well be said of the customs and postal services.

The records reveal another satisfactory contrast. Under the spoils régime certain States received disproportionate quotas of appointments, the election necessities of the hour dictating the locality to be influenced by a selection. By the existing law appointments are apportioned among the States and Territories with reference to population. Within the past year applicants have been examined from every State and Territory with the exception of Idaho. It no longer enhances the applicant's chances for selection that his State is politically in line with the dominant national party. Whenever there is a vacancy to be filled, the certification is of an eligible person from that State or Territory which then has had the least proportionate share of appointments. Here is the exactness of arithmetic. Under the old system, though there was an unwritten law of "quota," in practice it was flagrantly violated when certain States became close and indispensable.

The reform, in its limited purview of promoting efficiency in a non-partisan classified service, has now been outlined. But there is a subsequent portion of the civil service law which is complementary to the reform, but unrestricted in its official scope. While the tentative provisions referring to entrance into the federal employment are confined to the classified executive service, the clauses which deal with political assessments operate without limitation upon every government official and employé. Reiteration of the public scandal caused by the coercion of clerks, and rapacity of assessors, would be surplusage here. So firmly engrafted upon the spoils system had become the levies and blackmail of party, that public opinion, though emphatically expressed, only drove the piratical collectors from their direct and open methods of extortion to concealed and devious ways. The law penetrates the most remote refuge of the exacter of political tribute.

No federal official or employé shall solicit or receive any money for a political purpose from any official or employé; no such solicitation shall be made within a building devoted to government purposes by any person whatsoever; no superior shall degrade in rank, or decrease in salary, the employé who fails to pay an assessment; no person in the federal service shall handle money contributed for political purposes,—and all these inhibitions have a penal sanction.

It would be impossible to frame a law more searching, and yet pre-

serve the due freedom of the federal employé, who cannot be held to forfeit his rights of citizenship by engagement in public service. The obvious purview of the act is to restrain infringement of that freedom of action to which the American citizen is entitled. Formerly, his enrollment as a government servant operated to place his name upon the assessment duplicate of the ruling party. Delinquency in discharge of this party tax might meet with removal from office, or the penalty of reduction in salary. The procedure in realty taxation could not have been assimilated more closely. From the party auditor came notices of the levy, when due, default, the delinquent list, and confiscation.

Such contributions exacted, under duress, were invasions of individual freedom. Their amount was determined by an unvarying percentage of salary, without reference to the private complications that might have affected the business concerns of the victim. While tribute thus extorted by coercion was used in political corruption, there was the correlative evil, resultant from the idea that payment purchased indulgence from removal, and would induce promotion. The efficiency of the service was thus prostrated; the merit, displayed by performance of duty, was obscured by the factitious credit for contributions.

The voluntary donation by the federal employé to a proper committee for propagating his party principles is not abridged. But no official is permitted to be concerned in the reception of these free-will offerings, because compulsion could not be then entirely excluded from the donor's mind. In no wise are citizenship prerogatives discarded upon entrance into the civil service; but the law enforces the conception that this branch of public employment is a business agency, and not an army, to be compelled to equip itself, and to be coerced into doing mercenary battling for the dominant party.

Under the reform the employé owes his place to merit and not party service. Hence his interest in the success of his political principles induces him to contribute only as the same interest should affect every member of the party organization. His salary is no longer considered a partisan largess, from which a tithe is due. His wages are earned, and the motive to donate can be reasonably no stronger in him than in any unofficial citizen enjoying the same income.

It would bring this article to a partisan level were speculation indulged as to the influence of the reform upon the recent national election. It may be safely affirmed, however, that while there has been no reasonable complaint of insufficiency of campaign funds for legitimate purposes, the amount wrung from the federal employés was small. They were no longer timid in independent thought; the terrors of removal did not oppress their daily life; they exercised the just privileges of the citizen, with a novel sense of untrammeled manhood; the

ennobling pride of being servants of the whole people, and not slaves of a partisan benefactor, animated them.

The scheme of reform has not yet been completed. Naturally, there are details to be perfected in the present execution of the law. Its extension will soon be popularly advocated, and then the last protest against the system will be withdrawn, the last sigh for the olden spoils will expire. But there is one feature lacking in a plan designed to provide and maintain a pure and efficient civil service. The States of New York and Massachusetts have already inserted this component part of a perfect system.

The following is the fourth section of the civil service act of the State of New York, passed in 1883:

"Whoever, while holding any public office or in nomination for, or while seeking a nomination or appointment for any office, shall corruptly use, or promise to use, whether directly or indirectly, any official authority or influence (whether then possessed or merely anticipated) in the way of conferring upon any person in securing any office or public employment, or any nomination, confirmation, promotion, or increase of salary, upon the consideration or condition that the vote or political influence or action of the last-named person, or any other, shall be given or used in behalf of any candidate, officer, or party, or upon any other corrupt condition or consideration, shall be deemed guilty of bribery or an attempt at bribery. And whoever being a public officer, or having or claiming to have any authority or influence for, or affecting the nomination, public employment, confirmation, promotion, removal, or increase or decrease of salary of any public officer, shall corruptly use, or promise or threaten to use, any such authority or influence, directly or indirectly, in order to coerce or persuade the vote or political action of any citizen, or the removal, discharge, or promotion of any officer or public employé, or upon any other corrupt consideration, shall also be guilty of bribery or of an attempt at bribery. And every person found guilty of such bribery or of an attempt to commit the same as aforesaid, shall, upon conviction thereof, be liable to be punished by a fine of not less than one hundred dollars nor more than three thousand dollars, or to be imprisoned not less than ten days nor more than two years, or to both said fine and said imprisonment in the discretion of the court.

"The phrase 'public officer' shall be held to include all public officials in this State whether paid directly or indirectly from the public treasury of the State, or from that of any political division thereof, by fees or otherwise, and the phrase 'public employé' shall be held to include every person, not being an officer, who is paid from any said treasury."

The present national civil service law contains, perhaps, for its limited application to the classified executive service, sufficiently strin-

gent provisions against undue influence of officials and malversation in the Commission. Senators and Representatives are prohibited from recommending applicants except as to character or residence. Penal regulations exist concerning inhibited acts of the Commission. As the law extends further than the classified service in its clauses relating to assessments, it would be no undue incorporation if the features of this bribery law were inserted. Nearly all the evils of the old régime would then be effectually guarded against, and future legislation could be devoted to perfecting the regulation of the redeemed civil service.

LEROY D. THOMAN.

MILITARY BITS AND BITTING.

AMONG subjects of detail connected with cavalry equipment and its fit, this may, it is safe to assert, be ranked as one of the most important. That it has not heretofore been so considered does not affect the fact. Cavalry born and bred, as it were, upon the frontier, often actively engaged in the field, and largely deprived, by the varied nature of its duties, of the benefits of garrison drills, naturally cannot go into all the refinements of instruction so necessary for *perfection* as regards its men and horses. Our cavalry for half a century past has been placed under just such disadvantages. Isolated in small detachments, and composed of men who, troopers in Indian campaigns in summer, are carpenters and masons for the remainder of the year; with indifferent mounts, and in garrisons which, for the most part, have not a single track or riding-school, it is not unnatural that it should have given to many little details of the service less attention than they might otherwise have received.

Although the promised millennium of regimental posts, when, perhaps, we may one day see the discipline, drill, and *esprit* which can only exist where considerable bodies of troops are brought together at one time, has not yet arrived, yet there are faint indications of a more hopeful state of affairs in this respect. More attention is being paid of late —and heaven and every cavalry officer knows how much is needed— to the subject of remounts, and the lieutenant-general of the army, in a recent report, has touched the key-note of what is needed in this direction by recommending the establishment of a breeding farm for cavalry horses at Fort Riley, Kansas. If this idea is adopted and the farm be really started, the creation of a "training-school" must inevitably follow.[1] The young horses reared each year must, in order that the best results follow from such an establishment, at two or three years of age, be broken and trained in a thorough and systematic way. A small detachment of skilled officers and men in charge at a regular school of such instruction on the farm itself would turn out every year by this simple and inexpensive method better cavalry mounts than are possibly attainable in any other way. The necessity of thorough knowl-

[1] The writer touched upon this subject in an article for THE UNITED SERVICE in April, 1883.

edge on the subject-matter of this article to such a class of officers and non-commissioned officers is self-evident. Bitting is the very first process which the young animal undergoes, and in it may be said to lie almost the whole secret by which he may afterwards be transformed from the raw, untrained colt into the docile, educated charger. Put a severe bit in his mouth, use it with rude, unskillful hands, seek to control him by main strength instead of accustoming him to yield to the delicate, practiced touch of the good trainer, and the result to be expected is one of the "hard," or "tender"-mouthed, boring, or jibbing animals so often seen in the service,—a horse which is led by these defects into other vices, and which is as ungraceful and difficult to ride in garrison as he is dangerous in the field. Bestow, on the contrary, a little care upon the selection of your bit, fit it to his mouth, and see that it is placed to *an exact nicety* therein, use a light hand and gentle instruction, and out of any horseflesh about the range, pony or draught-animal, you will have a mount of a very different sort from the other. His action will be *balanced*, and therefore graceful, his neck properly curved, and his every movement controlled by the lightest touch of the rein. His spirit being unbroken by the *suaviter in modo* system used in his training, he will generally show fire and be a "high stepper;" in fact, what a cavalry charger *should* be. The process is simple and the result well worth the extra care bestowed.

Every troop commander in our cavalry probably has had to deplore, at various times, the presence of untrained and badly-bitted horses in his troop. Such animals make accurate lines and manœuvres at drill an impossibility. They are usually restive and unruly, and are as little loved by their riders as they are by the eye of the soldierly captain. Anything like fine horsemanship, or evolutions in the riding-hall, or creditable sabre-exercise becomes an absurdity with them.

In actual war the objections to such mounts become more grave. Here their faculty of transportation is their only value. It would be manifestly impossible to handle them with skill or celerity against an adversary in single combat, and in the charge a hard-mouthed horse is certain to enhance the danger to his rider's life. Indeed, during the Rebellion, cavalry officers testify that many a poor fellow owed his death or capture on the field of battle to such unmanageable chargers. It seems beyond question, then, that if in the near future, as is probable, facilities are given to the cavalry for acquiring better mounts, or for receiving the benefits of more minute instruction, such subjects as the present are worthy of the study and attention of every young cavalry officer interested in his profession.

To examine it briefly, the art of bitting may be said to consist in choosing and fitting the bit according to the conformation of each horse's mouth, so that with the least possible effort, and without pain to the animal, we may thoroughly control his action. In the choice of

the bit the experienced eye of a thorough expert on the subject might, in addition, be guided by the relative proportions and height of the forehead and hindquarters, their strength, manner of movement, and the carriage of the head and neck; for the bit is a lever whose action directly controls the motion of all these parts, and it should be selected so as to obtain from them, without violence, the most regular, graceful, and easy effects. It would be possible by making a careful mathematical and anatomical investigation into the manner in which this lever-action, passing through the neck, effects what is called the "equilibrium" of these different parts, to show how a horse may have his weight thrown either on the forehand or towards the loins, or, in other words, how he may have his whole balance controlled according to the way in which this force is applied. Such an inquiry, however, would prove too elaborate for this paper, and would, after all, probably serve no substantial purpose. The present object is simply to teach practically how, having given a young horse with a sound mouth, not yet ruined by the torture of bad bitting, to select, fit, and use that bit which will give the cavalry soldier the best possible result in the way of a mount.

The bits in use in cavalry services are divided into two general classes,—the *snaffle* and the *curb-bit*. They may be used separately or combined. By means of the two, and judicious handling, an animal may be given any sort of a "mouth" desired, and be controlled under all circumstances. Such terrible instruments as the "ring" and "Turkish" bits, to say nothing of the thousand horrible parodies seen in the shops of the cities, should be conclusive evidence of the ignorance and cruelty of those who use them. A horse so unruly as to require such means of domination should be transferred to some more useful sphere than that of a troop of cavalry.

THE SNAFFLE.

The snaffle should be made of forged iron or steel. Its parts are (see Fig. 1) the *mouth-piece, aa; halves of mouth-piece, a* and *a;* the

Fig. 1.

Single-joint Snaffle.

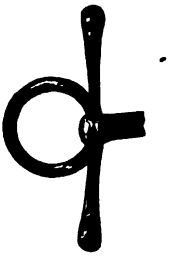

Fig. 2.

joint, b; and *cheek-rings, c, c,* passing through the mouth-piece. A

side-bar is sometimes used to prevent the mouth-piece being pulled laterally through the mouth, in which case the cheek-rings are usually smaller,—only large enough to conveniently admit the reins and cheek-pieces of the head-stall. This side-bar is shown in Fig. 2. The diameter of the rings of the snaffle given above is three inches, the length of the mouth-piece five and a quarter inches, and the thickness of same near the rings .5 of an inch. The snaffle is often, and especially with horses of delicate breed and tender mouth,—racers, for example, —used independently of the curb. In military riding, however, it is thus used (the occasion of watering excepted) only as a preliminary step in preparing the animal's mouth for the bit,[2] in giving the proper "feel" to the mouth, and in initiating him gradually into the habit of obeying the flexions of the reins. It is also more agreeable (being less bulky and rigid) than the curb in the mouth, and its action, while more safe and gentle, is capable of more gradation than with the latter. For these reasons it is indispensable in the first stages of the horse's training. After the animal has been carefully drilled in these, at gentle gaits, and has become accustomed and obedient to the snaffle, it *may* be discarded entirely from the cavalry bridle, or else it may be combined with the curb and used permanently in conjunction with it. This latter method is no longer followed in the United States cavalry, but despite all arguments that may be used against it (of which the inconvenience to the soldier of double reins is probably the chief), it is firmly believed that their combination is still an advantageous one in both civil and military riding. There are few hands so light, or few seats so close, even among excellent horsemen, that an animal's mouth will not receive an occasional wrench from a curb-bit, as, for instance, in leaping or in checking the animal suddenly from a high rate of speed. A single violent jerk of this sort upon the powerful lever of the curb will do more to damage a good mouth, to render the animal afraid of the bit and drive him into the first stages of rebellion against it, than any possible misuse of the snaffle could.

The only good military riders outside of our own country who habitually employ the curb without the snaffle[3] are the Orientals of the Asiatic continent, the Arabs, and some of the irregular cavalry of Eastern Europe; but the fact that the snaffle is unknown to *them* is no reason for its abandonment by cavalry which manœuvres by regular tactics, which teaches cohesion in systematic ranks, and in which many of the men have neither natural aptitude nor early training to counterbalance such external disadvantages as bad bits or saddles. No cavalry can be free from rebellious or bolting horses when its troopers are allowed first to torture their horses' mouths into a state of insensibility

[2] Which technically means *the curb*.

[3] Although the question of discarding the latter is now being agitated in the Prussian cavalry.

by the constant use of a severe bit, and then to seek to control them when unruly by sheer force and a powerful curb. Every one knows how futile such contests usually prove. Once started in the case of a particular animal, they will inevitably recur, and just at those times, too, when the trooper most desires docility from his horse,—as on drill or in action. The possibility of such occurrences in military riding should, of course, be as small as possible, and the use of the snaffle is certainly a means towards avoiding them.

It should be unnecessary to add to these arguments in favor of the snaffle for the cavalry trooper, that it is absolutely indispensable in all the scientific exercises of the *haute école;* for the accomplished horseman in this school could not possibly get the delicate movements from his steed which he does here without its aid.

There is a sort of compromise between the snaffle and no snaffle sometimes effected by welding two additional rings at the ends of the mouth-piece of the curb-bit. The use of the second pair of reins which these rings contain *simulates*, but does not replace the action of the snaffle. The plan is certainly better, however, than that of using the curb alone. The upper pair of reins relieve the horse from the constant action of the lever of the bit, and can be used with great advantage by the rider in running, leaping, etc., in the absence of the snaffle. Every officer who *will* not employ the latter should certainly have such a bit. The double reins, besides the above advantages, always look well, and there can generally be no objection to an officer using them.

There are various forms of snaffle in use, their style depending upon the particular taste and fancy of the individual. There are but two general kinds, however, employed for military purposes, and they are quite sufficient for all of the uses for which the snaffle may be required; these are the "*single*" and "*double-jointed*" snaffles. The former (see Fig. 1) is the more common, and is believed to be the better. An objection is sometimes made that a hard pull upon the reins will cause the single joint to project against the roof of the animal's mouth, and thus produce a painful effect which the snaffle should never inflict. It is to avoid any such action that the *double* joint is advocated. The objection thus urged, however, is probably more fanciful than real, and the single-jointed, being simpler, neater, and more easily kept clean, is recommended as the better of the two.

The snaffle represented in Fig. 1 is a type of the best pattern. Each half of the mouth-piece is of considerable thickness near the rings and tapers off to a less thickness towards the joint. Each half is also slightly curved. This curvature, as well as the decrease towards the joint, is for the purpose of transferring the pressure which would otherwise be produced upon the tongue to the bars of the mouth, where it belongs. The diameter of the cheek-rings, in case no side-bar is used, should be about two and one-half or three inches.

There are other methods of attaching the snaffle to the head-stall; as by the chain and toggle shown in Fig. 3, which is a cut of snaffle

Fig. 3.

Watering Snaffle—Regulation.

for the United States cavalry watering bridle. The rings contain a pair of reins, and the toggle fits in the rings of the halter head-stall to form the bridle complete.

The dimensions in Fig. 1 give, it is believed, a suitable snaffle for use, either with or without the curb, in all cases; for the necessity of an accurate fit, so important in the case of the curb, does not exist here.

The snaffle, employed either singly or with the curb, should be adjusted so as to touch lightly the corners of the horse's mouth. If the snaffle and curb are used together, the snaffle is supported by a light head-stall, which is connected with that of the bridle at the crown-piece and at its junction with the brow-band; or the cheek-pieces of the bridle may be split, and the two straps thus formed be used to support the two bits: the rear one, the snaffle; the front one, the curb.

The snaffle should be placed in the mouth above the curb, and so as not to interfere with it.

THE CURB-BIT.

The curb-bit, like the snaffle, should be made of good forged iron, or, better, of shear-steel.

Its parts are (see Fig. 4) the *mouth-piece*, *aa*, and its *side-pieces*, *b*, *b*; the *port*, *c*; the *corners of the port*, *d*, *d*; the *bars*,[4] *ef*, which are divided into *upper*, *ea*, and *lower*, *af*; the *curb-strap* (see *aa*, Fig. 5).

The bit shown in this figure has been constructed in strict accordance with following rules, and is in shape, weight, and general dimensions believed to be a model for cavalry service.

Its dimensions are: $aa = 5$ inches; $af = 4$ inches (twice length of upper bar); *b*, thickness $= .6$ inch; *c*, width $= 2$ inches; *c*, height $= 7$ inches. Its weight is only $13\frac{3}{4}$ ounces.

[4] Sometimes called *checks*, or *branches*.

Several of these dimensions, such as width of port and mouth-piece, should vary with the size of particular horses' mouths, as is seen farther on.

The upper bars terminate in circular eyes instead of oblong slots. They should be large enough to contain conveniently the *cheek-pieces of the bridle* and the *curb-strap*. The lower bars end in rings, which play in their sockets and are sufficiently large to contain the reins.

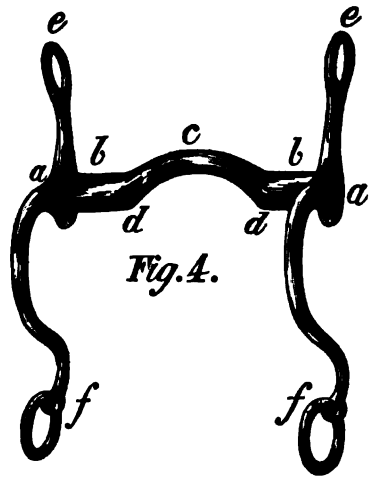

Fig. 4.

Model proposed for Cavalry Bit.

Two additional rings at *a* and *a* would allow two pairs of reins to be used when desired.

To prevent the horse from seizing the *bars* with his teeth, the lower ones in all military bits should curve backwards. In the bit here shown the curve is so contrived as to bring the centre of the rivet of the mouth-piece, that of the upper eye, and the point of attachment of the lower ring in one straight line. The lever-action of the bit is thus—providing that the distance apart of the three points just named is the same in each case—exactly what it would be if the bars formed one continuous straight line. If the curve be so constructed that the last point lie in rear of the line passing through the centres of the rivet and the upper eye, the leverage is thereby diminished; and this would evidently be more and more the case as the point went farther to the rear. The bit in this case is said to be inclined to "fall through," which it does completely when the line passing through the point of attachment of the lower rings and the rivet of the mouth-piece becomes horizontal. As the former point is moved farther to the front the bit becomes more and more severe, or "stiff." It is never in front of the line of the eye and rivet mentioned. The relative lengths of the upper and lower bars is a subject of much discussion. Major Dwyer, of the Austrian cavalry, is one of the most elaborate writers,[5] and probably one of the best modern authorities on the subject of bits and saddles, and his views are freely quoted here as correct ones. He says (demonstrating his principles by an anatomical study of the horse's mouth) that the proper average length of the upper bar should be one and three-fourths inches, and of the lower bar three and one-half inches, thus making the total length of the bars, from where the curb-strap rests in the upper eye to the point of attachment of the lower

[5] His book, "Seats and Saddles, Bits and Bitting, etc.," published a number of years ago, is an ill-arranged mass of very valuable material upon this subject.

ring, to be five and one-fourth inches. Of course the power of the bit may be varied at will by changing the relative lengths of the upper and lower bars. It must be added that the upper bars should be inclined slightly outward, to allow their proper play and to prevent galling in the case of horses whose cheek-bones project laterally to a considerable extent. The same end might be accomplished by placing a movable ring in the place of the fixed eye; but this is not believed to be so good a method as the former.

Having considered the bars of the bit, the next most important part to look at is the *mouth-piece*. Dwyer's fundamental rule here is that the width of the mouth-piece shall be precisely that of the horse's mouth. The correctness of this principle is evident; for if the mouth-piece be too wide, the lateral displacement produced by a pull on one rein will cause the corner of the part to press painfully upon the tongue on that side, or else the part will be pulled directly over the bar of the horse's mouth on that same side, throwing all of the pressure upon the tongue,—the effect being painful and the action of the bit entirely irregular in each case.

If the mouth-piece be too narrow, the lips will be jammed in over the bars of the horse's mouth; the mouth-piece will rest on the former instead of the latter, causing injury to the lips, and, if the bit be at all severe, probably ulcerating them. Almost the whole art of properly selecting a mouth-piece is contained in the ability to determine from the interior conformation of the horse's mouth how much of the pressure of the mouth-piece shall fall upon the bars of the mouth and how much on the tongue itself. A horse with a thick, fleshy tongue, and very sensitive bars, would, for instance, require a "lighter" bit than one of the opposite conformation; for it is evident that a mouth-piece with a large diameter pinches and cuts such bars and tongue less than one that is thinner.[6]

The side-pieces of the mouth-piece should be, as in the last cut, perfectly straight.

Their diameter may vary between half an inch, which represents a sharp bit, to three-fourths of an inch, which is a quite light one.

The shape of the mouth-piece may be of various patterns,—curved and without a port, perfectly straight, side-pieces tapering towards the centre, and of other forms.

The *port* is the next part for examination. Major Dwyer's first rule for this is that it shall be exactly the width of the tongue-channel. This is another point on which the opinion of experts varies. A careful observation upon the matter induces the writer to believe in the

[6] A bit is called "light in proportion as its lever-action is mild, its port low, and its mouth-piece *thick*. In the reverse case it is termed "heavy," "sharp," "severe," or "stiff," though this latter term applies more properly to the *leverage* at the curb.

correctness of the principle laid down above; but it is followed in Dwyer's book by another rule, which does not seem to be deduced from the former,—viz.: that the maximum width of the port should be one and one-third inches. This is not the width adopted in some of the best models of bits in foreign services, nor would it be sufficient for the majority of horses in our own. It is believed that two inches would be a better limit, though the question is simply a matter of measurement dependent upon the width of tongue in individual cases. This measurement, however, may be taken as nearly constant, and represented by the above figure for our own service.

Upon the height of the port depends, almost as much as upon the length of the bars, the severity of the bit. It should vary with the same considerations which decide the thickness of the mouth-piece,—from half an inch, the mildest action desirable, to one and one-fourth inches, beyond which any increase gives a bit too severe for use. The corners of the port should be rounded off, so as not to lacerate the tongue. The plane of the port should be inclined very slightly in advance of that of the bars of the bit, so that, without losing any power, we may give still greater freedom to the tongue. Were it canted in the other direction (backward), to where the tongue is thicker, the increase of compression to the tongue is seen at once.

The next and last point for our discussion is the *curb*. This is as much a portion of the bit proper as any of its metallic parts, and in fact gives its name to the bit. It is evident that the bit is entirely useless without the action of this curb, and that the tightness or looseness of the latter produces a bit correspondingly "stiff," or inclined to "fall through." It is equally plain that the *position* of the curb is dependent on the length of the upper bars. If this length is the one previously suggested,—that is, about one and three-fourths inches,—it will be found that the curb, when its length is accurately adjusted, is usually in its proper place,—viz.: *in the chin-groove of the horse's jaw.* Higher up it would chafe the projecting portions of the jaw.

Dwyer asserts that by placing the mouth-piece "opposite the chin-groove" we necessarily attain the proper position for the curb; but as it is difficult, in the first place, to determine the *exact* locus of the mouth-piece with respect to this groove, and as the rule fails—possibly on account of the difference in conformation between the heads of American and English horses—in the case of many of the animals of our service, we shall have to depend for accuracy in this respect upon a proper position of the bit, combined with a proper length of the curb itself, as prescribed in following rules.

Besides the derangement of the position of the curb, caused by varying the length of the upper bar, it is easy to see that the fit of the curb is also influenced by the width of the mouth-piece, one too wide causing it to bear away from the chin at each extremity, while one of

proper width allows a snug fit and perfect contact all around the jaw, as there should be. It is plain, then, what a relation the different parts of the bit should bear to each other, and how necessary it is that each should be carefully made and adjusted in order that a perfect whole be attained.

The curb of our service bit is a leather strap, with dimensions and shape as given in Fig. 5. The objections to it are that, being made of leather, it may become soaked by rain, in which case it is liable to rot; it becomes also hard and unpliable on drying, so that unless the fit be perfect it is much more apt to ulcerate the jaw than a chain-curb. And again, its adjustment requires more time than the simple chain and hook (see Fig. 7), and, on account of the distance apart of its holes, does not allow such delicate variations in the length as do the hooks and links. The curb-chain began to disappear from our service some years ago, and within the last year or two it has, we believe, vanished almost entirely everywhere. For an officer's handsome bridle, or for garrison use, it is much neater and handsomer than the leather, but old officers who have long used it in the field protest against its utility, as it requires more labor to keep clean, and is, they claim, weaker than the latter, though this last should not be the case.

The safe-strap on our present curb (see Fig. 5) has a width of 1.2 inches, which is believed to be too wide; .75 inch would probably be a better dimension. At present, unless the strap hangs where in most cases it would prove too low, the top of the safe-strap will almost always, in a hard pull, wound the projection of the jaw above the chin-groove. A thinner strap would lie in this groove itself, where it should be.

If a chain-curb be used, it should be made of double links woven so as to be flat, like that shown in Fig. 7. It should be supported at each end by hooks, similar to those shown in the same figure, and have several spare links on each side for purposes of adjustment. The length of the hooks by a rule of thumb, which is laid down, however, by good authorities, is a little greater than one-half the length of the upper bars.

There is no point about the harness of the horse that requires more careful adjustment than the curb, and there is none on which it seems more difficult to establish a fixed rule. Our own tactics prescribe "one finger's breadth" between the strap and the jaw. It is presumed that this means when the bit is hanging naturally in the horse's mouth, though the point is left to conjecture. Now let the merit of this rule be tested practically. The finger entering the space between the curb and jaw so as to have contact with each without being pinched, withdraw the finger and pull the reins backward slightly, and it will be found that before the lower bar of the bit has moved over more than ten or twelve degrees to the rear, the animal will generally take a step

or two in the same direction, showing how the severity of action of the curb is felt even under this slight force upon the reins. When we recollect that in actual riding, in many cases, the sweep of the lower bar is really much greater than this, the great severity of so short a curb becomes very evident. With such a length it will probably be found by any officer who takes the trouble to examine the matter, that after a week of daily drill, if fast gaits are much employed, three horses out of five will have small ulcers or knots under the jaw. Those which escape it usually have the light hands of exceptionally good riders to thank for the fact. It is asserted here, then, without hesitation, that our tactics give us too tight a curb for ordinary use.

The writer has carefully made many tests on this point, and submits the following rule for the consideration of those cavalrymen who may be interested. It will certainly give too long a curb for very hard-mouthed animals, but it is claimed to be correct for the great majority of cases, especially for young horses just learning with the bit. The merits or demerits of the rule can only be determined by a fair, practical trial.

General rule: *Grasp the reins evenly in the left hand and pull them straight to the front, until the general line of the lower bar of the bit is in the prolongation of the cheek-pieces of the bridle. When in this position the perpendicular distance from the middle point of the curb to the jaw should be one good inch.* This gives abouts .4 inch more than the "one finger's breadth" rule, which is, it may be added, a very indefinite one.

It is absolutely indispensable that strict attention be paid to this adjustment. If the truth could be known it would probably be amazing to learn the number of unruly, ungovernable horses which abuses in this direction produce. A troop of cavalry should have its curbs carefully inspected by the officer in command at every other drill or so. Bridles and horses are being constantly changed, and the men, until the paramount importance of this subject is impressed upon them, need to be closely watched in the matter. Any trooper whose horse is found to be constantly "in the air," lunging ahead of the line, etc., or who has an animal that with open mouth and bloody jaws bores violently and continually on the bit, should be *at once* made to dismount and examine his curb. The fault will be found here in a surprising number of cases, and will generally be in *too tight* a curb. If the length of curb is even found to be correct at the time of examination, it is possible that the unruliness of the horse has been produced by past mistreatment in that respect. If he proves to be very unmanageable, he should be withdrawn from regular drills for a time and ridden slowly and carefully by a good horseman,[7] who will see to the careful

[7] The broad distinction between the terms "good horseman" and "good rider" is too often lost sight of: it should be carefully preserved.

adjustment of bit and curb. A snaffle might sometimes be substituted. The horse, with patience and care, nine times out of ten, can be returned to the troop completely reformed.

The italics used in the rule above given do not over-emphasize the importance of proper curb adjustment. The service bit, which is shown in the two cuts which next follow, is a very good one, and as soon as the trooper is taught how to properly place it and fix his curb, a source of many difficulties is removed from the troop.

Modified McClellan (No. 2)—Regulation.

The bit given in Fig. 5 is a No. 2 "McClellan," though slightly altered from its original form, as far as the curb-strap and the mode of attaching it goes. It is still in use in our service as a regulation bit; but it is being rapidly replaced by that shown in Fig. 6, which was recommended by the Cavalry Equipment Board of 1874, and since adopted in lieu of the "McClellan."

The McClellan bit is made of shear-steel, blued. As is seen, the circular eye for the curb-strap is here replaced by an oblong slot, and the curb-strap, *aa*, is inserted by means of a metal loop passing through a small hole in the upper bar. The original form of curb and attachment is shown in Fig. 7.

There are four sizes of this bit, as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Height of port (inches) . .	2.25	2.	1.5	0.5
Opening of port " . .	0.8	1.1		
Length of upper bar, inches .	1.5	2.25	2.25	2.25
Length of lower " . .	5.5 inches in all sizes.			
Thickness of mouth-piece .	0.5	0.5	0.5	0.65
Length of mouth-piece in all sizes 4.5 inches.[8]				

The above are the *prescribed* dimensions of the different sizes of this bit, but occasional variations from them will be found in those actually in use.

[8] For these dimensions, as well as those relating to the "Shoemaker" bit, the writer is indebted to the courtesy of the Ordnance Department, and Captain Shoemaker, U.S.A.

The curb is a leather strap, approximately twenty inches long and six inches wide, with a safe-strap (see broad strap in cut) sewed on its face, 7.3 inches long and 1.2 inches wide.

The weight of this bit is, approximately, twenty-six ounces, which is excessively heavy.

There are *curb-rings* of two different sizes which may go with bit No. 1, replacing the curb-strap. The bit with this attachment is known as the "ring-bit." It is for the purpose of controlling the worst cases of runaway horses; but its use is cruel torture, and the horse requiring it should be eliminated at once from the troop. But few of these have ever been issued.

The objections to the above bit are principally its great weight, the faulty manner of adjusting the curb-strap, and the excessive height of the port in Nos. 1 and 2. As has already been said, the safe-strap of the curb might also be made narrower.

A suggestion of the Equipment Board which met in 1879 was that all bits be of the same size. This is not believed to be at all practicable in any cavalry service. Such an idea can only proceed from the assumption that an *approximate* fit is good enough. There is a quite wide divergence between the shapes and dimensions of different horses' mouths, and a comfortable bit for one might be a severe pinch for another.

The four sizes now in use are none too many, and at any training-school which may arise in the future they will be found too few.

This deficiency might be remedied by furnishing a certain number of extra mouth-pieces of different sizes and shapes, which could, when desired, replace each other in a very simple way. The ends of the mouth-pieces for this purpose should be square, or rectangular, the ends all being of the same size. They are then passed through an opening of corresponding size and shape in the bar of the bit, and are secured on the outside by a nut and washer, which fit over a small thread on the end of the mouth-piece. By this arrangement the necessary change may be easily and quickly effected.

The "Shoemaker" (No. 1)—Regulation.

The above cut exhibits the No. 1 "Shoemaker" bit, now replacing the "McClellan" in our service. It is the invention of Captain W.

P. Shoemaker, U.S.A., and is undoubtedly superior in shape, mildness, dimensions, and weight to the "McClellan."

It is made of shear-steel and, as recommended by the Equipment Board of 1874, has the following dimensions:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Height of port (inches)	0.5	1.0	1.5
Opening of port "	1.9		
Length of upper bar (constant) . . .	1.75 ins. (to middle of slot).		
Length of lower " (constant) . . .	5.1 "		
Length of mouth-piece (constant) . . .	4.75 "		
Thickness of "	.6 inch.		

In reality the length of mouth-piece of those issued is about 4.9, and the thickness of same about .5.

The weight of bit is about seventeen ounces, some nine ounces lighter than the "McClellan."

The curb-strap previously described is at present used with this bit, though Captain Shoemaker had designed one considerably wider. His idea is for the leverage to remain constant and the severity of the bit to be regulated by the curb-strap.

The plain steel gives the most elegant, as well as the most durable bit. It should be carefully polished after use with bar sand, or soft ashes and soap, a woolen cloth being used in rubbing. For those who are more fastidious the bit may be burnished, the operation being renewed as often as is necessary to keep it in a state of perfect brightness. A little oil should always be applied before putting away.

Plated bits are handsome when new, and, of course, less difficult to keep clean, but with use the plating will be certain to crack and tarnish, and the polish never in any case equals that of a steel one. Besides the bits described, some of the others best known now and in the past by our cavalry officers are the "Old Dragoon," "Grimsley," "Pelham," "Daniels," "Whitman," and "McClellan." The latter is given in Fig. 7.

Another bit which for appearance, shape, and dimensions, strikes the writer as an excellent model for military riding, is the "Incorruptible." The only one ever seen by him was one in use by an officer of our service a year or so ago. It is believed to be of English make, but the name of the maker and the extent to which it is used in this country are unknown. Each of the above bits has some special advantage claimed for it, but no one of them is believed to be more perfect in all its parts than that shown in Fig. 4. When the horse's mouth has previously received the proper education from the snaffle, it is safe to assert that it needs no modification (save in the dimensions of the mouth-piece to suit the size of different mouths) for cavalry use. Of course an infinite discussion could be made of the subject were all the styles and variations of military bits which human ingenuity has

devised, and imaginary perfections have led different cavalry services to adopt, to be considered. Leaving out the many absurd civilian bits, and the innumerable varieties used by professional trainers, a simple description of the straight, curved, double-jointed, twisted, leather, and rubber-covered mouth-pieces to be found in these military services would of itself form a considerable book. The extensive nature of the subject does not admit of even an attempt to go into it, and, besides, it is not desired to detract attention from what is deemed a sufficiently good article by an useless inquiry into the merits of some scores of inferior ones.

Original McClellan.

In placing the bit in the mouth, care should be taken not to rasp the flesh of the lips unnecessarily, and not to strike the bit violently against the teeth. This can be avoided by opening the mouth to the necessary width by inserting the left thumb into the near side of it so as to press well open the lower jaw.

No metal bit should be put in the mouth in extremely cold weather without first warming with the breath, or, if at hand, as in camp, before a fire. The writer has, in a winter's camp, seen a perfect cicatrix left upon the tongue from the neglect of this precaution. Those who have had their fingers blistered by the adhesion to them of frozen metal can understand the pain thus inflicted upon a poor brute.

The present style of military bridle is nearly everywhere devoid of nose-bands, which are thought to be superfluous and, by many, even injurious, as preventing free breathing on the part of the animal. This need not be the case if the nose-band is properly placed; but as this addition to the bridle is in any case not an important one, the point is not deemed worth controversy.

As for martingales, their use should depend upon circumstances. For giving a greater curvature to the neck, for correcting the vice of too high a head, and for inducing the young horse to "take the bit" the more readily, they are to be commended. For no other purpose are they beneficial. They interfere with leaping, and if used (as they often are for appearance' sake) upon a horse whose head and equilibrium are already good, they may ruin him by transforming him into a borer. Upon all animals the danger is in the direction of too light a

martingale. If employed with double reins (bit and snaffle), it is customary to use them on those of the snaffle.

There are various devices in use in this country and abroad for controlling and training a horse in special ways, such as "running reins," training halters, etc.; but although they *may* be classed under the general title of "bitting," they more properly belong to the subject of horse-training.

To sum up the preceding rules for selecting and fitting the curb-bit, we divide military riders into two classes,—*the officer*, who has good animals which he wishes by careful bitting to convert into well-mouthed chargers, and the *enlisted trooper*, who, being kindly relieved by the regulations from the responsibility of choosing his bit, needs simply to learn how to use the one he has.

The first class, in *choosing* the bit, have to consider:

1st. *The width of the animal's mouth.*—This width should be carefully measured (without pinching the cheeks) at that portion of the mouth in which the bit is to rest. The *mouth-piece* should be selected of exactly the corresponding length.

2d. *The width of tongue.*—This determines the *width of the port*, measured from corner to corner. The above are the only two dimensions which depend upon the *size* of the mouth.

3d. *The conformation of the bars of the mouth and tongue*,—the two points which indicate to what degree the mouth is "hard" or "soft," and, therefore, what *thickness of mouth-piece and height of port* are necessary. As a rule, a horse with a thick, flabby tongue spreading laterally over the bars, or, with wide, flat-topped bars, or with both of these characteristics, is inclined to a *hard* mouth, and requires a mouth-piece more or less sharp; one of reverse qualities,—a thin tongue and narrow, ridge-like bars,—a light one.

These are the *general* rules for the selection of the bit. Of course, actual experience may prove a horse to possess a quality of mouth different from that indicated by its appearance, and horses with peculiar vices—such as the borer, the jibber, and the rearer—may require special methods, and the use of straight, leather-covered, etc., mouth-pieces, or perhaps even snaffles. The particular necessities of the case can only be seized by horsemen of experience and intelligence, and no rules can be laid down very well which will cover all of them.

The length of the *bars* will generally be that given for the bit represented by Fig. 4. For both classes the following rules will serve as a guide in the *placing* of the bit:

1st. With the crown-piece of the bridle in the right hand, and the left side of the mouth-piece resting on the first two fingers of the left hand, insert the left thumb into the mouth,[9] press the jaw well open, and insert the bit gently in the mouth.

[9] See tactics.

2d. After the head-stall has been buckled on, the mouth-piece should be about one-fourth of an inch below the angle of the jaw. If necessary to lower or raise it, the proper adjustment should be given by lengthening or shortening the cheek-pieces of the bridle a corresponding distance on *both* sides.[10]

3d. The curb-strap should then be adjusted so that when the line of the lower bar is in the prolongation of the cheek-pieces of the bridle, there may be one full inch between the middle point of the curb and the jaw.

4th. The throat-lash should be loosely buckled, being just tight enough to prevent the bridle being pulled forward over the head.

When bits are issued in fixed and limited sizes, as in our service, the drill officer should always see that the trooper has that size which most nearly approximates to the proper fit, this being the only scope in selection allowed him.

* * * * * * * * * *

To those who underrate the value of attention to the subject of which this article treats, the writer would like to give some idea of the importance in which it and kindred ones relating to the adjustment of cavalry harness are held in the great cavalry services abroad. The end certainly justifies the means they employ to secure perfection in these respects. Their bits are no better than ours, and their equipment in general not nearly so good, but their nicety in fitting produces wonderful results. A recent and competent writer on horse-breaking, in speaking of Mr. Rarey's system, asserts that "he (Rarey) has taken the dull, pulling mouth of the American horse as his model, and not the beautifully yielding, yet steady one of the English hack." The distinction here drawn between these two styles of mouth is doubtless perfectly true in the great majority of cases. In our army little care is given—in some cases, perhaps, *can* be given—to this matter. Certainly the West Point cadet, though, should receive fair instruction in these things, unless, indeed, it is claimed that a knowledge of his harness and its fit is unnecessary to the officer.

In the French school of cavalry at Saumur, out of some nine hundred horses of various breeds, many of which were ridden in the daily drills by the writer, he came across very few of those hard, dull, pulling mouths which Rarey's critic speaks of, and which are, it cannot be denied, very numerous in our West Point and service cavalry horses. Hear Dwyer: "As regards cavalry, few things are so important as good and careful bitting. The steadiness of a troop or squadron in its evolutions, and especially in skirmishing, charging, and rallying, depends

[10] The writer has suggested an arrangement by which the cheek-pieces can be let out or taken up by a single adjustment, which takes place at the top of *crown-piece* of the bridle, thus saving the unbuckling of *two* buckles, and enabling the rider to make it while mounted.

mainly on it. The writer of this has on more than one occasion converted, in the course of a few days, and at very moderate expense, a body of this kind that had become almost unserviceable from bad bitting into a model of steadiness, the bolters and restive horses all disappearing as if by magic. No doubt in order to effect this every single horse's mouth must be measured and fitted in the manner to be explained hereafter. Three or four sizes or patterns will not suffice for even one hundred and sixty or one hundred and eighty horses, much less for a whole regiment, although our cavalry regulations lay it down as a rule that each *regiment* should have 'a *few* bits with different and easy mouth-pieces and curbs,' etc. . . . A great number of bits were put down for alteration as being a half to one inch too wide, and some thirty or forty went to the heap of old iron, as being utterly useless from their immense size. Some officers will, perhaps, smile at this as a piece of pedantry, but if they had witnessed the results attained they would probably adopt the same plan. As it is, let any cavalry captain . . . . take the trouble of ascertaining, which he may easily do, how many bits in his troop are half an inch, a full inch, or perhaps still more, too wide, he will probably then find a clue to many little annoyances he meets with during drill. . . . Good bitting, saddling, packing, and riding are what render cavalry available and durable; they secure efficiency and therefore economy; of course they cannot insure judicious handling of the arm, nor affect the *morale* of the soldier, beyond giving him a sense of security and power, which is, however, very valuable," and so on. But no cavalry officers as intelligent as our own need the weight of such authority to convince them of the advantages of attention to these things. Without it, defects will always exist in any cavalry service; with it, result many advantages to horse, rider, and troop, for which a little labor might well be expended.

S. C. Robertson,
First U. S. Cavalry.

Fort Maginnis, M. T., February, 1885.

THE CAMPAIGN AND BATTLE OF SHILOH.

(Concluded from page 280.)

To attempt a description of each stage and phase of the conflict in complete sequence were an impossible undertaking which I shall not adventure. At most I can give an intelligible idea merely of the salient features and incidents of the field that led up to the end of the first day's conflict, and this leads to the statement that after conducting about an hour and a half the movement against Stuart's brigade, in an isolated conflict nearly a mile beyond the right, General Johnston had about 11 A.M. gone to the Confederate right, and remained there personally directing thenceforward the movements of Breckenridge's (reserve) division in that quarter until he was mortally wounded. By an arrangement with Polk, Bragg had meanwhile assumed direction of the Confederate right-centre, leaving to Polk the control of the left-centre. At the same time Hardee was in control of operations on the Confederate left. Following conveniently near to the general forward movement, General Beauregard kept himself at a shifting central point at which to receive reports, through his staff-officers, of the course of events, and from which he exercised special supervision of the field, sending the reserves into action at the proper exigencies.

Meanwhile, or close upon 2 P.M., General Johnston, who, as I have already stated, had been personally directing the operations of Breckenridge's division against the extreme Union left under Hurlbut, launched Bowen's and Statham's brigade with resistless momentum against the enemy that for three-quarters of an hour had checked his progress towards the river, and succeeded in pressing them back for more than half a mile. As on several previous occasions earlier in the day, he intrepidly led in this onset, exposing his person in a marked manner, and as it proved, this time, unhappily, he was struck with a rifle-ball in his leg just below the knee,—a wound of which, it would seem, he was unconscious at the moment, and one which, had surgical aid been immediately at hand, would not have been mortal. In this movement the Confederate line was established upon a flat wooded ridge. Governor Harris, acting as General Johnston's aide-de-camp, returning to his chief's side to report the delivery of an order

he had carried, and noticing that he was about to fall from his horse, sustained the fainting soldier in his saddle while leading him into the ravine in the rear of the position just gained, where he was lifted to the ground, already unconscious, and died with scarcely a murmur, as Governor Harris relates, about 2.40 P.M. As the scene of this untoward death was a wooded, secluded hollow, the event was not known to the Confederate army until night.

Not aware of the death of General Johnston, I reached that quarter of the field a few moments after he had received his wound, and found Breckenridge's brigades at a halt and ordered arms. I was in quest of troops with which to turn that part of the Union line that had so long, as already mentioned, successfully resisted Bragg's assaults,[1] and therefore gave the order to General Breckenridge in the name of General Johnston, that he should advance with that purpose and capture the batteries, the position of which I indicated by gesture as well as words. As I gave the order, General Breckenridge, clad in a dark jeans blouse, and surrounded by his staff, close to the rear of Statham's brigade, sat on his horse more like an equestrian statue than a living man, except the fiery gleam that shot from his dark eyes. In front, about two hundred yards distant, in the open forest was to be seen a Federal camp, apparently unoccupied; farther on it was an open field bordered by a dense thicket. Through the vacant encampment, and into the field beyond, Breckenridge's command moved in fine order, and as yet there was profound silence; but before reaching the centre of the field a hissing stream of infantry missiles burst upon the Confederates from the thicket ahead, mowing their ranks fearfully, and heaping the ground with the dead and wounded. There was a momentary check; indeed, they gave back, but only for a few moments. Animated by their officers, they closed up their thinned ranks, the advance was resumed, and their adversary, after some stubborn fighting, was forced back.

Meanwhile, General Beauregard, while still urging Hardee to press the Federals on the left, had been turning his attention to the prolonged resistance of the Federal centre held by Wallace and Prentiss. He concentrated a powerful force of artillery and infantry, including battalions made up of stragglers, for the purpose of pressing it upon Wallace's front and left, the latter now exposed by the forcing back of McClernand. These troops, supported by the batteries, were urged forward in a vigorous, combined attack under Polk and Ruggles, and as Marshall J. Smith's fine Crescent Regiment of New Orleans moved by to the attack, it drew the enemy's fire to the spot by raising a loud cheer

[1] That is to say, the Federal forces, as will be seen from Bragg's report, which held him at bay from 11 A.M. to 3 P.M. See also letter of Colonel Urquhart to the present writer, page 551, vol. i., "Military Operations of General Beauregard," by Alfred Roman; also note to page 396 of this article.

for General Beauregard, who bade them "go forward and drive the enemy into the Tennessee!" But meanwhile Withers, who for much of the day had been carrying on an isolated contest with Colonel Stuart beyond the right of the main line of battle, finding at three o'clock that his adversary had disappeared towards Pittsburg Landing, and his left being struck by the shells of a Federal gunboat in the Tennessee, moved away from the river, and, passing over the intervening ridges and ravines, sought to rejoin the main line of battle. This brought him opportunely with the direct attack by Breckenridge's brigades, full upon Hurlbut's left flank, a movement which that officer for a time resisted stoutly, but fearing to be cut off, he fell back after 4 P.M. upon Pittsburg Landing, thus leaving Prentiss's left flank exposed. Wallace, whose unflinching steadfastness had done so much to keep the Federal army from being driven to the river-side by mid-day, now, to avoid being surrounded, gave the order to fall back, and soon fell mortally wounded. A part of his forces, however, remained with Prentiss, who found himself inclosed on all sides by the troops that had assailed Wallace, himself, and Hurlbut. He tried vainly to extricate himself, and was at last obliged to surrender, with over three thousand officers and men. This was between half-past five and six o'clock.

But, meanwhile, Colonel Webster, chief of the Federal staff, as also the colonel of an artillery regiment, observing the steadily increasing mortal peril of his people, had gathered upon the ridge near the landing all the guns that he could find, including some 32- and 24-pounders (siege guns), with a battery of 20-pounders, in all twenty-two pieces, which he manned with gunners from the least demoralized of the runaways from the front. Soon, too, the remains of the field-batteries gravitated to the same ridge, so that at least fifty guns were massed upon that eminence about 5 P.M., with a field of fire sweeping all approaches to the river.[2] The position was strong; timber and undergrowth gave covert both for the guns and their support, while a deep ravine separated it from the table-land, which it dominated; tangled brushwood served as a natural abatis to its steep slope towards the Confederates. Behind this natural parapet, interposed so fortunately for them, the entire Federal force left after the capture of Prentiss took refuge, except the remains of two of Sherman's brigades, which drifted off with their general to the immediate vicinity of the bridge across Snake Creek, on the road nearly northward, in its course to Crump's Landing, and not being followed, he established them there undisturbed, with his rear open for retreat, in an emergency, down the river. The air now resounded with hearty shouts of natural exultation on the part of the victorious Confederates, and from his headquarters in advance of Shiloh, General Beauregard, through his staff,

[2] Some Union writers have placed the number at sixty guns in all.

was urging the concentration and propulsion of the whole of his force upon the shattered, beaten enemy. But the Federal encampments were plethoric with food, most alluring to hungry men, as well as with clothing and other attractive spoil. The thick, tangled woods, moreover, had served to disarray almost every regiment, so that none of the divisions and few, if any, brigades confronted this last position that stood between them and the broad, bank-full waters of the Tennessee. The superior officers present collected the men immediately around them, of whatsoever corps or command. Meanwhile, before 6 P.M., Ammen's brigade of Nelson's division had been marched up from Savannah, thrown across the river, and established as a support to Webster's admirably-disposed battery, the other supports of which were now energized by the knowledge that night with its shield of darkness and ample succor were at hand. At the same time two Federal gunboats had taken a position in a bend in the Tennessee that enabled them to enfilade the front of the position, and, in fact, the whole field now in possession of the Confederates, with their heavy shot and shells, as any map of it will show.

This was the situation about six o'clock. As General Bragg reports, he had been in that quarter of the field since four o'clock, and found there "General Breckenridge with his reserve division, pressing the enemy; Brigadier-General Withers with his splendid division, greatly exhausted and taking a temporary rest; and Major-General Cheatham with his division of General Polk's corps, to their left and rear.[3] . . .

[3] It is a noteworthy part of the history of the day that General Bragg had gone to this part of the field from another quarter to the left of it, under the following circumstances, related in his official report of the battle in these words: "Meeting, at about 10.30 o'clock, upon the left-centre with Major-General Polk, my senior, I promptly yielded to him the important command at the point, and moved toward the right, in the direction in which Brigadier-General Hindman had just led his division. Here we met the most obstinate resistance of the day, the enemy being strongly posted, with infantry and artillery, on an eminence immediately behind a dense thicket. Hindman's command was gallantly led to the attack, but recoiled under a murderous fire. . . . The command soon returned to its work, but was unequal to the heavy task. Leaving them to hold their position, I moved farther to the right, and brought up the First Brigade (Gibson) of Ruggles's division, which was in rear of its true position, and threw them forward to attack the same point. A very heavy fire soon opened, and after a short conflict this command fell back in considerable disorder. Rallying the different regiments by means of my staff-officers and escort, they were twice more moved to the attack, only to be driven back by the enemy's sharpshooters occupying the thick cover. This result was due entirely to want of proper handling. Finding that nothing could be done here, after hours of severe exertion and heavy losses, and learning of the fall of our commander, who was *leading* in person on the extreme right, the troops were so posted as to hold this position, and leaving a competent staff-officer to direct them in my name, I moved rapidly to the extreme right." (His official report, p. 466, Reb. Rec., vol. x. ch. xxii.)

That is to say, General Bragg at the time of General Johnston's death had been repulsed in all the efforts he had made between 10.30 A.M. and 3 P.M. to break and

It was now about four o'clock. . . . As soon as our troops could be again formed and put in motion, the order was given to move forward at all points and sweep the enemy from the field. The sun was disappearing, so that little time was left us to finish the glorious work of the day. . . . Our troops, greatly exhausted by twelve hours' incessant fighting without food, mostly responded to the order with alacrity, and the movement commenced with every prospect of success, though a heavy battery in our front and the gunboats on our right seemed determined to dispute every inch of the ground. Just at this time an order was received from the commanding general to withdraw the forces beyond the enemy's fire. As this was communicated in many instances direct to brigade commanders, the troops were soon in motion, and the action ceased."

These extraordinary statements on the part of General Bragg, embodied in a report professing to have been addressed to and passed through my hands as chief of the staff of General Beauregard with the pseudo-date of April 30, 1862, I have quoted to show that they do not in any respect give a fair and loyal story of the circumstances and the possibilities under which the order to withdraw the Confederate army out of action was given and executed.

A very different and the true story[4] of this part of the action of the 6th of April is to be elicited from the reports of the subordinate Federal and Confederate officers engaged in it,—beginning with that of General Chalmers, of whom General Bragg said, "he could not have exceeded the measure of my expectations. Never were troops and commander more worthy of each other." That officer reported, six days after the battle, to the adjutant-general of Withers, his divisional com-

bear back the Union line confronting the Confederate "right-centre," and was content to post his troops defensively and himself go elsewhere in quest of some more vulnerable part of the Federal line.

[4] It is due to the truth of history that I should here as during his lifetime make the statement that though General Bragg's report of the battle of Shiloh is addressed to me it was never seen by me, nor by General Beauregard, for several years after its date. Therefore upon its very face it is historically untrustworthy. It was not written in any substantial sense on the 30th of April, 1862, nor at Corinth, but at Tupelo, Mississippi, after the 20th of June, 1862; that is, after General Bragg had been placed by Mr. Davis in command of the army in place of General Beauregard. Although I was Bragg's chief of staff for sixty days or from about the 18th of June, my only connection with this important paper that goes forth into history as addressed to me was that on the 25th of July, 1862, General Bragg handed me in my room at the Battle House in Mobile a sealed envelope which he said contained his report of the battle in question, and asked me to request as a favor of my brother, Captain Francis H. Jordan, then about leaving for Virginia, that he would deliver it into the hands of General Cooper, which was duly done. Further, that the report in question was written at Tupelo is apparent from the fact that there is a distinct important reference in it to Withers's report bearing date of 20th June, 1862. Other evidence can be adduced. The letter of transmission to Richmond in fact bears date of July 25.

mander, "It was then about four o'clock in the evening, and after distributing ammunition, we received orders from General Bragg to drive the enemy into the river. My brigade, together with that of General Jackson, filed to the right and formed facing the river, and endeavored to press forward to the water's edge, but in attempting to mount the last ridge we were met by a fire from a whole line of batteries protected by infantry and assisted by shells from the gunboats. Our men struggled vainly to ascend the hill, which was very steep, making charge after charge without success, but continued to fight until night closed hostilities on both sides. During the engagement Gage's battery was brought up to our assistance, but suffered so severely that it was soon compelled to retire. This was the sixth fight in which we had been engaged during the day, and the men were too much exhausted to storm the batteries on the hill, but they were brought off in good order, formed in line of battle and slept on the battle-field, where I remained with them."[5]

General John K. Jackson, commanding Third Brigade, Withers's division, concurs with Chalmers, under date of April 26, 1862, or twenty days after the battle: "My brigade was ordered to change direction again, face towards Pittsburg, where the enemy appeared to have made his last stand, and to advance upon him; General Chalmers's brigade being again on my right. . . . Without ammunition and with only their bayonets to rely on, steadily my men advanced under a heavy fire from light batteries, siege-pieces, and gunboats. Passing through the ravine, they arrived near the crest of the opposite hill upon which the enemy's batteries were, but could not be urged further without support. Sheltering themselves against the precipitious sides of the ravine, they remained under this fire for some time. Finding an advance without support impracticable, remaining there under fire useless, and believing any further forward movement should be made simultaneously along the whole line, I proceeded to obtain orders from General Withers, but before seeing him was ordered by a staff-officer to retire. This order was announced to me as coming from General Beauregard, and was promptly communicated to my command. In the darkness of the night which had fallen upon us my regiments became separated from each other," etc. Thus closed Sunday, April 6, upon my brigade.[6] As may likewise be seen from General Jackson's report, it was already so late that in the darkness he lost his brigade, and unable even to find it, was assigned "by some staff-officer not now recollected [myself as it happened] to the command of other troops during the next day's battle." One of Jackson's colonels (Wheeler), in a report dated six days after the battle, referring to the same stage of the action, states explicitly that, unable to reach the summit of the hill, his regiment was halted within four hundred yards of the river "half an hour, when

[5] Reb. Rec., vol. x. chap. xxii., p. 551. [6] Ibid., p. 555.

night came on and we were ordered to the rear."[7] Colonel More, another officer of Withers's divison, under date of April 19, reported that in attempting to pass the ravine near the Tennessee River, a heavy battery, which at first overshot his men, finally got "a raking fire up the ravine from our right. Seeing this state of things, we made a rapid retreat from our unpleasant position and proceeded back to the camp last taken, having been told that we would here receive orders. It was dark when we reached camp."[8]

Colonel Shaver, commanding First Brigade of Hindman's division, Hardee's corps, reported six days afterwards that having encountered late in the afternoon a "murderous fire" at close range from the Union troops under a dense covert, he had been forced to retire, leaving his adversary "holding their position." . . . "Upon reporting to General Bragg my inability to dislodge the enemy, and that my command was very much cut up, I was ordered to fall back, reform my command, and await orders. I soon received orders to advance a short distance, when I received orders to retire and encamp my command for the night." Somewhat more precision is given to this affair by the report of Major Harvey, commanding one of the regiments of Shaver's brigade, also dated April 12, who states, "After an hour's engagement, no retreat being ordered, our troops, together with the whole brigade, fled about one-quarter of a mile, when, being immediately rallied, they were ordered to the same position, on reaching which we found that the enemy had evacuated their position. We then retired, it being 6 P.M. The greater part of our loss occurred in this charge."[9] Another regimental commander, Major Martin, tells this story: "My entire support on the right or the other position of the brigade had fallen back, I determined to retreat, . . . and happily brought off, though in a scattered condition, my entire command then living. I formed them in the rear of our advanced lines, and, after a little time, was marched to the rear some distance and ordered to bivouac for the night. We were engaged and under fire ten hours."[10] That superb soldier, as he afterwards proved himself to be, General Cleburne, also of Hardee's corps, made this important statement: "As soon as supplied with ammunition (brought up from the rear by his men on their backs for more than a mile) I continued to move forward, until checked by a heavy fire of artillery from the enemy's field artillery and gunboats. When this firing ceased I again advanced, until halted by an aide of General Beauregard, who informed me not to approach nearer the river. It was now dark, so I returned, and encamped in one of the enemy's encampments near the Bark road." Of another brigade of Hardee's corps, its commander's (General S. A. M. Wood) report, dated April 15, thus fixes

[7] Afterwards a distinguished major-general.
[8] Reb. Rec., vol. x. ch. xxii., p. 562.
[9] Ibid., p. 577. [10] Ibid., p. 578.

its position and work during the closing hours of the day: "I received an order from Major-General Hardee to move to the centre and front, which was immediately obeyed, bringing my command under the fire of the gunboats; but we pressed on until we found that the shells, in the main, passed beyond our line. Coming upon a line of troops immediately in my front, I halted, and ordered the men to rest, selecting a position the most secure from the shelling. From the shells at this point I had ten killed and many wounded. In a short time I saw the line on my front moving to the rear and around my right. A staff-officer then ordered me to fall back to the encampment we had last passed, and to allow my men to get something to eat and rest for the night."[11] The hour for the advance that brought Wood's brigade under the heavy fire of the gunboats is fixed by several regimental commanders at 4 P.M., and sunset is stated as the time of their final withdrawal. All make it night when they reached their encampments near by. Colonel Trabue, commanding one of Breckenridge's three brigades, reporting on the 15th of April, after referring to the capture of Prentiss and occupation by the three brigades, now united, of the crest of the high land overlooking the narrow valley of the Tennessee River near Pittsburg Landing, relates how, "Having been halted here for more than an hour, we endured a most terrific cannonade and shelling from the enemy's gunboats. My command, however, had seen too much hard fighting to be alarmed, and the Fourth Kentucky stood firm, while some of our troops to the front fell back through their lines in confusion. . . . From this position, when it was nearly dark, we were ordered to the rear to encamp, which movement was effected in good order. I followed in the darkness of the night the Purdy road."[12] Colonel Martin, commanding Bowen's brigade, after 4 P.M., reporting, on the 14th of April, that his brigade had reached and maintained a position within from three to four hundred yards of the river, exposed to a noisy fire of Federal batteries and gunboats, makes no mention of being either engaged in or about to undertake an advance at the time "the order from General Bragg" reached him—"now nearly night" —to withdraw, but he does mention that General Withers, of Polk's corps, and General Hardee remained all night in his encampment, that is, *separated* from their own troops.[13] Of the position occupied by this brigade, Colonel Dunlap, commanding one of the regiments, reports, "We continued to follow them (the enemy) until our position became one of extreme peril, placed as we were between two batteries, both pouring destructive volleys of grape and canister into our ranks. . . . We received orders to fall back to a safe position and await further

[11] Reb. Rec., vol. x. ch. xxii., p. 582. Cleburne states that during the night, every fifteen minutes, two shells were dropped by the gunboats into the camp he occupied, in which were also a great many of the Federal wounded.

[12] Reb. Rec., vol. x. ch. xxii., p. 616.

[13] Ibid., p. 622.

orders. By the time night came on . . . my loss in killed and wounded amounted to about one hundred."[14]

But the most explicit and graphic of all the relations given of the closing hour of the 6th of April is found in the report of Colonel Alfred Mouton, a graduate of West Point, commanding Eighteenth Louisiana Infantry, who reported on 12th of April,—

"At about 4 P.M. I moved by the left flank through the continuation of the same ravine, with a view of charging the battery, which had been continuously firing on us. Before reaching a proper position, and while directly in front of the battery, distant from it about six or seven hundred yards, I received peremptory orders to move up the hill and charge the battery. The order was instantly obeyed. About four hundred yards from the battery my line became entirely uncovered, and thence my regiment rushed forward alone at double-quick toward the battery, being all the while exposed to an incessant fire both from the battery and its supports. At or about sixty or seventy yards from the battery, which then commenced moving from its position and began to retreat, the enemy had opposed to my regiment, then numbering about five hundred, three regiments of infantry, two of which kept up an incessant cross-fire on my troops, and the third, as soon as unmasked by the battery, also opened upon us. Thus exposed, my men falling at every step, being unsupported and unable to accomplish the capture of the battery or the repulse of the enemy, I was compelled to retire, leaving my dead and wounded on the field. Here two hundred and seven officers and men fell either dead or wounded, and Lieutenant-Colonel Roman and I had our horses shot under us. I must add that, in my opinion, the order to charge the battery was prematurely given; that is, before our troops had taken proper position to act effectively and support one another. Otherwise I am inclined to believe the battery would have been captured. After rallying the regiment I moved off to the left, and took position opposite the enemy's lines, distant about three hundred yards, which were covered by infantry and artillery. Throwing out pickets to protect my line, I bivouacked for the night. By this time my men were completely exhausted, as they had neither slept nor eaten since the evening of the 4th, and had been continually on the march."

And as it was with the troops under Bragg and Hardee, as I have shown, so was it elsewhere after the surrender of Prentiss and retreat of the Union forces to the river-side; for we have the testimony of Colonel Marshall J. Smith, of Pond's brigade, Ruggles's division, to the effect that after that retreat the gunboats opened a most destructive fire, which we endured for some time, not being able to reply; and, under orders, we retreated from the front ground, and took up our quarters for the night in one of the enemy's encampments.[15] And Colonel Stanley, of Patton Anderson's brigade, same division, states that, ordered from the Confederate left towards heavy firing on the right, with the Ninth Texas Infantry, he fell within range of shot and shell from the gunboats in that vicinity, and that there "night put a close to the action for the day of the sixth."[16] Colonel Richards, commanding Twentieth Louisiana Infantry, gives this evidence: "At the last charge, towards evening, when my regiment was severely cut up by a cross-fire from rifle-pits and a battery pouring forth a hail-storm

[14] Reb. Rec., vol. x. ch. xxii., p. 524. [15] Ibid., p. 509. [16] Ibid., p. 507.

of canister, my regiment was separated from the rest of the brigade, and as night set in I led the remnant of the regiment to our hospital, where we bivouacked."[17]

As for the hour at which the ordered retirement took place, General Ruggles, of Bragg's corps, fixes it definitely "just as night set in,"[18] no sooner. Colonel Maney, commanding a brigade of Cheatham's division, Polk's corps, relates: "Our forces came rapidly up, but it was already quite late in the day, and they were halted near a deserted camp of the enemy . . . for the purpose of replenishing their ammunition. I held the position at which I had been halted until dark."[19] Another brigade commander of Polk's corps fixes sunset as about the hour that his brigade retired.[20] General Cheatham, whose division of Polk's corps and whom I had the honor to put into action at least twice that day, on the 10th of April, or four days after the battle, reported, "About this time a halt was made for the purpose of some concentration of our forces of all commands for a concerted attack upon the enemy, then understood to have concentrated on the river-bank under the shelter of his gunboats, from which at that time an active shelling was being kept up on our advance. My own and other commands came rapidly forward; but many regiments having entirely exhausted their ammunition, a halt of some time was necessary for the purpose of replenishing. The day was now far advanced, and, *before proper preparations were made, darkness* prevented further operations that day."[21] Colonel Venable, of Polk's corps, states that he got with his regiment, Fifth Tennessee, under such a fire from the gunboats that he was forced to take shelter in a ravine, where he remained until dark.[22]

General A. P. Stewart, who also commanded a division of Polk's, six days after the battle reported of the closing movements of the 6th of April, after Prentiss's capture: "We finally took position, under the order of General Breckenridge, to aid in pursuit of the enemy, which was checked by a fire from the gunboats."[23] On the extreme Confederate left it was the same, as Lieutenant-Colonel Barrow, Polk's corps, testifies, saying, "I was ordered towards evening to take position with what men I had, on the extreme left, where I remained until the fighting of the day had ceased." He was unable, I may add, to collect his men that night.[24]

As for the condition in which a large part of the Confederate troops were necessarily found towards the evening of the 6th of April, that is clearly shown by the report of Colonel Russell, commanding first brigade, Clark's or Stewart's division, Polk's corps: "The prisoners being disposed of (Prentiss's division), I made preparations to move

[17] Reb. Rec., vol. x. ch. xxii., p. 507.
[18] Ibid.
[19] Ibid., p. 455.
[20] Ibid., p. 448.
[21] Ibid., p. 440.
[22] Ibid , p. 434.
[23] Ibid., p. 428.
[24] Ibid., p. 421.

the force under my command forward towards the river, but Colonel Freeman reported his regiment to be out of ammunition; the Twelfth and Thirteenth Regiments coming up at this time, and being in the same condition, I ordered details to proceed to the enemy's camp and supply them. This being done, General Cheatham directed a line to be formed in rear of the encampment and await further orders. The enemy's gunboats kept up an incessant fire of shot and shell. *After waiting in this position for some time,* orders were received from General Bragg to fall back out of range of the gunboats and encamp for the night."[25]

Colonel Deas, commanding the first brigade of Withers's division after the disabling of Adams, reporting on the 25th of April through his division commander, thus adds to the already overwhelming evidence: "Here, in the hot pursuit, the Twenty-first and Twenty-fifth Alabama became separated from me in the woods; and before I had time to find them I received an order from General Withers to form on extreme left, where *I remained until night* came on (with Twenty-second Alabama and First Louisiana), and then attempted to get back to the camp I had left, but got a different one. My men being now completely exhausted, and not having had anything to eat since morning, I encamped here for the night."[26] It only remains for me to add that the only officer below the rank of corps commander whose reports of the battle show that his command was in condition to have carried the last Federal position, and must have crowned the day with that doughty achievement but for the orders of General Beauregard, is General Withers. Of his claim I need only say it is not supported by a single word in the report of any one of his brigade or regimental commanders, but is explicitly contradicted by their statement of the condition of the field, as is made conclusively apparent in my abstract of what was reported, as also that so late was it when the Confederates withdrew it was pitch dark before they found their resting places for the night.[27]

[25] Reb. Rec., vol. x. ch. xxii., p. 418. [26] Ibid., p. 438.

[27] I may properly note that General Withers's report not only bears date of the 20th of June, *or seventy odd days after the battle,* but also that on the 20th of June it was that General Bragg was placed in command of that army, and General Beauregard relieved by orders from Richmond. It is also to be noticed that General Withers did not *quarter* with troops of his own division, Colonel Martin commanding a brigade of Breckenridge's division, as may be seen page 622, Reb. Rec., vol. x.

II.

By 7 P.M. Nelson's two other brigades had crossed the Tennessee, and, with the one that so materially helped as a support to Webster's opportunely-posted battery to save the Federal army from complete overthrow, were at once interposed in the darkness of the night between Grant's fragmentary forces and the Confederates. Crittenden's division, brought up by water from Savannah, was at once debarked by midnight, and, forcing its way through the mob of demoralized soldiery, was established about half a mile in advance of the line, on the right of Nelson.[28] Moreover, Lew Wallace, unable to find either of the two roads to the battle-field by the thunder-peals of more than a hundred cannon within six miles of him, as soon as the dusky shadows and the quiet of night had supervened, readily reached a position to the south of Snake Creek; a position commanding the bridge, and by chance, too, in the neighborhood of Sherman, who had there rallied the fragments of his own and other divisions. Rousseau's brigade of McCook's division also reached the field about sunrise, and the other two were near at hand.

Thus were marshaled there or near at hand, ready to take the offensive against the victors of the day before, twenty-five thousand fresh Federal troops, three battalions of which were *regulars*. On the Confederate side, to meet such an onset, there was not a man who had not fought steadfastly for the greater part of Sunday.[29] In addition to the many stragglers incident to all battles, the casualties did not fall short of six thousand five hundred officers and men; so that not twenty thousand Confederate infantry could have been found to answer to their names that morning. Scattered widely, the regiments of the brigades of Bragg's and Hardee's corps had slept here and there among the captured encampments, wheresoever they could find subsistence. Polk's corps had been embodied to some degree, and led during the night by their general rearward at least a mile and a half beyond Shiloh Chapel towards Corinth.

In haste to efface the tarnish of the arrant disaster inflicted on his army on Sunday, with all the attending completeness of the surprise, General Grant did not await the advent of Buell's other divisions, but directed the offensive to be assumed at dawn. An accomplished soldier, martial by nature, acquainted with the theory of grand operations, and experienced both as a staff and line officer of the best school,

[28] Report of Brigadier-General Thos. L. Crittenden, U.S.A., Reb. Rec., p. 354, vol. x., chap. xxii.

[29] A Tennessee Confederate regiment (Hill's), reaching the field unarmed on Sunday, was equipped with Federal arms and accoutrements. Its good conduct was conspicuous.

General Buell had known how to make soldiers of his men, formidable soldiers to the scorched, battle-jaded Confederates whom they were about to engage. Accordingly, not long after five o'clock A.M., Nelson's division deployed in line of battle, boldly assumed the offensive, preceded by a swarm of skirmishers, whom Forrest's cavalry engaged, falling leisurely back upon the Confederate infantry, which at the first intimation of what was coming were being formed somewhat to the rearward of the camps they had occupied entirely at random during the night. The sound of so much musketry at the front by this time made plain enough the presence of Buell's army upon the theatre of war, and a desperate struggle for the fruits of yesterday's hard-earned triumph. As I have said, the Confederates were greatly fatigued, and under the influence, also, of that extreme lassitude which follows every great exaltation. Nevertheless, the reaction was immediate, and with the utmost alacrity the Confederates sprang once more into serried ranks, bent on a manful effort to hold what they had won. The Federal line as it assumed the offensive had a front of a mile and a half, made up of Nelson's, Crittenden's, and McCook's divisions of Buell's army, with from two to three thousand men, parts of different regiments, brigades, and divisions of Grant's troops,—the Hamburg road cutting perpendicularly Nelson's left. By eight o'clock Hardee had massed in that quarter a good part of his own corps, with Withers's division of Bragg's, and the action began in earnest, artillery being soon actively employed on both sides. Nelson had found a lion in his path, but, pushing Hazen's brigade forward with decided pluck, a position was carried with the capture of a Confederate battery. By a well-timed concentration, however, this aggressive brigade was speedily sent reeling backward from its prey, and Nelson, in turn, was so sorely pressed that by 9 A.M. he was calling lustily for aid. In this affair, Chalmers, seizing the colors of a regiment as his brigade wavered, rode forward; the men rallied, and, resuming the offensive, carried the contested point. At the same time, Colonel Wheeler, subsequently major-general, did the like with the flag of the Nineteenth Alabama; and Lieutenant-Colonel Rankin, of Mississippi, lost his life giving a conspicuous example of courage to the troops.

Nelson having been reinforced by Terrell's battery (regulars) and a portion of Crittenden's division, an obstinate struggle for mastery of this part of the field raged until about 1 P.M. Neither side gained any material advantage, however; but Terrell's battery was so cut up that he had to assist as a gunner at one of his pieces, and his battery narrowly escaped capture. Meantime, Crittenden was also hotly engaged, and side by side on his right were the several thousand men of Grant's troops, already mentioned, McClernand being their commander. The Confederates on that front, at first retiring to concentrate as Crittenden advanced, in turn rebounded as they had done upon Nelson,

with as much ardor and dash as on the day before; and as Nelson was borne back, so also was Crittenden by a like refluent wave.[30]

As already mentioned, Rousseau's brigades, leavened by three battalions of regulars, had been on the field as early as daylight, on the right of Crittenden, neighboring Sherman and Lew Wallace. McCook's other brigades reached and took position about ten o'clock, and just about the same time Polk's corps, coming up from the rear on the Confederate side, entered the battle in good order and spirit.

Grant's shattered forces on Sunday night had been reorganized into three divisions of a decidedly composite character, under Sherman, McClernand, and Hurlbut. Several thousand of these men were brought up under McClernand, as we have said, between Crittenden and McCook, and about ten o'clock four or five thousand more, that hitherto had been collected and held near the river, were also added under Hurlbut, who, however, fusing them with McClernand's command, repaired rearward again, at McClernand's request, to seek further support. Lew Wallace, as I have said, bivouacked near the river and Snake Creek bridge, and so did Sherman. No considerable Confederate force had lodged in that quarter of the field; therefore, Wallace and Sherman advancing for a while without hindrance, seized upon a strong wooded ridge with shelter for the former's two batteries, and with his right protected by the swamps of Owl Creek. But by the time that the Federal left was well engaged the Confederates opened also a light fire on Wallace and Sherman, who, encouraged by its feebleness, undertook the offensive. They were soon greeted with a sheet of flame and showers of lead and canister from the woods in their front, held expectantly by parts of Ruggles's and Breckenridge's divisions, before which the Union troops reeled and receded, followed nearly a mile by their adversary. Here reinforced, however, by McCook, Sherman again adventured the offensive. The fight grew obstinate, and the firing, says Sherman, was the "heaviest musketry" he ever heard. Rousseau's Union brigade of Kentuckians was here pitted against Trabue's Confederate Kentuckians. Both fought with uncommon determination, but in the end the former was repulsed, and at the same time Wallace was so pressed as to make his situation critical. Meanwhile another of McCook's brigades had joined the action in this quarter, and nearly twenty thousand Union soldiers were there opposed to not half their numbers.[31] Before such odds the impetus of the Confederate attack was abated. Yet several brilliant charges were made on their part, in one of which General Beauregard, to stimulate his men, himself led in person, and carried the battle-flag of a Louisiana regiment to gratify them; while Trabue's brigade, having carried, earlier in the day, an eminence near

[30] Letter of "Agate" (Whitelaw Reid), Reb. Rec., iv. p. 397.

[31] That is, Wallace with seven thousand five hundred and sixty-four; McCook, say six thousand; and Sherman and McClernand, six thousand.

Owl Creek, repulsing every effort to dislodge it, held the position until the final retreat was ordered.

It was now after one o'clock. Kindled soon after daylight, the battle had raged furiously from right to left more than five hours, and notwithstanding the odds of fresh troops arrayed against them, despite also their long-continued engagement, the Confederates really had not receded from the ground upon which they had been concentrated as soon as it was apparent that the battle was on their hands.[32] But they were being fearfully depleted with each hour of such a combat. Beginning the action that morning with not more than twenty thousand bayonets, exclusive of cavalry, there were at two o'clock P.M. not more than fifteen thousand in the Confederate ranks, or ten thousand less than the fresh troops that had been brought upon the field against them that morning; and yet at two o'clock P.M., be it noted, Beauregard's headquarters were those from which Sherman had been driven the morning before, and all his army was in advance *riverward* of the line which Sherman and Prentiss occupied when the battle of the 6th of April began, or upon the ground of the inner line of Federal encampments. But that the day's fortune, with such heavy odds in the balance as Buell's splendid divisions, must be improbable was apparent. Governor Harris, of Tennessee, who, after the death of General Johnston, had attached himself to the staff of General Beauregard, as early as two o'clock took an opportunity to quietly inquire of me if I were not apprehensive of a disastrous defeat if the battle were prolonged much later. I readily admitted the probability, and said that I doubted not General Beauregard was of the same opinion, and would in due time withdraw from the field. However, a moment later I took occasion to say to the general, somewhat jestingly, that we were in very much the condition of a lump of sugar well soaked with water, but preserving its shape intact to the moment of dissolution. He smiled, and at once replied in substance that he proposed to retreat without further really resultless trials of strength, with the growing odds now opposed to us. Thereupon he directed me at once to select a position to the immediate rear, and there to establish such a force, including artillery, as I could lay hands upon, independently of those yet in action, as might serve to cover the retreat. Staff-officers were also dispatched to each corps commander, including General Breckenridge, to retire simultaneously from their several positions, ready, however, to face about and renew the battle if followed too closely. Thus it was shortly after 2 P.M. that the Confederate army began to leave the field, a movement executed with the steadiness of veterans of a hundred battles.

[32] That up nearly to the actual moment when Beauregard gave the order to retreat, a little after two o'clock, the Confederates were generally the assailants, and able everywhere on the field to hold their adversary at least at bay, is apparent not only from the reports of the Federal division and brigade commanders, but especially from what is reported by Union regimental commanders.

All the Federal accounts, including the recent sketch of the battle by General Grant, place the moment of the retreat nearly two hours later than it actually happened, for the reason that about two o'clock there was a pause, as it were, along their whole line to take breath. Meanwhile, as directed, I had collected and placed several thousand infantry and some sixteen pieces of artillery in a most favorable position on a ridge commanding all the approaches. This position I held until after four o'clock. Meanwhile all the Confederate troops marched in good order out of battle and passed to the rear of the line I had established, and in sight of which no Union soldier was visible, though much of the field was to be seen from it, as I withdrew. The command of the rear-guard was then entrusted to General Breckenridge. It remains to be said that while the Union army held the field, the Confederate army secured from it fully thirty captured pieces of artillery, with some twenty odd regimental and National flags, as well as three thousand prisoners of war.

COMMENTARIES.

I. The delay of the Confederate army in making the march from Corinth is another illustration of the soundness of Napier's proposition, "*That celerity in war depends as much on the experience of the troops as upon the energy of the general.*" However, two of the corps were faultily handled on the march, and not one of them quit Corinth as early in the day on the 3d of April as their commanders had been directed to do, and as the troops were ready to do. I know personally that General Johnston was as much disappointed and chagrined as General Beauregard was that their just expectations of delivering battle on Saturday morning were foiled through the tardy manner the corps began the movement and were handled during the march.

II. The precise ground occupied by the Federal army could not be ascertained by General Beauregard. This led him to adopt the *parallel* order of entering battle rather than the *oblique*. Had he been aware of the precise position occupied by the Federal front line, in the attack he would have massed the Confederate left upon Sherman, so as to force that flank back southeastwardly into the *cul-de-sac* above Pittsburg Landing made by the junction of Lick Creek with the Tennessee River. However, had Hardee's left rested, as ordered, upon Owl Creek, the shock of his onset would have fallen, not as happened on the morning of the 6th, on a single brigade, but upon the entire division in that quarter, and it would have been driven rearward, as Hildebrand's was, so rapidly upon McClernand's, Hurlbut's, and Wallace's (W. H. L.) divisions as to give them no time to form and make the stand that Sherman's obstinate resistance, with two of his brigades near Shiloh, enabled them to do.

III. General Beauregard has been blamed unjustly for prematurely stopping the battle Sunday evening, as I have shown by abundant citations from the reports of brigade and regimental commanders. The true reason why the battle of Sunday fell short of the capture of the whole Federal army is simply this: After the combat was at its height, before meridian, those superior officers who should have been occupied in keeping their corps in hand concentrated and continuously projected in heavy masses upon the Federal divisions, so early shattered, almost from the beginning went to the very front of the action, leading forward brigades, at times even regiments, with great individual gallantry, helping, no doubt, in this way, by their personal example, to impel forward small bodies of troops, but meanwhile, to their rear, were left masses of their respective commands without direction or orders to a deplorable extent; moreover, they neglected to properly mass and use their artillery, as had been specially ordered. The Confederates thus were not kept continuously massed, though General Beauregard had purposely subdivided that army into small corps in order to give their commanders comparatively easy control of them in the impending battle. Mere piecemeal onsets were the general method of fighting after twelve o'clock, with the consequence that Sherman was enabled to make several obstinate stands by which he protracted the battle on the Federal left for some hours, which could not have been in his power had the Confederates in that quarter been properly massed upon him. And by reason of the desultory nature of the attacks made upon him, W. H. L. Wallace, between 11 A.M. and 3 P.M., beat back all the efforts of Bragg to break his lines. By mid-day the whole Federal force might have been urged back and penned up utterly helpless in the angle formed between the river and Lick Creek, or dispersed along under the river-bank between the two creeks, had the Confederate corps been kept unintermittedly pressed *en masse* upon the enemy, after the Union front line had been broken and swept back. In that case the Federal fragments must have been kept in downward movement like the loose stones in the bed of a mountain torrent.

IV. General Grant in his *Century* article asserts that the Federal force, merely reinforced by the advent of Lew Wallace's division,—five to seven thousand men,—was strong enough to justify him to take the offensive against Beauregard on the morning of the 7th of April, and that he would have done so successfully, even had Buell not been present with three splendid fresh divisions.[33] The irrationality of such a hypothesis ought to be apparent to all readers who have also carefully read any detailed account of that day's battle, and particularly the reports of the subordinate Federal officers engaged. Really, in the second day's conflict, exclusive of Lew Wallace's division, not more than *seven thousand of Grant's troops fired a musket offensively.* All

[33] *Century* article of General Grant on the Battle of Shiloh, p. 602.

substantially claimed in the reports of subordinate Federal generals is that between 9 A.M. and 2 P.M. they were able to hold their own and repel the repeated offensive movements of their antagonists, whom they had pressed back, assuredly no farther than the line which Sherman and Prentiss had been encamped upon, while the headquarters of Beauregard were at Shiloh Chapel as late as 2.30 P.M. After that hour there was a complete lull in the battle, for the reason that the Federals did not venture any decided offensive movement, and the Confederates were already quietly withdrawing from the field.

THOMAS JORDAN.

CAPTAIN JAMES NICHOLSON, THE (SECOND) SENIOR COMMANDER OF THE AMERICAN (CONTINENTAL) NAVY,[1] *1777–1781.*

THE ancestor of Captain James Nicholson emigrated from Berwick-upon-Tweed, at the commencement of the eighteenth century, and established himself in Maryland, where he obtained a grant called "Nicholson's Manor," near the passage through the Blue Ridge, which is still known as Nicholson's Gap. This property was subsequently sold and an estate was purchased on the Eastern Shore, where James Nicholson was born in 1737. He was therefore about forty years old when he was commissioned the senior or ranking captain of the American navy. He was the second son of a numerous family, and was sent to England for his education. He returned to Maryland when young, however, and chose the sea as a profession. In 1762, in common with many Americans, he assisted at the siege of the Havana. In 1763, then thirty-six years old, he married, and from 1763 to 1771 resided in New York City.

In 1775, at the commencement of the war of the American Revolution, he was residing on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, and was appointed to the command of a vessel called the "Defence,"—it was

[1] That eccentric individual who sent an invoice of warming-pans to the West Indies, which were at once bought up as molasses-ladles, the *self-styled* "LORD" Timothy Dexter, of Newburyport, Massachusetts, many years since published a small pamphlet entitled "A Pickle for the Knowing Ones," which had not a punctuation-mark on any of its pages *until the last*, when he added a whole page of periods, colons, semicolons, interrogation-marks, commas, etc., and added, his reader could take his choice, and pepper and salt the pages of his pamphlet to his or her liking.

In like manner, to avoid frequent repetitions and annoying references in footnotes to my authorities, I will state that in preparing this brief biographical sketch of this brave, unlucky, and now almost forgotten officer, I have examined, consulted, compared, and made free use of the following authorities, which the reader may select and apportion to his liking, viz.: *Pennsylvania Packet*, *Boston Independent Gazette*, Almons's Remembrancer, Clark's Naval History of the United States, 1775–1814, C. W. Goldsborough's Naval Chronicle, Cooper's Naval History, Emmons's United States Navy, 1775–1853, Allen's American Biographical Dictionary, Drake's American Biographical Dictionary, Hamersly's Naval Encyclopædia, Waldo's Lives of American Naval Heroes (note to memoir of Commodore Alexander Murray).

equipped by the colony of Maryland; and in March, 1776, he recaptured several vessels which had been taken by the British.

On the 10th of October, 1776, a resolution of Congress directed that the captains in the navy should take rank in the order prescribed by it, and James Nicholson headed the list as the senior captain, John Paul Jones being the eighteenth in rank, at which he grumbled. At this time Commodore Hopkins was commander-in-chief, and continued to serve in that capacity until January, 1777, when Nicholson became the senior officer of the navy, with the rank, however, of captain only, which he held until its dissolution.

Among the thirteen frigates ordered by the act of 1775 was one called the "Virginia," 28, which had been laid down in Maryland. To Captain Nicholson, who had already discovered conduct and spirit in an affair with one of the enemy's tenders off Annapolis, while serving in the local marine of Maryland, was assigned the command of this frigate June 6, 1776. The "Virginia" being blockaded, Captain Nicholson and his crew joined the army under Washington, and was present in the darkest moment of the war at the battle of Trenton. The great embarrassments which attended most of the public measures of the day, and a vigilant blockade, prevented the "Virginia" from getting to sea until the spring of 1778, when, having received her crew and equipments, she made the attempt on the 30th of March. Following another vessel down the bay, under the belief that the best pilot of the bay was on board of her, and whom he had agreed to give one hundred pounds provided he conducted him safely out of the bay, the "Virginia" ran upon the middle ground, and was forced over it in an hour and a half with the loss of her rudder. She was immediately anchored, as she was rendered so leaky by the accident that it required four persons to keep her clear.

Daylight discovered two British vessels of war in sight, one about two gunshots distant, and abreast of the "Virginia." Upon this Captain Nicholson got ashore in his barge, manned by ten men, with his papers, and the ship was soon after taken possession of by the enemy. Captain Nicholson then went on board one of the vessels to procure the parole of his officers.[2] A Congressional inquiry acquitted Captain Nicholson of all blame. "The peculiarity of a commander's abandoning his vessel," says Cooper, "under such circumstances gave rise to some comments at the time, but the result renders it probable that considerations of importance, that were not generally known, induced the step. A trial was not deemed necessary, and Captain Nicholson subsequently fought two of the most remarkable combats of the war, though successful in neither."

We next hear of him in command of the "Trumbull," 28, one of the thirteen ships ordered by Congress, and a sister-ship to the

[2] *Pennsylvania Packet*, April 15.

"Virginia," built at Norwich, Connecticut, in 1780. On the 2d of June in that year, while cruising in this ship in lat. 35° 54′, long. 66° W.,[3] a strange sail was made to windward from the mast-head, coming down about three points upon the "Trumbull's" quarter. All canvas was immediately furled on board the "Trumbull," in hope of drawing the stranger down upon her before she should be seen. At 11 A.M. the stranger was made out to be a large ship, steering for the "Trumbull's" quarter; but soon hauling more astern, sail was made upon the "Trumbull," and she was hauled up on a wind towards her, upon which she came right down upon the "Trumbull's" beam. The latter then took in all her small sails, hauled up her courses, hove the main-topsail to the mast, got the ship clear for action, and waited for her adversary. At half-past eleven, the latter being within gunshot to windward, the "Trumbull" filled the main-topsail in order to try her sailing, and to discover her broadside by hauling up afterwards. The strange sail immediately got her main-tack aboard and stood after the "Trumbull." It was then perceived that she had thirteen ports on each side and eight or ten on her quarter-deck and forecastle, and of course mounted thirty-six guns. At twelve, the "Trumbull," finding she greatly outsailed the English vessel, and having got to windward of her, determined to make use of her advantages to engage. Upon the strange sail observing this she edged away, fired three shots, and hoisted British colors as a challenge. The "Trumbull" wore after her, and also hoisted British colors, in order to get alongside of her; but upon the "Trumbull" not answering his private signal the English vessel fired a broadside into her at a hundred yards' distance. The "Trumbull" immediately hoisted *Continental colors* and returned the broadside. A most severe and close engagement now commenced, and continued for *three hours*. During the greater part of the action the two vessels were not more than fifty yards asunder, and at one time their yards were almost enlocked. The "Trumbull" was twice set on fire by the wads from the other vessel, and her masts and rigging were very much injured. The first lieutenant observed to Captain Nicholson that the masts were going over the side, and begged him to put an end to the action before this happened, otherwise they would be taken.

Nicholson therefore unwillingly stood from the English ship. He was confident that had his masts admitted of his lying half an hour more alongside of her, she must have struck to him. The "Trumbull" lost her main- and mizzen-topmasts when only a musket-shot distant from the other vessel. She continued thus losing her masts until none but her foremast was left, and that badly wounded and sprung. She had

[3] According to the *Boston Gazette*, when the ship arrived, on the 14th of June, the scene of the action was lat. 45° N. and long. 64° 10′ W. The latitude and longitude given in the text is from Emmons and other naval authorities.

eight men killed and thirty-one wounded, nine of whom died after the action. Among the latter was Daniel Starr, the third lieutenant. Her crew consisted at the commencement of the action of only one hundred and ninety-nine men. Owing to the difficulty of obtaining seamen, the "Trumbull's" crew was composed in a great degree of raw hands, and Captain Nicholson stated particularly that many of his people were suffering under seasickness when they went to their guns. The English ship, it was ascertained, was the "Watt," or "Wyatt," Captain Coulthard, a letter of marque. She had a valuable cargo on board, which was not insured, for she had been fitted out to combat and resist any frigate she might meet. According to her commander's narrative, in which he claims the victory, she had ninety-two men killed and wounded. All of her rigging and braces were shot away, and her masts were wounded through and through. No less than one hundred balls struck her hull.

This action, next to the engagement of the "Richard" and "Serapis," is supposed to have been the most severe of the war. The British ship was towed into New York. The captain being asked the name of the "Trumbull's" commander, is said to have replied, "He must be either Paul Jones or the devil, for never was a ship fought before with such frantic desperation." Captain Nicholson estimated the "Watt's" force at thirty-four to thirty-six guns, mostly 12-pounders; and he states that of the "Trumbull" to have been twenty-four 12-pounders and six sizes when the action commenced. In these days of 100-ton guns[4] and 10-inch rifles these small-calibre guns seem ridiculous, but they were equal to the times one hundred years ago, and to the occasion, when "Greek met Greek," and especially true in the war of our Revolution, when came the "tug of war."

After this action the "Trumbull" perforce returned to port to be refitted, and arrived at Boston on the 14th of June.

The "Trumbull" sailed again from the capes of the Delaware on the 8th of August, 1781, still under the command of Captain Nicholson, with a crew of one hundred and eighty men, forty-five of whom were British prisoners, who had entered from confinement. Sailing in company with her was a privateer of twenty-four guns, and a letter of marque of fourteen guns. Under convoy of this little squadron

[4] A modern Armstrong 100-ton breech-loading gun has a calibre of seventeen inches, and recently one was fired with charges of seven hundred and seventy-two pounds of powder and forged steel projectiles weighing eighteen hundred and forty-one pounds, against targets distant about one hundred yards, one of which was solid steel plate nineteen inches thick, backed by twenty inches of teak. The other targets varied only in material. Each target was perforated at the first round, the projectile passing through with a considerable surplus of power. The united weight of the batteries of the "Trumbull" and "Watt" (not broadsides) was only seven hundred and forty-six pounds, viz.: "Watt," four hundred and twenty-two; "Trumbull," three hundred and twenty-four.

twenty-eight merchant-vessels sailed for Havana in its company. The privateer received a copy of Captain Nicholson's signals, and gave him every assurance of support to the last extremity.

Three hours after the "Trumbull" left the Capes three sails were discovered to the eastward, two of which stood towards the "Trumbull." The latter hauled her wind, and weathered them about two leagues. Night was then coming on, and the wind blew very fresh. The British frigates were about four leagues astern, with their topgallant-sails set.

The "Trumbull" had hers handed, and was under easy sail. The greater part of the merchantmen were ahead. About this time the "Trumbull's" foretop-mast was carried away, and with it the main-topgallant-mast. This misfortune was discovered by the British. All the vessels in company with the "Trumbull" left her. A squally and rainy night came on. The "Trumbull" could steer no other way but directly before the wind. The wreck of the foretop-mast, with the yard and rigging, lay abaft the foresail and over the bows. The topsail yard-arm came through the foresail, and on the forecastle, so that, notwithstanding the utmost exertion of the crew, she was not cleared of the wreck by 10 P.M., when one of the British frigates came alongside, and the other was in sight. All hands were immediately called from the wreck to quarters, when a majority of the crew, following the example of the British volunteers, instead of complying with Captain Nicholson's orders, ran below, put out the battle-lanterns, matches, etc. With the remainder, a few brave officers and the remainder of the crew, Captain Nicholson commenced an action with the "Iris," 32 (*née* "Hancock"), which was continued an hour and a half, when the other ship, the "General Monk," 18, came up and fired into the "Trumbull's" stern, which was almost battered to pieces, and poured into her a succession of raking broadsides. Captain Nicholson, perceiving there was no possibility of escaping from this unequal combat, struck his colors. The first lieutenant, Richard Dale, was severely wounded.[5]

Alexander Murray, who afterwards became the senior officer of the United States navy, was a volunteer lieutenant on board the "Trumbull," displayed great gallantry in this action, and was also severely wounded. The "Trumbull" had five men killed and eight wounded. At no time of the engagement, it is stated, had Captain Nicholson more than forty men on deck. The "Trumbull," after the action, was a perfect wreck. She had not a mast standing, and several of her gun-ports were beaten into one. In this condition she was

[5] This was the fourth serious affair in which Dale had been engaged, and the fourth time he had been captured. It was also the third time he had been wounded. He was taken into New York, paroled on Long Island, and exchanged in November, 1781.

towed into New York, a useless wreck, a hard-earned trophy of the prowess of Britain. She was, it is believed, never, after her capture, fitted to sea. The British ships also sustained considerable injury.[6]

Captain Nicholson was not exchanged until near the close of the war, and never went to sea again in the service. He subsequently settled in New York, where he held an appointment as United States Commissioner of Loans under the general government from 1801 until his death.

He died September 2, 1804, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, leaving three daughters, who were married to Hon. Albert Gallatin, ex-Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, William Few, Esq., and the Hon. John Montgomery, an M.C. and mayor of Baltimore.

The family of Captain Nicholson may be said to be eminently naval. His brothers, John[7] and Samuel, were both captains in the United States navy, and Samuel died at the head of the service in 1811. Commodore Samuel Nicholson had four sons in the navy, and his brother John three, and, says Cooper (1846), "In the whole, fifteen gentlemen of this name and family have served since 1775, of whom two have actually worn broad pennants, and a third died just as he was about to be appointed to one. In addition several officers of distinction were near relations, Commodore Murray having been a cousin-germane of Commodore Nicholson, and Captain Gordon his nephew."

At the date Cooper wrote the present Rear-Admiral J. W. A. Nicholson (retired), a grandson of Commodore Samuel Nicholson, and his successor as a member of the Cincinnati, who entered the navy February 10, 1838, was a young passed midshipman, and has since

[6] The "Hancock," 32, built at Newburyport, was of the same size, class, and armament as the "Trumbull." She was captured on June 1, 1777, while in command of Captain J. Manly, by the "Rainbow," 44, Sir George Collier, "Flora," 32, and brig "Victor," 18, after a chase of thirty hours, her sailing having been impaired by lightening the ship too much forward; Captain Manly having attempted to lighten his ship by pumping out the water, which was believed to have hurt her sailing by altering her trim. She was taken into the royal navy, and renamed the "Iris." The "Iris" proved to be one of the fastest ships on the American station, and is said to have made the fortunes of all who commanded her. In the end she fell into the hands of the French, in the West Indies.

The "General Monk" was captured March, 1782, by the "Hyder Ally," Captain Barney, and then mounted twenty guns, and is said to have had a crew of one hundred and thirty-six men. She had previously been the American privateer "General Washington," and had fallen into the power of Admiral Arbuthnot. He had taken her into the king's service, renamed her, and promoted a favorite officer to her command. The "Monk," her old name having been restored, was taken into the service of the State of Pennsylvania, and was shortly after sent to the West Indies, under command of Captain Barney. She was employed as the "General Washington" down to the peace of 1783.

[7] John Nicholson was commissioned a lieutenant in the Continental navy August 17, 1776, and a captain September 17, 1779.

worn his flag as a rear-admiral in command of the U. S. European Squadron with credit and honor to his name.

Captain Samuel Nicholson,

The fourth senior commanding officer of the American Navy.

Samuel Nicholson was a brother of James, the second senior officer of the American navy, and was born in Maryland in 1743, and died in command of the navy-yard at Charlestown, Massachusetts, December 11, 1811. He was a lieutenant on board the "Bonhomme Richard" in the action with the "Serapis," September 25, 1779. He also commanded the "Dolphin," 10, the cutter that the commissioners sent with Captain Wickes in his successful cruise in the narrow seas, and was commissioned a captain, September 17, 1779, in the Continental navy before the action between the "Serapis" and "Bonhomme Richard."

In 1779 he commanded the frigate "Deane," of 32 guns, in which he cruised successfully in company with the "Boston," Captain Samuel Tucker, taking many prizes, and partaking equally in the captures made. In 1782, in a short cruise of nine weeks, he captured three sloops-of-war, with an aggregate of 48 guns, viz., the ship "Regulator," 18; the brig "Swallow," 16; and schooner "Jackall," 14. He also captured the unarmed ship "Mary."

He was commissioned a captain in the United States navy, to rank next below Captain John Barry, on the reorganization of the navy, June 10, 1794, and from his seniority was appointed the first commander of the United States frigate "Constitution" soon after her launch.

The "Constitution" was built at what is now known as Constitution Wharf, in Boston, opposite the present navy-yard at Charlestown. Commodore Samuel Nicholson was then the general superintendent of her construction, the present navy-yard at Charlestown not having been purchased. September 20, 1797, was announced as the day of her launch, and Commodore Nicholson left Hart's ship-yard, where she was on the stocks, with express orders not to hoist any flag over her until his return, intending that honor for his own hands. He was doomed, however, to disappointment. During his absence Samuel Bentley, a shipwright and calker, assisted by a comrade named Harris, hoisted the "Stars and Stripes," which thus for the first time floated over this historic ship. Commodore Nicholson on his return expressed himself in words more strong than polite on this disobedience of his orders. The "Constitution" stuck on the ways, and was not successfully launched until October 21, 1797, the three hundred and fifth anniversary of the discovery of the New World by Columbus, when Commodore Nicholson broke over her bow a bottle of choice

Madeira from the cellar of the Hon. Thomas Russell, and baptized her as the good ship "Constitution."

In July and August, 1798, Commodore Nicholson was in command of the "Constitution" on her first sea cruise, with four revenue cutters in company, with orders to cruise south of Cape Henry, and in 1798–99, in command of her, she was one of the squadron commanded by Commodore John Barry in the West Indies, which rendezvoused in Prince Rupert's Bay.

Commodore Samuel Nicholson was the first commandant of the Boston navy-yard. A portrait of him, in the possession of a descendant in New York, has been recently photographed, and completes a collection of the commandants of the Boston navy-yard from 1800–1885.

Commodore Samuel Nicholson died on the 29th of December, 1811, having been in command of the Charlestown, or Boston, navy-yard since its purchase in October, 1800. He was buried from the commandant's house (which was built under his superintendence), January 2, 1812, with the usual honors, in the presence of the officers of the army and navy stationed or living in the vicinity, the Massachusetts Society of the Cincinnati, of which he was a member, the officers and members of King Solomon's Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, and the several lodges in Boston in full regalia. At the time of his death he was sixty-nine years of age. He was buried under Christ Church, on Copp's Hill, in Boston.

During his administration the appropriations for the Boston navy-yard had been scanty, and only such improvements undertaken as were essential. The commandant's house, a brick store-house, still standing at the left of the entrance to the yard, a marine barracks, a hospital, since converted into officers' quarters, at the lower end of the yard, and a powder-magazine (long since removed), occupied jointly by the War and Navy Departments, and a wharf with a few temporary sheds were all the improvements that had been accomplished. The vacancy occasioned by Commodore Nicholson's death was not filled until March, 1812, when Commodore William Bainbridge was appointed his successor. The commandant of a navy-yard who had held that office for eleven consecutive years, in these times of triennial change, would be looked upon as a curiosity.

In the list of officers of the navy before the peace establishment law of 1801 was passed, Captain John Barry headed the list, and Samuel Nicholson was *second.* On the death of Barry, September 13, 1803, he became the senior officer of the United States navy, and continued to hold that position until his death, in December, 1811.

GEO. HENRY PREBLE,
Rear-Admiral U.S.N.

ONLY A PLANK.

ONLY a plank upon the rude waves cast,
  Borne o'er the rushing highway of the deep,
Where vessels in their grandeur, proud and vast,
    Still onward sweep.

Only this mark upon the broadening seas,—
  But only this, of that which is no more,
A mighty ship with flag tossed to the breeze,
    Flying before!

Sun-colored on her prow bright letters shone,
  Giving her, sea-baptized, a wild-wood name
Fragrant of forest leaf, and piny cone,
    And Indian fame.

As olden honors to a younger line,—
  As stars worn on a youthful hero's breast
They gleam along the flashing fields of brine
    And billowy crest.

Truly a goodly ship of hardiest oak!
  Her crew? No braver ever sailed the main,
Yet off Cape Horn the gale upon her broke
    And rent in twain

Her heart of oak. Sturdy and stanch and leal,
  She through terrific darkness quivering sank,
Leaving for story this, her last appeal,
    Only a plank.

ESMERALDA BOYLE.

NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA, January 1, 1884.

ONE OF THE DUANES.

(Continued from page 327.)

CHAPTER XIV. (Continued).

THEN ensued a chase into the swamp. Shots ringing through the silence, cries of pain, and yells of defiance; men falling in the mire, stumbling with curses to their feet, only to drop again and be trodden on by comrades or pursuers. Darkness deep as night, vines netted across the path, every other step a pitfall. It was a strange and terrible spot for men to wage a desperate fight, where the very earth beneath their feet conspired against them, and the darkness made a friend's face seem a foe's. But the darkness meant escape, life, freedom,—everything to Dane, now that all better fortune had failed him. Let the rest look to themselves, he had no further use for them, and his sole hope lay in the swamp itself, where he would conceal himself, and trust to luck for getting away when the search should be over and the place a solitude.

Behind a fallen cypress, writhing his body along the ground into a tangle of oozing moss and vines, whose sharp, spiked twigs plucked at his hair and tore his face, so he crept like a snake into its hole, and waited, panting and wild-eyed, in the darkness, while through each moment that passed his fierce anxiety abated. It could not be much longer, and they would all be gone far enough away to insure his safety.

Rawles, the guide, who early in the affray had contrived to disappear, was doubtless somewhere in hiding, and would wait to pick him up. In all probability the majority of his late companions would have taken advantage of the lurking-places so familiar to them; and, the pursuit safely over, would assemble at the rendezvous with which Rawles had acquainted him. He cursed himself and his ill luck now for having engaged in this fruitless enterprise, which originally had promised so well. Had he only been wise enough to keep out of it his present course would be smooth enough. It had been his fixed intention to desert, as he had hinted to Francisca Suarez, but until his

meeting that morning with his old acquaintance (Rawles) he had formed no defined or decisive plan of action. Then the guide had bargained for his assistance in the scheme of rescue, promising him a third of the sum he should receive from certain parties interested in the doomed distillery, though not actively connected therewith. Rawles had extricated himself from a very tight place by turning informer, had also secured a good portion of the governmental bribe, and the remainder, which he must miss, had not been nearly equal to the bonus of the opposing faction. He had bargained between the two, greatly to his own advantage, and this advantage, in lieu of services received, he offered to share with Dane. The plan had held numerous inducements for the soldier, not the least of which was an opportunity of injuring Lieutenant Sidney. It had seemed easy of accomplishment, and he had readily promised his connivance. He was to disappear, find his way through Rawles' directions and a rough chart which had been given him, to a certain appointed rendezvous in the swamp, where a band of Rawles' boon companions had agreed to meet. There he was to give the alarm, and, on account of his superior military training, assume command of the attack.

But, unluckily for the success of the plan, the surprise party had not been able to arrive in time, as intended, to prevent the total destruction of the distillery, and ultimately the entire scheme had failed.

While Dane lay crouched in his lair among the vines the pursuing party had passed on, but Sidney, at least, had neither forgotten the deserter nor turned from the intention of recapturing him. He wisely calculated that he would be apt to seek some hiding-place near at hand, and, such a place once found, it would not be lightly abandoned.

There had been a sharp skirmish with the rescuers that was over in fewer minutes than seemed possible, and at the end Sidney found himself master of all he surveyed, which, unfortunately, was not as much as he could have desired. He had lost two of his prisoners, three of his men were wounded, every one was weary and disappointed, and so far Dane had managed to elude them.

On the other hand, however, his original errand had been accomplished, so far as utterly destroying the distillery and making the site no more desirable was concerned; the wounds of his men were but slight; and, although he had lost two, he had secured three new prisoners, besides one of those first taken. After all, as the collector said, it had been a pretty good day's work, and one with which they had reason to be satisfied. But Sidney had not by any means given up the idea of retaking the deserter. In his mind he had marked the spot where he had last seen Dane, and when the principal business in hand was over he appointed two men, each to start from that spot and thoroughly to scour the swamp in a certain direction. A third direction he selected for himself.

The darkness deepened, and a rank and sickly odor was given forth by the marsh. Sidney was very weary, and a superficial flesh-wound in his left arm, which he had scarcely noticed at first, began to throb and burn feverishly. He felt giddy and almost ill,—dissatisfied with himself, with circumstances, with everybody and everything. It was a mood that seldom seized him, being one, as a rule, thoroughly foreign to his disposition. The reason of this depression he could hardly have explained to himself, and yet that there was a reason lurking at the depth of it all he half impatiently understood. The very object of his errand, as he spied about through the dreary solitudes of the marsh, was obnoxious to him, and he had half resolved to disobey the impulse which had brought him where he was and return to his command, leaving the search to the two men he had appointed, when on a sudden there came a faint, wellnigh unperceptible stirring in the vines before him. It might have been a crawling snake, or the movement of some small denizen of the swamp; and so perhaps Sidney would have fancied it, had he not, glancing down at the same moment, seen an artillery forage-cap among the grass. The cross cannons alone showed with distinctness out of the shadows. Then the flush of exultation which swept over him, with the hope that by very chance he had come upon the object of his quest, taught him in a flash to what his vague unrest and disappointment had been largely due. The traitor,—the coward and deserter! Could it be true that his hands were almost upon him; that at last he had him in his power? With angry haste he began tearing away the thick vines about the spot where the movement had attracted his attention. Again there came a stirring, as though of some sluggish length dragging itself away. It was more like a reptile than a human being, but that something was hidden there was certain now. It might not be Dane; in great probability it was not, for after all the presence of the forage-cap told little or nothing; only, if it should be, what a triumphant ending to this eventful day! At that instant, while his fingers were still clutched among the resisting vines, and his body striving to press itself forward, a memory of the *anonymous letter* relating so fiendishly to this man of whom he was in eager search flashed like a blinding light through his brain, increasing tenfold the mad desire he had to feel the traitor in the power of his hands. That was his last thought for a space,—what followed was merely a succession of intense sensations.

Something with a sudden spring, as though in desperation at being thus driven to bay, hurled itself upon him out of the tangled heaps of vines. It was Dane, Sidney divined rather than saw; Dane, with the brute in him asserting passionate supremacy over the man in the moment of his coward rage and peril. A brute with wild eyes that glittered in the darkness, grinding teeth, and strong, clutching fingers that caught at Sidney's throat, struggling at first to thrust him off and pass

him, and then, despairing of that, grappling in a fierce life and death fight for mastery. They strove together breast to breast, no longer officer and soldier, but man against man, their hot breath coming and going in each other's faces, their fingers at each other's throats. They made no sound, save as their feet pressed upon the crackling vines, or as their breathing whistled sharply between their close-set teeth. It was for life and liberty with Dane now, and all his coward blood had turned to fire. There never had been a time when he had not, as by the instinct of his lower nature, hated Sidney with a jealous hatred, and now he hated him murderously, as a man does the sole barrier that stands relentlessly between him and his freedom. Sidney felt with one hand for his pistol, while the other clutched at his opponent's collar. In an instant Dane had pinioned him with both arms about his back and chest, and together they fell heavily, with a stunning "thud," to the ground, Dane uppermost at first; and then, by a violent wrench and struggle, it was Sidney who pressed his enemy down—deeper and deeper—into the yielding mire. Thus, holding Dane powerless by a grip upon his throat, with the other hand he found his pistol, and cocked it before the other's starting eyes. "Don't you move an inch, or I shall surely kill you," he breathed, hoarsely.

The face of Dane shone ghastly white and distorted through the gathering darkness. "Don't! don't shoot!" he gurgled, under the pressure of Sidney's tightening hand. "Don't shoot, for God's—for—*Bonny Duane's* sake!"

"You damned villain!" Sidney burst forth, almost loosing his hold in the fierce start and twinge of each nerve at the hateful, unexpected words. "You damned villain, if you dare speak that name again I'll kill you like a dog, and leave your corpse to rot here!"

As he spoke, driven out of himself with passion, he pressed the traitorous throat until the pallid face became dark and agonized, and then raising his voice, harsh still from the late compression of his own windpipe, he shouted the names of the two men he had sent out as searchers,—"Murphy!" and "Payne!" once, twice,—and the sound of rapid footsteps was audibly approaching.

* * * * * * * * *

The deputy collector pulled out his watch and consulted it intently. "Do you realize that already we can say our victory was made yesterday?" he asked of Sidney, gayly. "To-morrow has come. It is after one o'clock."

They were on the train, moving at snail's-pace through the dark stretch of pine woods, on the way back to Pensacola. The tedious marches, which on the return had seemed discouragingly interminable, had somehow been gotten over with. Weary, travel-stained, but yet triumphant, the men sat about in the dimly-lighted, kerosene-fragrant car, which, in spite of the constant rough jarring and jolting, was like

a haven of most grateful rest to them. Some dozed, others discussed in a low tone the events and business of the day, while still others, in grim silence, formed a guard about the sullen prisoners. Arrived at last in Pensacola, the latter, with the exception of Dane, were delivered over to the civil authorities, whose "mercies," presumably, were fully as "tender" as the unrepentant and unsuccessful reprobates deserved.

Then, with the pleasing consciousness of duty well fulfilled, the soldiers prepared to accomplish the last stage of their journey towards Barrancas on the steam-launch which, for some time, had been awaiting them. The breeze from the ocean swept a cool, fluttering touch over Sidney's hot forehead as he stood on the small deck, his face lifted skyward. As he stood so, under the paling stars, with the mysterious light that emanates from the ocean shining and heaving beneath his eyes, the swamp, the fight at the distillery, and, above all, that mad struggle with the deserter, seemed all a feverish dream, bred by the poison of the marsh, and now swept far away by the invigorating rush of the salt wind.

He thought of the girl he loved, who slept, perhaps, while each rise and fall of the waves brought him so much nearer to her. His brows contracted a little, and his fingers clinched themselves involuntarily as the words Dane had dared to put beside her sacred name repeated themselves provokingly within his brain; but, by a concentrated effort, he drove away the hateful recollection. The night was too fair, and the mood it had brought to him was too happy and peaceful a one to be thus poisonously blighted. He would think only of Bonny, since a vision of so much purity and beauty was alone fit to be harbored under such stars as shone above. And he might think, too, without sacrilege, of the kind words she had given him as they had parted. Some time he should make her say still kinder ones. He felt, for the moment, blissfully confident of that, though often lately he had known discouragement.

There was something in the influence of the night—the fairness and largeness of the world, which seemed all starlight and dark, heaving water, with such infinite serenity of space to hold one's possible happiness in—that affected him unusually, perhaps from the very contrast it presented to the sordid struggles of the day. The light of a new morning had begun to quiver in a pale line of shining steel, which, as yet, but feebly undermined the purple darkness in the east, as the steam-launch made her landing at Barrancas. Then some time was occupied in disposing of the men and seeing to the proper confinement of the deserter. The steely line had broadened and gained a suffusion of coloring, when at length Sidney turned in the direction of his quarters. The breath of the coming day was sweet and fresh as it blew towards the land from over the sea, and, tired as Sidney was, he lingered, unwilling to shut himself away from the outer morning into the

close, unbanished night of the house. The whole air was asleep with the ineffable stillness of early dawn. Sometimes a bird twittered from an unseen nest a few fitful, dreamily tender notes, but serving to heighten the effect of the pure silence. The rosy gray in the sky stole slowly higher, and the horizon turned to gold. Soft pink and silver lights shimmered upon the water, as the round, ruddy edge of the sun appeared, and then streamed in a pathway of glory down across the bay. The sky became a kaleidoscope of changing colors, with floating rose-leaf and canary-feather clouds, and all the upper heaven, that had before been gray, was palest silver blue. A mocking-bird suddenly sang out in the cheery surprise of its awakening, and was answered on every side.

Somebody came to a window that Sidney had been watching more intently than the sunrise, and, pushing away one curtain, peeped furtively about. "Up rose the sun, and up rose Emelie!" Sidney fatuously quoted to himself, as, with a satisfied feeling at his heart, at length he went in-doors.

CHAPTER XV.

When Bonny had found time to analyze Francisca Suarez's words regarding Dane's intentions, and had suspected rather than gleaned the meaning of the words themselves, she had experienced an uncontrollable and fairly buoyant sense of relief. She could not with her small knowledge of military matters comprehend the ignominy attendant on desertion, and her sole sensation was delight at the man's departure. It was a selfish delight, perhaps, since for the moment she had no thought of Francisca. He would be gone; she would be free from the burden and fear of his constant presence; that was all there was room for in her mind at the first. Then with a pang returning to Francisca and her troubles, remembering the possibility that the poor girl might be mad enough to follow her lover, she yet reassured herself with the thought that having kept her promise and read the letter she had carried home, even the foolish, lovesick little Spaniard would be too wise for such a course. She was naturally pure-minded, Bonny told herself, and that very innate purity would help to keep her strong, once she even believed in the *possible* truth of what that day she had listened to. At all events the girl could not go until she was sent for and knew her destination, and in the mean time she should see her, confronting her with new proofs which in her first excitement she had neglected to bring forward.

Having settled so much to her mental satisfaction, she allowed her thoughts to return again to herself. Dane's absence was like the lifting of a dense black cloud, and she continued to feel it so, though she assured herself that her relation was in every way unreasonable, the

circumstances linking her to him being in nowise altered. However, a momentary intense pain being relieved the sufferer does not always immediately remember that the root of the disease remains unchanged. Although she informed herself a hundred times that her present freedom meant no permanent release from the burden she was called upon to bear, still she perceptibly brightened and found herself looking at affairs from a different point of view.

Was there no hope that after all, at a far-off time in the future, Sidney and she might be to each other something more than the friends whose friendship's foundation was a castle in the air? Might not Sidney hear the truth and be given the right to choose how it should be between them? She had grown to care for him as in all her twenty-one years she had never cared for any man. Often she had been told that she was cold of heart where lovers were concerned, and she had grown to believe that it must be true. But now she had suddenly learned otherwise. This love was a revelation to her, a revelation of her own nature and of another's. It gave her a strange, keen happiness at some moments, and again a pain still more keen, so keen as to be almost unbearable; and through all her life till now she had been unused to pain or grief of any sharp or personal kind. She craved and felt a need for the love that Sidney offered her. She could scarcely endure the thought that sooner or later he might forget her, when she had of her own will removed herself from his life, and yet forgetfulness was the best boon that fate could bestow upon him if it denied him the happiness he asked. All of this ground she would go over and over within her mind, generally in the end arriving at the same conclusion. Out of her very love for him she must be resolute in refusing him hope. Was not his pride and pleasure in the army life he had chosen? and had not Mrs. Revere distinctly told her that a connection such as hers would be to a man in the military profession a disgrace too deep and desperate for words to express? Mrs. Revere had surely spoken out of the fullness of her heart, and of what she had learned in the years of her married life. There could be no more reliable authority, and as Mrs. Revere spoke so would Sidney feel, so would every honorable army officer feel. Could she, Bonny Duane, who had always believed—if half unconsciously—that when she should bestow her love she would be rendering up a treasure inestimable, for which a man must be one above the general order of his kind, if he would count himself worthy; could she give herself to one who would be eternally disgraced in the eyes of his world by the acceptance of the gift? No,—a thousand times no! Her pride had fallen in the dust; she saw herself as she had been,—vain of her birth, her social standing, and of the honorable name she had fancied herself fitted to bear; she saw herself down off her pedestal gazing up at Sidney wistfully from afar, and yet she was too proud to take the love he offered at the price

she would have to pay,—the price of remorse and a galling misery of humiliation. The man who became her husband must bend before her, or receive her from his own level, not stoop to raise her to his; and now, since she had learned that this could never be, she would live single till the day of her death. But she would always feel the richer for this love that had been given her, she told herself, and, though she would crush it if she could, its fragrance would still be sweet to her as the perfume of a rose inhaled over the barrier of a prison wall.

The day after her conversation with Francisca, she had felt so confident that the girl would seek her again, she had taken no measures to bring about another meeting. But evening had come and gone, and still Francisca made no sign. That night Bonny's sleep was troubled, and in her dreams she saw the two who occupied so many of her waking thoughts,—Sidney and the little Spanish girl. Always in the vision some evil shadow came and pushed between herself and Sidney, and made a great darkness where they stood. Or else she would be falling from a terrible height, praying Sidney to save her, in vain, while he looked down on her from above unmoved, and Francisca knelt beside him, crying wildly, as she had seen her last. Then, when she started awake, trembling, and cold with a chilly dew of perspiration, the dream oppression would not be exorcised, but made the darkness of the night seem a thing tangible and to be feared. The hours were long in passing, and at sunrise, with a sigh of thankfulness because the day had come, she left her bed and went to the window, drawing in deep, grateful breaths of the sweet, bland morning air.

She had expected nothing less in the world than to behold Sidney (who she had not supposed could return so early), but there he actually was, alive, in the flesh, and he was looking towards her window with eyes that defied any dream-shadows to come between. Bonny hastily drew her curtains on the welcome, though unexpected, sight, and returned (shy and ashamed, as if she had gone to the window with the set purpose of gazing at him) to her lately-deserted bed. But, although she presently fell asleep once more, she was not again visited by evil dreams. The influence of the sunrise, and of Sidney's living, longing eyes, had driven them away.

At breakfast time she appeared, looking very fresh and charming, "better than she had for ever so long," asseverated Mrs. Revere.

There is certainly no hour in the day at which a young woman blessed with a fine complexion shows to such advantage as in the early morning; and on this particular occasion Bonny was a picture, with her brown eyes, whose whites were clear almost to blueness, brighter than they had recently seemed; her skin fair and rosy as a sea-shell; her ruddy, yellow hair curling in soft rings from the water that had lately touched it; and her lips smiling in response to the greeting she received. How could the blighting breath of scandal so much as

approach that radiant creature? was Mrs. Revere's involuntary thought as Bonny entered the room, although she clothed it mentally in a way that was somewhat more commonplace.

"Have any tidings arrived of the distillery expedition?" the girl asked, as she took her seat at the table.

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Revere returned. "Jack has already been over to see the captain, who ate a hasty breakfast, and then they went out together. The expedition came back a little before sunrise, having been decidedly successful, I believe, though I fancied from Jack's manner that one or two things had happened to vex him."

"To vex him? Were they not, then, as successful as he suspected, or—or was anybody hurt?"

"Oh, their success was all right; trust Jack Sidney for that. But they had a fight, quite a serious one too."

"A *fight?*" paling and flushing alternately.

"Yes, a surprise, from an ambush, or something horrid. I scarcely understood, Jack would tell me so little; but it all came about through one of the men, who first deserted, and then brought down a crowd of ruffians on Jack and the rest just as they thought everything was well accomplished." As she concluded her rather abridged explanation, Mrs. Revere started slightly, with a little catch in her voice, as from the sudden recollection of some circumstance forgotten. "When I say one of the men, I mean a soldier, of course," she added, hastily; "and the very worst of the lot." She began to stir her coffee in an absorbed, nervous manner, glancing up once quickly, and as quickly looking down. "It was that bad fellow who has been talked about in connection with Francisca Suarez. You know what one that is, I suppose?"

Bonny did not answer at first. She sat leaning back in her chair, with her color coming and going noticeably. Mrs. Revere went on stirring her coffee. Presently Bonny spoke. "So it was poor Francisca's lover who betrayed them? What could have been his motive, I wonder? But nobody was hurt?"

"Jack was not; at least if he was he did not speak of it, so there could have been nothing serious. Two or three of the men were slightly wounded, I believe, and have been sent to the hospital for 'repairs.'"

"And—and then you said Francisca's lover had deserted? If he was so bad a man, I should not think they would make much effort to get him back again, should you?"

"Oh, he has been recaptured already. The worse the man the more anxious would they be to have him punished and imprisoned; and this one deserves the very severest punishment he could receive. The wretched traitor! Just think, Bonny, it is not his fault that Jack and all his command are not murdered. Oh, if only it were in time of war, and he could be made to lose his life for his crime!"

As if she had been struck upon the face, a tide of crimson surged to Bonny's cheeks, and remaining, burned there with a vivid, steady flame. She stared at Mrs. Revere almost wildly. "Tell me," she said, whispering, "they—they can't kill him, can they? What will be the end of it; what will be done to him?"

"I don't know," Mrs. Revere replied, eyeing Bonny coldly. "Something dreadful, I hope. Surely nothing could be too bad for him. I wish he could be *hung*."

"Oh, no, no! not that!" cried the girl, starting from her chair, and, as she did so, overturning her untasted glass of milk. This accident created a merciful diversion, and by the time the contents of the broken goblet had been wiped off her dress, and the waitress had been summoned to sweep up the bits of thin glass from the carpet, she was sufficiently mistress of herself to be able to control her voice and countenance. But the fair and blooming face she had brought into the breakfast-room was replaced by one of pallor, perplexity, and gloom. It was a peculiarity of Bonny's, when weary or distressed, that dark, bluish markings, distinct as if drawn with a pencil, came out beneath her eyes. This appearance was very noticeable now.

"Had you quite finished your breakfast?" Mrs. Revere questioned, in a chilly manner, when waitress and dustpan had left the room.

"Oh, yes, thanks," Bonny answered, absently, although she had in reality tasted nothing but a morsel of bread. She showed no intention, however, of following her hostess to the parlor, but walked to a window and stood quite still, looking out. Mrs. Revere paused at the door-way, her hand on the portière, but presently joined Bonny and looked out also. "You do not seem particularly elated by the tidings of Sidney's success, my dear," she said, by and by, "and I don't think he would have any reason to feel flattered by your manner."

"Oh, how can I be pleased with that or anything?" Bonny broke out, with a surface impatience that was but the visible token of a deeper emotion. "How can I, when in the same breath with that you talk of murder, and hanging, and all kinds of horrible things? It is like the dreams I had in the night, all come true with the morning. It makes me fairly ill!"

ALICE KING HAMILTON.

(To be continued.)

JACK HAULTAUT, MIDSHIPMAN UNITED STATES NAVY; OR, LIFE AT THE NAVAL ACADEMY.

(Continued from page 334.)

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SCHOOL IS BROKEN UP.

THE leave-takings, as singly and in groups the members of the class from the seceding States took their departure, left but a slight impression upon the general surface, for the time was so fully occupied that there were but few moments to spare for outside themes. As the weeks passed on, however, there came to be a feeling of regret at the causes which had taken away so many, and a fixed determination on the part of those from the North to stand firmly by the government, and they were drawn more closely together by the accounts they heard of what was doing in and about Annapolis. There was a large secession element in the old town, and the governor himself was by no means without his leanings in that direction. There was a good deal of warlike talk and some preparation in the way of drilling on the part of the militia. A cavalry company on the opposite side of the Severn would occasionally make its appearance, and remind the youngsters that there was some foundation for all the talk that had come to their ears. As the beginning of the conflict drew near, there was more and more stirring of the tranquil surface of scholastic life, and a gradual appreciation of the condition of affairs. At length came the taking of Sumter, the news of which here, as all over the land, aroused the war-spirit of both parties: the secessionists were greatly elated, and threats of the seizure of the Academy, with the good old "Constitution," were freely uttered. But measures were taken within the walls to frustrate any attempts that might be made. The only force to be depended upon was such as the midshipmen afforded, but this was by no means a despicable one; for all had been trained in the use of arms, and a boy who knows how to shoot is quite as dangerous as a man, under certain circumstances. The gates were carefully closed day and night, and a guard patroled the grounds

from sunset to sunrise, keeping watch lest any suspicious parties should approach the sea-wall. This guard was placed in charge of one of the lieutenants attached to the Academy, and occasionally the command fell to the lot of one of them who was contemplating the resignation of his commission, even if he had not already sent it to Washington; this fact, however, made no difference to him; so long as he held his commission he did his duty loyally and completely, and it was undoubtedly with much regret that he felt called upon to "follow his State." On board the "Constitution" like precautions were taken; a gun's crew was detailed to keep guard, sentinels being posted on the forecastle and poop; two of the guns were taken from the quarter-deck and placed in the recitation-rooms under the poop, pointing through the stern ports in such a way as to command the channel. One day came the news of the Baltimore riots and the slaughter of the Massachusetts troops on their way to Washington; and with this great cause for elation, threats of an attempt upon the Academy became more and more undisguised.

During the week preceding this exciting Saturday, the recitations and drills had gone on as quietly as if wars and rumors of wars had been entirely unthought of, but there was now to be an end of all this. War, if it had not actually come, yet made its presence so felt that there was no longer opportunity for study. On this Saturday evening, then, the anticipated attack might be looked for; the officials had undoubted reason to believe that, flushed with their victory, the mob of Baltimore would soon appear and claim the government property as their own; the guards were doubled, and every precaution taken against surprise. Jack, as adjutant, had general charge of the preparations, and it was with a heavy heart that he sat down at his desk that evening to write that letter which might possibly be the last he should ever pen. He had kept his family apprised of the situation of affairs, and his father had exhorted him to do his best, while his mother's prayers for his preservation were mingled with like stirring words; she had given him to his country, and he had taken an oath to support the constitution and the laws, from which he must never take a backward step. Imbued with these sentiments, yet feeling sad that events had so occurred as to force affairs into their present channel, Jack wrote his letter, placing it in his desk, where he knew it would be found the following morning, either by himself or by some of his comrades who would be making a package of his goods and chattels to send home to his parents. Before turning in for the night, Jack saw that the guards were posted and so reported to the officer in charge. It was Ben's crew that had the first two hours, from ten until twelve; eyes and ears were open, and as the bell struck the half-hours, the cry of the sentinels on shore could be plainly heard, assuring those on board that they too were keeping guard. There was

no moon, and the night was somewhat cloudy, so that objects could not be readily seen; but the keen eyes of the forecastle lookout discovered about midnight a large sloop approaching the ship. "Sail ho!" he cried, and in a moment all was excitement on the deck; the main body of the crew had been sitting or walking about, their muskets close at hand. The guns were all cast loose ready for firing, having been loaded the preceding evening, and all that was necessary was to call the midshipmen to their quarters. After a moment had passed, Captain George, seeing the sloop continuing to approach, gave the order to rouse those below. Tom Hunter's pipe blew its loudest blast, and there followed in stentorian tones the call, "All hands save ship!" Nearly every one had turned in "like a trooper's horse, all standing," and before the drum had ceased the beating to quarters, which followed Tom's pipe, every gun was manned, and, with lock-strings in hand, the gun captains only waited for orders to fire. As the sloop came nearer the ship, Captain George hailed her with "Sloop ahoy!" in his most commanding voice. A sleepy voice, apparently as of one startled from cogitation, answered, "Hello!" in unmistakably negro tones; and alarmed at the unwonted hailing, the sloop's helm was put up and her direction changed, as she went on her legitimate errand, which was one far enough from an attempt upon the wooden walls of "Old Ironsides." As these events rapidly transpired, the somewhat bewildered midshipmen breathed more freely, and were glad indeed when in a few minutes the order was given to go below and turn in again.

But this tranquillity was not to last long; from the picket-boat in the outer harbor ascended a rocket, and sounds as of an approaching steamer were heard, as again all hands were called; the guns in the stern ports were promptly manned, and every preparation made for a warm reception to any attacking party. Presently the sounds ceased, the noise of an anchor let go was heard, and then all was still; no sounds of lowering of boats or anything looking like further movement reached the ears of the watchers, and after half an hour or so, once more they were permitted to seek their hammocks.

As the dawn approached eager eyes peered through the gradually diminishing darkness to discern the whereabouts and the character of the steamer that had caused so much alarm. Presently she was discovered about a mile distant, and as the light grew stronger she was seen to be filled with troops; then her name was distinguished, "Maryland" being painted upon her paddle-boxes. As this vessel was known to be the one used in the transfer of the railroad-trains across the Susquehanna at Havre de Grace, much curiosity was excited as to the place whence the soldiers came. Were they Baltimore militia, or what? As the sun rose on that beautiful April morning all doubt was at end; the stars and stripes were raised at her flag-staff, and there could be heard the shrill music of the fifes, mingled with the roll of

the drums, as they gave forth their salutation to their country's banner. Meantime a boat had been sent, in charge of one of the officers, to learn the purposes of the troops on board the steamer; she reached the "Maryland" just as the ensign was run up, and found that the vessel had on board General Butler with the Massachusetts troops under his command. By this officer the general sent back word that he would land his men during the forenoon, and by nine o'clock the "Maryland" was fast alongside the "Constitution." Great was the excitement in the city, and very soon after the steamer had arrived the governor came on board the "Constitution," accompanied by the superintendent and another elderly naval officer, who lived in town. The governor endeavored to persuade General Butler not to land his men, but the latter was firm in his resolution; and when the governor finally protested against Massachusetts troops placing their feet on the soil of Maryland, the reply was, in substance, "I am going to land United States troops on United States soil, and shall proceed to Washington as soon as possible." Preparations were now made for hoisting out the "Constitution's" guns, in order to lighten her sufficiently to get her over the bar; this work was done by the men on board the two vessels, volunteers being called for among the soldiers with excellent results. The greater part of the fourth class were sent on shore, Jack and Ben with about a dozen others being selected to remain and assist in the work to be done. After the guns had been taken on board the "Maryland," much time was occupied in slipping the various cables by which the ship was moored, and then a still greater period passed in heaving up the anchors: so the day wore on. As the services of the soldiers were necessary on board the ship, and as also there were no accommodations ready for them on shore, they were not landed this day. Finally, late in the afternoon all was reported ready, and the captain of the steamer was directed to go ahead; his affiliations, as also those of most of his crew, were with the secessionists, and it was a very unwilling aid that he lent to those who had seized his boat. However, a little display of force caused a disappearance of any outward signs of disaffection, and the order was given to move the engines. Slowly the ponderous wheels revolved, and gradually the ship moved out of the bed she had made for herself in the mud. As she gradually left the bridge a crowd of lookers-on watched her with great interest; slower and slower moved the engines until finally they came almost to a stand-still; "the steam had run down," it was said. It was probably the first time that steam had ever been raised by the aid of revolvers, but these little hints to quick movements and hard work soon convinced the firemen that the steam could be run up again, as it was not long after, and the old ship was again in motion, followed by cheers and great waving of handkerchiefs from the crowd, which Jack and Ben, who were on the poop, assisted in answering most ener-

getically. About three miles from her starting-place the ship began to stir up the mud on the bottom, and finally grounded; as the tide was falling there was nothing to be done but to wait for it to rise, and an anchor was let go to keep the ship in place when she should again be afloat.

By this time it was sunset, and the pangs of hunger began to be felt. In the hurry and bustle of the day the question of food had been overlooked, all the usual mechanism for the preparation of the midshipmen's meals having come to a stand-still. The men on board both vessels were also in the same predicament; but it did not take long to get from the "Constitution's" hold a sufficient supply of pork and hard bread, and to set the galley in operation for the cooking of the former. Jack and his comrades were, however, too nearly famished to await such a slow process, and they accordingly proceeded to make a delicious meal from the hard bread, covering it with a thin slice of the raw pork. To this day Jack's firm opinion is that nothing, before or since, ever tasted so good to him. Water was supplied the soldiers from the tanks in the ship's hold, and after what seemed an incredible length of time, the pork was pronounced ready for eating. Supper over, hammocks were given to those fortunate enough to possess them, while the soldiers (two companies of whom had been detailed for duty on board ship) lay about the gun-deck as best they could. The study-room bulkheads had all been removed, and the paraphernalia of school had disappeared, stowed on the berth-deck, while hawsers and muddy chains were scattered over the gun-deck in seemingly inextricable confusion. It was somewhat of a trial to Jack to be obliged to stand watch from eight o'clock until midnight after all the fatigues of the day; but as he paced up and down the poop-deck, with his cutlass by his side, he felt that he was doing his duty, and that his father would be glad to know that he had been one of those chosen to assist in rescuing the good old ship. It was hard work for him to keep his eyes open, but he managed to do so after having in his half-sleepy state stumbled over some ropes and nearly precipitated himself over the side into the water. Just as he recovered from his astonishment and found himself more wide awake than ever, he fancied that he discovered a small steamer approaching. He reported this to the lieutenant in charge, and soon all hands were turned out, the anchor was lifted again, and the steamer started ahead, only to stop, however, as the ship again grounded. The cause of all this alarm disappeared in the direction of the city, and all was quiet again. It was long after midnight when Jack found himself in his hammock, tired enough with his first experience of the glories of war, for by this time it was well understood that war was to ensue. As soon as the tide made in the morning, the "Maryland," after one more effort, succeeded in getting her consort into the outer roads, where the anchor was finally dropped, with feel-

ings of the most devout thankfulness that the toil and trouble were over, for the present at least. The captain of the steamer was then directed to take his vessel up the river to the "Constitution's" old place, but on his way, either by accident or design, he ran her aground, and there she lay all through that hot April day without a sufficient supply of either food or water for the men. When this state of affairs was known, assistance was sent to her and the suffering relieved. Jack having charge of the boat which took the pork, was received with much rejoicing, and had an opportunity for conversation with some of the officers, from whom he learned the details of the trip from New York, with the confiscation of the steamer as a transport. The day passed slowly enough, for with the exception of this little episode there was nothing to break the monotony; the only work done was in the way of clearing the gun-deck and getting the old craft into something like that condition known as ship-shape. It was tedious work keeping watch, and Jack was glad enough to be able to turn in at an early hour, as he was detailed for the watch from midnight until four o'clock.

It was with difficulty that he roused himself when he was called, for it did not seem to him that he had been asleep half an hour, and he came on deck rubbing his eyes to put himself in a reasonable condition of wakefulness. After he had been walking up and down, like a wild beast in a cage he thought, for some time, and having stumbled two or three times, he was suddenly made thoroughly awake by the cry of the forecastle lookout, who sang out in his loudest voice, "Sail ho!" Every one was on the *qui vive* in an instant; Jack was sent by the officer of the deck to report to the captain, and by the time the latter was on deck five steamers were discerned not far distant. Then one after another five rockets shot into the air, describing their long and graceful fiery curves, then with a dull explosion throwing out a mass of stars, which slowly burned as they fell. Of course it was not known to the subordinates that this fleet was expected, but such was the case, and these rockets were fired to inform the superintendent and General Butler of the number of vessels that had arrived. No sooner were the newcomers at anchor than Captain George ordered the gig to be made ready, and in a few minutes this boat, manned by six midshipmen, Jack acting as coxswain, left the ship. It was a good deal of a task for these boys to pull through the fleet as they did, stopping alongside each vessel while the captain went on board to consult with and give instructions to the officers in command. It was just daybreak when the tired fellows reached their own ship, up whose side they mounted with greater satisfaction than ever before, and in five minutes they were all sound asleep in their hammocks, and could hardly believe it seven o'clock when they were called. They found that the steamers had all gone into the harbor, and that one of them was then engaged in hauling the "Maryland" into deep water. The day passed slowly enough, even

with less rapidity than did the preceding one, but fortunately it afforded ample opportunity to the tired youngsters to make up for their lost sleep. On the following morning the captain went on shore in the gig with the same crew as before, and Jack had a chance to see his classmates, and also to go out into the city and say a few farewells, in which our old friend Dante was not omitted. While exchanging experiences with some of his friends, Jack learned what an effect the fire-rockets had; one of the fourth class happened to be posted on the sea wall when he caught sight of the first one as it flew high in air. Without a moment's consideration he fired his musket; this shot was followed by another from some half-dazed sentinel close at hand, and this by still another; the officer in charge at this immediately ordered the drummer to beat to quarters, and in five minutes the whole Academy was alive, the battalion in line, and everything in readiness to receive the enemy. After all these preparations an investigation developed the real state of affairs, and the fourth classman was ascertained to be the cause of the uproar. In his excitement he did not know whether one rocket or six had been fired. "There may have been three, sir," he said, when, in the august presence of the superintendent, he was questioned by the commandant.

During this day the troops were landed, and preparations made for the departure of the midshipmen, for it was realized that the school could no longer be kept at home; it must go North, away from all the turmoil and strife. The first class had been detached and ordered into active service the preceding week, so that the three junior classes were the ones to go on board the "Constitution," which they did late that afternoon. As the sun was setting, they cast a long and lingering glance upon the place that had been their home, and then with the ever-buoyant youthful heart turned their faces towards fresh fields and pastures new.

ALLAN D. BROWN,
Commander U.S.N.

(To be continued.)

SKETCH OF FORT YATES, DAKOTA TERRITORY.

FORT YATES, Dakota Territory, is situated on the west bank of the Missouri River, sixty miles south of the town of Bismarck, altitude sixteen hundred and seventy feet. The post was established in 1875 as a protection to the Standing Rock Indian Agency, and was named from its locality. In 1880 the name was changed to Fort Yates, in honor of Captain G. W. Yates, Seventh Cavalry, a victim of the Custer massacre.

The means of communication generally used is by government ambulance from Mandan, Dakota Territory, distance fifty-six miles. By having a relay at the half-way station at the Cannon Ball River, and in good weather, the trip can be made in one day. The road is of the ordinary prairie character, and for the greater part of the distance is very lonely, no human habitation being in sight for miles at a time. In the severe winter-time, every precaution against cold should be taken by the traveler. A buffalo overcoat, fur cap, and fur gloves should be worn, and with the addition of several buffalo-robes in the ambulance, the ride can be made in comparative comfort. Usually in this season it will take two days for the journey, the first night being spent at the ranch on the Cannon Ball River. In the navigation season the post can be reached occasionally by steamboat from Bismarck. A steamer now runs with tolerable regularity between Bismarck and Pierre, the terminus of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, making the round trip in about two weeks. A third, but very uncomfortable, method of communication, is by the open mail-wagon from Bismarck.

The nearest town of any importance is Mandan, a growing place of a few hundred inhabitants, with a large brick hotel, kept in good style and situated but a few steps from the railroad. For one who has served for some time at a frontier post like Yates, and after the tedious ride to Mandan, the luxury of a bath-room at the hotel and a sight of the railroad constitute exhilarating pleasures.

From department headquarters the journey to Fort Yates will take from two to three days. The time by rail from St. Paul to Mandan is from nineteen to twenty-two and one-half hours; fare seventeen dollars and seventy cents.

Fort Yates is designed for five companies,—three of infantry and two of cavalry. The parade-ground is rectangular in shape, and laid out with the line of officers' quarters on the north side; barracks for two infantry companies, post bakery, and guard-house on the west; barracks for band and one infantry company on the east; cavalry barracks and soldiers' club-room on the south. The old hospital, now used as adjutant's office, post library, and reading-room, is located near the centre of the southern half of the parade. The new hospital (erected in 1882), and the trader's store and officers' club-room, are situated to the southeast, and the two cavalry stables to the southwest. The plateau on which the post is built rises abruptly to a height of seventy feet from the wide flood-plain of the river. The scenery of the vicinity is not interesting. The plan of the post is faulty, the site being too small for a post of five companies.

The climate is dry and bracing, with a long and severe winter, but very pleasant summer and fall. The annual range of temperature is from 105° to —30°. Winter lasts from November to the middle of April; the cold is stimulating, but not unpleasant when the atmosphere is still. High winds, generally from the west and northwest, are very common, and severe blizzards, lasting for three days at a time, by no means rare. The winds prevent any great accumulation of snow on the ground by driving it into ravines and other sheltered localities. During this season it is necessary to dress in buffalo overcoat, fur cap and gloves.

The grass begins to appear in the latter part of April, and remains green until the heats of summer give it the usual yellowish scorched appearance. There are a few very warm days in July and August, with strong, hot, dry winds, and a liberal distribution of the sandy soil in the vicinity. Radiation after sundown, however, is so rapid that the nights are always cool and pleasant. The annual rainfall is small. In summer mosquitoes are always plentiful in the river-bottom and occasionally invade the garrison, rendering it necessary to wear head-nets and gloves for comfort. The mean temperature in summer is 69°; in winter, 17°.

The officers' quarters consist of eleven buildings, furnishing seventeen sets of quarters. They are log and frame structures; but owing to the manner in which the post has been constructed they are not all on the same plan. Two sets in the centre of the line are used for commanding officer and field-officer. It will be impossible in the short space of this article to describe quarters built on so many different plans; but it will be sufficient to say that they are all comfortable, somewhat rough in finish, and furnished with roomy porches. They are heated by wood-stoves, but have no facilities for bathing. In this particular the primitive wash-tub still reigns supreme at Yates.

For a frontier post the expense of living at this station may be

considered comparatively moderate. Servants' wages will average twenty to twenty-five dollars per month. The loss of a good servant here is quite a serious matter, as it usually necessitates sending to St. Paul at a considerable expense for the transportation of another.

Beef is supplied at a moderate contract price; averages nine and eight-tenths cents per pound; is of fair quality, except in late winter and spring months. White potatoes, onions, cabbage, lettuce, turnips, parsnips, beans, and peas are raised abundantly in the company gardens and by the ranchers on the opposite side of the river. Corn and tomatoes grow fairly; no sweet potatoes are raised. The greatest deprivation is the scarcity, or rather the total absence, of fruit. Butter averages from thirty-five to forty cents per pound, and eggs from twenty-five to forty cents per dozen. Both are very scarce in the winter. Milk is eight cents per quart. An ample quantity of ice is cut in winter and stored away for summer use. Late in the fall it is the custom to purchase supplies for the winter in St. Paul, and have them brought down by the last boats from Bismarck. In this way a stock of apples, butter, eggs, etc. can be obtained. There are no facilities for marketing at this station, and although the living is not expensive, it is certainly very limited as to variety.

In the line of amusements, Fort Yates, like most frontier stations, is wholly dependent on its own garrison. The roads are good for riding or driving, but the scenery is not specially interesting or picturesque. The rapid current of the river prohibits boating and swimming. Fish are scarce. Large game, like buffalo, antelope, or deer, can only be procured at some distance from the post. Ducks, prairie-chickens, and snipe are fairly abundant near the eastern shore of the river.

A theatre building, two hundred by thirty feet, capable of seating two hundred persons, having a good stage, dressing-rooms, and drop-curtain, and fair amount of scenery, is a valuable addition to the post. In the main hall of this building are given the weekly hops, the music for which is furnished by the regimental band of the Seventeenth Infantry.

The post library is an excellent one, containing one thousand volumes.

The water-supply is obtained from the Missouri River, is pumped by an engine to a large tank at the southwest corner of the post, and distributed by means of hydrants in the yards. On account of the muddy character of the water it is allowed to stand in barrels until it settles, when it is tolerably clear and quite pleasant to drink. Surgeon J. W. Williams, United States army, says on this subject, "Many believe the water to be injurious. A large amount of constituents are no doubt held in solution or suspension, as no water can possibly be more turbid, particularly in the spring; but they are nearly all min-

eral and almost entirely innocuous. Owing to the barren character of the country through which the Missouri flows, to the rapidity of its current, to the absence of sloughs or lagoons along its course, and to the sparseness of the population upon its banks, the amount of decayed organic matter contained in its waters must be comparatively small. Much stress is laid by some upon the number of so-called alkali springs and alkali creeks that flow into the Upper Missouri; but the evil nature of these is usually overrated, and, besides, they form but an infinitesimal portion of the waters of the river, the chief sources of supply being doubtless the snows and rains of the Rocky Mountains and Black Hills. The small and inconstant water-courses that rise in the plains can add but little."

The post-office is located in the trader's store. The mails arrive six times per week by wagon from Bismarck, the mail-route being on the east bank of the river. A letter to department headquarters will average three days; to Washington, five days. There is a military telegraph line to Bismarck.

Fort Yates is situated on the Sioux Indian reservation, the buildings of the Standing Rock Agency adjoining the northern line of the post. About five thousand Sioux live on this reservation. They are scattered in bands along the Missouri as far as the Cannon Ball River on the north, and Oak Creek on the south. The aim of the Interior Department, faithfully carried out by the efficient agent, Major McLaughlin, is to locate them by families on separate farms, and to break the tribal relations gradually. These Indians belong to the various tribes of Minneconjoux, Uncpapas, Blackfeet, etc. The most prominent of the chiefs is the renowned Sitting Bull.

The surrounding country outside the Indian reservation is settling up with fair rapidity, especially since the Fort Rice reservation has been thrown open to settlement. On the east side of the river ranches are scattered all the way from Bismarck, and numerous farms are under cultivation. Directly opposite the post the village of Winona has sprung into existence.

LOUIS BRECHEMIN,
Assistant Surgeon U. S. Army.

GENERAL GORDON'S CAREER.

AT the present moment the following particulars relative to the career of General Gordon, of whose death there is scarcely any room for doubt, will be read with the deepest interest:

Charles George Gordon was a man of war from his youth. He came of a race of soldiers, and before he had completed his fifteenth year had himself entered the Royal Military Academy. His father—the third son of a gallant officer who had fought on the plains of Abraham with General Wolfe—was born in 1786, and attained the rank of lieutenant-general; and his mother is described as a remarkable woman, "who was cheerful under the most trying circumstances, and who had a genius for making the best of everything." She was the daughter of Samuel Enderby, a London merchant and ship-owner, to whom belonged the two vessels from which the cargoes of tea were thrown overboard in Boston Harbor on the night of December 16, 1773, and who also owned several of the vessels which were chartered to convey the first batch of convicts to Australia. Mrs. Gordon had five sons and six daughters. Three of the sons entered the army, in which their predecessors for three generations had served, and two of them are still living. Of these two, the younger is General Gordon. Born at Woolwich on January 28, 1833, he was prepared at Taunton for the Royal Military Academy, where, as has already been stated, he entered in his fifteenth year. He obtained his commission in 1852, being gazetted in July second lieutenant in the Royal Engineers. The first two years of military career begun thus early were spent at Pembroke in preparing the plans for fortifying the entrance to Milford Haven; but in December, 1854, Gordon was under orders for the Crimea, and on New Year's Day, in the middle of the terrible "black winter," he landed at Balaclava, where hunger, misery, and disease were accomplishing a deadlier work even than that of the enemy among our troops. Until the fall of Sebastopol Gordon's duties were simply those of a junior officer of Engineers. In this humble capacity the young subaltern threw his whole heart into the work allotted to him, and, according to Colonel Chesney, "attracted the notice of his superiors, not merely by his activity and energy, but by an extraordinary aptitude for war, developing itself amid the trench-work before

Sebastopol in a personal knowledge of the enemy's movements such as no other officer attained." Although constantly in the forefront of danger in resisting the repeated sorties of the Russians, Gordon escaped unhurt. He took part in the assault on the Redan, led by Sir John Campbell, and also bore his share in the enterprise of seizing and holding the important position of Quarries in front of that fortress. He remained in the Crimea until the evacuation, in February, 1856. In February, 1855, he had been promoted to first lieutenant, and at the close of the war he was awarded the Legion of Honor,—a distinction conferred on few officers of his rank. In the summer of 1856, Lieutenant Gordon was engaged as assistant commissioner under Major (afterwards Sir Edward) Stanton in the delimitation of the west boundary-line of Bessarabia and Moldavia, and was then ordered to join Colonel (Sir Lintorn) Simmons, who was at the head of a delimitation commission in Asia Minor.

Returning to England at the close of 1858, Gordon became instructor of field-works and adjutant at Chatham, and in the following April was promoted to a captaincy. He left England for China in July, 1860, and joined the British force under Sir Hope Grant in the march on Pekin, witnessed the burning of the Summer Palace, and returned to Tientsin in November. There he remained with a detachment of Engineers until the spring of 1862, making in the interval frequent journeys into the surrounding country, and exploring, at no little risk, a considerable section of the Great Wall of China. In May of that year Gordon was ordered to Shanghai to operate against the Taiping rebel forces. In 1860 the rebels occupied Foochow and menaced Shanghai, one of the treaty ports, but were driven back from the latter position with heavy loss by a combined attack of the English and French garrison. The position of Shanghai being precarious, urgent entreaties were made to Sir Charles Staveley to nominate a British officer to the vacant post, and, with the assent of the Home Government, he selected Major Gordon,—who had received his brevet the previous year, and that officer, just turned thirty, assumed the control of one of the most remarkable forces ever dignified with the name of an army. Its strength varied while he had charge of it from three thousand to five thousand men. All the non-commissioned officers were Chinese selected from the ranks; but the commissioned officers, one hundred and fifty in number, were a motley crew, comprising foreigners of almost every nationality, ex-mates of merchant ships, ex-private soldiers of good character, and adventurers and refugees of no character at all. To recruit his ranks Gordon from time to time enlisted picked men from among the captured rebels, and as the pay was good and the treatment humane he rarely had any difficulty in obtaining as many men as he required. Prior to taking the command he had thoroughly surveyed the country for thirty miles round, and

perceiving the enormous advantage which quick communication, by means of the numerous intersecting water-ways, would give him over the rebel forces, he organized a small armed flotilla, which, co-operating with his infantry force, spread as much terror among the Taipings as did the Khartoum steamers a score of years later among the Soudanese rebels.

To recount the marvelous feats which Gordon performed with his "ever victorious army" would fill a goodly volume. In less than two years he led it into no fewer than thirty-three engagements, some of them of a most desperate character; and although he had to deal with mutiny in his own ranks and disaffection among his officers while engaged in the field with an enemy vastly superior in numbers, his energy and resource never failed him. In all the engagements it is reported of Gordon, "he exposed himself with a cool, matter-of-fact daring that seemed natural to the man. He never carried any other weapon than a little cane, with which he used to direct his followers, and which got for itself the name of 'Gordon's magic wand of victory.' His Chinese soldiers, seeing him always in front among the bullets, yet never wounded, concluded that he bore a charmed life, and that it was the magic wand which gave him protection." Towards the end of the campaign, however, he was severely wounded; but even then he was borne on a mattress into the thick of the fighting, and directed the movements of his force with as much coolness as though he were parading his men on a review ground.

In 1864 the Taiping rebellion was practically crushed, and the *raison d'être* of his army having ceased when Nankin was recaptured, Gordon undertook, and successfully carried through, the work of disbanding it. The mere record of its achievements is even now impressive. In little more than a year and a half it had taken four cities and a dozen minor strong places, had fought innumerable combats, and inflicted upon the enemy a loss moderately estimated at fifteen times its own numbers.

The end of the war exhibited Gordon's unselfishness in as strong a light as its progress had shown his skill and heroism. Officers and men alike were liberally treated by the Chinese government, and a large money-grant was offered to the commander to whom the extirpation of the rebellion was due. This Gordon unhesitatingly declined, as he had previously done a proffered grant of three thousand five hundred pounds. He had spent his pay in promoting the efficiency of his troops, and in a letter home he wrote, "I leave China as poor as when I entered it." To the retiring hero the merchants and bankers of Shanghai expressed their deep gratitude,—the only reward he would accept,—the British minister warmly commended him to Her Majesty's favor, "for, independently of the skill and courage he has shown, his disinterestedness has elevated our national character in the eyes of the Chinese;"

and the Emperor of China conférred on him the highest military title (Ti Tu, commander-in-chief) and the imperial decorations of the Yellow Jacket and the peacock's feather.

On his return to England, Colonel Gordon, who had received a brevet lieutenant-colonelcy in the beginning of 1864, was made a C.B. From 1865 to 1871 he lived quietly at Gravesend, while employed there on the duty of improving the defenses of the Thames. Of this period of his life Mr. Egmont Hake writes: "He lived wholly for others. His house was school, and hospital, and almshouse in turn, was more like the abode of a missionary than of a commanding officer of Engineers. The troubles of all interested him alike. The poor, the sick, the unfortunate, were ever welcome, and never did suppliant knock vainly at his door. He always took a great delight in children, but especially in boys employed on the river or the sea. Many he rescued from the gutter, cleansed them and clothed them, and kept them for weeks in his house. For their benefit he established reading-classes, over which he himself presided, reading to and teaching the boys with as much ardor as if he were leading them to victory. He called them his 'kings,' and for many of them he got berths on board ships. One day a friend asked him why there were so many pins stuck into the map of the world over his mantelpiece; he was told that they marked and followed the course of the boys on their voyages, and that they were moved from point to point as his youngsters advanced, and that he prayed for them as they went, night and day. The light in which he was held by those lads was shown by inscriptions in chalk on the fences. A favorite legend was 'God bless the Kernel.' So full did his classes at length become that the house would no longer hold them, and they had to be given up. Then it was he that attended and taught at the ragged schools, and it was a pleasant thing to watch the attention with which his wild scholars listened to his words."

Another writer says the workhouse and the infirmary were his constant haunts, and of pensioners he had a countless number. Many of the dying sent for him in preference to the clergy, and he was ever ready to visit them. His purse was always empty because of his free-handedness, and he even sent some of his medals to the melting-pot in the cause of charity.

Amid the universal regret of his neighbors, Colonel Gordon was at length ordered to Galatz to superintend, as British member of the Danubian Commission, the improvement of the navigability of the river's mouths. He met Nuba Pasha in Constantinople in 1872, and when Sir Samuel Baker's term as Governor of the Equatorial Provinces of Egypt came to an end in the following year Gordon was appointed his successor. Declining the allowance of ten thousand pounds a year offered him by the Egyptian authorities to keep up his state, he named two thousand pounds as the stipend which he required, and refused to

accept more. The province he had undertaken to govern was but little known. Up to a few years previously it had been in the hands of traders in ivory and slaves, the most powerful of whom was that Zebehr whom Gordon afterwards nominated for the governorship of Khartoum. They established factories and governed them with armed men. The neighboring tribes were forced to traffic with them, and in their slave-hunting raids they carried desolation and death over a vast tract of Central Africa. In the hope of putting an end to the inhuman traffic the Egyptian government claimed a monopoly of the whole of the trade with the outside world until the brigandage should have been completely stamped out.

Proceeding with an infantry escort of two hundred men from Suakim to Berber,—a fortnight's march,—Gordon went on to Khartoum, where, after issuing a decree declaring the government monopoly of the ivory trade, and prohibiting the import of arms and powder, the levying of armed bands by private people, and the entry of any one without passports, he started on the 22d of March on a voyage up the Nile. Twenty-three days later, Gondokoro, the nominal capital of his province, was reached. As a matter of fact, the only possessions which Egypt held in all the vast region were two forts, one at Gondokoro with a garrison of three hundred miserably inefficient men, and another at Fatiko, two hundred miles farther south, with two hundred men holding it, both places being virtually in a state of siege. Leaving the American, Colonel Long, hitherto his sole companion, to represent him at Gondokoro, General Gordon returned down the Nile to Berber, to fetch his staff and baggage. In June he was at the Saubat River, where he remained two months, organizing a station there, and engaged in the task of conciliating the natives. There he began to see his way into the heart of the slave traffic and the complicity of the Egyptian officials with it, and during his stay he did good service in seizing slave-convoys and punishing the traders.

In the beginning of September he went up to Gondokoro, but staff and servants were all ill, broken down by the terrible climate. Gordon had to be doctor, nurse, accountant,—everything; and to add to his troubles he found that Abou Saoud, an ex-slave-dealer, whom he had made his lieutenant, was a scoundrel and a traitor. He dismissed him, then relented and forgave, and upon a repetition of Abou's intrigues sent him down the river for good.

Although his efforts were impeded on every hand by rascally officials, on Christmas-eve, 1874, Gordon arrived back in London, having retired from the Khedive's service. The Khedive urgently besought Gordon's return; those at home who could speak with authority reminded him of the moral obligation resting upon him to complete his work. Accordingly in February, 1877, he was back in Cairo and insisted upon the removal of Ismail Yacoub, the Governor-

General of the Soudan, by whom his efforts had been greatly hindered. The Khedive resolved to bring the Soudan, Darfour, and the provinces of the Equator into one vast province, and placed it under Gordon as Governor-General. By the middle of October Gordon was back at Khartoum, whence he went to endeavor to settle the disputes which had again arisen in Abyssinia. Recalled to Cairo, he was asked to arrange Ismail's complicated finances; but he spoke his mind freely and with much emphasis; was thrown over by the Khedive, and had left Cairo within a month of his arrival.

On his return to Khartoum he resumed the work of reform with uncompromising vigor. A revolt breaking out in the Bahr Gazelle, he confiscated all the property of the Zebehr family, and sent his able lieutenant, Gessi, against Suleiman, Zebehr's son, and the gang of slave-raiders who had gathered under him. After bloody and desperate fighting against overwhelming odds Gessi routed the slavers and liberated ten thousand of their victims. Gordon himself went up to Shakka, releasing parties of slaves whom he met on the way, but before he arrived Gessi's work was done. Suleiman and ten of his fellow-slavers were captured, after the main body of their force had been broken up, and were shot by Gordon's orders. The papers found on his son so compromised Zebehr that he was brought to trial, convicted, and sentenced to death; but, nevertheless, the Khedive liberated and pensioned him.

Upon Ismail's abdication Gordon returned to Cairo, where he was well received by the new Khedive, whom, however, he told that he did not mean to return to the Soudan, but would go to Massowah, settle with King Johannis, and then return home. His hands were tied by the conditions imposed upon him; he was imprisoned and evilly treated in Abyssinia, extricating himself with great difficulty, and on his way back to Egypt he sent in his resignation.

Worn and debilitated Gordon returned to England, and was recommended by his medical adviser to take several months' complete rest and quiet, but being offered by Lord Ripon, who was going out to India as Viceroy, the post of private secretary, he at once accepted it. On the voyage out he realized the impossibility of the position, and no sooner had he landed in Bombay than he resigned the appointment. An invitation from his old friend, Mr. Hart, the Chinese Commissioner of Customs, induced him to start for China, where his counsels sufficed to prevent the hostilities with Russia which were then threatening.

The resignation of his commission had been refused by the War Office; and, having attained on March 6 the rank of major-general, Gordon was appointed commander of Royal Engineers in the Mauritius, where he spent ten months. In 1882, at the urgent request of the Cape Government, he went to South Africa to assist in the settlement of the Basuto troubles, but being treated with scant courtesy and con-

sideration, and his suggestions being coolly ignored, he returned to England. Thence he went to Palestine, and took up his residence near Jerusalem for nearly a twelvemonth, where he devoted himself to the congenial task of Biblical research.

Emerging from his retirement, he accepted from the King of the Belgians the command of the Anti-Slavery Expedition which was about to be dispatched to the headquarters on the Congo, and on the 17th of January, 1884, he had arrived in Brussels to receive from the King his final instructions. He had previously landed at Southampton on a short farewell visit to his sister, and was there interviewed by a representative of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to whom he communicated with characteristic frankness his views on the then alarming situation in the Soudan. Their publication was generally believed, notwithstanding the protestations of the Government that they had long entertained the desire of utilizing Gordon's services, to have forced the hand of the English Ministry. At all events, they aroused a strong public feeling. Gordon was telegraphed to in Brussels. He obeyed the summons with soldier-like alacrity, and on the morning of Saturday, January 19, the public were informed that on the previous evening General Gordon had left England for the Soudan, having accepted a mission "to report on the military situation there, to provide in the best manner for the safety of the European population of Khartoum and of the Egyptian garrisons throughout the country, as well as for the evacuation of the Soudan, with the exception of the seaboard." The subsequent events in Gordon's career in Egypt and heroic defense of Khartoum are too well known to need recapitulation. —*Exeter and Plymouth (England) Gazette.*

THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE "MONITOR" AND "MERRIMAC."

AS RELATED BY THE FIRST LIEUTENANT OF THE "MONITOR," THE LATE COMMANDER S. DANA GREENE, U. S. NAVY, IN A LETTER WRITTEN IMMEDIATELY AFTERWARDS.

[THE editor of THE UNITED SERVICE tenders his thanks to Captain F. V. Greene, U. S. Army, for permission to publish the following letter of his brother, which he has kindly furnished us. We consider it the most graphic description yet given of that historical engagement.]

"UNITED STATES STEAMER 'MONITOR,'
"HAMPTON ROADS, March 14, 1862.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—I commence this now, but I don't know when I shall finish, as I have to write it at odd moments when I can find a few minutes' rest. When I bid Charlie good-night on Wednesday, the 5th, I confidently expected to see you the next day, as I then thought it would be impossible to finish our repairs on Thursday; but the mechanics worked all night, and at 11 A.M. on Thursday we started down the harbor, in company with the gunboats 'Sachem' and 'Currituck.' We went along very nicely, and when we arrived at Governor's Island the steamer 'Seth Low' came alongside and took us in tow. We went out past the Narrows with a light wind from the west and very smooth water. The weather continued the same all Thursday night. I turned out at six o'clock on Friday morning, and from that time until Monday at 7 P.M. I think I lived ten good years. About noon the wind freshened and the sea was quite rough. In the P.M. the sea was breaking over our decks at a great rate, and coming in our hawse-pipe forward in perfect floods. Our berth-deck hatch leaked in spite of all we could do, and the water came down under the tower like a waterfall. It would strike the pilot-house and go over the tower in most beautiful curves. The water came through the narrow eye-holes in the pilot-house with such force as to knock the helmsman completely around from the wheel. At 4 P.M. the water had gone down our smoke-stacks and blowers to such an extent that the blowers gave out and the engine-room was filled with gas.

"Then, mother, occurred a scene I shall never forget. Our engineers behaved like heroes, every one of them. They fought with the gas, endeavoring to get the blowers to work, until they dropped apparently dead. I was nearly suffocated with the gas, but got on deck, after every one had left the engine-room, just in time to save myself. Three firemen were in the same condition as the engineers. Then times looked rather blue. We had no fear as long as the engine could be kept going to pump out the water, but when that stopped the water increased rapidly. I immediately rigged the hand-pump on the berth-deck, but as we were obliged to lead the hose out over the tower there was not force enough in the pump to throw water out. Our only resource now was to bail, and that was useless, as we had to pass the buckets up through the tower, which made it a very long operation. What to do now we did not know. We had done all in our power, and must let things take their own course. Fortunately the wind was off-shore, so we hailed the tug-boat and told them to steer directly for the shore, in order to get in smooth water.

"At 8 P.M. we managed to get the engines to go and everything comparatively quiet again. The captain had been up nearly all the previous night, and, as we did not like to leave the deck without one of us being there, I told him I would keep the watch from eight to twelve, he take it from twelve to four, and I would relieve him from four to eight. Well, the first watch passed off very nicely: smooth sea, clear sky, the moon out, and the old tank going along five and six knots very nicely. All I had to do was to keep awake and think over the narrow escape we had had in the afternoon. At twelve o'clock things looked so favorable that I told the captain he need not turn out; I would lie down with my clothes on, and if anything happened I would turn out and attend to it. He said 'Very well,' and I went to my room and hoped to get a little nap. I had scarcely got to my bunk when I was startled by the most infernal noise I had ever heard. The 'Merrimac's' firing last Sunday was music to it. We were just passing a shoal, and the sea suddenly became rough and right ahead. It came up with tremendous force through our anchor-well, and forced the air through our hawse-pipe where the chain comes, and then the water would rush through in a perfect stream, clear to our berth-deck, over the wardroom table. The noise resembled the death-groans of twenty men, and was the most dismal, awful sound I have ever heard. Of course the captain and myself were on our feet in a moment, and endeavored to stop the hawse-pipe. We succeeded partially; but now the water began to come down our blowers again, and we feared the same accident that happened in the afternoon. We tried to hail the tug-boat, but the wind being dead ahead they could not hear us, and we had no way of signaling them, as the steam-whistle which father had recommended had not been put on.

"We began then to think the 'Monitor' would never see daylight. We watched carefully every drop of water that went down the blowers, and sent continually to ask the fireman how they were going. His only answer was 'Slowly,' but could not be kept going much longer unless the water could be kept, be stopped from coming down. The sea was washing completely over our decks, and it was dangerous for a man to go on them, so we could do nothing to the blowers. In the midst of all this our wheel-ropes jumped off the steering-wheel (owing to the pitching of the ship), and became jammed. She now began to sheer about at an awful rate, and we thought our hawser would certainly part. Fortunately it was new, and held on well. In the course of half an hour we freed our wheel-ropes, and now the blowers were the only difficulty. About three o'clock Saturday A.M. the sea became a little smoother, though still rough, and going down our blowers somewhat. The never-failing answer from the engine-room, 'Blowers going slowly, but can't hold out much longer.' From 4 A.M. till daylight was the longest hour and a half I ever spent. I certainly thought old Sol had stopped in China. At last, however, we could make the tug-boat understand to go nearer in-shore to get in smooth water, which we did about 8 A.M. Things again were a little quiet, but everything wet and uncomfortable. The decks and air-ports leaked, and the water still came down the hatches and under the tower. I was busy all day making out my station-bills and attending to different things which constantly required my attention.

"At 3 P.M. we parted our hawser, but fortunately it was quite smooth, and we secured it without difficulty.

"At 4 P.M. we passed Cape Henry, and heard heavy firing in the direction of Fortress Monroe; and as we approached it increased, and we immediately cleared ship for action. When about half-way between Fortress Monroe and Cape Henry we spoke a pilot-boat. He told us the 'Cumberland' was sunk, and the 'Congress' was on fire and surrendered to the 'Merrimac.' We did not credit it at first; but as we approached Hampton Roads we could see the fine old 'Congress' burning brightly, and we knew that it must be so. Sadly, indeed, did we feel to think those two fine old vessels had gone to their last homes with so many of their brave crews. Our hearts were very full, and we vowed vengeance to the 'Merrimac' if it should ever be our lot to fall in with her.

"At 9 P.M. we anchored near the frigate 'Roanoke,' the flag-ship, Captain Marston (the major's brother). Captain Worden immediately went on board, and received orders to proceed to Newport News and protect the 'Minnesota' (which was aground) from the 'Merrimac.' We got under way, and reached the 'Minnesota' at 11 P.M. I went on board in our cutter, and asked the captain what his prospects were of getting off. He said he should try to get afloat at 2 A.M., when it

was high water. I asked him if we could render him any assistance, to which he replied 'No.' I then told him we should do all in our power to protect him from the attacks of the 'Merrimac.' He thanked me kindly, and wished me success.

"Just as I got back to the 'Monitor' the 'Congress' blew up, and certainly a grander sight was never seen, but it went straight to the marrow of our bones. Not a word was said, but deep did each man think and wish he was by the side of the 'Merrimac.' At 1 A.M. we anchored near the 'Minnesota.' The captain and myself remained on deck, waiting for the 'Merrimac.'

"At 3 A.M. we thought the 'Minnesota' was afloat and coming down to us, so we got under way as soon as possible and stood out of the channel. After backing and filling for about an hour we found we were mistaken, and anchored again. At daylight we discovered the 'Merrimac' at anchor, with several other vessels, under Sewell's Point. We immediately made every preparation for battle.

"At 8 A.M. on Sunday the 'Merrimac' got under way, accompanied by several steamers, and started direct for the 'Minnesota.' By this time our anchor was up, the men at quarters, and everything ready for action. As the 'Merrimac' came down, the captain passed the word to commence firing. I triced up the port, ran out the gun, and fired the first gun. Then began the great battle between the 'Monitor' and 'Merrimac.' Now mark the condition our men and officers were in. Since Friday evening—forty-eight hours—they had no rest and very little food, as we could not conveniently cook. They had been hard at work all night, had nothing to eat for breakfast except hard bread, and were thoroughly worn out. As for myself, I had not slept a wink for fifty-one hours, and had been on my feet almost constantly. But after the first gun was fired we forgot all fatigue and hard work and everything else, and went to work fighting as hard as men ever fought. We loaded and fired as fast as we could. I pointed and fired the guns myself. Every shot I would ask the captain the effect, and the majority of them were encouraging. The captain was in the pilot-house, directing the movements of the vessel. Acting Master Stodder was at the wheel which turns the tower, but, as he could not manage it, he was relieved by Stimers. The speaking-trumpet from the tower to the pilot-house was broken, so we passed the word from the captain to myself on the berth-deck by Paymaster Keeler and Captain's Clerk Toffey. Five times during the engagement we touched each other, and each time I fired a gun at her, and I will vouch that the one hundred and sixty-eight pounds penetrated her sides. Once she tried to run us down with her iron prow, but did no damage. After fighting for two hours we hauled off for half an hour to hoist our shot in the tower. At it we went again, as hard as we could. The shot, shell, grape, canister, musket- and rifle-balls flew about us in every

direction, but did no damage. Our tower was struck several times, and, although the noise was pretty loud, it did not affect us any. Stodder and one of the men were carelessly leaning against the tower, when a shot struck it directly opposite to them and disabled them for an hour or two. At about 11.30 the captain sent for me. I went forward, and there stood as noble a man as ever lived, at the foot of the ladder of the pilot-house. His face was perfectly black with powder and iron, and he was apparently blind. I asked him what was the matter; he said a shot had struck the pilot-house exactly opposite his eyes, blinded them, and he thought the pilot-house was damaged. He told me to take charge of the ship and use my own discretion. I led him to his room, laid him on the sofa, and then took his position.

"On examining the pilot-house I found the iron hatch on top had been knocked about half-way off, and the second iron log from the top on the forward side was completely cracked through. We still continued firing, the tower being under the direction of Stimers. We were now between two fires, the 'Minnesota' on one side and the 'Merrimac' on the other. The 'Minnesota' had struck us twice on the tower, and the 'Merrimac' was retreating to Sewell's Point. I knew if another shot should strike our pilot-house in the same place our steering apparatus would be disabled, and we would be at the mercy of the batteries on Sewell's Point.

"The 'Merrimac' was retreating towards the latter place. We had strict orders to act on the defensive and protect the 'Minnesota.' We had evidently finished the 'Merrimac,' as far as the 'Minnesota' was concerned. Our pilot-house was damaged, and we had strict orders not to follow the 'Merrimac;' therefore, after the 'Merrimac' had retreated, I went to the 'Minnesota,' and remained by her until she was afloat. General Wool and Secretary Fox have both complimented me very highly for acting as I did, and said it was the strict military plan to follow. This is the reason we did not sink the 'Merrimac,' and every one here capable of judging says we acted exactly right. The fight was over now, and we were victorious. My men and myself were perfectly black with smoke and powder. All my underclothes were perfectly black, and my person was in the same condition.

"As we ran alongside the 'Minnesota,' Secretary Fox hailed me and told us we had fought the greatest naval battle on record, and behaved as gallantly as men could. He saw the whole fight. I felt proud and happy then, mother, and felt fully repaid for all I had suffered. When our noble captain heard the 'Merrimac' had retreated, he said he was perfectly happy and willing to die, since he had saved the 'Minnesota.' Ah, how I love to venerate that man! Most fortunately for him, his classmate and intimate friend, Lieutenant Wise,

saw the fight, and was alongside directly after the engagement. He took him aboard the Baltimore boat, and carried him to Washington that night.

"The 'Minnesota' was still aground, and we stood by her till she floated, at 4 P.M. She grounded again shortly, and we anchored for the night. I was now captain and first lieutenant, and had not a soul to help me on the ship, as Stodder was injured and Webber useless. I had been up so long, had had so little rest, and been under such a state of excitement that my nervous system was completely run down. Every bone in my body ached, my limbs and joints were so sore I could not stand, my nerves and muscles twitched as though electric shocks were continually passing through them, and my head ached as if it would burst. Sometimes I thought my brain would come out over my eyebrows. I lay down and tried to sleep; I might as well have tried to fly.

"About twelve o'clock Acting Second Lieutenant Flye came on board and reported to me for duty. He lives in Topsham, opposite Brunswick, and recollected father very well. He immediately assumed the duties of first lieutenant, and I felt considerably relieved. But no sleep did I get that night, owing to my excitement. The next morning at eight o'clock we got under way and stood through our fleet. Cheer after cheer went up from the frigates and small craft for the glorious little 'Monitor,' and happy indeed did we all feel. I was captain then of the vessel that had saved Newport News, Hampton Roads, Fortress Monroe (as General Wool himself said), and perhaps your Northern ports. I am unable to express the happiness and joy I feel to think I had served my country and my flag so well at such an important time. I passed Farquhar's vessel and answered his welcome salute.

"About 10 A.M. General Wool and Mr. Fox came on board and congratulated us upon our victory, etc. We have a standing invitation to dine with General Wool, but no officer is allowed to leave the ship until we sink the 'Merrimac.'

"At eight o'clock that night Tom Selfridge came on board and took command, and gave me the following letter from Mr. Fox:

"'UNITED STATES STEAMER ROANOKE,
"'OLD POINT, March 10, 1862.

"'DEAR MR. GREENE,—Under the extraordinary circumstances of the contest of yesterday and the responsibility devolving upon me, and your extreme youth, I have suggested to Captain Marston to send on board the "Monitor," as temporary commander, Lieutenant Selfridge, until the arrival of Commander Goldsborough, which will be in a few days; and appreciate your position as you must appreciate mine, and serve with the same zeal and fidelity.

"'With the kindest wishes for you all, most truly,

"'G. V. FOX.'

"Of course, I was a little taken aback at first, but on a second

thought I saw it was as it should be. You must recollect the immense responsibility resting on this little vessel. We literally hold all the property ashore and afloat in these regions, as the wooden vessels are useless against the 'Merrimac.'

"At no time during the war has any one position been so important as this vessel. You may perhaps think I am exaggerating somewhat, because I am in the 'Monitor;' but the President, Secretary, General Wool, all think so, and have telegraphed to that effect, for us to be vigilant, etc. The captain receives every day numbers of anonymous letters from all parts of the country suggesting plans to him, and I think some people north of Mason and Dixon's line have a *little* fear of the 'Merrimac.' Under these circumstances it was perfectly right and proper in Mr. Fox to relieve me of the command, for you must recollect I had never performed any but midshipman's duty until this time; but, between you and me, I would have kept the command, with all its responsibility, if I had my choice, and either the 'Merrimac' or the 'Monitor' should have gone down in the next engagement. But then you know all young people are vain, conceited, and without judgment. Even the President telegraphed to Mr. Fox to do so, etc., Mr. President, I suppose, thinking Mr. Fox rather young, he being only about forty. Mr. Fox, however, had already done what the President telegraphed to him several hours before. Selfridge was only in command for two days, until Mr. Jeffers arrived from Roanoke Island. Mr. Jeffers is everything desirable,—talented, energetic, educated, and experienced in battle.

"Well, I believe I have about finished. But my old room-mate was on board the 'Merrimac.' Little did we ever think at the Academy we should ever be firing 150-pound shot at each other, but so goes the world. Our pilot-house is nearly completed. We have now solid oak, extending three inches below the eye-holes in the pilot-house to five feet out on the deck. This makes an angle of twenty-seven degrees from the horizontal. This is to be covered with three inches of iron. It looks exactly like a pyramid. She will now be invulnerable at every point. The deepest indentation on our sides was four inches; tower, two inches; and deck, half an inch. We were not at all damaged, except the pilot-house. No one was affected by the concussion in the tower, either by our own guns or by the shot of the enemy.

"This is a pretty long letter for me, for you recollect my writing abilities.

"With much love to all, your affectionate son,

"S. D. GREENE."

GEORGE HENRY PREBLE, REAR-ADMIRAL U.S.N.

"A noble Friendship is the Cultivation in common of the Personal inner Lives of those who partake in it."

"But Fate ordains that dearest friends must part."—YOUNG'S "*Love of Fame.*"

"With his death a good man passes from the American Navy, and an active and useful life is ended."—*New York Tribune*, 2d March, 1885.

"The ocean's surfy, slow, deep, mellow voice, full of mystery and awe, moanin' over the dead."—HALIBURTON.

"Children are we
Of the restless sea,
Swelling in anger or sparkling in glee;
We follow and race
In shifting chase,
Over the boundless ocean space!"

"I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends."
SHAKESPEARE.

"Oh friend! Oh best of friends! Thy absence more
Than the impending night darkens the landscape o'er."
LONGFELLOW.

"Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end."
MONTGOMERY.

"Death is a commingling of Eternity with Time; in the Death of a good Man, Eternity is seen looking through Time."—GOETHE.

ONE of the writer's earliest recollections was a curious old picture or colored engraving, representing the burning of the "Philadelphia," U. S. Frigate, in the harbor of Tripoli, which hung over the mantelpiece of one of the best and kindest of grandparents. It will be remembered that this vessel, while blockading the port of Tripoli, ran upon rocks not shown upon any chart, and was captured about 31st October, 1803, by the piratical Barbary Moors, who succeeded in floating off this the American Flag-ship. The "Philadelphia" was then

towed into the harbor of Tripoli and moored under the protection of its shore batteries. To punish the pirates and restore the lost credit of our Navy, Commodore Edward Preble was sent out with a small squadron. Under him served the famous Stephen Decatur, then a lieutenant, who, on the 16th February, 1804, had destroyed the captured "Philadelphia," receiving for this brilliant exploit promotion to a captaincy and a sword of honor. Commodore Edward Preble made some gallant attacks upon the Tripolitans, and for his services in this most difficult naval campaign received a gold medal and a vote of thanks from Congress.

The quaint old picture representing the burning of the "Philadelphia" by Decatur, has been constantly before the eyes of the writer throughout life, because it now hangs in a conspicuous place in his Library, far distant from his boyhood's home, and is inseparably connected in his thoughts with the achievements of our Navy on the coast of Barbary, so that the names of Decatur and Preble have become household words.

In December, 1851, knocking about in the Mediterranean, the steamer ran by the island of Cabrera—the Andersonville of the Napoleonic soldiers captured by the Spaniards, and a perfect type of the horrors of Southern Rebel prison-pens—and then by Ivica. Thereabouts a circumstance occurred, which was narrated, about the time, by an officer who was with Decatur, which is worthy of commemoration. Cruising alone in the "Guerriere" in thick weather, in 1815, Decatur suddenly found himself in the presence of a Tripolitan or Tunisian squadron, and was hailed from the flag-ship with questions, couched in arrogant language, as to "what ship it was, and whither it was going." The officer of the deck seeing the great odds opposed, and knowing that the Barbary pirates paid little attention to maritime laws and customs, or the conditions of peace and war when they saw a chance to pick up a prize, was about to return a courteous answer, when Decatur caught the speaking-trumpet out of his hands, sprang upon the hammock nettings, and steadying himself by the weather mizzen-shrouds, thundered out, "The United States Frigate Guerriere, Commodore Decatur, and I am going just where I damn please." The Tripolitan, or Tunisian, Admiral recognized the quality of the speaker, moderated his tone, paid the customary courtesies, and let Decatur go where he damned please in peace. These incidents will serve to indicate the atmosphere in which George Henry Preble was born, nurtured, brought up, since, as a nephew of Commodore Edward Preble of Tripolitan Fame, "who broke the power of the Barbary pirates," the deeds of his predecessors and his subordinates and contemporaries must have been a staple subject of conversation in Portland, Maine, where he was born in 1816, and which place, once known as Falmouth Neck, had been the birthplace of his illustrious uncle.

This is but another illustration of the effect of military training and associations which in all ages have so greatly influenced the after-careers of illustrious captains and of "warriors of the deep." It was the conversation and instruction of the scion of the great line of Fairfax, who, in Virginia, fostered the growth of Washington, who laid the basis of his success, and imbued him with that love of warlike enterprise and thirst for military renown that fruited in his fortunate command of the Continental forces and capacity to rule men either through pliant policy or direct discipline.

George Henry Preble, at the age of nineteen, entered in 1835, the United States navy as midshipman. His career has been so circumstantially and repeatedly stated in Hamersly's "Naval Encyclopædia" and in various recent notices and obituaries, that it is unnecessary to attempt to improve upon them, and their substance as hereinafter quoted, will constitute a sufficient "statement of service."

George Henry Preble, Rear-Admiral U.S.N. Born in Portland, Maine, and appointed a Midshipman from that State, October 10, 1835; Frigate "United States," Mediterranean, May, 1836, to November, 1838; Sloop "Warren," Frigate "Macedonian," Sloop "Levant," and Sloop "Erie," West Indies, January, 1839, until September, 1840; Naval School at Philadelphia, January to June, 1841, when he was Warranted Passed Midshipman, No. 7, in a class of twenty-four; was Acting Lieutenant of Schooner "Madison" and Brigantine "Jefferson," on the Florida Expedition, from August, 1841, to August, 1842; went on several Canoe Expeditions into the Everglades, and returned with the expedition, sick; in Receiving-Ship "Ohio," at Boston, from October, 1842, to May, 1843; Acting Master and Acting Lieutenant in Sloop "St. Louis," East Indies, and circumnavigating the world, May, 1843, to September, 1845; *had charge of first American Armed Force ever landed in China*, for the protection of American Consulate and residents of Canton, June and July, 1844; Acting Master and Executive of Schooner "Petrel" in the Gulf of Mexico, May, 1846, to May, 1847; participated in Surrender of Alvarado, Laguna, Tampico, and Panuco, and assisted at Siege, etc., of Vera Cruz; returned to United States in Ship-of-the-Line "Ohio;" sick, May 31, 1847.

Warranted as Master, July 15, 1847; Commissioned as Lieutenant, February 5, 1848; returned to the Gulf in Sloop "Saratoga," February, 1848; and came home, sick, March, 1849; Executive Officer of Steamer "Legree," Coast Survey, April, 1849, to January, 1851; from January to August, 1851, in Frigate "St. Lawrence," which conveyed American Contributions to World's Fair, at London, and then conveyed our Minister to Lisbon; commanding Schooner "Gallatin," etc., Coast Survey, August, 1851, to December, 1852; December, 1852, to March, 1853, attached to the "Vermont," 74; on Japan Expedition and in China waters, from April, 1853, to August, 1856, in "Macedonian," and commanding chartered Steamer "Queen;" assisted in the surveys of Jeddo and Hakodadi Bays; and also surveyed the Harbor of Kealung, Island of Formosa, his chart of which is published in the Official Report of the Expedition; was connected with several successful Operations against Pirates in China, and *received the Thanks of Commodore Abbot and of the English admiral, Sir James Stirling, for the part taken by him in the Expedition to Kulan;* commanded an expedition to Foo-chow-foo, in the American Steamer "Confucius," destroying several pirate junks; prepared sailing directions for Shanghai, which were published by the English and U. S. governments, and in several private operations; was Light-House Inspector of First District (Coast of Maine and New Hampshire) from September, 1856, to October, 1857; at Navy-

Yard, Charlestown, Mass., October, 1857, to September, 1859; Executive Officer of Steam-Sloop "Narragansett," Pacific Squadron, September, 1859, until November, 1861, and ordered home at his own request to serve on the Atlantic Coast; in January, 1862, took command of the Steam-Gunboat "Katahdin," equipping at Boston, and, March 29, reported to Admiral Farragut, "West Gulf Squadron;" passed the Forts (on the Lower Mississippi) with the fleet, April 24, 1862, engaged the enemy's fleet [in the "River Fights" famous in history and poetry], and was at the attack upon the Lower Defenses and at the Surrender of New Orleans; participated in all of Farragut's operations on the river that year, as far as Vicksburg, assisting in destroying Grand Gulf; [to any one at all conversant with the results accomplished by this fleet, for any subordinate to have played a part sufficiently conspicuous to merit especial mention, is all-sufficient attest of his courage and capacity], August 4, 1862, was transferred to the command of the Steam-Sloop "Oneida;" while steaming up the river above New Orleans, at night, August 8, the "Oneida" was *purposely run into by the* steamboat "Lewis T. Whitman," and although every effort was made to save her crew and passengers (seventy of whom were rescued), many lives were lost. Her rebel captain was sent to New Orleans in irons, and after his release [false mercy, type of our treatment of such ingrates] served upon the steam-tug "Boston," and conveyed her over to the rebels at Mobile.

Commissioned as Commander, July 16, 1862; on the blockade off Mobile, August 25 to October, 1862; on August 29, he was left Senior officer present, four vessels out of seven of our usual blockading force having left for coal and repairs; on September 4, about 6 P.M., a Steamer flying English colors, and having every appearance of one of Her Britannic Majesty's gunboats, approached the bar, and was met by our vessels under way. The "Oneida" fired three shots across the stranger's bow, the last at her forefoot, without bringing her to, and then, within three minutes of the first gun, fired a broadside into her, and continued the chase with the other vessels until she, from her superior speed, was enabled to run in over the Southeast Shoals under cover of the guns of Fort Morgan. This steamer proved to be the Rebel Cruiser "Oreto," afterwards called the "Florida." Her commander subsequently wrote as follows:

"I can vouch for his (Preble's) promptness and destructive energy on the occasion of my entering Mobile Bay. The superior speed of the 'Florida' alone saved her from destruction, though not from a frightful mauling. We were torn to pieces,—one man's head taken off, and eleven wounded; boats, standing- and running-rigging shot away; also foregaff. Four shells struck our hull, and had the one (11-inch) that grazed our boiler and entered the berth-deck (killing one and wounding two) exploded, every man belonging to the steamer would have been killed, as I had only the officers on deck, until about to cross the bar, when I made some sail, and one man was wounded in the rigging. We had about fourteen hundred shrapnel-shot (balls) in our hull, and our masts were pitted like a case of smallpox. The damage done her was so great that we did not get to sea again for over three months."

For not preventing the "Oreto's" running the blockade, Commander Preble was summarily dismissed from the naval service, by order of September 20, 1862,[1] but Preble was nominated to the Senate by the President, and on recommendation of the Naval Committee was, on February 21, 1863, confirmed and restored to his proper rank and position as a Commander, *the injustice of his summary dismissal*

[1] This was a striking example of one of those *snap-shot*, arbitrary exertions of power which disgraced our War and Navy administrations during the "Slaveholders' Rebellion;" almost always punishing the innocent and allowing the guilty to escape to live on and rejoice in the present overthrow of the Party that crushed the unnatural foes of the Nation. No government, ever in existence, has or would have dared to be guilty of such injustices to its faithful defenders, and of such false mercy to traitors *within* and *without*.

being admitted. April 9, 1863, agreeably to orders from the Navy Department, proceeded *via* England to Lisbon, and on June 3 took command of the SAILING-Sloop "St. Louis" at the latter port, and ordered *to cruise for rebel corsairs* between Lisbon, the Azores, Canary Islands, and Gibraltar. Though requesting more active duty, and command of a Steamer on the coast, he was in command of the "St. Louis," cruising within those limits, until ordered to Port Royal, S. C., September 3, 1864, once falling in with his old foe, the "Florida," at Madeira, and preventing her from getting a full supply of coal, but not able to prevent her from running out in a calm. *He gave chase as soon as he got wind*, but of course [being only a *sailing* vessel] did not catch her.

Reported to the Admiral, November 2, 1864; took charge of the coal depot, and blockaded in the North Edisto until November 24, when he was ordered to command the Fleet Brigade, then organized by Admiral Dahlgren at Port Royal, to co-operate with an army force designed to assist General Sherman's approach to the coast. This brigade, consisting of naval artillery, sailor-infantry, and a marine battalion, four hundred and ninety-three, all told, joined an army force under General J. P. Hatch at Boyd's Neck, and on November 30, 1864, engaged in the severe battle of Honey Hill. It also took part in the actions of the 6th, 7th, and 9th of December on De Vaux's Neck, and was daily under fire until withdrawn on December 28. The general orders and written commendations of Rear-Admiral Dahlgren and Generals Foster, Hatch, and Porter were gratifying to all connected with the Marine Brigade. (See Secretary of Navy's Report, 1865.) April 4, transferred to the command of the Steamer "State of Georgia," and proceeded to Aspinwall to look after American interests. His vessel and the "Huntsville" rescued six hundred or seven hundred passengers from the wrecked steamship "Golden Rule," near Aspinwall. In acknowledgment of this service he received the Thanks of the Rescued People, transmitted through the Navy Department. The "State of "Georgia" returned to New York, and went out of commission September 11, 1865. At Boston Navy-Yard, as General Inspector of Supplies, from October 14, 1865, to July 5, 1867, and continued as Equipment Officer until July, 1868. Chief of Staff, North Pacific Squadron, from August, 1868, until December 19; commanding the Flag-ship "Pensacola," 1868–70; commissioned as Captain, March 16, 1867, to take rank from January 29, 1867; commanding Naval Rendezvous, Boston, 1871–72; commissioned as Commodore, November 2, 1871; commanding Navy-Yard, Philadelphia, 1873–75; Special Duty, 1876; commissioned as Rear-Admiral, September 30, 1876; commanding South Pacific Station, 1877–78; Retired February 25, 1878, having reached the age, fixed by law, sixty-two years.

This record, however, cannot enter into a consideration of the many peculiar and attractive characteristics of this officer, who was a warm, considerate, genial, painstaking friend, a noble, generous gentleman, a hard student down to the very last, a just and sensible analyzer of the historical past, especially in matters connected with the military and merchant marine, and an extraordinarily industrious writer of marked ability. "The delight of his leisure as a retired officer of the navy was in conveying to others the information he had spent a lifetime in acquiring," and the readers of different periodicals "have been more indebted to him than they know."

His History of the Flag of the United States and other National Flags, a large octavo of over eight hundred pages, beautifully illustrated, and published at Boston, second revised edition in 1880, is at once an honor to its author, to his service, and to the country. It is

not only valuable and interesting but even charming in its facts and the presentation of them. In reading that work and considering the manifold manifestations of the spirit which animated its author, a searcher into the Poetry of the Sea will recall the verse entitled the "Eye of the Sailor:"

> "Elate amid the battles' war,
> The sailor's noble heart beats high;
> *He thinks upon his native shore,*
> And courage beams in either eye."

Besides this and other excellent works, one especially, "The History of Steam Engineering," he has been a voluminous contributor to the pages of THE UNITED SERVICE, and therefore, as a writer, needs no further introduction to its readers.

For years the writer has been in continual correspondence with Rear-Admiral Preble, and has had repeated opportunities to appreciate his kindness of thought and even greater kindness of action. In the various forms of courtesy and of remembrance the Admiral was admirable; an exemplar. His correspondence and intercourse recalled the couplet of Pope,—

> "Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
> From grave to gay, from lively to severe,"

and displayed not only breadth and depth, but at times an absolute playfulness, that evinced the lingering spirit of a boy in the breast of the man. It is impossible to convey to any one who has not experienced the delights of such a friendship the exquisite tact and thoughtfulness which illustrated it and made the news of his sudden and unexpected decease from heart-disease, 1st March, 1885, a shock beyond the expression of words. As an "Old Play" says,—

> "Death finds us 'mid our playthings—snatches us,
> As a cross nurse might do a wayward child,
> From all our toys and baubles. His rough call
> Unlooses all our favorite ties on earth;
> And well if they are such as may be answer'd
> In yonder world, where all is judged of truly."

Or, as Byron even more feelingly and pertinently expresses it,—

> "'Whom the gods love die young,' was said of yore,
> *And many deaths do they escape by this;*
> *The death of friends*, and that which slays even more—
> *The death of friendship*, love, youth, *all* that is
> Except mere breath."

It amounted to almost a catastrophe, because it was only within a

few days that a letter arrived breathing renewed hope for another year of assured life and usefulness, even while it stated that he was suffering from an indisposition common to the season and in no degree dangerous, however temporarily annoying.

Rear-Admiral Preble was a fine-looking man, and an apt realization of Vice-Admiral Sir Gervaise Oakes in Cooper's best marine novel, the captivating "Two Admirals." While he was perfectly elegant in a drawing-room, there was about him an unmistakable air "seasoned with salt" which was peculiar to that glorious race of Sea Chiefs who could shout in unison with Byron,—

> "Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
> And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
> That knows his rider,"—

who entered the service when there was a marked distinction between the easy officer, who won his laurels upon the ocean before steam was even an adjunct, and the stiffly set-up officer of the army, or even the new style of naval aspirants, juniors and seniors, drilled with military as well as naval precision at Annapolis.

In early life the writer had a great deal to do with gentlemen who had won more or less celebrity as seamen, and as a rule they brought ashore the truthful freshness, common-sense pungency, and the grand simplicity of the free element which was in reality more their home than the firm land,—

> "The free
> Mighty, haunted sea!"

They were gentlemen, and often elegant gentlemen, great conversers, full of the most astonishing and valuable information, and yet they were unmistakably sailors. Admiral Preble was a noble specimen of this grand class which is rapidly passing away, if it is not, like our genuine American Seamen, to be classed next to extinct.

Admiral Preble exhibited indications of having been a man more than usually tall, proportionally developed, with a splendid physique. He had a manly, attractive face, and a pleasing voice in thorough keeping. His manners in conversation were charming, and it was perfectly delightful to witness the mutually model manner in which he lived with his only daughter, which must make his loss so fearfully painful to her.

> "I never breathe a dead one's name
> When those who loved that one are nigh;
> It pours a lava through the frame
> That chokes the breast and fills the eye;
> It strains a chord that yields too much
> Of piercing anguish in its breath;
> And hands of mercy should not touch
> *A string made eloquent by death.*

"Oh, never breathe a lost one's name
  To those who call'd that one their own!
It only stirs the smouldering flame
  That burns upon a charnel-stone.
The heart will ache and wellnigh break
  To miss that one forever fled;
And lips of mercy should not wake
  A love that cherishes the dead."

J. WATTS DE PEYSTER,
Brevet Major-General S.N.Y.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

RUSSIA AND ENGLAND IN THE EAST.—At the present time it is quite impossible to make any predictions as to the probability of a war between England and Russia; but it may be safely said that the indications are all in favor of war, and that extraordinary exertions will be necessary on both sides to preserve the peace. It is not to be expected that Russia has forgiven or will forgive the inveterate hostility which England has shown towards her for the last forty years, and at the first favorable occasion she will endeavor to reverse the treaty of Berlin, just as in 1871 she seized the opportunity to tear up so much of the treaty of Paris as excluded her ships from the Black Sea. On the other hand, England would gladly turn from the humiliating failure of Wolseley's campaign on the Nile to a war with Russia, in which she would hope for better success. And she would be all the more ready to do this from a feeling that Russia was attempting to take advantage of her Egyptian embarrassments in order to create trouble in Asia. That this is the controlling motive of Russian policy in the East is very evident, and England has only herself to blame for it. She has interfered in two wars to prevent a settlement of the Eastern question, and without proposing any solution of her own has succeeded in preventing Russia from solving it, and has destroyed what Russia had gained by a terrible expenditure of life and money. Russia will pursue her traditional policy on this question, and as England has shown such constant hostility, she naturally seeks the means of injuring England where she is weakest,—*i.e.*, in India. Her advance through Central Asia has no other object, and, in Skobeleff's words, "If England continues hostile we shall yet see the Eastern question settled on the banks of the Indus." Whether the time for such a settlement has now come remains to be seen. We shall probably know in the course of the next ten days. If war breaks out Turkey cannot fail to be involved in it, for she would allow the British men-of-war to pass into the Black Sea in violation of treaty rights, and Russia would consider this a *causus belli.* England being notoriously short of troops and rich in money, would doubtless be glad to have the services of one hundred thousand Turkish troops in return for several million pounds sterling. This would immediately reopen the whole Eastern question,

and Austria would then become an active factor, by reason of her interests in Bosnia and Herzegovina, and her desire for a seaport at Salenica or elsewhere in the Ægean. In other words, the fire once started could not be easily controlled, and a few shots in the remote mountain-passes of Afghanistan may now involve all Europe in conflict, just as the skirmishes in the backwoods of Virginia a hundred and thirty years ago brought on the Seven Years' War in Europe and sealed the fate of France in the New World.

While we sincerely hope that the peace of Europe may not be disturbed by the threatened hostilities, still Americans may be excused for consoling themselves with the reflection that if war results it will bring nothing but advantage to the United States. The first act of war would be the blockade of the Black Sea, causing an advance in the price of wheat, which would instantly revive all the depressed industries of this country. And should the war continue for any length of time it could not fail to revive the American carrying trade, which in turn would find us markets for our surplus manufactures all over the world. So that Europe's misery is now our blessing.

The question of war or peace is now in its diplomatic period, and as such we have considered it. Should it pass to the military stage, we shall endeavor to keep our readers informed of the military resources on each side, and the probable direction of the campaigns.

THE NAVY DEPARTMENT.—Secretary Whitney has no easy task before him. The country demands a navy, and Congress has at last appropriated funds with which to commence the building of war-ships that may be properly called such, courtesy and traditions only denominating those now in service by that name. Within certain limits, Congress has left much discretionary power with the new Secretary in the construction thereof.

As Mr. Whitney makes no pretension of being an expert in such matters, he must necessarily rely on the professional advice and judgment of such officers as he shall call about him, and, therefore, the first and perhaps the most important duty that will come to him is their selection. He will find himself surrounded with a bureau system top-heavy in the extreme, the chiefs of which are disposed from long custom to be aggressive in the assertion of their rights, which have grown with age, in the government of the department.

The result of this system in the past has been the repetition of the old story, "Too many cooks," etc. Our navy, while the smallest of any of the great powers, has been the most governed; and had there been a concentration of authority in fewer hands, the department would have suffered much less in reputation in late years.

Secretary Whitney has need to at once indicate that he alone is the

Secretary of the Navy; and while, of course, no power rests in him to alter the bureau organizations existing by authority of law, yet his recommendations to the next Congress for their reduction and concentration is confidently looked for. At present, the *personnel* of the chiefs and officers attached to the respective bureaus is a subject that demands immediate and careful attention, and such examination is sure to result in some changes that will be for the good of the service. Commencing with the top, he will do well to look into the reasons governing the appointment of each chief, the qualifications for the office he holds, and the length of service in such capacity. In several instances, he will find that there are chiefs of bureaus who do not owe their appointments either to distinguished services in action, long service at sea, or any special fitness which would make them valuable as bureau chiefs. On the contrary, he will find several who hold their appointments from the fact that they are much better versed in political wire-pulling, than in the professional accomplishments supposed to be the requirements of an officer holding such positions of importance. The assignment to other duty of those to whom these remarks may apply, is very desirable.

In the matter of detail, we hope the Secretary will be governed by a due regard for past service performed, and by a proper and equitable system of routine in duty which will put a permanent stoppage to the scandalous favoritism that has governed such matters of late. The Secretary, however, may be congratulated in finding a thoroughly equipped clerical force. The Navy Department, probably more than any other, has retained its clerks without regard to change in administration, with the result just mentioned. It must be a pleasure to Secretary Whitney to carry out the civil service law, so far as relates to his department, in spirit and in letter.

Since writing the above, and just as we are going to press, we note the following special dispatch to the *Evening Telegram* of New York City, under date of March 20:

"Secretary of the Navy Whitney has directed that the list of naval officers on shore duty be made out for his inspection, with a view to ascertaining how long they have been on such duty, and whether the changes of assignment would not be beneficial to the naval service. He proposes, as far as possible, to equalize matters by giving officers who have had easy berths for years a taste of sea service, relieving them by officers who have been kept on active service for long periods. This reform will be carried out under the general direction of Commodore John G. Walker, chief of the Bureau of Navigation."

We rejoice to see that the Secretary of the Navy is taking this action, but the angel of reform he has selected to carry out this policy —Commodore John G. Walker, U.S.N.—must, if the Secretary is in earnest, be among the first to take flight.

Commodore Walker was commissioned a commodore on July 25, 1866; was on duty at the Naval Academy from 1866–69; commanded

the frigate "Sabine" from 1869–70, on "special service," which special service was on the "home station," very close to home at that, and mostly in port; light-house inspector, 1871–72; secretary of the Light-House Board, 1873–78; commissioned as captain, 1877; leave of absence, 1878–81. This was followed by a *short* tour of duty in command of the "Powhatan," *home station.* Completing this arduous task, he assumed the duties of chief of Bureau of Navigation and Office of Detail, which former office he now holds, the latter office having wisely been abolished a few months since by ex-Secretary Chandler. To condense this record, during the past nineteen years Commodore Walker has had but three or four years of sea service, and that on the *home station.*

This record alone seems to us to make the selection of Commodore Walker for the duty described in the above dispatch an unfit one. Apart from this reason, the manner in which he is reputed to have used his influence and authority while in charge of the Office of Detail, for the benefit of his personal friends, and for the punishment of those officers who dared oppose his arbitrary course, adds still weightier objections to his assignment to the above-mentioned duty.

THE order for the court-martial of Medical Director Wales, late surgeon-general of the navy, by direction of Secretary Chandler, just before the expiration of Mr. Chandler's term of office, is the cause of a good deal of comment. It seems to us that if the Secretary had intended to bring ex-Surgeon-General Wales to trial, it would have been very much better to have done so fifteen months ago; and we think it was due to General Wales that he should long since have had an opportunity of vindicating himself before a court-martial. We hope, however, that he may now be able to do so, and believe, with all who know this gentleman, that he will be able to entirely disprove any charges that involve his personal integrity. As to the question of neglect in not exercising proper supervision over the subordinates of his bureau, who have been proved guilty of committing gross frauds upon the government during the period that Dr. Wales was chief of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, we also trust he may be able to make a satisfactory explanation and defense.

Dr. Wales's experience should be a stern warning to other chiefs of bureaus to acquaint themselves with the personal character and habits of all their subordinates.

SECRETARY LINCOLN also signalizes his departure by an order for a court-martial of General Hazen, who is now being tried. Whatever may be the outcome of the court's deliberations, General Hazen is de-

serving of praise for the manly way in which he is meeting the charges, which is certainly a very pleasing contrast to the methods adopted by General Swaim. General Hazen, however, might have saved himself from having been brought to trial, not only in this case but in one other, if he had heeded the repeated admonitions given him by the War Department, which were practically to the effect that he should not talk so much. We imagine the result of his trial will hardly be very serious, either to himself or to ex-Secretary Lincoln.

EX-SECRETARY LINCOLN takes with him at his retirement the esteem and best wishes of the entire army. He has proved himself to be an honest, upright, and conscientious Secretary of War. While Mr. Lincoln is not a great man, yet he is a very worthy representative of an illustrious name, and we expect some day to see him Vice-President of the United States.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has started out well. His cabinet is composed of able and representative men, and, so far, the President seems to be putting into practical effect the promises he made before his election. With the exception of the Secretary of the Treasury, his cabinet is satisfactory to the civil service reformers. In the case of Secretary Manning, there is every disposition to give him a fair chance before forming an opinion of his appointment. Still, from Mr. Manning's record as a politician in the past, there has been considerable doubt expressed as to his *practical* sincerity as a civil service reformer. This doubt has been considerably augmented by his appointment of Mr. Eugene Higgins, of Baltimore, as appointment clerk of the Treasury, in place of an officer who had been twenty-two years in the department. Mr. Higgins, as described by the papers of the city from which he hails, has all the qualities which would make it desirable for him to remain at home. A worse selection for the office for which he has been designated could hardly have been made. The only defense of the appointment yet made is, that the duties of appointment clerk bring this official into such close personal relationship with the Secretary, that he should be permitted, without question, to appoint a man of his own political faith and choice. Even admitting the correctness of this argument, it makes it the more incumbent on the Secretary of the Treasury to select a proper person for the position.

MAJOR SLACK, quartermaster of the marine corps, retires during April, when he will have reached the age of sixty-four years. Major Slack entered the service as second lieutenant January 28, 1839. He served during the Mexican war, and was brevetted captain for "bravery

in battle" March 10, 1847. On August 13, 1860, he was appointed quartermaster of the marine corps, and the corps will lose a valuable and efficient quartermaster on his retirement. Assistant Quartermaster Captain H. B. Lowry, U.S.M.C., is next in line of promotion, and is in every way qualified for, and entitled to, the position vacated by Major Slack.

We are glad to be able to announce the receipt of the manuscript from Lieutenant Shufeldt necessary to complete his articles on Madagascar, commenced in the January number. They will be continued in our May, June, and July numbers.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"ALLAN DARE AND ROBERT LE DIABLE." A Romance, by ADMIRAL PORTER. New York, D. Appleton & Co.

The first thing that strikes us in looking at this portentous novel is that it should have been written by the admiral of the navy. Of course, novels in plenty have been written by seafaring men, from Smollett to Clark Russell, but these writers were never within cannon-shot of the rank of admiral. We have been always of the impression that, in climbing to a rank as high as that of admiral, an officer grows pretty well in years, and leaves behind him any romantic ideas with which he may have begun his career on shipboard; and that, though he may achieve an admirable character as "an old sea-dog," and be a thoroughly good and faithful husband, we are not likely ever to think of him as a portrayer of the tender passion. If there is another instance of a full-blown admirable admiral who has written a novel, we have never heard of it.

The second thing to be mentioned is the appalling size of this novel. In looking at these two plump quartos one is reminded of the opening of Macaulay's review of Lord Burleigh's Memoirs, of which he says, that the title is as long as an ordinary preface, the prefatory matter would make an ordinary book, and the book contains as much reading as an ordinary library. What story is this which revolves through the vast planetary orbit of eight hundred and seventy-six pages? What must be the plot which requires so vast a circuit for its evolution? What characters and how many that disport themselves over such an Olympian course? Can any interest be kept up, in these days, in such a Sir Charles Grandisonian bulk of a novel?

These were our reflections as we began the reading of this story; but, upon coming out at the end, we must say that we have kept up an unflagging interest to its termination. We congratulate the author upon the production of a story very successful in many important respects.

Allen Dare and Robert le Diable, who give their names to the book, are twin brothers, and the central idea of the story—that of the mysteries, perplexities, and surprises which grow out of the close resemblances between twins—is one of the oldest devices known to literature; but the author has used the device well, and worked it out in a way that enchains the attention, whatever may be said as to the antecedent improbabilities of the plot.

The story opens on the eastern coast of Massachusetts, where James and Charles Gale live with their wives and families. James goes to China to better his fortune, which he does to the extent of sixty thousand dollars, starts for home on a ship bound for Boston, but is apparently lost at sea. The description of the storm in which James Gale is lost seems to us to be admirably done. The nautical experience of the author stands him in good stead; and the technicalities of the description would please a sailor by their undoubted accuracy, and a landsman by their imposing mystery. Charles Gale is supposed also to have been lost at sea while on his way to take his brother's place in China, while James Gale's twin boys are stolen from home by a circus company. This clears things away for the rest of the story, which for the most part takes place in New York and the Upper Hudson.

Twenty years pass after the abduction of the twin boys, and the latter part of the tale begins about 1820. This gives occasion for a long description of the difference between the metropolis at that date and the present. It seems to us that all this might be safely left to the reader. This difference would be likely to strike any intelligent person, and the reflections which are given needlessly delay the action. It would have been more artistic simply to suggest these differences, or make them gradually appear in the course of the narration by obvious inference. The chief interest of the main part of the story centres, as we have intimated, in the twin brothers, Allan Dare and Robert le Diable, now grown to man's estate, of great stature, quickness, and physical strength, and strongly resembling each other. The one is a detective of extraordinary keenness, sagacity, and ingenuity, following up the operations of a formidable gang of robbers of which the other is the chief. All this part of the novel is rich in that fascination which always attends the story of a game of shrewdness between sharp rascals and sharp detectives. The author displays a great deal of skill in his descriptions of both sides of this contest, and the reader becomes handsomely acquainted with the countless schemes, devices, traps, and slang of criminals and their persecutors. In the further course of the story Robert le Diable appears in society as James Deville, a wealthy banker, falls in love with Louise Morton, the bad though beautiful daughter of Mr. Charles Morton, also a wealthy banker, haughty and aristocratic, while Deville is the object of a questionable attachment on the part of Mrs. Eton, the young wife of the elderly and wealthy Mr. Eton. A Mr. George May also appears as the handsome and hopeless suitor of Louise Morton. To this group must be added "Flossy," the reputed daughter of Mr. Brice, who has made a murderous attack on Robert le Diable, has been knocked down by that gentleman, befriended and set up in business as a cotton-broker, supplied with plenty of money, and called Mr. Carrolton. All this has enabled Flossy to attain the position indicated. It may be added, while the social proceedings are going on in New York, almost everybody is handsomely robbed.

The story is then transferred for a time to the Upper Hudson, and placed in villas more or less ornate for the summer. Settled in the country, other *dramatis personæ* are added. There comes Mary Gale, otherwise known as Mary Samson. She is the daughter of Agnes Gale, wife of James Gale, who was cast away at sea in the early part of the story. Agnes Gale and her daughter have left their old home in Massachusetts by reason of their house having been set on fire by some unknown enemy, and their narrow escape from destruction. By the advice of their lawyer they have removed to New York, and assumed the name of Samson to escape their mysterious persecutor. Mary becomes the teacher of Louise Morton and her younger sister, Angeline, more familiarly known as "Patch." Harry Morton appears also, son of Mr. Morton, and an officer in the navy, accompanied by Mr. Conrad, the commander of the ship on which Harry is serving. To these must be added Mr. Vere Saye, a remarkably tall and fine-looking young man, who is introduced as an Oxford gentleman, but whom the reader soon suspects to be Allan Dare. Edgar Lane, Mr. Morton's confidential secretary, completes the group. The following complications then ensue: Upon the appearance of Mary Gale on the scene, Harry Morton promptly falls in love with her, which is entirely proper and natural, as Mary is a very beautiful and excellent girl. But upon catching sight of her, Mr. Morton the elder is overcome with the most dreadful and suspicious agitation, under which he breaks down. Mr. Conrad immediately falls in love with Louise Morton, and she with him, while Edgar Lane, who has been secretly married to her, undergoes dreadful torments. James Deville and George May are kept pretty busy in urging their own suits upon Louise, but are on extraordinarily good terms with each other. Mr. Vere Saye is in love with Flossy.

In clearing up the story: Mr. Conrad is badly wounded by George May in a tournament which is arranged for the entertainment of the company, and is taken care of by May and Louise Morton, but gets better with extreme slowness. In the course of his recovery he finds out Lane's marriage with Louise Morton, starts to

leave the place, and comes upon Lane's body with a dagger in his heart. He is arrested for the murder, a number of suspicious circumstances are found against him, and he is committed to jail, and soon after dies. Mary Gale leaves the house of the Mortons and returns to New York. There she is waited on by Mr. Morton, who tells her that, as she was near Lane's body at the time of the murder, it would be well for her, to avoid any possible trouble, quietly to leave the city with her mother, which is done. Allan Dare, or Vere Saye, begins to suspect his origin, visits Boston, consults the old lawyer of the family, establishes his identity as Charles Gale, and starts back to New York in quest of Agnes and Mary Gale, his mother and sister. But he is unable to find any trace of them. Then in the course of his professional duties as Allan Dare he is sent with a number of policemen to break up a gang of pirates near Barnegat, who have been luring vessels ashore by means of false lights for purposes of plunder. While watching, during a stormy night, for these miscreants, a house near by is discovered to be on fire. Allan and his men extinguish the fire, which is evidently the work of an incendiary, and find two women in it, who turn out to be the mother and sister he is in search of. At the same time a ship comes ashore in the storm, and among the passengers saved is an elderly gentleman, who is the long-lost James Gale. It appears that he made his escape from the wreck, and has been wandering in Africa, till he shows himself near the Cape of Good Hope, whence he is sent home on the ship that is wrecked so conveniently near the house where his wife and daughter have been staying. Further startling events occur. James Deville, utterly infatuated with Louise Morton, comes to New York and marries her; but, just as the bridal couple are coming out of church, he is arrested by Allan Dare as Robert le Diable, the accomplished robber and burglar. He is lodged in jail, makes his escape, goes immediately to his house and tells Myra of his marriage. She is a beautiful girl whom he has brought up in his house, and who loves him devotedly. At this announcement she prepares to retire to the Convent of the Sacred Cross. James Deville, or Robert le Diable, leaves New York with his wife, Louise Morton, on a vessel, and disappears for a time from the story. The rascalities of Brice, or Carrolton, are brought to the surface, and Flossy is removed to the care of Agnes and Mary Gale. Thence she is soon stolen, and Allan Dare and his sister go to Europe in pursuit of her, but upon arriving there, find that they are on the wrong scent. Learning that they cannot return in some weeks, Allan Dare, or Charles Gale, as the reader chooses, takes the time to go in pursuit of James Deville, whom of course he has recognized as his brother. He is found at Monaco, as the "Baron von Beust," with his wife, who is conspicuous for her extravagant gambling and reckless dissipation. A Count Conti is paying close attention to her. Conti attempts to murder the husband, and, taking the wife with him, sails out into the Mediterranean, and soon appears in the character of a pirate of the most approved character. This pirate, however, is none other than our old friend George May, and is the real murderer of Edgar Lane, the poisoner of Conrad, and the brother and abductor of Flossy. While this precious couple are thus engaged, Allan Dare, or Charles Gale, is busy attending to his brother, James Deville, whom he has found wounded by the would-be assassin, to whom he makes himself known. As soon as possible James Deville, or James Gale, with his brother and sister, leave Monaco and return to America. James Gale repents of his wickedness, is shielded by his brother from the consequences of his crimes, and resolves to lead a better life. Instead of going to jail again he goes to his house. Thither George May, who has arrived in New York, follows him secretly, but is attacked by a pet lioness of Gale's and so badly torn that he dies. James Gale goes with Charles Gale to the Convent of the Sacred Cross in search of Myra, and there finds in the person of the Lady Superior Louise Morton, who has been taken into the convent in ignorance of her real character, and by her apparent sanctity has risen to the head of the establishment. Mutual recognitions take place, at which Louise Morton takes poison and dies. James Gale finds Myra, of course, and Charles Gale, Flossy, who has been placed in the convent by her abductors. It only remains to uncover Charles Mor-

ton, who is no other than the long-lost Charles Gale, the senior. He has stolen his brother's money, has twice attempted to burn up his brother's wife and daughter, and has tried to kill Allan Dare. Charles Gale, the younger, marries Flossy; James Gale, the younger, Myra; Harry Morton, Mary Gale. All are left with plenty of money, and at last accounts were living happily.

In summing up this long novel, it strikes us that the rascals are inadequately punished. Morton, who is a monster of rapacity and cruelty, is allowed, after being shown up in his true character, to keep a large sum of money, go to England with his wife, and live undisturbed till his natural death. Louise Morton, cruel, sensual, and murderous, dies in a convent, and, as far as the knowledge of its inmates is concerned, in the odor of sanctity. George May, in view of his eminent villainy, instead of being bitten by a lioness, should have been publicly hanged. James Gale, after his career as the head of a gang of robbers, receives the forgiveness of his family, and settles in comfort with an exceedingly lovely wife. To be sure, all these people were more or less related to one another; but some consideration might have been shown to public justice.

It may be remarked that very much which is descriptive of fashionable society in this novel seems to be more or less unconsciously satirical. We have seen what Morton is, who carries himself with especial haughtiness. George May, a society pet, is a pirate and a murderer. James Deville, a rich banker, and familiar to fashionable circles as Robert le Diable, is an accomplished burglar. Mr. Eton, another wealthy magnate, pretends to give his wife diamonds of prodigious cost, and deceives her with diamonds of paste, while Mrs. Eton, keeping up the show of wifely devotion, is really in love with Deville, and does not blush to tell him so. And all these people talk of their bank accounts, houses, horses, carriages, jewels, purple and fine linen, beauty, and position in the terms of frankest vulgarity.

The number of characters is very great, but they are fairly discriminated from one another. The delineations of the male characters are better than those of the female. The strongest of the women is Louise Morton, but she is at the same time the cruelest and the most reckless. Allan Dare seems to us the most attractive among the men.

There is a great variety, too, of dialect. We have the talk of New England sailors, New York burglars, French gamblers, detectives, Irishmen, and Germans, which, upon the whole, is well done. The conversation of the lower characters is much better done than that of the higher characters, which is tame and too florid. Roses, lilies, stars, jewels, and blushes are pretty freely employed, while metaphors crowd the pages. These metaphors sometimes become rather mixed. Such an expression as "weeding out the vapors of the mind" better be left to Sir Boyle Roche. Unfortunately, Admiral Porter seems to have taken as his model of conversation the stilted and unnatural style of Scott rather than that of Dickens and Thackeray. The result is that a great deal of the serious talk of the higher circles is too much like "speaking a piece." This is notably the case in the scene where Vere Saye presents some flowers to Louise Morton. The presentation is signalized by a gorgeous discourse on flowers, through which Longfellow's poem on that beautiful theme may be traced, but which no young man in actual life would be likely to deliver to any sensible lady. Another instance where this artificiality becomes ludicrous is furnished in the scene in which Louise Morton is driving with Conrad. He has told her of his love, and in her exultation she has taken the reins and is driving the horses at a terrific speed, which renders the necks of the lovers liable to be broken at any moment. At this appalling time Louise delivers herself in this style: "This is love's spring to me; don't trample on its flowers; do not nip its buds with frosty speculations. . . . Everything looks so new and fresh to me to-day; the buds and all look so new, and the blue heavens smile with the melting tenderness of love. See how bright the sun is, how clear and sweet the air as it comes perfumed with the smell of the mountain pines. Think not that I'll drive against that silver wall of the Catskill Mountains and injure you; I love you too much

for that. Let me but reach the goal I seek, where the fairies meet by moonlight, and the west winds blow the softest zephyrs laden with the sweetest breath of heaven, and then the deluge, for what care I!"

We are glad to find that all the women of the story are transcendently beautiful. This is as it should be. It is difficult to see why in a novel the women in whom the reader is expected to take any interest should not be exceedingly good-looking. Romance and beauty naturally go together, and homely heroines must have valuable compensating advantages which few novelists are able to give them. Nothing more decidedly shows the genius of Charlotte Brontë than the interest which she throws about "Jane Eyre," in spite of the stunted stature and ugliness of that heroine. We must compliment the publishers upon the fact that the women who figure in the illustrations of this novel answer in beauty to the descriptions in the text. These illustrations are exceedingly fine, and are a delight to the eye.

Making the allowances we have indicated, we have to say in conclusion that Admiral Porter has written a novel which holds the interest to the end. Whatever fine writing a novelist may indulge in, whatever theories in politics, art, philosophy, or society he may employ the novel to convey, he has failed if he has not succeeded in interesting his readers, and here Admiral Porter has done well. At the close of the present work he intimates that we may have a further work from his pen, in which one of the most interesting characters of the present story will figure. We hope to meet her again. H. C. M.

"THE CHANGED BRIDES; OR, WINNING HER WAY." By Mrs. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. Philadelphia, T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

We have faithfully read the five hundred pages that make up this story, and find it a harrowing tale. There is a feeling of exhaustion at the end of the book like that which the readers of "The Wreck of the Grosvenor" experience, but for a different reason. And at the close of the volume we are informed, in the true style of the *New York Day-Book*, that to be fully informed of the ultimate destiny of the characters of the story we must purchase and read another book of probably equal dimensions. We feel that in simple justice, after reading a book of five hundred pages, the whole thing should be finished up, and we resent any catchpenny device which would allure us to further expenditure of time and money in a possibly vain pursuit of the fortunes of people who may live on indefinitely. Mr. Alexander Lyon, more familiarly called "Alick," is the chief rascal of this tale. In early childhood he is betrothed to his cousin, Anna Lyon; but as years pass and they come to maturity it comes out that Anna is more interested in a scapegrace cousin, "Dick Lyon," and Alick in a little maiden, Drusilla Sterling, daughter of his mother's housekeeper. Alick's father, mother, and Drusilla's mother are all killed off at convenient times, and Alick marries Drusilla secretly, and sets up housekeeping in a quiet place in the vicinity of Washington. Then trouble begins. He attempts to keep his house as much a secret as his marriage, but of course comes across his betrothed and her father in Washington, has to accept their courtesies and favors, and lie to his wife about his absence from home, and lie to the other parties about his absences from the city. He becomes more estranged from his wife, treats her harshly, makes her life woful beyond description, and, taking advantage of a technicality in the use of his marriage license, plans to repudiate his wife outright and marry Anna. Drusilla finds out this rascally scheme, presents herself at the house of the bride in the midst of a violent storm, unseen by Alick, and tells her story to Anna. Drusilla puts on Anna's bridal dress, gives her marriage license, which she has long before discovered and kept, to the minister, and in a dim light is remarried to the wretched Alick, who does not discover the changed bride until it is too late to help himself. We have had considerable difficulty in making this device appear practicable, but will not insist upon our objections.

This is a novel of a class which we cannot commend. In this kind of novel Mrs. Southworth has shown great literary fecundity, and the result is of no particu-

lar value to literature. In these works, by the way, Mrs. Southworth shows a noticeable fondness for hymeneal associations and suggestions. We have "The Changed Brides," "The Bride's Fate," "The Missing Bride," "The Bridal Eve," and "The Bride of Llewellyn." The atmosphere is a heated one; everything is exciting; the superlative prevails; all is intense, emotional, exhausting. The physical side of love is brought constantly forward; there is an endless amount of caressing, embracing, and osculation. In all this style of novel there is much "turning pale as death" or "white as a sheet;" a great deal of "drawing up to full height" and "withering scorn," or being "crimson to the roots of the hair," or "blushing like a rose." In the book before us the fainting away is of the deadliest character. Again and again we were appalled at the idea that the lady in question had expired, and that the story must come to a full stop. In one instance the semblance of death was so complete that only a very careful examination in the region of the heart showed a faint fluttering, and a mirror held before the mouth revealed the most vapory evidence of breath.

In "The Changed Brides" the obstetrical element is put forward with a prominence which we blush to describe. Suffice it to say that we are kept fully informed of the progress toward maternity, from the "first whisper of a sweet secret by the 'little bride'" till she "becomes the mother of a beautiful boy."

In this kind of novel, too, we observe that the chief personages have an aerial elevation above all pecuniary necessities, which enables them to devote all the time requisite to the exigencies of the story. There are city residences and country-seats, plenty of horses, carriages, dresses, furs, and jewels. Did the reader ever notice that, in this kind of story, the wealthy young men never put money in the hands of another, as in ordinary business; but always "fling" their gold to the humbler person by way of showing their imperial indifference to the filthy lucre?

We can only hope, in leaving this book, that the sufferers in this story are rewarded adequately in the next, and the rascals duly punished; but we shall probably never know. H. C. M.

MAM'ZELLE EUGÉNIE. A Russian Love-Story. By HENRY GREVILLE. Philadelphia, T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

This is a pretty little story of one hundred and forty-eight pages. It is called a Russian love-story, but the local coloring is slight, and we doubt whether its Russian character would be very readily recognized if there were not some references to serfdom, and if the proper names did not end in "of."

Anton Malissof, forty years old, but, happily, looking scarcely more than thirty-five, having served some years as secretary of embassy, becoming weary and wanting rest, betakes himself to his beautiful seat, Malisova, and makes himself comfortable. Being sociable, he looks up his neighbors and calls on the Pajarofs. The Pajarofs, husband and wife, are old-fashioned, benevolent people, and hospitable to a degree. Madame Pajarof is much given to marrying of her serfs. While thus engaged a perplexing case presents itself. One of her woodmen has fallen in love with a girl living on a neighboring estate, whose owner is unwilling to part with the girl without being well paid for the sacrifice. Malissof is summoned by Madame Pajarof to act as diplomatist between herself and the owner of the girl, Mademoiselle Pelagie, a maiden lady of thirty-five summers, large, fair-haired, freckled, and of strong matrimonial tendencies, but she is penurious as well as romantic, and tries to get a good price for the girl; while at the same time she seeks to construe Malissof's words into some tender interest in herself. Malissof, however, arranges the business, and the humble couple are married. At Mademoiselle Pelagie's house Malissof meets Madame Belaguine and her daughter Eugénie, from whom the story is named. She is keen, observing, and beautiful. Malissof falls in love with her. He has full opportunity to see her through the co-operation of her mother, who, outwardly affectionate to her daughter, is hard, mercenary, and cruel. The matrimonial inclinations of Mademoiselle Pelagie are directed to Malissof, but he is wholly

absorbed in Eugénie. So matters go on until Nicholas Markof appears. It is then made to appear that he is in love with Eugénie, and she with him, but the suit has been opposed by Madame Belaguine on account of Markof's poor expectations. In due time Malissof finds this out, and, concealing his discovery from the mother, easily gets her permission to do that which will be for the happiness of the daughter, takes Eugénie in his carriage to Madame Pajarof's, where Markof is waiting, and, before Madame Belaguine can arrive and stop the proceedings, Eugénie and her lover are married.

The chief interest centres in Malissof, who makes a noble sacrifice of his own love to the happiness of the young people, and secures their boundless gratitude and friendship to the end of his days. The story is straightforward, the plot well worked out, the characters well discriminated, and the conversations bright and interesting. A good, bright, clean story. H. C. M.

THE CIVIL SERVICE IN THE UNITED STATES. By JOHN M. COMSTOCK. New York, Henry Holt and Company.

This book, Mr. Comstock says, was originally designed to be a manual for the information of those who are seeking entrance into that part of civil service which is covered by examinations; but it has been enlarged so as to take in a great deal of information as to that part of the service which is not so covered.

The introduction is full of valuable statements and suggestions. It appears that the civil service of the United States gives employment to more than one hundred and twenty thousand persons. This is divided into the classified service and the unclassified service. The classified service is made up of the employés in the Departments of State, Treasury, War, Navy, Post-Office, Interior, and Justice, at Washington; in custom-houses having fifty officers and over; and in post-offices under like conditions. To these must be added certain persons in the departments at Washington, who, being paid by special appropriations, do not come under the regular classifications. It may be seen how much is yet to be done in the reform of the civil service, when only twelve per cent. of the persons so employed come under classification and are subjected to examination. And it seems to us that a very good idea may be formed as to the amount of work still remaining to bring the entire force up to the highest efficiency, if we suppose this to be the military or naval department of the government, and then remember what the conditions of entrance and the discipline would be; how its officers would be appointed and promoted, what strict accountability would be required from lowest to highest; and that those thus serving would be kept in, not for four years possibly, but for good behavior, and would be provided for at the end of honorable service. Recalling, then, some of the rules under which the military and naval forces are managed, and then the enormous absurdities of the civil service, we have some measure of the work reformers have still to do.

Mr. Comstock urges the extension of examinations to the unclassified service; the modification of the examinations, as experience shall suggest, in the direction of increased efficiency, and promotion of faithful and competent officials to higher grades as occasion shall demand. An interesting part of the introduction is the discussion of the availability of the civil service for the employment of women who have to support themselves, and the kinds of work in which they are superior to men.

Mr. Comstock meets very effectively the charge made by the opponents of the reform, that only men of collegiate education can well stand the examinations, by showing that the work of the common school is ordinarily sufficient to prepare the candidate for the test. As a matter of fact, college graduates have not shown so great an aptitude for these examinations as those who have been educated at the common schools. It is further remarked that these examinations, when extended so as to take in all the employés of the civil service, may be expected to have a thoroughly tonic effect upon institutions of learning throughout the United States.

The repeal of the law of 1820, which limits appointments in the civil service to four years, is strongly urged; and the objection that this would create bureaus of officials strongly intrenched in privilege, is met by the remark that the power of removal remains in the hands of the President. Further, it is urged that some provision should be made for the support of those members of the service who have become disabled or superannuated, either by pensions or from a fund made up by regularly withholding a certain percentage of salaries.

The body of the work is divided into four parts. The first part treats of the classified service, and a schedule is given, showing the different grades of officers through the departments at Washington, and the salary attached to each grade. Another schedule classifies the customs service in the chief seaports of the United States, and in like manner gives the salaries attached to each class. A third schedule does the same for all the post-offices to which the examinations apply. This part of the book takes up a few pages only.

Then follows Part II., which treats the unclassified service, showing the offices from the President down, and the pay attached to each branch of the service. All this is arranged with the utmost clearness and convenience.

Part III. gives the civil service act, and the civil service rules and regulations. Full information for applicants, forms of application, and specimens of examination papers are furnished in accordance with the requirements of each department. And those persons who have ridiculed these examinations as impractical would do well to suspend their hilarity and read some of these specimen papers, and see how carefully they are adapted to the duties expected of the applicant.

Part IV. contains the civil service act of New York State, rules, regulations, and classification of State officers, civil lists of New York City and Brooklyn, specimen papers, and the civil service act of Massachusetts. An appendix adds some account of the British civil service and the reform which produced it. An index is appended, which makes the whole book convenient for use.

We most heartily commend this book as most valuable for the purposes designed. It is carefully compiled, clearly printed, and is itself a most suggestive evidence of what the reform of the civil service has so far achieved. The fact that applicants for so many positions under the United States government find such a book as this essential to his proceedings instead of simply consulting his "boss" or the member from his "district," is most encouraging; and no wonder that the old-fashioned hack politician storms at such innovations: to all good citizens it is a subject for heartiest congratulation. H. C. M.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

[The publisher of THE UNITED SERVICE will send by post, prepaid, any of the following books on receipt of price.]

Addie's Husband. A Novel. 12mo, paper cover, red title series, 25 cents.

Adventures of Huckleberry Finn. By Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens). Illustrated. Cloth, $2.75; sheep, $3.75; morocco, $4.50.

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland and Through the Looking-Glass and what Alice found there. By Lewis Carroll. Complete in one volume, with nearly 100 illustrations by Tenniel. 12mo, cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

American Political Ideas, viewed from the Standpoint of Universal History. By John Fiske, author of "The Destiny of Man." 12mo, cloth, $1.00.

Baccalaureate Sermons. By Rev. A. P. Peabody, D.D., LL.D. 12mo, $1.25.

Carpet Knight (A). A Novel. By Harford Fleming, author of "Cupid and the Sphinx." 16mo, $1.25.

Daddy Darwin's Dovecot. A Country Tale. By Julian Horatio Ewing, author of "Jackanapes," "Jan of the Windmill," etc. Illustrated by Randolph Caldecott. One volume, square 12mo, boards, 35 cents.

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Flatland. A Romance of Many Dimensions. With illustrations by the author, A. Square. One volume, 16mo, cloth, 75 cents.

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George Eliot's Life. Related in her Letters and Journals. Arranged and edited by her husband, J. W. Cross. Portraits and illustrations. In three volumes, pp. 1088. 12mo, cloth, $3.75.

Germinal. By Emile Zola, author of "Nana," "L'Assomoir," etc. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00.

Greece in the Times of Homer. An Account of the Life, Customs, and Habits of the Greeks during the Homeric Period. By T. T. Timayenis, author of "A History of Greece." 16mo, cloth, $1.50.

Guide to the Civil Service of the United States. Edited by John M. Comstock, Chairman of the Board of Examiners of Customs, New York. 12mo, $2.00.

Harriet Martineau. "Famous Women Series." By Mrs. F. Fenwick Miller. One volume, 16mo, cloth, $1.00.

History of the Parsis. Including their Manners, Customs, Religion, and Present Position. By Dosabhai Franiji Karaka, C.S.I. Illustrated with colored plates, photographs, etc. Two volumes, $15.00.

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Under the Lens. Social Photographs. By E. C. Grenville Murray, author of "Side Lights of English Society." 300 illustrations. Two volumes. $12.60.

United States Blue-Book. By J. H. Soulé. Fourth edition. Cloth, 75 cents.

SERVICE LITERATURE.

"RIFLE AND CARBINE FIRING."—We have received a copy of the above work, by Captain Stanhope E. Blunt, Ordnance Department, U.S.A., published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. After a pretty thorough reading, we are impressed with the fact that it is a thoroughly scientific work. That it will meet the requirements of the army and the National Guard we very much doubt. Simplicity is lost in the profound theories the work evolves, and this loss will be much felt by the class of men who come under instruction.

For preliminary work a few simple rules, explanatory of the principles of rifle-firing, brought together in such form that they could be placed in the hands of every soldier, and which they could read for themselves, and thus better bear them in mind, would be of greater benefit to the general intelligence of the men than such an extended technical instruction as the work requires, particularly where the author seems to be so very much in doubt as to the correct method to be pursued. One system alone should be adopted and all else discarded.

In the primary instruction in pointing and aiming from the erect position (Fig. 1, Plate II.) the directions are to "carry the right foot twelve inches to the rear and eight inches to the right." The pupil is also informed that some riflemen prefer to extend the left arm." (Fig. 2, Plate II.) Again, he is told that "many riflemen prefer . . . the body rest." (Fig. 1, Plate III.) Not one of these positions is in accordance with the tactical instruction of the recruit under Upton's "Tactics." Then again, in firing kneeling, the author says, "Some riflemen prefer by bending the ankle to rest the instep flat on the ground," or, by "resting the right side of the foot on the ground, toe pointing to the front (Plate V., Figs. 1 and 2), to bring the weight of the body on the left side of the foot." These positions could not be permitted according to the Tactics. Neither could the sitting-down position be allowed in ranks. This position gives the privilege to the soldier "to sit on the

ground, feet to the front, with one elbow resting on each knee, or the same position with the feet crossed." (Plate VI., Figs. 1 and 2.) All those changes from the authorized tactical method of instruction are such as to be avoided, because these positions cannot be assumed in ranks, and nothing but what can be done there should be permitted in the instruction for firing standing and kneeling. In the presence of the enemy, during the last war, without the aid of any book on the subject other than the "Tactics" (Hardee's and Casey's), men assumed, when on the skirmish or picket line, the position most natural to them and their surroundings, and they will always do this when acting individually. The system of rifle-firing, as we understand it, is to improve the army as a body, and to render it effective as such,—not to give positions whereby greater scores can be made on the target.

The author in his direction, on page 28, regarding the pressing of the piece against the shoulder, says it must be done mainly with the right hand, and only slightly with the left. The experience of many riflemen has been to favor just the reverse,—that to press the rifle strongly with the left hand steadies the piece in the aim, and corrects the liability of the soldier to pull the piece to the right when firing with the nine-pound pull.

There is but little change regarding gallery-practice, except the advocacy of regularly-built firing-galleries at each large post. This, indeed, is a much-to-be-desired improvement on the firing inside the barracks (as is made necessary at stations in the northern latitudes), where the atmosphere is fouled and the lead spattered about the quarters. Instead of a variety of targets suggested for this practice, a uniform iron target—such as is now furnished by the ordnance department—should only be used, and if that department thinks enough of the necessity for amusing the soldier at gallery-practice as to cut out the bull's-eye and place a bell behind it, let it be done, where they have the means to do it, before it is furnished to the company. The non-rendition of reports of gallery-practice (par. 168), we believe, will lessen the interest in this important branch of instruction, and will cause a great falling off in the results produced.

In firing on the range, the *practice season* is limited to *four months* in the year, and the months, or portions of months, constituting this season are to be selected by department commanders for the different posts in their departments; but in all cases the season must terminate on or before October 31. There are many reasons why this system will work to disadvantage, and we predict a falling off in the number of marksmen, and a smaller figure of merit in each military department. The book specifies that practice should be held three times a week; two sighting shots will be permitted before commencing the first of a succession of scores over five hundred yards; qualified sharpshooters should not be *required* to attend the regular firings, but are permitted to participate in the firings if they desire to do so; marksmen that it is deemed improbable will succeed in making sharpshooter's scores may also be excused from further practice.

We note the change of the spherical bull's-eye to that of an ellipse, with its transverse axis vertical, and the reason assigned for this is that that is the form of every group consisting of a large number of shots, fired when all influences, except those due to the arm and ammunition, have as far as possible been eliminated. Various reasons are given by the author for this change of shape, all of which he claims "point irresistibly to the adoption of a target having elliptical divisions." This seems strange, in view of the fact that a man has to employ all the fine points of his instruction in rifle-firing in order to place a shot on the target during high winds. He has to possess a keen perception of the velocity, a perfect knowledge of the wind-chart, and the points necessary to move his wind-gauge,—both for the wind and to compensate for the drift. In addition to this the author establishes the rule that if the wind-gauge cannot be moved far enough to obtain the necessary points, the individual must aim at the edge of the target, or, indeed, at some point to the right or left away from the target, in order to put a shot into it; and yet with all these conditions, should he strike target B to the right or left of the vertical

axis of the bull's-eye, his score is to be of less value than that which may be made by a man who fires each day with or without a strong wind blowing, and who has to merely shift the rear-sight to obtain the necessary elevation to make a line shot. We have never yet been thoroughly imbued with the idea that the A target (48″ by 72″) is the proper one to use. We have always considered that the square target (72″ by 72″) should be used from one hundred to six hundred yards, with spherical-shaped bull's-eyes of slightly increasing diameter for every additional one hundred yards from nine to twenty-four inches,—that is, for 100 yards, 9 inches; 200, 12 inches; 300, 15 inches; 400, 18 inches; 500, 21 inches; 600, 24 inches.

Classification and qualification has been somewhat modified. "To qualify for the sharpshooter's class a total of 90 is required at each of the ranges two hundred, three hundred, and five hundred yards; a total of 85 at each of the ranges six hundred and eight hundred yards; and a total of 80 at one thousand yards; these scores for cavalry troops may be made with either the rifle or carbine."

"For a marksman a total of 80 is required at each of the ranges two hundred, three hundred, five hundred, and six hundred yards, for those firing with the rifle, and totals of 80, 75, 70, and 65 at each of the same ranges respectively for troops armed with the carbine."

"For the first class a total of 65 is required at each of the ranges two hundred, three hundred, and five hundred yards, for troops armed with the rifle, and totals of 65, 60, and 55 at each of the same ranges respectively for those armed with the carbine."

"For the second class a total of 50 is required at each of the ranges two hundred, three hundred, and five hundred yards with the rifle, and 50, 48, and 45 at each of the same ranges respectively for those armed with the carbine."

At posts where ranges for no greater distance than three hundred yards can be obtained, special conditions are imposed in order to qualify as a marksman; and it will be perceived that an allowance is made for the use of the carbine at short ranges. This is virtually condemning the carbine, which, if not as good or accurate as the rifle at short ranges, should be at once discarded.

A soldier is permitted to fire eight scores, of five shots each, at four different ranges on the same day; yet as the system does not admit of any practice—with a view to scoring—outside of the regular practice of the organization to which the man is attached, and as the ammunition allowed is not sufficient to give this increased allowance of shots to the entire organization, we can hardly see where the benefit is to be derived, more particularly so when we know how difficult it is to fire more than fifteen shots per man with forty-eight men under four or five hours.

Four scores are to be taken to consider the qualifications as to classification and company figure of merit. This increase is unjust to men who have been struggling for the past two years to obtain the marksman's pin; last year *three scores* were required where only *two* obtained the year previous. Now the recruit must double the work required of a man two years ago to stand on the same level. This is a poor incentive to those who see the goal pushed farther and farther away from them as they advance towards it.

We do not consider the present system the correct one of determining either the skill of the individual or the relative merit of the company. One man may have the privilege of firing fifteen hundred shots, where the other can fire but five hundred. The consequence is that the greater number of shots fired produces a greater number of marksmen, and a better figure of merit. To make all things equal, the totals of each "Monthly Report of Practice in Musketry" should be taken at the end of the target year,—the total number of shots at each range for each individual firing,—the average percentage for the whole number fired, and on that percentage base the classification. During the target season, all men should be advanced after making fifty per centum, commencing with the lowest range, and should have the opportunity at this rate of passing over the entire range; then they could be returned to go over again with an additional fifteen per cent. added.

Skirmish-firing is treated of on a more liberal scale than heretofore. This practice should be insisted upon for at least one month during the target year, outside of the regular *practice season.* The present system will form a part in determining the figure of merit of a company.

Volley-firing is treated of to some extent, and is required to be held at two hundred yards standing, and five hundred and eight hundred yards lying down. The author here again interferes with prescribed tactics,—the firing lying down, as described there, being entirely individual, and executed at the command, "Commence firing."

The tables furnished in the work are exceedingly valuable.

New forms of reports and records are given, and are a great improvement on the old system. The company record of target-practice is certainly far better than the cumbersome, extravagant in paper, and almost useless record now kept. There are several methods, however, which we think might still be an improvement, one of which, now in use by several officers in keeping scores, shows the status of every man at any time for the whole target period while on the range, as follows:

Class.	Scores to make.	Yards.	May 10, 1885.										Advanced to.	Qualified in
			Name.	Scores made this Day.										
1	$\frac{3}{10}$	200	Lieut. Burns..	3 5 4 4 4	20	4 5 5 4 4	22	4 4 4 4 4	20	800		
1	$\frac{3}{10}$	600	Prvt. Dunn....	5 4 4 5 4	22	.....	...	.....	...	.....		M.
2	$\frac{3}{17}$	500	" Cox.....	5 3 4 4 3	19	4 4 4 3 3	18	.....	...	.....		1st.
2	$\frac{3}{17}$	800	" Hunt....	4 4 4 3 3	18	.....	...	.....	...	500		
3	$\frac{3}{18}$	200	" Smith...	3 2 4 3 3	15	4 5 2 2 3	16	.....	...	300		

The next day's record is then altered to include whatever advancements or qualifications are made this day, or stands as it is until some improvement is shown.

It is to be regretted that there is not attached to the work a plate containing diagrams of the several reloading tools, with the distinct name of each, together with the formula for reloading the empty shells for gallery, and range-practice.

Another plate containing diagrams of the various pieces composing the service rifle would be an advantage.

Taken as a whole, the work is one of value, and shows great labor on the part of Captain Blunt; but a revised edition, after the points have all been sought out and considered, will exhibit its true merit. There is too much at present that is discretionary and not enough that is obligatory in the system. There appears all through the work an apparent haste in its adoption. We suspect that the author, in compiling it, advanced several methods, in order that the board, if displeased with one, might adopt the other, and the hurried manner in which the work was adopted caused them to overlook all the expressions of "may," "should," and "some," or "many prefer" that it contains. Otherwise, instructors may justly say, in the language of the circus man, "You pays your money and you takes your choice."

We mean no unfriendly criticism in this review, for we think the work, as we said before, a valuable one, and when it goes to the army and has a season's test, we will be better able to judge of its deficiencies and its merits.

THROUGH the kindness of General T. F. Rodenbough, U.S.A., Secretary of the Military Service Institution, we have received the catalogue of the museum of that institution, on Governor's Island, New York Harbor. In typography and the artistic excellence of its illustrations this catalogue is worthy of the museum it represents. The collection has been arranged and classified in groups, which are Battle-Flags and Colors; Arms, Armor, and Ammunition; Clothing

and Accoutrements; Horse Equipments; North American Indians; Isolated Relics; Old Books and MSS.; Maps and Plans; Pictures and Sculpture.

The illustrations do not in all cases represent articles which are actually in the collection; but the plan has been to insert engravings which illustrate the use or purpose of articles contained in each class.

The group of Battle-Flags and Colors contains the battle-flags of many of the army corps during the late war; regimental colors of several infantry, artillery, and cavalry "regulars," also used during the late war; and flags carried on many interesting occasions. Under Arms, Armor, and Ammunition we find an excellent collection of field-guns, rifles, and other implements of war, and specimens of projectiles of all classes; also many interesting relics found on battle-fields. The collection of Clothing, Accoutrements, and Horse Equipments appears to be quite complete, European countries being well represented. Many interesting Indian relics are among the collection in this group; and excellent illustrations of Indian scenes and personages at once present to the reader a clear conception of their uses. The other groups are full of historical mementos, among which we may mention French eagle from Waterloo; Washington's card-table; padlock and piece of flag-staff from Fort Sumter; stuffed remains of Sheridan's famous war-horse Winchester; autograph letters of Abraham Lincoln; and many more of like nature.

The museum of the Military Service Institution fills a long-felt want. Until its foundation there never had been a depository for purely military relics and trophies, and articles pertaining to military life; and officers both of the army and navy who take pride in the *history* of their respective professions can have no better opportunity of adding to its enlargement and preservation than by depositing in this museum some suitable article of historical military interest.

We cannot better describe the purpose and scope of this museum than by quoting the introduction to the catalogue:

"The collection of trophies and relics, described in the following pages, forms a nucleus of a *National Military Museum* designed to be of great value in the promotion of patriotism, invention, and historical research.

"The War Department has authorized the occupation of certain buildings on Governor's Island, New York Harbor, for the purposes of the Military Service Institution, and has provided (through the quartermaster's department) for the transportation, without expense to donors, of all articles contributed to the Institution.

"*To the soldier* this museum offers, for souvenirs of service, a place of deposit where they may be protected from decay and recalled at the pleasure of the owner.

"*To the civilian* an opportunity is afforded to aid in the formation of a collection of unique character and of national interest.

"The army and public are urgently recommended to deposit, as loans or gifts, objects of historical or military interest: the smallest trophy of battle, exploration, or the chase will receive the protection accorded to the most precious heirloom.

"*Loans are subject to the order of the depositor.*

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"T. F. RODENBOUGH,
"Secretary."

The steamer "Atlantic" leaves the barge office, Battery, New York, every hour. The museum is open from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. daily (except Sundays), and a visit to it will well repay any one who is interested in such matters. We most heartily indorse the formation and purpose of this museum; and we believe and hope that, when its existence is more widely known to the public at large, it will be the recipient of many valuable contributions.

THE *Journal of the Proceedings of the Military Service Institution* we are glad to welcome among our exchanges. It is issued every three months, and the current number contains much of professional interest and value. It is a model of typographical excellence; and the committee of gentlemen having in charge the publication of these papers have done that work in a most creditable manner.

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THE

UNITED SERVICE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

MILITARY, NAVAL, AND CIVIL SERVICE.

VOL. XII.—MAY, 1885.—NO. 5.

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NEW YORK:

T. H. S. HAMERSLY,

835 BROADWAY.

PHILADELPHIA: CENTRAL NEWS COMPANY.
BOSTON: NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY.
CHICAGO: BRENTANO BROS., 101 State Street.
WASHINGTON: BRENTANO BROS., 1015 Pennsylvania Ave.
LONDON: B. F. STEVENS, 4 Trafalgar Square.
LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co.
YOKOHAMA: KELLY & Co.
BERLIN: EUGENE DZONDI, Behren-Strasse 67.
PARIS: GROVES & BLACKBURNE, 1 Rue Scribe.

THE TRADE SUPPLIED BY THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY.

Price, 35 Cents. $4.00 *per Annum.*

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U S Grant

UNITED S

MAY 1885.

SOMETHING ABOUT [illegible]

PRESIDENT LINCOLN was [illegible] which I was at [illegible] He was on board the "[illegible] bridge before our entire force had [illegible] anxious face at the cabin window. [illegible] with us, it did not concern us [illegible] front, but it has since been disclosed [illegible] would abandon Richmond and [illegible] Grant could carry out his plan to head [illegible] at or near the capital of the dying [illegible]

The cavalry corps, with its usual [illegible] Jubal Early, and sent that chieftain [illegible] the woods near Waynesborough in the [illegible] which he never found. [illegible] waters of the James River [illegible] use, and making [illegible] a sufficient supply. A few railroads [illegible] corps, and the body cavalry [illegible] [illegible] ing these important [illegible] [illegible] This was unpleasant notice to [illegible] would have to be a little more active if [illegible] lines of communication, and that Sheridan [illegible] nervous about entering the very bowels [illegible] ing the mischief generally under the noses of [illegible]

MAY 2 1885

THE

UNITED SERVICE.

MAY 1885.

SOMETHING ABOUT FIVE FORKS.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN was at City Point when the cavalry corps to which I was attached crossed the pontoon-bridge at Deep Bottom. He was on board the "Nelly Martin," which passed through the bridge before our entire force had crossed, and we saw his wan and anxious face at the cabin window. As war had grown to be a business with us, it did not concern us to ask the reason of his presence at the front, but it has since been disclosed that he was apprehensive that Lee would abandon Richmond and effect a junction with Johnston before Grant could carry out his plan to head him off and force a surrender at or near the capital of the dying Confederacy.

The cavalry corps, with its usual impetuosity, had finished off Jubal Early, and sent that chieftain in an undignified scamper through the woods near Waynesborough in the search for the traditional last ditch, which he never found. It then amused itself by diverting the waters of the James River and Kanawha Canal from their legitimate use, and making additional mud, of which there was already more than a sufficient supply. A few railroads also received a fair share of attention, and the bold cavalry boys were more expert at unmaking than making these important adjuncts to prompt supplies and transportation. This was unpleasant notice to the Richmond authorities that they would have to be a little more active if they expected to keep open their lines of communication, and that Sheridan's cavalry did not feel at all nervous about entering the very bowels of the Confederacy and playing the mischief generally under the noses of the Confederate authorities.

On the 27th of March we went into camp near Hancock Station, and for two or three days were treated to the nightly serenade of booming cannon and whistling shells,—with nobody hurt but everybody terribly sleepy. We were used to comparative peace and quietness in the Shenandoah Valley, and did not take kindly to the new order of things. But we had not long to wait. Grant was planning some more mischief, and Sheridan was just the boy and always eager to carry it out. So, early on the morning of the 29th,—a bright, spring-like day, —"boots and saddles" was sounded, and we rode out on the Boydton Plank Road, our objective being down south, with an expectation that, if we didn't get back by that route, we would come out at Savannah, or New Orleans, or any other convenient seaport. Overcoats were tossed into headquarters wagons, and the march seemed more like a picnic than the grim business which we had in hand. The command consisted of the First and Third Cavalry Divisions, under General Wesley Merritt as corps commander, and the Second Division, under General Crook. General Thomas C. Devin commanded the First Division, with General Alfred Gibbs, Colonel Peter Stagg, and Colonel Charles L. Fitzhugh as brigade commanders. Just here I desire to correct a frequent blunder of even careful historians, in confusing General Devin with General Charles Devens, of Massachusetts, who commanded a division of the Twenty-fourth Army Corps in the closing engagements of the war. Devin took out one of the first cavalry companies from New York City in 1861; was afterwards colonel of the Sixth New York Cavalry, and was promoted to brigadier-general for conspicuous gallantry in the Shenandoah Valley. General Custer commanded the Third Division, with Colonels A. C. M. Pennington, William Wells, and Henry Capehart as brigade commanders, and General George Crook the Second Division, with Brigadier-General H. E. Davies and Colonels J. Irwin Gregg and Charles H. Smith as brigade commanders. General Grant's instructions to General Sheridan, to "move your cavalry at as early an hour as you can, without being confined to any particular road or roads," were literally followed out, and we struck across lots, making roads where we couldn't find any, and keeping well away from the enemy, which had a column on our flank watching our movements, and bent on interrupting us if we got in the way. After a roundabout march of about twenty-five miles, the head of the column halted at Dinwiddie Court-House. The omnipresent rain which invariably accompanied the movements of the Army of the Potomac came down in torrents about dusk. The train, under the guard of the Third Division, was strung out for several miles, men and mules floundering in the mud, and making the air resonant with braying and language more emphatic than polite. As the headquarters wagons failed to come up, some of the thoughtless ones who trusted too much to the weather went supperless and overcoatless to bed on the

moist earth, with pine boughs for a pillow and sheets of water for a covering.

From information received that evening it was very evident that our picnic was likely to be interrupted in the morning. At Widow Crump's, where we met some pleasant girls, we learned that "their people" were on the alert, and, after joining them in abusing the Yankees in a number of choice Confederate melodies, we turned in, or rather out, to get a little rest preparatory to the work which we knew was before us the next day. Although this excursion was primarily intended as a raid, Sheridan seemed possessed with a desire to feel the enemy a little, and try his mettle and disposition for a fight.

So, early next morning, we moved up White Oak Road to develop the enemy, and see if we couldn't get a look at the strong works at Five Forks. Our entire effective force was about nine thousand, and as good a body of men and horse as any nation could boast. The road was not in the best condition by any means. Floundering through the mud was not conducive to a large degree of patriotic fervor; but the troops pressed on, nevertheless, and took what came in good humor, reciprocating with promptness every pleasing attention of the rebels. Gibbs had the advance. The country was badly adapted for cavalry fighting. Most of it was heavily wooded, and the cavalry had to fight dismounted, every third man being left in reserve to hold the horses. The Sixth Pennsylvania and the Second Massachusetts Cavalry drove the enemy from their temporary works; but, finding they could not reach the fortifications at Five Forks, withdrew for reinforcements and repairs. Lieper, of the Sixth Pennsylvania, came back, looking as if he had had a big contract and not men enough to carry it out. The troops were gradually forced back, and reoccupied the line near Dinwiddie Court-House. The rebels made a brilliant charge about 4.30, approaching unpleasantly near, and leaving a minie-ball in the shoulder of Colonel Bean's horse. Bean was of our staff, and regretted that the ball hadn't gone a few inches to the left, into my leg. Horses cost something at that time, and wooden legs could be had almost for the asking.

It was at this point that General Devin requested an adventurous quartermaster to hunt up General Gibbs, and take him and his brigade where they were much needed. The work was speedily done. The enemy's charge was brilliantly repulsed, and Devin recognized the act of the quartermaster by recommending him for the brevet of colonel, which he received. Fighting dismounted on such a day can hardly be classed among the popular amusements, and I am sure the boys were glad to fall back to a convenient distance and take a respite before the next day's work.

Before the sun went down, Sheridan made up his mind that he had too few men for the work in hand. Custer was "cussing" the

swamped trains, and all the quartermasters were engaged in cutting down trees and corduroying new paths to the Vaughan Road, where the wagons were ordered to be taken without delay. The next morning, with two of his brigades, Custer hurried to the front, leaving a very anxious party to extricate the trains as best they could. All day was spent in trying to push forward the wagons. Night came, and with little progress. It was very pleasant to receive notice from an aide of General Crook that if we didn't get the train on the Vaughan Road by daylight we would all be captured. The woods were lurid with fires, and the sound of the axes rang all along the line. A corduroy road sprang up seemingly out of the ground, and at early daylight, to the tune of vigorous cannonading, we packed in an open field to the right of the Vaughan Road, and awaited further developments. Meantime, Sheridan was punching away at the Confederates. Custer, who hadn't much head for planning, but a wonderful tact for executing what he was told to do, rendered gallant service, and we held the position which was taken on the first day. This advance disclosed the fact that our cavalry force was opposed by Fitz Lee's and Rosser's cavalry and Pickett's and Johnson's divisions of infantry, among the best in the Confederate army. It is a high compliment to the cavalry to say that they successfully met and held this picked force of the Confederate army, superior in numbers, with carbines against muskets behind intrenchments, and in a country which was to them new and untried.

Of course the Confederates lost no time in following us as we slowly withdrew to the Court-House, having pleasant anticipations of taking possession of that dilapidated but very valuable centre from a military point of view. Visions of a pleasant evening with the young ladies from whom they had been so rudely severed floated through their minds, only to be dispelled by a savage volley from Pennington's and Capehart's brigades, and some lively shelling from the horse artillery. It is simple truth to state that we were not sorry to see the sun go down, for men and horses were pretty well used up by the day's sport, and the chances were largely in favor of the Confederates, if, like Joshua, they could have commanded the sun to stand still for an hour or so, with the slightest expectation that the great luminary would pay any attention to so reasonable a request. One comparatively trifling incident of the day's fight impressed itself upon my mind. Across the run, and on our extreme left, stood a small wooden house, which formed a convenient shelter for the enemy, and especially the sharpshooters, who gave us some annoyance. While scanning it with our glasses, and considering the practicability of a flank movement, a gay cavalcade rode boldly out in full sight. The boys declared it was Fitz Lee and his staff. The officer was handsomely mounted on an iron-gray. The standard-bearer waved a gaudy

flag at us defiantly. Gibbs's battery accepted the challenge, and landed a shot so unpleasantly near that the cavalcade thought discretion the better part of valor, and disappeared with a speed hardly compatible with dignity behind the house. The truth of history must be preserved. So I am bound to state that I related this incident to Fitz Lee a year or two since, and, while he owned up to the gray horse, he had no recollection of doing anything so unnecessary and foolish. But it must be remembered that he was a good deal younger then, and had the reputation of not being over-particular as to his personal safety when his cause demanded the sacrifice.

Sheridan received a great deal of well-merited praise for his management of this affair against superior forces, and Grant said he displayed great generalship. His report of the engagement is brief and sententious,—not forgetting the men, who, he says, "behaved splendidly. Our loss in killed and wounded will probably number four hundred and fifty men; very few were lost as prisoners. We have of the enemy a number of prisoners. This force is too strong for us. I will hold out at Dinwiddie Court-House until I am compelled to leave. Our fighting to-day was all dismounted."

It was one of the peculiarities of Sheridan's men to dismiss all anxiety for the future so long as little Phil was in command; and, although the backward movement was not conducive to hilarity, and the rebel lines were unpleasantly near, all hands went to bed in the mud with the comforting assurance that the next day would probably bring about a change in affairs and give us a chance to recover the lost ground; and so it proved. For General Grant acted promptly on General Sheridan's hint, and sent General Mackenzie's division of cavalry —a division only in name, being about the size of a full regiment— from the Army of the James and one division of the Fifth, and shortly after the entire corps. Early in the morning Warren directed General Pearson to move at once to Dinwiddie Court-House. His progress was impeded by the destruction of the bridge over Gravelly Run. Just here begins that unfortunate controversy between Sheridan and Warren, which has made the battle at Five Forks the best and most-fought-over engagement of the whole war. I do not propose to contribute any material to the controversy; a commission has settled it to their satisfaction, and I presume no one is more gratified than Sheridan himself that the character of Warren is freed from any imputation of intentional delinquency. Virginia streams have a bad habit of swelling out of all proportion to their native beds on seemingly very slight provocation. The day before a Virginia belle might have crossed Gravelly Run without dampening the soles of her dainty slippers, and some of the staff who forded it next day thought the infantry could have waded through without getting any wetter than the drenching rain had already made them. But affairs were pressing, and unless

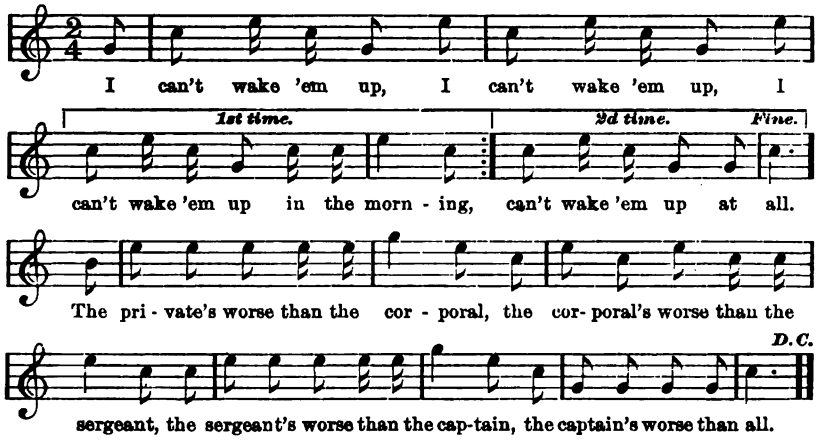
reinforced Sheridan would have to back out of Dinwiddie Court-House and abandon his trains,—a not very pleasant ending to so much hard and brilliant fighting of the previous day. I shall dismiss this subject with some of the conclusions reached by the court of inquiry already referred to.

"The court of inquiry which was appointed by the President, at the request of General Warren, to investigate this and other matters, say of this:" "Notwithstanding that dispositions suitable for the contingency of Sheridan's falling back from Dinwiddie might well have occupied and perplexed General Warren's mind during the night, the court is of the opinion that he should have moved the two divisions by the Crump Road in obedience to the orders and expectations of his commander, upon whom alone rested the responsibility of the consequences. It appears from the dispatches and General Warren's testimony that neither Generals Meade, Sheridan, nor Warren expressed an intention of having this column attacked before daylight. The court is further of the opinion that General Warren should have started with two divisions, as directed by General Meade's dispatch (civ., heretofore quoted), as early after its receipt at 10.50 P.M. as he could be assured of the prospects of Ayres's departure down the Boydton Plank Road, and should have advanced on the Crump Road as far as directed in that dispatch, or as far as might be practicable or necessary to fulfill General Meade's intentions, whereas the evidence shows that he did not start until between five and six o'clock on the morning of the 1st of April, and did not reach J. Boisseau's with the head of the column till about seven o'clock in the morning. The dispatches show that Generals Meade and Warren anticipated a withdrawal during the night of the enemy's forces fronting General Sheridan, which was rendered highly probable from the known position in their rear of a portion of the Fifth Corps (Bartlett's brigade) at G. Boisseau's (Dr. Boisseau's is meant), and the events justified the anticipation."

All's well that ends well, and the end was entirely satisfactory to every one but the rebels, who began to feel anxious and disconcerted as soon as they learned that the infantry had been ordered to Sheridan's support. I suppose it is well to say that Sheridan had the Sixth, Eighth, and Nineteenth Corps with him in the Shenandoah Valley, and the rapidity of their movements could be equaled only by the cavalry. If he manifested some impatience on this occasion, it may be largely attributed to the example set by those corps, where "boots and saddles" was as familiar to the men as the assembly and order to fall in. It would have simplified matters had any part of the Fifth Corps got up in the night. Griffin, however, reached J. Boisseau's, where he found Devin at 7 A.M., and General Crawford came up a little later. At daylight the sound of the bugles brought out the cavalry, if men can be said to be brought out who have been out all

night. The men were used to early rising, though their characters had been somewhat aspersed by a paraphrase on the reveille, which ran something after this style:

The Reveille—Infantry.

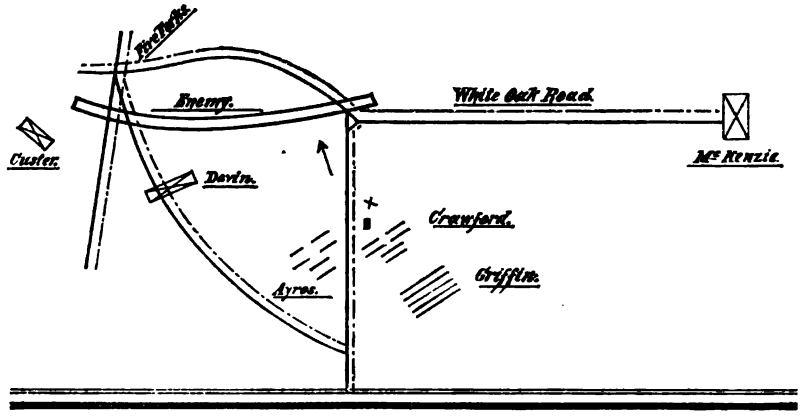


Merritt, with the first and third cavalry divisions, was awake at daylight, and moved out in the direction of Five Forks, the enemy slowly withdrawing. Pickett was intrenched along the White Oak Road, and our men had to contest the ground dismounted, the roads being so heavy. Fitz Lee was on his right in the Gilliam Field, with the brigades of Custer, Terry, Stewart, Ransom, and Wallace, and Pegram's artillery, some of which he generously left in our hands, among the guns a very fine battery of Armstrongs, kindly introduced through the blockade by our friends across the water. It was a pleasant relief to meet General Ayres's division, which had been keeping late hours and needed rest and recuperation, yet ready for any emergency if called upon. The division was massed and breakfasted. Meantime, Merritt kept close up to Pickett and made things lively for the enemy, who still clung tenaciously and unwisely to Sutherland's Station and the South Side Railroad. Sheridan's plan of attack, says General Humphreys, was to make a feint of turning the enemy's right flank with Merritt's cavalry while he assaulted their left flank with the Fifth Corps, Merritt's cavalry to attack the intrenchments in his front as soon as he heard the firing of the Fifth Corps' attack. This, if successful, would cut off Pickett from the main army of Lee and drive him westward. By two o'clock the enemy had been driven into their fortifications and the more serious business was about to begin. Warren's command was moved up and formed on Gravelly Run. The delay at this point in getting them into position aroused Sheridan's displeasure. He was anxious and impatient lest the Confederates should receive reinforcements and block the pleasant plans the execu-

tion of which he was about to carry out. It was not until four o'clock, however, that all were in readiness for an advance. In the record of the Warren court of inquiry we find this diagram, and instructions as presented by Warren himself:

"April 1, 3 P.M.

"The following is the movement now about to be executed:



The instructions were as follows:

"The line will move forward as formed till it reaches the White Oak Road, when it will swing round to the left, perpendicular to the White Oak Road. General Merritt's and General Custer's cavalry will charge the enemy's line as soon as the infantry get engaged. The cavalry is on the left of the infantry, except Mackenzie's, which is moving up the White Oak Road from the right."

As I did not see these movements, I shall not attempt to describe them. The imminent danger to the train made it necessary for me to return and take charge of it, bringing it through finally, after vigorous efforts, on to the Vaughan Road, and in a position of comparative safety. For the details of this fight I refer the reader to General Humphreys's account of "The Virginia Campaign of 1864 and 1865," in the excellent Scribner series, premising, however, that while he does not give undue credit to the infantry, he fails to allow to the cavalry its full meed of praise. He does admit, however, that the "proportion of cavalry officers killed and wounded was large," from which it is reasonable to infer that Sheridan's troopers did at least a fair share of the fighting. The works at Five Forks were handsomely carried, and Lieutenant-Colonel Newhall, Sheridan's adjutant-general, who has given a breezy account of the affair, says, "On so long a line it is impossible to say who among the cavalry won the most glory, or who most deserved it; but at this central point, where the guns were taken and the finishing touches put to a good day's work, the gallant Colonel Fitzhugh, commanding a brigade of Devin's division, rode his horse into the enemy's works, and if some brave fellows went with him,

there were none who went before him. Here, while the guns were belching forth the vicious canister, our men swarmed in like bees. The Confederate General Pickett, whose celebrated division held the Forks, told, at Appomattox Court-House, how he was standing in the battery trying his best to check the resistless onset in front and flank, when a Yankee cavalryman, bestride a mule, jumped over the works, and ordered him to surrender and be damned to him; and how he was almost surrounded before he could gallop away."

Away went the rebel forces with him, and it was very evident that a stern chase was to commence in the morning, if we desired to keep up with the flying Confederacy. The battle of Five Forks should have been the closing engagement of the war. With the fall of Richmond all hope for the struggling cause was over. The lives lost after that were a useless sacrifice. For, even had Lee succeeded in forming a junction with Johnston, the combined forces of Grant and Sherman would have fallen upon him and crushed him completely in a single engagement. Flushed with success, almost perfect in discipline and morale, with abundant supplies, inured to every hardship,—in a word, the finest army the world ever saw,—nothing could seriously impede its onward march.

The rapidity of its subsequent movements until the surrender at Appomattox were not exceeded during the war of the Rebellion. The rebels were allowed no rest by day or night; and weary, hungry, dispirited, but brave to the last, they cried a halt at Appomattox, and laid down their arms with all the honors of war. The First Cavalry Division captured many battle-flags, and covered itself with glory. The staff, elated with its success, asked permission to commemorate the battle by the purchase of a handsome silk headquarters flag, the single star, which was its distinctive emblem, being formed of five forks painted in silver colors. It was carried in the grand review at Washington, and elicited from numerous irreverent and envious revilers the remark, "Ah! yes, I see the forks; what have you done with the spoons?"

In closing this sketch, which makes no pretensions to a scientific description of a battle of which I am not capable, I may be permitted to refer to an incident which occurred only a few months ago. At a dinner at Delmonico's, General Gordon, of Georgia, was among the speakers, and referred with much feeling to the fact that his half-starved men at Appomattox were fed from the abundant stores of the Union army. It gave me pleasure to say in reply that it was largely from my train that those twenty thousand rations were issued, and if General Gordon chose to hug me in response, I think it will not be charged against him as an exhibition of weakness.

HORATIO C. KING.

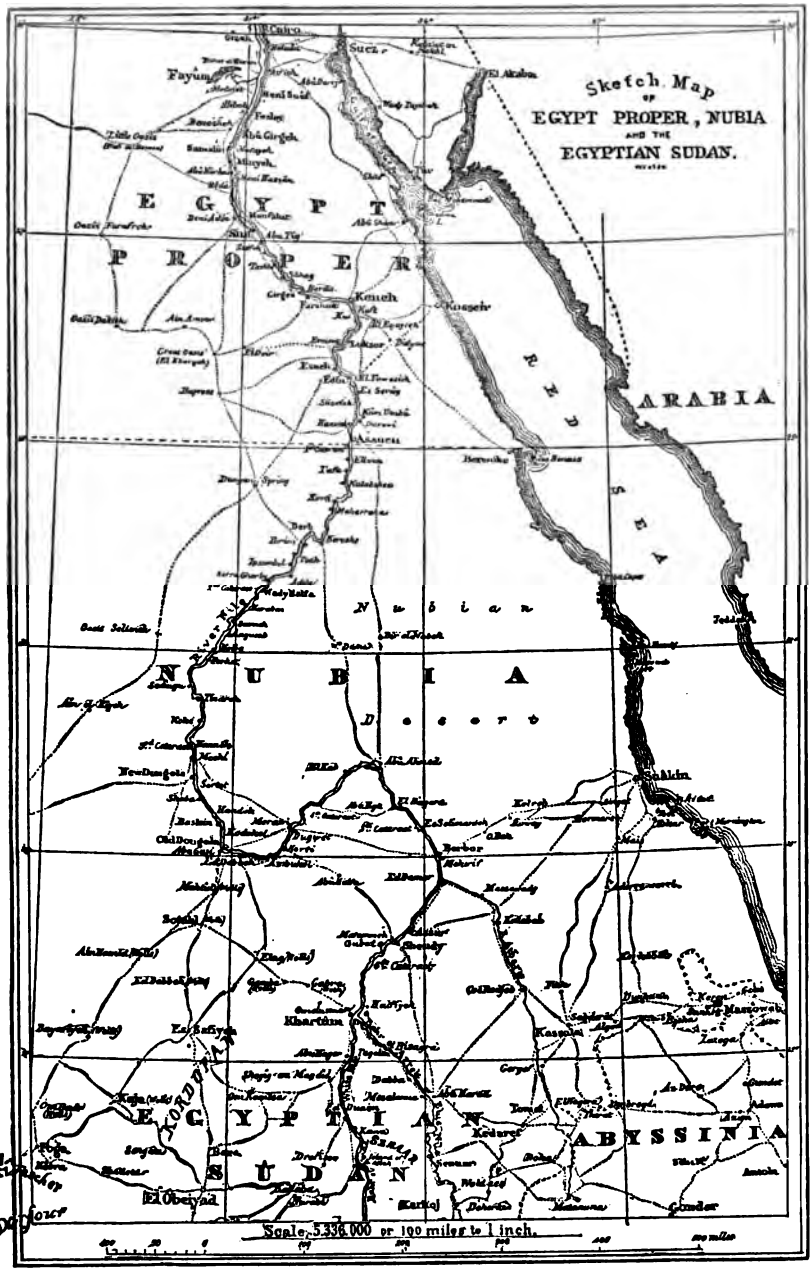
BRITISH MILITARY OPERATIONS IN THE EGYPTIAN SOUDAN.

(Concluded from page 364.)

GENERAL STEPHENSON estimated and reported that for a movement up the Nile against Khartoum a force of at least eight thousand men would be required. The use of small boats for transportation would be impracticable on the Nile, where navigation was so difficult, and abundance of local water transportation and camels could be procured. He also informed the government that it could not expect to send a force as far as Khartoum and back before the end of winter. He reported that he had already arranged to have eight steamers placed on the Nile above the first cataract and twelve below that point, and more were available if required. The former could be passed over the second cataract.

Major Kitchener had reported from Dongola on the 7th August that on the Upper Nile (Wady-Halfa, Dongola) there were one small steamer, about eighty large boats (capacity, fifty to eighty men each), and three hundred smaller boats, ferry-boats, etc. (capacity, ten to twenty men each). That large numbers of camels could be purchased near Debbeh and Korti.

With all this information in the possession of the British ministry on the 22d August, 1884, had that ministry accepted the official opinions of their military and naval representatives in Egypt, and promptly ordered General Stephenson on that day by telegraph to press with all possible vigor the movement of eight thousand men to Dongola with six months' supplies, using all transportation of every kind available in the country to carry out the movement, and thus making him responsible for success, it is hardly to be doubted that such concentration could, by extraordinary energy and activity, have been effected by the 15th or 20th November, 1884. To effect this all means of transportation would have been required to work their utmost,—railways, steamboats, barges, Nile-boats, camels, horses, and even donkeys. But they *could* have been used, and it *was* practicable to have had at Debbeh, on the first day of December, 1884, a column of eight thousand men ready to move in the direction of Khartoum, with abundant camel


Sketch Map
OF
EGYPT PROPER, NUBIA
AND THE
EGYPTIAN SUDAN.
EGYPT
PROPER
NUBIA
Nubian
Desert
ARABIA
RED
SEA
EGYPTIAN
SUDAN
ABYSSINIA
Cairo
Suez
Fayum
Keneh
Kosseir
Assouan
Berenike
Sawakin
Khartûm
Kassala
Massawah
Gondar
Kordofan
El Obeyad
Scale 5,336,000 or 100 miles to 1 inch.

transport for that column, and two thousand men additional in an intrenched camp at Debbeh, to hold that point as a base of supplies, and, to a certain extent, to guard the left flank of the advancing force during the first days of advance.

Instead of promptly giving such approval and orders, a prompt disapproval was given, which, whatever other effect it may have had, certainly delayed for at least one month the concentration at Dongola, Debbeh, and Korti.

On the 22d August the Secretary of State for War, after having received and considered the suggestions of General Stephenson, wrote to that officer that, relying on the opinions of officers considered competent (evidently meaning General Lord Wolseley), he was still "of opinion that an expedition depending mainly on small boats for the transport of the troops and their supplies is practicable, would be attended with the least amount of risk, and would offer the best means of bringing back the troops engaged before the commencement of the hot season, and as soon as the object of the expedition had been accomplished. I have therefore telegraphed to you that I adhere to this plan, and I have further directed that four hundred new boats should be provided in addition to the four hundred already ordered, with a view of providing the necessary transport for the larger force which it may be found necessary to dispatch in support of the brigade, which would, in the first instance, be sent to Dongola. I have further instructed you that the measures you are taking shall be in conformity with this decision."

Instead of encouraging expedition in dispatching troops to the south, he was cautioned *not to send them* to Wady-Halfa too rapidly! General Stephenson was authorized to purchase *twelve hundred camels.* Had the order been twelve thousand instead of twelve hundred, it would have shown that the British War Office had risen to about one-half comprehension of what a Soudan campaign required, especially when *time* was an important matter to be considered.

The dispatches clearly indicate that the advice of the adjutant-general at the Horse Guards in London was to the effect that there was a better chance of making an *expeditious* campaign by the use of small row-boats than by any other available means of transportation; and this opinion having been adopted by the ministry in opposition to the advice of the military commander in Egypt and his naval advisers on the spot, it was natural and most proper that the general who proposed the plan adopted should be charged with its execution. This was also ordered, and on the 26th August, 1884, the Marquis of Hartington telegraphed to Lieutenant-General Stephenson:

"After anxious consideration, Her Majesty's government have come to the conclusion that it is unjust to you to ask you to be responsible for directing an operation which, after full knowledge of the plan, you consider to be impracticable.

They have, therefore, decided to send Lord Wolseley to take temporarily the chief command in Egypt. Government highly appreciate the manner in which you have carried out the important and difficult duties of your command, and earnestly hope that you may feel yourself able to remain in Egypt whilst Lord Wolseley is there, and assist him with your advice. Lord Wolseley goes out with Lord Northbrook."

To this telegram Lieutenant-General Stephenson replied, August 29, "Will willingly remain here as you wish."

General Lord Wolseley arrived in Egypt and assumed command on or about the 9th September, 1884, and, after organizing and preparing for his advance, left during the last days of September for Wady-Halfa. As was proper, he was left untrammeled in his preparations, and all his requisitions were as promptly as possible complied with.

Fortunately for the new commander, the preparations in the way of transportation made by General Stephenson were at his service, for *not one* of the "small boats" had reached Wady-Halfa (second cataract) when Lord Wolseley arrived there, October 5, nor did the first instalment, even, arrive until the *1st November!* By that time the "local transport" had forwarded for him very large quantities of supplies and one-fifth of his force.

The letter of instructions under which Lord Wolseley was to act was drawn up in Cairo by Sir Evelyn Baring, in consultation with Lord Northbook and Lord Wolseley, and was forwarded to England for approval on the 21st September, 1884. It was returned approved, to be communicated to Lord Wolseley, October 8, 1884.

It is as follows:

"My Lord:

"Before you leave Cairo, Her Majesty's government think it desirable that you should receive general instructions as to the course which you are to pursue in connection with the affairs of the Soudan.

"The primary object of the expedition up the valley of the Nile is to bring away General Gordon and Colonel Stewart from Khartoum. When that object has been secured, no further offensive operations of any kind are to be undertaken.

"Although you are not precluded from advancing as far as Khartoum, should you consider such a step essential to insure the safe retreat of General Gordon and Colonel Stewart, you should bear in mind that Her Majesty's government is desirous to limit the sphere of your operations as much as possible. They rely on you, therefore, not to advance farther southwards than is absolutely necessary in order to attain the primary object of the expedition. You will endeavor to place yourself in communication with General Gordon and Colonel Stewart as soon as possible.

"In respect to all political matters, you will communicate with Her Majesty's government, and receive their instructions through the Consul-General at Cairo. You are aware that the policy of Her Majesty's government is that Egyptian rule in the Soudan should cease. It is desirable that you should receive general instructions as to two points which necessarily arise in connection with the method of carrying this policy into execution.

"They are (1) the steps to be taken to insure the safe retreat of the Egyptian

troops and civil employés; (2) the policy to be adopted in respect to the future government of the Soudan, and especially of Khartoum.

"The negotiations with the tribes for endeavoring to secure the safe retreat of the garrison of Kassala may most conveniently be treated from Suakin and Massowah. You need not, therefore, take any steps in connection with this branch of the subject.

"The position of the garrisons in Darfour, the Bahr-el-Gazelle, and Equatorial provinces renders it impossible that you should take any action which would facilitate their retreat without extending your operations far beyond the sphere which Her Majesty's government is prepared to sanction.

"As regards the Senaar garrison, Her Majesty's government is not prepared to sanction the dispatch of an expedition of British troops up the Blue Nile in order to insure its retreat. From the last telegrams received from General Gordon, there is reason to hope that he has already taken steps to withdraw the Egyptian portion of the Senaar garrison.

"You will use your best endeavors to insure the safe retreat of the Egyptian troops which constitute the Khartoum garrison, and of such of the civil employés of Khartoum, together with their families, as may wish to return to Egypt.

"As regards the future government of the Soudan, and especially of Khartoum, Her Majesty's government would be glad to see a government at Khartoum which, so far as all matters connected with the internal administration of the country are concerned, would be wholly independent of Egypt.

"The Egyptian government would be prepared to pay a reasonable subsidy to any chief or number of chiefs who would be sufficiently powerful to maintain order along the valley of the Nile from Wady-Halfa to Khartoum, and who would agree to the following conditions:

"1. To remain at peace with Egypt and to repress any raids on Egyptian territory.

"2. To encourage trade with Egypt.

"3. To prevent and discourage, by all possible means, any expeditions for the sale of and capture of slaves.

"You are authorized to conclude any arrangements which fulfill these general conditions.

"The main difficulty will consist in the selection of an individual, or of a number of individuals, having sufficient authority to maintain order.

"You will, of course, bear in mind that any ruler established south of Wady-Halfa will have to rely solely on his own strength in order to maintain his position. I have already mentioned that under certain conditions the Egyptian government would be prepared to pay a moderate subsidy in order to secure tranquillity and fairly good government in the valley of the Nile.

"Beyond the adoption of this measure neither Her Majesty's government nor the Egyptian government are prepared to assume any responsibility whatsoever for the government of the Nile Valley south of Wady-Halfa."

The object of the campaign is clearly set forth in these instructions to be the "bringing away from Khartoum of General Gordon and Colonel Stewart." Beyond attaining this object all offensive operations are forbidden; and the general is clearly urged not to go as far south as Khartoum if he can accomplish the rescue of the two officers without it. He is distinctly forbidden to attempt the relief of any Egyptian garrison excepting that of Khartoum, and the rescue of even that garrison is not made part of the "object of the campaign."

Before the general-in-chief could reach Wady-Halfa one-half of his mission was impossible of accomplishment, for Colonel Stewart and

Consul Power (who, by the way, seems to have been forgotten), sent out of Khartoum by Gordon, in the hope that they might reach Dongola, had been killed by the Arabs between Abou-Hammad and Korti, and with the brave Englishmen had perished the French consul for Khartoum, Monsieur Herbin.

Whatever may have been the hopes or wishes of the British ministry, it must have been then evident to the general-in-chief that he had very serious work before him, and that *time* had become a most important element in the problem. All the Soudan down to Dongola was practically in the hands of the Mahdi. All Darfour, all Kordofan, Senaar, with the exception of one besieged garrison, the province of Khartoum, excepting the besieged city, the province of Berber, the district of Gallabat, the province of Taker, excepting the besieged city of Kassala, and the desert country between the Nile and the sea, all acknowledged his sway; and Gordon, besieged in Khartoum, was now without one European officer to stand by him. There was evidently no time to be lost, and yet the small boats had not arrived! One would think that the time had come for forced marches. The summer heats were yielding to the cooler air of autumn, and even European troops might have made good marches by using the morning and evening hours. To the second cataract troops came by steamers, and there they were two hundred and thirty miles from Dongola, twenty days' easy march, with water always near the road. The local boats and the camels could have transported the baggage, ammunition, and extra provisions, and the men could have marched easily six miles each morning and six miles each evening. Had such movements been commenced on the 10th October, five days after the arrival there of the general-in-chief, it is easy to see what an important force could have been assembled at Dongola before the 20th day of November. But the transport service *waited for the arrival of the small boats*, none of which had arrived at Wady-Halfa on the 1st November. As a consequence, on the 20th November only three thousand troops had passed south of Wady-Halfa, and no small boats had arrived at Dongola! At that date only about one thousand men had reached this point, and these were cavalry and camel-men *who had marched!*

On that day there were sixteen thousand British troops in Egypt, and yet only three thousand south of Wady-Halfa, and it was not until the 26th November that the entire expeditionary force was even south of the first cataract. The troops *had been held back in Lower Egypt* for the time when boat transport should be ready for them at Wady-Halfa!

It was not until the 6th December that an advance was made from Dongola for the occupation of Ambukol and Korti. This advance was made under the command of Colonel Sir Herbert Stewart, whose force was composed of a detachment of the Nineteenth Hussars

(mounted) and some four hundred infantry of the guard mounted on camels.

On the 16th December, General Lord Wolseley and his staff joined the advanced force at Korti. On the 21st December, Sir Herbert Stewart was reinforced by a detachment of the South Staffordshire Regiment, and thence on daily small arrivals of troops occurred. On the 28th, Colonel Brackenbury advanced up the river on reconnoissance in a picket-boat, with a view to selecting the site of a new camp near Meraweh.

On the 30th December, Sir Herbert Stewart, *with a force of about one thousand men,* was sent forward on the desert route towards Shendy. He marched about ninety-seven miles on that line, to Gadkul, where he arrived on the 3d January and found a large supply of water. He formed intrenchments at this point, and leaving the guards there, returned to Korti for more men and supplies. With these reinforcements and supplies, he left Korti on the 8th January. His force consisted of detachments of the following-named corps, and marched in the following order: First, a detachment of Nineteenth Hussars; second, a detachment of the camel corps; third, the Royal Sussex Regiment; fourth, a half-battery Royal Artillery; fifth, half of the Naval Brigade, with a Gardner machine-gun, all mounted on camels; sixth, a detachment of the Essex Regiment; then the field hospital; and last, a detachment of mounted infantry as rear-guard.

General Lord Wolseley reported to the War Office by telegraph the departure of General Sir Herbert Stewart, and with that love of prediction for which he is distinguished, stated that he hoped that officer would occupy Metemneh without difficulty *on the 16th January,* and that if a steamer should be found there, communications would be opened with General Gordon without delay. On the 10th, Colonel Burnaby followed Stewart with a camel-train of maize.

General Lord Wolseley seems, at this time, to have fallen into the same error that the British diplomatic officers fell into a year or two earlier, of taking for granted that all would *somehow* work favorably; and with utter contempt for his enemy, of whose action and movements he took apparently no account, and in utter disregard of military principles, he divided his force in what might be called the immediate presence of the enemy, largely superior in force. Instead of immediately forming a supporting corps and pushing it out behind Stewart, or holding it in hand ready to guard against the unknown but more than possible which might happen on that line, he proceeded to send all that remained to him of force at Korti off to the east towards Abou-Hammad, under the command of General Earle, thus dividing the small part of his force which had arrived into two columns, both marching towards the enemy, but on divergent lines, so that by no possibility could one support the other in case of attack.

The unexpected came. Stewart marched according to programme, and was unmolested by the enemy until far from his base. The Arabs had wisely abstained from any show of opposition until the little column had nearly finished the desert march, and was even in sight of the fertile country bordering on the Nile. It was as far from its base as it could be, and yet remain completely in the desert, and its strength had been diminished by the garrison left at Gadkul. On the 16th January the command had bivouacked at the southern end of a broad plain, with distant hills on either side, and a rough, broken ridge in front, over which passes the route to the wells of Abou-Klea.

At noon the cavalry scouts brought in word that the wells of Abou-Klea were held by the enemy in force. General Stewart formed his command in a square, with camels in the centre, and advanced slowly and cautiously until within about four hundred yards of the ridge in front. There he halted and prepared to pass the night, throwing around his position an abatis, with a stone wall on one side. The Arabs were in strong force about four miles distant, but moved in such manner as to get partially in rear of the British position. Throughout the night there was considerable firing from the Arabs, but only a few casualties occurred. On the following morning the attack was expected early, and the troops were three times called to arms; but the Arabs manœuvred to get the British to advance in order to have more chance of breaking their formation.

At about ten o'clock General Stewart, in order to bring on an attack, left the baggage and most of the camels with a small guard in the station where he had passed the night, and, forming the men in a single square, with only water and ammunition-camels in the centre, marched on foot to the front, manœuvring to turn the slight works which the Arabs had thrown up. At about 11 A.M. the Arabs delivered their charge, which was most vigorous and persistent. The square was broken, but, thanks to the steady courage of the British troops, was promptly reformed. The Arabs were finally driven from the ground by the vigorous and persistent fire of the square, and retired with a loss stated by the British to have been eight hundred killed. The British loss was seventy-four killed (including four field-officers and five line-officers) and ninety-four wounded. The cavalry moved forward without delay and occupied the wells, where a strong station was established, covering the entire command.

On the 18th January, at four o'clock in the afternoon, General Stewart left the Abou-Klea station and marched towards the Nile, intending to accomplish the distance during the night; but at seven o'clock in the morning of the 19th he was still three or four miles distant from the river, with a large force of Arabs facing him. A defensive station was formed and breakfast served; but the Arabs, at long range, made the position almost untenable. Here General Sir H. Stewart was

struck down by a bullet-wound, which afterwards proved to be mortal, and the command devolved upon Sir C. Wilson. In the afternoon of the 19th, Colonel Wilson ordered an advance to the river at a point a little to the south of Metemneh. For this movement a square was formed, of which the front face was composed of the guards, the right face of the heavy cavalry, the rear face of the Royal Sussex Regiment, the left face of three companies mounted infantry. A section of a company formed a reserve in each angle of the square, and a small general reserve was composed of dismounted men of the Nineteenth Hussars.

This square advanced steadily under the fire of the Arabs, who finally delivered a charge; but in this charge the fire of the square was so heavy and well directed that the assailants never arrived within thirty yards of the British rifles.

While the advancing square was thus attacked, the defensive station in rear was also charged with great vigor, and the little garrison barely escaped destruction. But the courage and devotion to duty of officers, men, and civilians, was rewarded by a repulse of the enemy, who suffered great loss.

On reaching the river, which the British force did at Gubat, a small village to the south of Metemneh, a strong station was immediately formed, and on the 20th the wounded, the camels and horses were brought thither. The British loss on the 18th and 19th January was two officers and nineteen men killed, nine officers and ninety-four men wounded. The Arabs are said to have left two hundred and fifty men dead on the field near the river, and are also *said* to have lost about a thousand men in their attacks on the station.

On the 22d January five steamers, sent by General Gordon from Khartoum, arrived at Gubat, under command of Nusri-Pacha, with five hundred soldiers and five cannon. Soldiers and guns were landed to aid in a demonstration against Metemneh, which demonstration took place without producing any effect.

An excursion on the steamers was made to Shendy, which was violently bombarded, without producing any indication of surrender; and on the 24th January, Sir C. Wilson, with a detachment of the Royal Sussex Regiment, sailed on two of Gordon's steamers for Khartoum, to join hands with General Gordon. Colonel Boscawen was left in command of the troops.

At this time, with more than ten thousand troops under his command on the Upper Nile, General Lord Wolseley had not at any one point, apparently, a force of twenty-five hundred men, while a small body of about one thousand effective men, at a distance of nearly two hundred miles from his headquarters, was in the presence of several thousand of the enemy, who had ten thousand more within one hundred miles, and another force of some two thousand was distant two or three

days' march from his headquarters on another line, and that force approaching an enemy of unknown numbers.

Even success would hardly justify such a reckless violation of military principles, such a rash exposure of the lives of brave troops, such a risk of the honor of the flag of his country. If immediate and overwhelming disaster did not overtake the little force exposed on the banks of the Nile at Gubat, it was not because the commanding general did not unnecessarily invite it. Within view on the north the brave little band under Colonel Boscawen had a barricaded town occupied by some two thousand of the enemy, while on the south yet more were known to be watching him, and at Omdurman a much larger force, with nothing but four or five days' easy march between them. Behind them stretched a desert road of eight or ten days' heavy march to Korti, from which point (at that time) no force could advance to their assistance. Yet, by all the accounts we have received, those splendid troops were confident, and even gay, in their isolation; for they believed that they were in communication with Gordon at Khartoum, and that they had brought rescue to him. This was for them a glory which well repaid the hardships and the dangers of their long desert march, and they were the more proud of it from the fact that the glory was divided by few. Little did they then think that all their hardships and dangers had been undergone and met for naught.

The position at Gubat was carefully strengthened, the wounded were tenderly cared for, and all went well until, suddenly, serious and saddening news came from Khartoum.

Colonel Wilson had steamed carefully up the river with two boats bearing a reinforcement, with which he expected to gladden General Gordon's heart. The navigation was difficult, and the shores were occupied by hostile marksmen; so the advance was slow. On the 28th January, 1885, he arrived off the town, where he expected to be received in triumph; but, to his astonishment, he was received by an angry hostile fire, while no sign of Gordon, nor even a flag of welcome, could be seen.

Khartoum had fallen! Gordon was dead! The object of the campaign had not been accomplished, and was impossible of accomplishment. The campaign, then was an utter failure.

C. P. Stone.

HOW LORD WOLSELEY LOST THE V.C.

ALTHOUGH Lord Wolseley's breasts are covered with medals and decorations, the V.C. is not one of them, and yet the incident I am about to relate fairly entitled him to it. It occurred during the Indian mutiny of 1857, and when Lord Wolseley was a captain in the Ninetieth Foot.

The relief of the beleaguered garrison of Lucknow by the little army under Sir Colin Campbell (afterwards Lord Clyde) was one of the most brilliant feats of British daring during the Mutiny.

The force which on the morning of November 14, 1857, started from its encampment on the plain around the Alum-Bagh (Garden of the World) upon this perilous mission mustered scarcely five thousand bayonets, European and native. Between this body and the residency in which were shut up the gallant Havelock with his band of followers, and many Englishwomen and little children, was an army of upwards of fifty thousand regularly-trained native soldiers, flushed with successes and wild with fanaticism. To force a passage through this host of enemies was the work which the old Highland chieftain told the soldiers whom he led and loved he had to ask them to do. Speaking to them with the curt brevity which is eloquence when there is only time for deeds, not words, he said, "The work is one of difficulty and danger, but it must be done. We must relieve our countrymen and countrywomen, and I rely upon you." The loud outburst of cheers which was the immediate response showed that his reliance was well placed, and that the work of danger was gladly and gratefully accepted. How it was carried out,—how that little band of heroes cut their way through the beleaguering hosts and brought relief to the weary garrison when hope had almost fled, is a story of which all Englishmen are proud, and which the after-times will not willingly let die.

But it took days of hard fighting before the end was accomplished. The night of the 16th had closed over the bloody tragedy of the Secunder-Bagh, where upwards of two thousand of the rebels were killed by the Ninety-third Highlanders, the Fourth Punjaubees, and a detachment of the Fifty-third. On the morning of the 17th there was still hard work to be done. A building called the Khoorsheyd Munzil

(Happy Palace), but better known as the "Mess-House," had to be taken. After a heavy fire of three hours from Peel's guns, Sir Colin determined to carry it by storm. It was a formidable place; massive in its structure, surrounded by a ditch twelve feet broad and scarped with masonry, and beyond that a loop-holed mud wall. There were drawbridges, but it was not known whether they were down or not. Sir Colin gave the command of the storming column to Captain Garnet Wolseley, of the Ninetieth, with instructions that in the event of the drawbridges being up, and his not being able to effect an entrance, he was to leave his men under cover and return and report to him.

It was not the first storming column which Wolseley had led. Years before he had had that honor in carrying the stronghold of the Burmese chief, Myat-toon, and had been severely wounded. He was more fortunate in his attack on the Mess-House. The stormers had to run the gauntlet of a very heavy fire from the neighboring buildings, but they entered the place with little opposition, as the enemy had retired, leaving the drawbridge down. Calling upon his bugler to sound the "Advance," to intimate to Sir Colin his success, he ran up the steps of the building and planted the British flag upon the roof. But no sooner was the ensign displayed than the enemy opened fire from every gun which they could bring to bear, and twice was the flag struck down, but only to be replaced by Wolseley, assisted—strange coincidence—by a young officer of the Bengal Artillery, Lieutenant Frederick Roberts (now Sir F. Roberts, Bart., V.C., G.C.B.).

But there was another building in the hands of the enemy, the Motee-Mahal (Pearl of Palaces), the last post which separated the besieged from their deliverers. Wolseley's task, as intrusted to him by Sir Colin Campbell, was accomplished by the taking of the Mess-House. He had no instructions to do more. But there are moments in battle when opportunities are to be seized in spite of "instructions," and when what seems rashness in a commander is really the genius which justifies daring. Garnet Wolseley was not a man to bid his stormers retire under cover and "stand at ease" whilst he saw before him a prize which might be won by bold hearts with a dash. He made a rush at the Motee-Mahal, followed with joyful alacrity by his gallant fellows. The way from the garden of the Mess-House to the gateway of the Motee-Mahal was swept by the enemy's fire, but the gateway was reached. It was, however, built up and loop-holed, and through these loop-holes a murderous fire was poured upon the attacking party. Ready in resource and cool, Wolseley sent back an officer with some men to bring up crowbars and pickaxes to smash through the brickwork. This was done, but it was a hard fight to get the enemy's fire under, and the stormers lost many brave fellows. At length, however, an aperture was made in the wall, and through this Wolseley and his men scrambled into the court-yard of the palace. Fighting hand to

hand, they drove the enemy from room to room, and from yard to yard, towards the river, on the banks of which the Motee-Mahal was built. Here the fugitives threw themselves into the water and sought escape in swimming across. It was when the men were returning with the tools which he had sent for to batter down the gateway that Wolseley fairly earned the cross by a gallant act of daring. Private Andrews, who had been his servant in the Crimea, ran from under shelter to show his comrades the way across. He was immediately shot through the body from one of the loop-holes and fell. Wolseley saw this and rushed to his assistance. Raising him up, he bore him back in his arms to a place of safety, under a shower of bullets, by one of which Andrew was again wounded.

Now Wolseley had gained the Motee-Mahal, but he had not gained Sir Colin's good will. The old chief was furious at an officer exceeding his instructions, and Wolseley was advised to keep out of his way until his ire cooled. But the erst leader of the stormers of Ciudad-Rodrigo was not likely to be long angry with a kindred spirit whose disobedient daring must have recalled to him the memory of his own fiery courage, when youth and hope were his only fortune.

He gave Captain Garnet Wolseley a "wigging" for presuming to take the Motee-Mahal *without orders*, and mentioned him in his dispatches for the courage and ability he had displayed, *but he was not named for the V.C.*

"UBIQUE."

WILLET'S POINT, February 6, 1885.

TO, ABOUT, AND ACROSS MADAGASCAR.

(Continued from page 8.)

II.

THE town of Mahanovo is a small trading village, of possibly five hundred souls, native and white, situated at the mouth of the great Mangoko River. The village is built on the right bank of the stream; and the most prominent, and, in fact, the only respectable houses, are those of the European traders here, prominent among whom are the agencies of Proctor Bros., of Cowan, Livingstone & Co., and of Duff & Co. To the left of the town, and on the other side of the river, rises an abrupt promontory, densely wooded, upon which is built the governor's residence and Hova fort (?) or stockade.

Mahanovo has four times been bombarded by French gunboats, but no attempt made at permanent possession. The injury so far inflicted has been inflicted upon the European element, in the reaction to trade, in the loss of native labor, and the uncertain security due to a constant state of apprehension. Since the occupation of Tamatave by the French, and its consequent trade isolation from the interior, Mahanovo rapidly rose to be the commercial entrepôt of Eastern Madagascar. Soon the French recognized this, and sent the "Capricorn" to throw a few shells into the village by way of intimidation, with the results I have mentioned.

There is no harbor here; only an open roadstead and anchorage far from the shore, always exposed to the strong southeast winds that sweep across the Indian Ocean. On the settlement of the Malagasy difficulty, Mahanovo would undoubtedly sink into insignificance again. The climate is intensely malarial and deadly, and Europeans are *never* free from fever or its consequent effects on the system.

Preceded by a shouting, jabbering, and excited crowd of nearly naked men, women, and children, my bearers carried me, under the hot sun, through the queer village, down along the sandy beach to the muddy river-bank. Here I was carefully deposited in a very shaky canoe, and safely paddled over to the other side. Many of the natives swam across to join the party. In my chair again, my bearers toiled up the hill, through the dense overhanging growth of a tropical vege-

tation, to where I saw the roofs of several houses peeping out from a mass of green verdure, surrounded by a high bamboo stockade.

A tall, dark man, with a faded but gorgeous uniform, advanced to meet me. I alighted from the "filanzana," and took him by the hand. It was the celebrated Hova "Andrian," Rainisolofo, governor of Mahanovo, and said to be one of the most accomplished of his race in the island. He conducted me inside the stockade and up the steps of his "palace," a small but neat house of bamboo, roofed with palm-leaves. Here a lunch had been spread; and here I found his wife and child, and all the Hova officials of Mahanovo. Compliments were exchanged, patriotic toasts responded to, and then, in company with Rainisolofo, I inspected the stockade.

A lookout station had been built on the sea-side, from which a splendid view of the sea and the surrounding country could be had. One (and the only) gun was mounted here on a bamboo carriage. It was afterwards fired at the French, loaded with powder and stones. No one has discovered the whereabouts of that gun since.

The governor pointed out to me the house prepared for me,—a large and European structure, owned by a certain Frenchman named Laborde, now fled the country. Here I remained ten days, organizing a party to make the part ascent of the Mangoko River.

At this place I was taken down with a terrible attack of fever, when, for nearly a week, I was utterly unconscious of my surroundings and utterly careless of my future. When able to stand again, my health, strength, and entire system were greatly shattered, and I saw but *one* thing to do,—to push inland, and endeavor to reach the elevated plateaus of the far interior. The English gunboat "Osprey" came in the day of my departure, and her captain kindly sent his gig for me. He urgently endeavored to persuade me to give up my trip, repeatedly assuring me that only fever, exhaustion, or death awaited me.

On the following morning, in four large canoes, and accompanied by the governor, I bid farewell to little Mahanovo, and pushed up the rapid, muddy stream of the great Mangoko. Twenty miles up we landed and established the first camp. The following morning a grand "kabary" (native meeting) was held, and from out the many hundreds of natives that the news of my arrival had gathered, I picked out, with the able assistance of Rainisolofo, about one hundred and eighty persons. These were divided into squads,—1st, "filanzana" bearers; 2d, tent-men; 3d, cooks and foragers; 4th, baggage-bearers; 5th, "semandoes," or messengers, to go ahead and inform the villages of our projective arrival; and, 6th, "macvas," or soldiers (fighting-men).

The next day was an important one to me. At early dawn there commenced a terrific hubbub of voices, shouting and screaming that made the silent forest echo again. My men were breaking camp. All the large packages were strapped to long bamboo poles, the ends of

which rested on the shoulders of stalwart bearers. The filanzana-men came to my tent-door, and the tent-men soon had taken down and folded up the traveling-tent.

With increased noise if possible the procession started off finally; I shook hands for the last time with my good friend Rainisolofo, and shouldered my rifle, turned my face inland and towards the capital city of the far interior. But a narrow bridle-path marked the way; no apology for a road of any kind existed.

It is too impossible to express an idea of the density of the Malagasy forests. They are absolutely impenetrable ten feet from off the beaten track. They are, as well, absolutely silent, and nothing impresses the traveler more than this. Constant showers, in all seasons, seem to fall in the forests, and the paths are frequently knee-deep in sticky mud or rushing little rivulets themselves.

Geographically speaking, there is but little that is new to learn of the country in this part of Madagascar. The journey from Mahanovo to Antananarivo has frequently been made by foreigners, and even many ladies have gone up to the interior from the east coast. I give a general description of a formal reception at a native (Betsimasaraka) village that answers for all.

First come running in the "semandoes," or queen's messengers. These people are a type peculiar to themselves, and the profession is an hereditary one, from father to son. They receive no pay of any description, but the various tribes along their routes are at all times obliged to feed and shelter them. They carry the royal mails, and generally travel at a dog-trot between the several stations. They are the only night travelers in Madagascar. They exercise a peculiar authority, and representing a peculiar authority, are always treated with profound respect. Armed with a single assegai, and clothed only in a flowing and always gaudy "lamba," they shout from some adjacent elevation down to the village beneath of their coming. Everybody gathers to see the "semando" go through. At a trot (if he does not wish to stop) the messenger passes through the town, exclaiming in a sing-song voice, "Stand aside! I am the bearer of the words of the queen! Stand aside! stand aside!" Everybody uncovers; everybody bows and gives vent to the national exclamation of wonder or respect, a prolonged "o-o-o-o-o-o!" which they keep up till the "semando" has disappeared into the forest or over the hill. Then everybody goes to sleep again.

To represent my arrival: the "semando" shouts his message; the people gather; the chief or head-man is breathlessly told that a great white man, or "Vazah," is coming with a vast force; that he goes to see the queen, who is a great friend of his, and that a house must be swept clean for him and new mats laid down; that a bullock, or sheep, or goat must be prepared with rice and fruit. Presently my party

marches in with a great beating of native drums and as much other noise as is possible to make. All the village people are drawn up in a semicircle, with the head-man in the centre. A new mat is spread out upon the ground, and upon it are placed the presents of fruit or rice and fowls. Several men hold fast a huge restive bullock, when all uncover, all bow once towards me, once towards the Hova officials who accompany me, and finally towards the capital. There is a rambling and perfectly unpunctuated speech. The chief says, "How is Ranavalona III.? How is the prime minister? How are all the great officials? How is Antananarivo and the guns about it? How are the roads? How are the bombs? (meaning the war.) How is the great Vazah? How is your tiredness? We the people of (such and such a village) make you these presents to show our love for Ranavalona III. and her friendship for you!" Then the three bows are repeated; I take off my helmet and answer categorically each question. Everybody says "o-o-o-o-o!" and the meeting disperses for rest or for food.

Camp is always broken at early daylight to avoid the intense heat of the day; rest is taken at noon for an hour or two for the same purpose, and the journey resumed in the afternoon till the shades of gathering night forbid further progress.

The first four days of our journey may be graphically described as one continual struggle with three contradictory elements,—forest, rain, and fever. My men—the advance-guard—had cleared the road to some extent, however. Trees had been frequently felled and brushwood cleared away. Still, the constant showers filled the track with deep mud, through which my bearers struggled and tugged.

The natural characteristics of the country on the east side are so similar to those on the west coast, that I defer here a more pronounced description of them till the account of my western journey is reached. As I have said, absolute silence reigns supreme in the vast Malagasy forests. I saw no aye-aye or lemur in the Betsimasaraka country. The rubber-vine abounds and entangles everything. Huge masses of grayish moss hang in long bunches from almost every tree, and the many little streams and pools are infested with crocodiles. Overhead all is dense foliage; now and then one catches a glimpse of blue sky or the gathering clouds of a coming rain; now and then one hears the distant roar of some thundering cataract, and soon sees glistening through the trees the rapid, troubled water of some little river rushing to the sea.

The natives awake the echoes of the primeval woods with loud songs and shouts; they point out an odd bird here and there, or jest with each other as to the beauty of the women of the village we have recently left or are coming to. The Betsimasaraka song is always lascivious and lewd. Chastity is unknown among them, and still public prostitution is extremely rare.

In four days we came through the last of the forest belts and reached the foot of the great eastern range that marks the boundary of the vast plateaus of the interior. Little hills rolling into larger hills, till larger hills become respectable mountains, and they in turn rise and rise in majestic growth to make the splendid range that sweeps along the whole extent of eastern Madagascar.

Between the forest belt and this range, the Betsimasaraka villages are numerous and pretty. In all of these I was most hospitably received. It is simply out of the question to either travel, explore, or trade in this island without having some recognized authority from somebody or the government. The power of the queen is astonishing. Without her recognition exploration means destitution or death. Her word is law, and her people do not understand the value of money, but *do* understand the power of her displeasure. I shall write more fully on this subject hereafter. The whole of the Betsimasaraka region is most subservient to the authority of the queen, and the people pay profound respect to the mere mention of her name.

Two hard, very hard, days' climbing, and our whole party had succeeded in scaling the tremendous mountains that mark the rise of the Imerina plains. What a river burst upon me! Far stretching to the eastward, I could still define the dim blue of the mighty ocean. Above, the vault of an unspotted sky sweeping to a distant and a hazy horizon; here and there close down a creamy cloud blending with the color of the sea; here and there the black spot of some floating bird dark-spotted against the firmament. Then the yellow line of coast, the fringe of rising green that marks the forest growth, in places thick, in others straggling, to finally melt into one tumultuous mass of tropical verdure, sweeping to the north and south. Below me, the yellow and the broken earth, washed and torn by the downpours of many rainy seasons, point out the rise of puny hills to majestic elevations. Here and there a cluster of green; it is a Betsimasaraka village. Here and there a glistening, silver thread; it is a river rushing onward to the sea. Here and there a stretch of brown, unbroken by any color; it is the moor between forest and conflicting mountain.

To the westward vast stretches of rolling and hilly plains, dotted with innumerable towns, the same sky, the same clouds indeed, but the air! The bracing temperature of a temperate zone fills the fever-weary lungs. Around you grow the trees, the fruits of old New England. You hear the chirp of the homely cricket at night, and almost expect to see the kite of the Yankee school-boy against the cloudless sky. It is Imerina, the land of the Hovas and the home of their youthful queen.

I spent a day on the very edge of these mountains, and, though my convictions since have led me to believe that the real sources of health and development must come from the west rather than the east, still,

my impressions were and are so profound of the exceeding beauty of eastern Madagascar, that I cannot refrain from giving expression to them here.

The eastern range forms the water-shed to eastern Madagascar. Its fall is much more precipitous than to the west, and the rivers are broken by more cataracts and obstructions. The Mangoko is the principal outlet, and is not navigable more than fifty miles from the sea, hardly that distance. Tamatave and ports in Antongil Bay are the only good harbors.

The journey across the upland plateau was unbroken by any very marked incident or adventure. We slept every night in some Betsimasaraka or Hova village, and were treated with every hospitality. At the end of the tenth day of our arrival in Imerina we arrived within but a short stage from the capital. The villages were rapidly becoming larger and closer together, and many more people were met on the now somewhat broad highway. "Rakatova," a faithful guide and friend, who rarely left my side, had gone on far ahead this day. I saw his dark figure against the sky on the summit of a distant hill. He waves his spear at me frantically. My own party grow immediately excited. They shout and sing, and run by me again and again. They throw their assegais in the air, and cry out for me to look how strong they are after their long journey. Alas! many of the poor fellows were skeletons almost from fever prostrations and constant toil, and many had ulcers or sores on their shoulders from the incessant wear of the baggage-poles.

At a run now I soon join Rakatova. He takes me by the arm. He points in the still dim and misty morning light to where I see a great mass of green; then a thousand brown spots that grow to the foot of a little rising hill; that grow to a city on this hill topped by the white walls of a handsome towered building. "It is the great city! It is Antananarivo! It is the palace of Ranavalona!" breathlessly exclaims Rakatova.

I suppose in every man's life, out of the odds and the ends of incidents that go to make up the background of existence, there is some one or the other that stands out more prominently than the rest. Such an incident was to me this,—the first sight of the capital of the island,—the first sensation that I stood in the heart of Madagascar.

The same evening we came to a town, and here I rested for three days to await the permission of the queen (a Hova custom) to enter the capital. At the end of that time I was escorted into the city and lodged in a house built upon the European plan and furnished with European furniture. Here I remained till the 28th of May, 1884.

It must be remembered that the eastern part of Madagascar has very frequently been crossed and recrossed by travelers of every type, class, and nationality. There are, indeed, few geographical or scien-

tific problems to solve. Many hundreds of books have been published on the subject, and the journey inland is not dangerous or novel in any sense, save from exposure to the fever and consequent exhaustion. However, I devoted myself closely to the study of the race habits and customs of that peculiar tribe of men known as the Betsimasaraka, that populate eastern Madagascar from Antongil Bay to Port Dauphin. In a geographical sense, I claim to have discovered that the river Mongoko, the great water-course of the eastern shed, does *not* rise in Imerina at all, nor do any of its important branches. The rivers to the south of Antananarivo are feeders to the Zizitongy or Mania, and *not* to the Mangoko.

This latter point is a most important fact. The expedition to the westward has, as I have said, convinced me that the rich interior of the island must be reached by means of some great water-way emptying into the Mozambique Channel. This water, as I shall endeavor subsequently to explain, I believe to be the Mania or Zizitongy,—*it* is the Congo of Madagascar, and neither the Bemtibooka to the north or the Mangoko to the east compare with it.

Future explorations, I am confident, will bear me out in this assertion; and when it is remembered that the Zizitongy is as large as the Ohio River, and the country it drains equal in extent to our New England States, the discovery is not a minor one in geographical or commercial importance.

Broadly speaking, and briefly, I do not believe that the Betsimasaraka will ever become a trading—that is, a profitable trading—people. They have already been in contact with Europeans for two centuries, and seem only to sink lower and lower. No! as in our own country, as in the modern history of progress, so is it in Madagascar. To the West the star of commercial possibility and prospect has taken its way.

From the east coast up the scenery is frequently grand; always beautiful. But the people are lazy, degraded, indolent, and not open to either improvement, argument, or elevation. The Hova is the really *only* native spirit among them, and the only one that awakes them from indolence and decay.

Antananarivo—the "City of a Thousand Hills"—is the capital of this, the third largest island on the known surface of the globe. It has an estimated population of one hundred and twenty thousand souls. In recent years the town has been almost entirely rebuilt on a European model, so that from a not far distance it presents an appearance of an ordinary modern city, lacking, however, the tall chimneys and incessant smoke and bustle of the modern metropolis. The streets are generally narrow and badly paved, though this latter defect is rapidly being improved of late. No public means of conveyance of any kind is used in the city, except the "filanzana" borne on the backs of slaves

generally employed by the foreign residents or the Andrians and persons of high rank and caste.

Antananarivo is generally quiet, peaceful, and almost a noiseless city. At ten o'clock a gun from the palace yard is fired, and all is hushed in repose; the deathly silence of a tropical night only broken by the sing-song hail of the native sentries about the town. On two separate little eminences, and about half a mile apart, are built the palaces of the queen and of the prime minister. They are by far (except perhaps the Jesuit Cathedral) the most striking of all the buildings in the city. The former is surrounded by a high stone fence, having a gate, over the door of which is fixed a huge bronze eagle. In the interior of either the furniture is meagre and well worn; and the grounds about not well kept. But they are remarkable buildings to find in the heart of a country naturally supposed to be only semi-barbarous and uncivilized.

Several publications emanate from the capital: the *Madagascar Times*, the *Ny Gazette* (official organ), and many others in both the English and the native languages from the constantly active press of the London Missionary Society.

The houses are built mostly of semi-dried brick and roofed with native tiles. Both of the latter are manufactured in the vicinity of the city. Little carving or decoration is noticeable; the Hovas know little of modern architecture or the decorative arts. Ready imitation of European manner of housekeeping, of furniture and upholstering, is noticeable everywhere.

The principal occupation of the mass of the population seems to be always walking the streets or sitting wrapped closely in their white lambas on their haunches against every convenient wall, and dreaming the dull hours away. Sometimes a great "kabary," or public meeting, excites them to a faster walk, or to more congregation and gesticulation; and on Fridays, the capital market-day, great crowds of them press into the plain to the south of the city devoted to that purpose. At all other times they seem to have but little to do or interest them.

Many churches, some of very striking appearance and representing every variety of creed, are scattered all over the city; the largest I have mentioned as the Jesuit Cathedral. To the north of the town, and at the foot of the hill upon which stands the palace of the queen, is the great drill plain of the army. The country for many miles around is dotted around with flourishing farms and thickly-populated villages; from the roof of the prime minister's palace a grand view of interior Madagascar can be had.

During my stay in the capital very great attention was shown me, as the first United States officer ever there, by both the Hova court and queen and the many foreign residents. A presentation to Ranava-

lona III., a frequent call upon the prime minister and all the other high officers of state, expressed this. I was assiduous in visiting the missionary schools, and paid almost a daily visit to the Friends' Foreign Hospital.

In the Hova markets; studying hard the Hova dialect; investigating the question of trade, the character of the surrounding country; and compiling papers on these subjects, detained me nearly a month at Antananarivo. By that time I had come to a final decision as to my final course, and this decision I submitted to the prime minister. This dignitary presented me with an autograph letter from the queen, requesting that I should convey certain documents of an official character to the United States. This I volunteered to undertake, and have so done.

THE EXPEDITION WEST.

The means necessary: Men; money; authority.

The objects: 1st, to discover the real sources of the Zizitongy; 2d, to study the character of country it taps; 3d, to discover the extent of its navigability; 4th, to see what products it would bring to the sea; 5th, to investigate geographical characteristics; 6th, to study race habits of different tribes; 7th, to see how the western rivers reached the sea; 8th, to ascertain the location of producing tracts; 9th, to ascertain the location of mineral deposits.

The difficulties: 1st, the revolt of the Sakalavas all through western Madagascar; 2d, the driving in by Rakatava—the Sakalava slave-dealer—of all the Europeans and Hovas to the capital; 3d, the fever, resulting in exhaustion or death; 4th, to escape from the island.

As the queen desired to send a body of men, called "soldiers" by courtesy, to the west coast, following the Hova policy of slow but sure emigration, I volunteered to lead them in that direction. They numbered about three hundred and fifty souls. These, added to the one hundred and eighty I hired myself, and increased largely by the families of both, raised my total force to about seven hundred souls. I took with me under special guard sufficient money in silver five-franc pieces to pay my men upon arrival on the coast, giving to each, as is the custom, a small advance called the "vatsy." In a special audience given me by Rakavalona III., when the presentation was made of the letters I conveyed to this country, full authority was also extended by the Hova government for the proceeding of the expedition west; a most important concession and absolutely necessary as well. Hence all the "means necessary" were at command.

I wish to speak here of the "difficulties" to overcome. The attempted abolition of slavery in Madagascar was a sore blow to the partly independent (and in many cases totally so) tribes to the westward. To the Sakalava a slave is a necessity. They are a distinctly

migratory people; cattle-raisers and rice-eaters. Take his slave away —his cattle runs; no one looks out for the houses, and the rice dies in the field. There is no sentiment attached to slavery; no abuse, or mixture of blood, or brutal treatment. Slave and master eat at the same table and sleep in the same hut. Slaves indeed own slaves. The French difficulties and their doubtless tacit offers to the western tribes exerted a powerful influence in fostering a spirit of rebellion against the Hova power and authority, and the most exaggerated accounts reached the capital daily of murders, burning villages and fleeing men and women, from the west.

It was considered, even among the foreign residents in Antananarivo, a simple piece of suicide for a white man to venture into this country. At a public meeting in the capital, attended by nearly all the foreign residents there, a resolution of the most kindly spirit was presented me, protesting against my attempting such a feat, as disaster would convey to the outside world an idea of the savagery and barbaric character of the people, now unduly excited by other causes, not consistent with the advanced civilization of the Hovas. I listened to all they had to say, and in reply made a few brief words, thanking them most heartily.

Noon of May 27 I mustered my little army on the plain adjacent to the capital; made a short address to them through an interpreter, and dismissed them for the night. Baggage was distributed, cooks appointed, and the same arrangements effected as in the case of starting from Mahanóvo. That night was a restless one to me. A thousand conflicting thoughts passed one after another across my brain. *Was* I doing right? *Should* I have listened to the advice of wiser and older heads? I found but one answer. Go!

M. A. SHUFELDT,
Lieutenant U.S.N.

(To be continued.)

THE SONG OF THE SWORD.

In a gloom-vestured chamber, a chamber of oak,
Darkly-hued by the ages, and tarnished with smoke,
O'er the cold, cheerless hearthstone, with thoughts roving yore,
Hangs a sword, dull and gashed, called to warfare no more.

'Tis myself; I am found in brave company, I grant,
With a battle-scarred shield, and a helm, which in chant
Of the combat have joined with a high-tempered ring,
Meeting axe swept in air, or the arrow on wing.

O thou past, could I hide thee! that never again
Thou couldst rise as a spectre with woe in thy train!
That forever thy memories, so freighted with doom,
Could be sunk and immured in oblivion's black tomb!

I think first of the day when the castle was stirred
By the musical blast of a horn faintly heard;
How the draw was let down, as all gayly in sight
Dashed fair ladies and knights in their panoply dight.

How the long cavalcade passed in splendor and state
'Neath the high-raised portcullis that guarded the gate;
And my lord wore me gently, for close at his side
Rode the beauty, all peerless, brought hither his bride.

Then I think, ah! I think of a tourney so gay,
When the banners and mail flashed as suns to that day:
Whilst the eyes of proud dames shone with lustre more bright
Than aught else that there sparkled and glistered in light.

How my lord proved the champion; and spurring his steed
Towards the one whose pale face had incited his deed,
He took note that her love whelmed with treason's foul stain
That prone knight, crushed in pride, though defiant to pain.

How my lord's vengeful dagger sprang out from its lair,
To find home in the breast of his lady so fair:
And the lover, though fallen, that steel bravely drew,
And then sheathed it again in a heart false yet true.

How my lord cast his gauntlet, and cast it once more,
And, outstretching his arm, on my hilt fiercely swore
That he'd prove on the body of baron or knight
That his mistress was false, and he clear in God's sight.

How the tread of steel clogs on the startled air rang,
When came knight, who fell down on his knee with a clang;
And, uplifting his visor, threw passion's last look
On his saint, though polluted, whose dead hand he took:

As he bended upon her, till plume from his crest
Dipped the torrent of crimson that gushed from her breast,—
And detaching his scarf, chastely-white as the snow,
Dyed it red, and more red in that sorrowful flow.

And fast binding the scarf round his helmet's steel throat,
Whilst the blood streamed in rivers o'er corselet and coat,
He bestrode his proud charger, which, winged with his hate,
Sought the spot where, remounted, my lord sat in wait.

How the trumpets shrieked out; and as lightning's bright flash
Seemed the sheen and the shiver of lance in that clash;
And the foemen, unhorsed, drew their swords to the fight,
Till was blent in that scarf blood of lady and knight.

But from matin's first chime to the complin's last tone,
Soon a monk knelt in tears on his cell's bitter stone;
As he prayed for a soul, in his love for aye kept:
'Twas my lord, lord no longer, who kneeled and who wept.

GEORGE H. HOWARD.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

COMMODORE JOHN BARRY, SENIOR OFFICER OF THE U. S. NAVY FROM 1783–1803.[1]

SAUCY JACK BARRY, as he was called by his contemporaries, the Irish Catholic hero of our navy, was born at Tacumsbrane, Wexford County, Ireland, in the year 1745, and was, therefore, about a year old or less when the battle of Culloden, April 16, 1746, extinguished the hopes of the House of Stuart. His father was a respectable farmer, and imbued his son with that high-toned magnanimity and chivalrousness which were conspicuous attributes of his character.

His home being within sight of the sea, at a very early age he manifested such a strong inclination to follow the life of a sailor that his father was induced to gratify his desire by putting him on board a merchantman, in which service he continued several years. The opportunities afforded by the intermissions of his voyages were improved to his advantage by his applying himself to study, by which he acquired a good parochial education, which, with his fidelity to duty and indefatigable industry, helped him to rise rapidly in his chosen profession.[2]

His first voyages were between British ports and Philadelphia, and in his fourteenth or fifteenth year, or about 1760, he arrived in America, which he immediately determined to make the country of his adoption. After making this decision, he was not long without employment, and soon entered the service of Messrs. Willing and Norris, Mr. Nixon, and Mr. Reese Meredith, and possessed the unreserved confidence of these his employers. His connection with them was the ground of a sincere and lasting friendship. He thus continued growing in reputation, and acquiring by industry and perseverance a decent competency, and at the age of twenty-five (1770) he was the captain of the "Black Prince,"[3] one of the best packet-vessels of that day. The owner of

[1] The biographical sketches of Commodore Barry referred to in the preparation of this article can be found in the Encyclopædia Americana, 1836; National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans (with a portrait engraved from a painting by Gilbert Stuart), vol. ii.; *The Portfolio*, vol. ii., 3d series, 1813, with a portrait; Frost's Lives of American Commodores, 1845; Goldsborough's Naval Chronicle, vol. i., 1824; Hamersly's Naval Encyclopædia, 1881.

[2] *Portfolio*, July, 1813. *The Portfolio* says the incidents of its sketch were furnished by two gentlemen then (1813) living, who were intimately acquainted with Commodore Barry, and enjoyed his friendship from a very early period in life, one of whom sailed with him during the Revolution as a subordinate officer.

[3] This vessel was not named for Edward, the Black Prince of England, but for an Iroquois chieftain.

that ship was Mr. Meredith,[4] of Philadelphia, at whose house General Washington was an occasional visitor. Here he first met the young sailor, and marked the future commodore.[5] The "Black Prince" was afterwards purchased by Congress, and, having been renamed the "Alfred," was the flag-ship of Ezekiel Hopkins, and of the first squadron put to sea by the American colonies.

Young Captain Barry was already an American in heart and soul when the Revolutionary war began, and, of the enthusiastic age of thirty, at once espoused the cause of the oppressed colonies with great zeal, and embarked his all in the struggles of his adopted country. He gave up, to use his own language, "the finest ship and the first employ in America, and entered into the service of his adopted country." At the commencement of our Revolutionary struggle it was important to select for naval officers those whose valor and discretion, experience and skill, would give the utmost efficiency. The union of these qualities in Barry recommended him to the notice of Congress, and he was honored by that body with one of its first naval commissions;[6] and by a resolution of Congress, passed October 10, 1776, he ranked No. 7 on the list of twenty-four captains then appointed. Previously he superintended the building of a vessel for the State of Pennsylvania, and in February, 1776, eight months before his commission as above, he was appointed to the command of the brig "Lexington," of fourteen 4-pounder guns and a crew of seventy men, which sailed in March, and was the first Continental vessel of war that sailed from the port of Philadelphia. His orders were to clear out the small British cruisers which were infesting the coast (notwithstanding the presence of a British 42-gun ship and two frigates in the capes of the Delaware), in which he was quite successful. On the 17th of April, 1776, off the capes of Virginia, he fell in with the armed tender "Edward," which, after a spirited contest, he captured. The "Lexington" had four of her crew killed and wounded, while the "Edward" was nearly cut to pieces, and met with a very heavy comparative loss of men. This was the first capture of any vessel of war by a regular American cruiser bearing the Continental flag.

Captain Barry was, as we have shown, in October, ranked by Congress No. 7 on the list of captains, and was appointed to the "Effingham," 28, one of three large frigates building in Philadelphia; but as the rigorous winter prevented the ship from getting to sea, he

[4] Another account says the "Black Prince" was purchased from John, a son of Richard Nixon, who is said to have been a native of the same county (Wexford) in Ireland as Captain Barry.

[5] J. O'Kane Murray's sketch of Commodore Barry in *Donahoe's Magazine*.

[6] He was originally commissioned a captain June 6, 1776, being No. 11, and ranking James Nicholson four numbers, who, on the readjustment of relative rank, from whatever unknown influence, on October 10, 1776, was placed number *one* of the list of captains and Captain Barry number *seven*.

volunteered his services in the army, and served with distinguished reputation as an aide-de-camp to General Cadwallader in the operations which took place in the vicinity. During the suspension of navigation he obtained the command of a company of volunteers, and, with some heavy cannon, took part in the battles of Trenton and Princeton. His dashing bravery and cool judgment won the admiration of all. After the British army, under Lord Howe, had obtained possession of Philadelphia, Captain Barry continued in command of the "Effingham," which was still ice-bound, and took her up the Delaware a few miles from the city, and, to save her from the enemy, placed her in a position which the English general saw could be rendered of great service to the British if the vessel and her commander could be gained over to the royal cause. Lord Howe accordingly offered this "Irish Catholic" fifteen thousand guineas and the command of a British line-of-battle ship if he would deliver up his vessel and join them with the "Effingham." With noble indignation he replied, "He had devoted himself to the cause of his country, and not the value or command of the whole British fleet could seduce him from it." The "Effingham" never got to sea, and was never finally armed or equipped.

Captain Barry, it seems, as early as November, 1777, received orders to sink the "Effingham" at White Hall, as appears from the following letter, which is still extant:

"To JOHN BARRY, ESQ.,

"Commander on board the Frigate Effingham.

"SIR,—As we understand your ship is now scuttled and ready for sinking, you are hereby directed to remove her a little below White Hall; and, having found a suitable birth, where she may lye on a soft Bottom, and be easily got off at a Common Tide, you are to sink there without further Delay. We expect this business will be completed by sunset this evening, and Report thereof made to this Board.

"FRA'S HOPKINSON,
"JOHN WHARTON,
"Continental Navy Board.

"BORDEN TOWN, Nov. 2, 1777."

Captain Barry, in his letter of January 10, 1778, which follows, says he received this order on or *about* the 24th of November. Either his memory was at fault, or this order not having been received or complied with, a second order of a later date was addressed to him.

The following important letter, which our fiery and hot-headed Irishman addressed to Congress, was first published in the *Historical Magazine* (Chas. B. Richardson, New York, vol. iii., 1857) from the original manuscript in the handwriting of Paul Jones, but signed by Barry, and narrates a disagreeable controversy he had with Francis Hopkinson in regard to the destruction of the "Effingham," etc., which resulted in a severe reprimand. His great merit as a naval officer alone prevented his dismissal from the service:

"YORK, January 10, 1778.

"GENTLEMEN,—Having been ordered to attend Congress to answer a complaint of the Navy Board, I now beg leave to lay before your Honors the following facts, which I can prove, and which I hope will set my conduct in a fairer point of view in the eyes of your Honors, than that in which the Navy Board have placed it. On or about the 24th of November last (1777) I received an order from the Board, desiring a return of the men on board my ship, the 'Effingham,' which I instantly complied with. Two or three days afterward verbal orders came to Whitehall for Captain Read and myself to attend the Board at Bordenton immediately. This we complied with, traveling two miles in the midst of a heavy rain. Having waited on Mr. Hopkinson, he gave orders, in writing, to prepare our ships immediately for sinking or burning, which he delivered to me as Senior officer, and I, on going out, communicated to Captain Read. We returned to Whitehall, where our ships lay, and began clearing them of their stores and material; but, as Captain Read was in want of hands, he went up the next day to Bordenton to hire some, and on his return informed me that Mr. Wharton had told him the frigates should be sunk that night or next morning. It is necessary for me to inform your Honors that, previous to the receipt of orders for sinking, Captain Read and myself had taken every measure to defend our vessels from all attempts of the enemy, and those measures, we are morally certain, would have been effectual in repelling any force the enemy could have sent up the river to take possession of or to destroy our ships. The 'Washington' had on board thirteen guns, 12's, 6's, and 4-pounders. I had on board my ship (the 'Effingham') ten guns,—part of these guns we had collected from the merchant vessels, then up at Bordenton, which they readily gave us for our defence. We had also enrolled eighty good men on board each of our frigates, partly collected from the said merchant vessels, and ready for action at the shortest notice. Besides, we had expectations of getting men from the shallops that were coming down from Trenton. I had one of my boats with a 3-pounder in her, and Captain Read's barge ready for lookout boats; added to this a heavy fresh in the river, occasioned by the great rain which fell at that time, made it impossible for the enemy's boats to come up. Being conscious of the secure situation of our ships, we thought it our duty to expostulate with the Navy Board before they were rashly destroyed, and for that purpose we waited on the said Board, and communicated the precautions we had taken; and added that were General Washington fully acquainted with the security of the ships, he would not order them sunk, and, further, that they might be made ready for sinking should the worst happen. I then offered to go to His Excellency the General, and give him full information of all that had been done. Mr. Hopkinson answered that the Board had already wrote the General the ships should be sunk, and that sooner than they should disobey one Jot of his orders they would rather the whole thirteen Frigates[7] should be sunk. I think it necessary at this period to exculpate myself from a charge which the Navy Board, in the extract of their letter furnished me by order of Congress, has laid against me, viz.: 'In the presence of several strangers, he, in the most indecent terms, refused to execute our orders.' Now I do aver that the following conversation passed only in the presence of Captain Read and the Board. Mr. Hopkinson informed us that His Excellency the General had been informed by a lad from Philadelphia that the enemy were preparing boats, and the Frigates might possibly be their object. I assured him that boats could not board us. He replied he would take General Washington's opinion sooner than mine. I told him I did not doubt that, but that nevertheless I knew more about a ship than General Washington and the Navy Board together, and they that ordered my ship sunk, unless by the direction of the Marine Committee, I should protest against; that I was commissioned by Congress to command her, and therefore expected to be con-

[7] Meaning the thirteen frigates that had been ordered by Congress, of which the "Washington" and "Effingham" were two.

sulted before she was destroyed.[8] Mr. Hopkinson replied, 'You shall obey our orders;' *upon which I left him.* (Of course in high dudgeon.) I leave it to your Honors to judge wherein are the indecent terms in which I refused to execute the orders of the Board. I immediately repaired to my ship, got all clear and acquainted the Board of it the 30th of November last. A few hours afterwards Mr. Hopkinson came down to Whitehall with an order to haul the ships on shore and sink them *by sunset.* This was a wrong time of the tide, yet the orders were punctually obeyed. Not satisfied with giving the orders, Mr. Hopkinson came on board my ship himself, and as soon she struck the ground he ordered the plugs out,[9] and the water ran in so fast we could not heel the ship to the bank, in consequence of which she lay down on her beam ends, and was very near oversetting.

"The next morning I went to Bordenton and acquainted the Board with the situation of the ship. I was told it was a misfortune,[10] and that we must do the best to remedy it. I informed them that nothing on my part should be wanting.

"The Board then gave me verbal orders to hire all the hands I wanted, which I found to be a very difficult matter, being obliged to coax them and pay extravagant wages. I made two efforts at different times to raise the ship, but without success. Having concluded on making a third trial, I had occasion to send to the Board for some things which were necessary for that purpose; when I received for answer that Mr. Hopkinson would come down and raise her himself. This insult I overlooked, having the getting up of the ship much at heart. Accordingly I took all the purchases I could think of, and got everything ready. About ten o'clock I sent up to the Navy Board for as many of Colonel Nicholas's invalids as they could send, the day having then cleared up (it snowing in the morning) pretty moderate. In the interim I collected all the seamen I could, and began to heave upon the purchases. About one o'clock a sergeant and six or seven of the invalids came to my assistance.

"I think it necessary to acquaint your Honors that in the two former attempts to raise the ships I had from twenty to twenty-five of these men, and was much disappointed to see so few of them on this occasion, and asked the sergeant the reason. He told me that Messrs. Hopkinson and Wharton had ordered him to bring such of the men as were well attired. However, with this supply I set to work with as much ardor as possible. After some time Mr. Hopkinson came running out, saying, 'Captain Barry, doth she rise?' 'No, sir; how can she rise when you keep the people back?' 'Poh!' says he, 'you are always grumbling!' 'What do you say?' 'Go along,' says he, 'and mind your own business, you scoundrel!' 'It is a lie!' says Barry. 'What! do you tell me I lie?' he replied. 'It was a lie in them that said so.' I then called the sergeant who brought the men, when he repeated that the Board had given him orders to bring the well-clothed men down; upon which Mr. Hopkinson told me he would bring me to an account for this. My answer was, 'D—n you, I don't value you more than my duty requires.' 'Sir,' says he, 'you never minded your duty.' I immediately told him he was 'a liar,' and that the Continental Congress knew that I had minded my duty, and added that had he minded his duty as well this ship would not be in her present condition. Mr. Hopkinson retired, and (says Barry with eloquent simplicity, then free of his interference), 'I pursued my business until one of the purchases gave way.'

"This, gentlemen, is a true relation, as nearly as I can recollect, and I submit to your Honors' judgment how far my conduct has been blameable. I shall only add that it has been a principal study with me to behave with the greatest respect

[8] The fiery commodore was no doubt right as to his knowledge, but in his earnest passion did not see that he was unavailingly "kicking against the pricks" of those over him, who in their supreme ignorance claimed to have superior knowledge.

[9] We can imagine Captain Barry's indignation at this interference of an ignorant landsman, with him on board of his own ship.

[10] He evidently thought it was mismanagement.

to the Navy Board ever since their appointment, and I would just suggest to your Honors whether the good of the service does not require the *captains of the navy* to be treated with complaisance as gentlemen, so long as they observe their duty? For my part, I should think myself unworthy of the commission the Honorable Congress has been pleased to give me could I tamely put up with different treatment. I have the honor to be, Gentlemen,

"Your most obt. Humble servant,

"JOHN BARRY."

It appears from the Journal of the Continental Congress, vol. iv., that this letter was read on the 13th of January and referred to the Marine Committee, and that on the 29th of January a letter of the 19th, from Francis Hopkinson, one of the commissioners of the Navy Board, concerning the conduct of Captain Barry, was read, whereupon

"It was moved that Captain Barry be not employed in the expedition, assigned to his conduct by the Marine Committee, with the approbation of Congress, until further orders of Congress.

"Question put,—the States were equally divided."

Again, on the 21st of February,

"The Marine Committee, to whom were referred the complaint of the Navy Board in the Middle Department against Captain Barry, report as their opinion, 'That Captain Barry hath treated the said Board, in the person of Mr. Hopkinson, one of that Board, with indecency and disrespect, and that he ought, within twenty days, having been notified by said Board, make such acknowledgments as shall be satisfactory to them.'

"*Resolved*, That Congress agree to said report."

We have no knowledge what further notice was taken of this affair, but it is to be inferred that the irascible captain made satisfactory acknowledgment to the Navy Board, and all the difficulties between him and it were smoothed away and happily adjusted, as on the 13th of March following, and twenty days after its report, we find the Marine Committee laying before Congress "a copy of a proposed letter to Captain Barry, among other things empowering him to purchase for the uses of the Continental Congress, and to fit out, a vessel which he has lately taken in Delaware Bay," and presented the following:

"*Resolved*, That Congress approve of the purchase being made, and that it be referred to the Marine Committee, to give such directions as they judge proper respecting the arming, officering, and manning the sail-vessel when purchased, and the manner in which she is to be employed."

On the 7th of May the British sent up from Philadelphia about seven hundred soldiers in four galleys, an armed brig and schooner, and twenty-four flat-bottomed boats, and landed at Whitehall, where they burnt the Continental frigates "Effingham" and "Washington," two privateers of fourteen and ten guns each, the ship "Montgomery," pierced for twenty-four guns, several other ships, and a number of vessels in Crosswicks Creek. It appears to have been a very successful raid on the part of the British.

While the English held the Delaware, Barry gave them constant annoyance by boat expeditions, cutting off their supplies and smaller craft, and in procuring supplies for the American army in periods of necessity. On one occasion proceeding down the river with four row-boats and twenty-eight men in the night, undiscovered by the English, he captured without loss two ships, "transports from Rhode Island loaded with forage (one mounting six 4-pounders), with fourteen hands each," and a schooner in the engineering department, mounting eight double fortified 4-pounders, and manned with thirty-three men, for which he received the thanks of Washington.[11] The courage that inspired this small and heroic band "is not alone sufficient to account for his wonderful success, and as it must be ascribed to a combination of daring bravery and consummate skill, by which the diminutive power under his command was directed with unerring rapidity and irresistible force."[12] While the British had command of the city and forts on the river in 1777, it was deemed prudent to send the vessels up the river to Whitehall, and Barry was a principal agent in effecting their escape, but the vessels were soon after destroyed by the enemy. While the frigates were lying near Whitehall,[13] Commodore Barry formed a project which for boldness of design and dexterity of execution was not surpassed during the war. It struck him that the enemy might be annoyed by small boats, properly armed, which, stationed down the river and bay, might intercept supplies to the enemy. He accordingly manned the boats of his command, and at night, with muffled oars, descended the river. He arrived opposite the city before the enemy or citizens of Philadelphia had any information of the movement.

Surprised, all was consternation and alarm, and the object of the expedition was effected. Supplies of provisions from the surrounding country were intercepted, and several vessels loaded with military munitions and private stores for British officers were captured. Washington spoke with great satisfaction of this enterprise and those concerned in it, and gave a public expression of his thanks to Commodore Barry and his officers.

After the destruction, May 7, 1778, of the "Effingham" Barry was appointed, September, 1778, to the command of the "Raleigh," 32, one of the frigates ordered by Congress, built at Portsmouth, and launched May 21, 1776, which then lay at Boston, Massachusetts.

The "Raleigh" sailed from Boston on the 25th of September, 1778, at 6 A.M., having a brig and a sloop under convoy. The wind was

[11] Washington's letter to Barry, dated Headquarters, March 12, 1778; Sparks's Life and Writings of Washington, vol. v. p. 271. The "Effingham" was burnt by the English May 7, 1778.

[12] National Portrait Gallery.

[13] Frost's Life of Commodore Barry.

fresh from the northwest, and the frigate ran off northeast. At noon two strange sails were seen to leeward, distant fifteen or sixteen miles. Orders were given to the convoy to haul nearer to the wind, and to crowd all the sail they could carry, the strangers in chase. After dark the "Raleigh" lost sight of the enemy, as by that time the two ships were ascertained to be, and the wind became light and variable. The "Raleigh" now cleared for action, and kept her crew at quarters all night, having tacked towards the land. In the morning it proved to be hazy, and the strangers were not to be seen. The "Raleigh" was still standing towards the land, which she shortly after made ahead quite near. About noon the haze clearing away, the enemy were seen to windward crowding all sail in chase. The weather thickened again and the "Raleigh" lost sight of her two pursuers, when she hauled off to the eastward. That night (26th) no more was seen of the enemy, and at daylight Captain Barry took in everything with a view to conceal the position of the ship, which was permitted to drift under bare poles. Finding nothing visible at 6 A.M., the 27th, the "Raleigh" crowded sail once more and stood southeast by east. But at half-past 9 A.M. the two ships were discovered astern, and in chase. The "Raleigh" now hauled close upon a wind, heading northwest with her larboard or, as now called, port tacks[14] abroad. The enemy also came to the wind, all three vessels carrying hard with a staggering breeze. The "Raleigh" now fairly outsailed the strangers, running eleven knots two fathoms on a *dragged* bowline.

Unfortunately, at noon the wind moderated, when the leading vessel of the enemy overhauled the "Raleigh" quite fast, and even the ship astern held way with her. At 4 P.M. the "Raleigh" tacked to the westward, with a view to discover the force of the leading vessel of the enemy, and about the same time she made several low islands, the names of which were not known. At 5 P.M. the leading vessel in chase having nearly closed with the "Raleigh," the latter edged away and crossed her forefoot, brailing her mizzen and taking in her staysails. The enemy showed a battery of fourteen guns of a side on two decks and set St. George's ensign. In passing, the "Raleigh" delivered her broadside, which was returned, when the stranger came up under the lee quarter of the "Raleigh," and the action became steady and general. At the second fire the "Raleigh" lost her fore-topmast and mizzen-topgallant-mast, which gave the enemy an advantage in manœuvring throughout the remainder of the affair. Finding the broadside of the "Raleigh" getting too hot for him, the enemy soon shot ahead, and for a short time, while the "Raleigh" was engaged in clearing the

[14] Somewhere about 1838 to 1840, by order of the Secretary of the Navy, the term "port" was substituted in the United States navy for larboard, in consequence of the confusion and frequent misunderstanding arising from the similarity in sound of starboard and larboard before used.

wreck of her spars, he engaged to windward, and at a distance. Ere long, however, the English ship edged away and attempted to rake the "Raleigh," when Captain Barry bore up, and, bringing the ships alongside of each other, he endeavored to board, which the other, favored by all his canvas and superiority of sailing in a light breeze, easily avoided. By this time the other ship had got so near as to render it certain she would very soon close, and escape by flight being out of the question in the crippled condition of the ship, Captain Barry called a council of his officers. It was then determined to attempt to run the frigate on shore, the land being within a few miles. The "Raleigh" was accordingly wore around, and stood for the land, her antagonists sticking to her in the most gallant manner, and both ships maintaining the action with spirit. About midnight, however, the enemy hauled off, and left the "Raleigh" to pursue her course towards the land. The engagement had lasted seven hours, much of the time in close action, and both vessels had suffered materially, the "Raleigh" in particular in her spars, rigging, and sails. The darkness soon after concealing his ship, Captain Barry had some hopes of getting off among the islands, and was in the act of bending new sails for that purpose, when the enemy's ships again came in sight closing fast. The "Raleigh" immediately opened a brisk fire from her stern guns, while every effort was continued to force the ship towards the land. The enemy, however, easily closed again, and opened a heavy fire from the positions they had taken on the "Raleigh's" quarter. Captain Barry, finding the island was rocky and that it might be defended, determined to land and to burn his ship; a project that was rendered practicable, as the enemy had ceased firing and had anchored about a mile distant. A large party of the men got on shore, and the boats were about to return for the remainder, when it was discovered that by the treachery of a petty officer the ship had surrendered. The officers and men on the island escaped, but the ship was got off the next day, and afterwards placed in the royal navy and cruised upon our coast under the name of ——.

The two ships that captured the "Raleigh" were the "Experiment," 50, Captain Wallace, and the "Union," 22. The latter mounted twenty-eight guns, and was the ship that engaged the "Raleigh" so closely, so long, and so obstinately. She was much cut up, losing her masts *after* the action, and had ten men killed and many wounded. The "Raleigh" had twenty-five men killed and wounded. The island on which the "Raleigh" was run on shore, and to which a portion of her officers and crew escaped, is called Wooden Ball,[15] and lies above twenty miles from the mouth of the Penobscot, being the outermost of all the islands and rocks in this immediate vicinity. In the chase the "Raleigh"

[15] The biography of Barry, in *The Portfolio*, July, 1813, third ser., vol. ii., calls it Fox's Island.

shifted her ground about two degrees to the west and about one to the east.

Barry gained great credit for his gallantry on this occasion, and he soon was given a new command.[16] Making several voyages to the West Indies in letters of marque, after the destruction of the "Raleigh," he was, at the request of Paul Jones, ordered to the command of the "America," 74, built at Portsmouth, which, however, was presented to France.

He was next appointed, in 1781, to command the frigate "Alliance," 36, so named in honor of the alliance with France, and then at Boston. In February, 1781, she sailed from Boston for L'Orient, having on board Colonel John Laurens, and his secretary, Major William Jackson,[17] on an important embassy to the French court. During the passage he captured the English privateer "Alert" of ten guns. This privateer had captured a valuable ship belonging to Venice, which, out of respect for the laws of nations and rights of neutrality, Captain Barry immediately released after landing Laurens and Jackson. He sailed from L'Orient early in 1781, in company with a vessel called the "Marquis of Lafayette," of forty guns, bound to America with stores, and having taken many valuable prizes, on the 2d of April fell in with and took two Guernsey privateers, the "Mars" of thirty-four and the "Minerva" of ten guns. Parting with his consort and prizes, on the 28th of May two vessels were discovered on the weather bow standing for the "Alliance." Approaching near enough to be kept in sight during the night, they hauled by the wind, and stood on the same course with the frigate.

At daylight on the 29th it became quite calm; at sunrise American colors were hoisted on board the "Alliance," and the drum was beat to quarters; at the same time the strange sails were discovered to be a ship and a brig. A British flag was hoisted on board the "Alliance," and, by the aid of sweeps, she having been got within hailing distance, it was ascertained that the ship was Her British Majesty's ship of war "Atlanta," Captain Edwards, twenty guns and one hundred and thirty men, and her consort the brig "Trespass," of —— guns and eighty men, Captain Smith. Barry ordered them to haul down their colors, which being refused, the cannonading immediately began. The "Alliance," from want of wind, was like a log in the water; while the enemy, by means of their sweeps, could select their position; they accordingly kept on the quarters and athwart the stern of

[16] The main particulars of this action are derived from Cooper's Naval History, compared with the account in the *Pennsylvania Packet*, October 22, 1778, and other authorities.

[17] Afterwards Assistant Secretary of War, secretary of the Federal Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States, and the private secretary of President Washington.

the "Alliance," so that but few guns could be brought to bear on them;[18] about two o'clock the commodore was wounded in the left shoulder by a grapeshot. The wound, though dangerous and excessively painful, did not prevent his remaining on the quarter-deck for some time, until the loss of blood obliged him to be carried to the cockpit. Shortly after the colors of the "Alliance" were shot away, and this happening in the interval of a reloading of her guns, the enemy concluded she had struck, and manned the shrouds and huzzaed in token of victory. They were soon undeceived, the American flag was at once rehoisted, and the renewal of the fire from the "Alliance" sent them back to their quarters. A little wind fortunately springing up, the broadside of the "Alliance" was brought to bear on the enemy and did great execution, so that at 3 P.M. both the ship and brig's colors were struck. When Captain Edwards, of the "Atlanta," was conducted to Barry in his cabin, he presented his sword, which Barry at once returned to him, observing at the same time "he richly merited it, and that his king ought to give him a better ship."

Soon after Barry was wounded, and had been carried below, one of the lieutenants went to him in the cockpit, and, after representing to him the shattered state of the sails and rigging, and the number of killed and wounded, and the disadvantage of the combat from want of wind, etc., asked him if the colors should be struck. "No!" he replied. "If the ship cannot be fought without me, I will be carried on deck." When the crew were informed of his brave determination, they one and all agreed to "stick by him." And, as soon as his wound was dressed, he insisted on being carried on deck; but before he had reached it the enemy had struck. The "Alliance" had eleven killed and twenty-one wounded, among the latter several of her officers. Her rigging and spars were much shattered, and she was severely damaged in her hull. The enemy had an equal number killed and thirty wounded.

In the autumn of 1781 the "Alliance" was ordered to take Lafayette and the Comte de Noailles to France on public business, and she sailed from Boston with them on board on Christmas-day.

After landing her passengers, the "Alliance," still under command of Captain Barry, left L'Orient in February, 1782, and continued cruising in the West Indies with success until March, 1783, when, shortly after leaving Havana, in company with the "Luzerne," Captain Greene, *three* frigates were discovered right ahead, two leagues distant. The "Luzerne" had on board a large amount of specie, upon which it was intended to found a "Bank of North America." The danger to the specie was considered so imminent that it was at once transferred to the "Alliance;" and the "Luzerne" not being as fast as the "Alliance," Barry ordered her captain to throw his guns overboard

[18] Frost's Lives of the Commodores.

and make his escape. Before this order was carried a sail was discovered on the weather bow, bearing down on them, which proved to be a French frigate, a ship of fifty guns. At sight of them, relying upon the assistance of the French ship, Barry concluded to bring the headmost ship in chase of him to action. After inspiring his men by a short address, he went from gun to gun, and cautioned them against haste, to take deliberate aim, and not to fire until ordered. The enemy's ship, which it was afterwards ascertained was the "Sibyl," was of equal size with the "Alliance," and a severe engagement followed. Most of the enemy's guns were silenced, and, after an action of fifty minutes, the ship was so severely damaged that she hoisted a signal of distress, when her consorts, who had been watching the French ship and the "Luzerne," came up and joined her. The captain of the French ship, on coming up with the "Alliance," assigned as his reason for keeping aloof from the action that he was apprehensive the "Alliance" had been captured, and the engagement was only a decoy. After this explanation, sail was made by the French and American ships; but the French ship being unable to keep up with the "Alliance," it was reluctantly given over when night came on. In this action the "Sibyl" had thirty-seven killed and fifty wounded. On board the "Alliance" three only were killed and eleven wounded. Many years after, when Captain James Vaughan, or Vashon (?), who commanded the "Sibyl" in this action, was a vice-admiral, commanding a squadron in the Mediterranean, in conversation with a distinguished American gentleman, he inquired for Captain Barry, and, with sailor-like frankness, confessed he had never seen a ship so ably fought as the "Alliance," and that, to use his own words, "he had never received such a drubbing," and that he was indebted to the assistance of his consorts for his escape. Barry brought the money he took from the "Luzerne" safely to Philadelphia.

It was on the occasion of this action that he gained the sobriquet of "Saucy Jack Barry." When hailed by the "Sibyl" as to the name of his ship, captain, etc., he replied, "This is the United States ship 'Alliance,' saucy Jack Barry, half Irishman, half Yankee; who are you?" Which was paraphrased by Freneau, the poet of our Revolution, thus,—

"This is the ship 'Alliance'
From Philadelphia town,
And proudly bids defiance
To England's king and crown.
A captain on her deck I stand
To guard her banner true,
Half Yankee and half Irishman:
What tyrant's slave are you?"

It was also of this action the story is told that a shot entered the counter of the "Alliance" and made its way into the pantry, where

all the china-ware belonging to the captain was stowed; and the African steward or servant, a great favorite with Captain Barry, rushed up on the quarter-deck to him, and exclaimed, "Massa, dat Ingressman's shot hab broke all de china!" "You rascal," said the commodore, "why did you not stop that ball?" "Sha, massa," said the negro, "cannon-ball must hab room!"

On the organization of the navy of the United States, March 27, 1794 (which authorized the purchasing or building, equipping and supplying of four ships to carry forty-four guns and two to carry thirty-six guns, also authorized six captains of the navy and twenty-two lieutenants, etc.), Commodore Barry was appointed by President Washington the senior officer, or No. 1 of the six captains commissioned, and was directed to superintend the building of the frigate "United States" of forty-four guns, which was launched July 10, 1797, and was the first of the frigates of the new navy to be got into the water. His commission, which was in 1876 in the possession of Mrs. Leiper, a collateral descendant, appoints him "a captain in the navy of the United States, and commander of the frigate called the 'United States' from the fourth of June, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-four." It is registered No. 1 by T. M. Stagg, chief clerk, and, whether by accident or design, bears date *February* 22, 1797, and is signed by George Washington, President, and countersigned by James McHenry, Secretary of War. Mrs. Leiper had also in her possession his certificate as a member of the Society of the Cincinnati, dated at Mount Vernon, Virginia, October 31, 1787, also signed by Washington as President and General Knox as Secretary, and his medal and badge which had been presented to him by Lafayette.

During the partial maritime war into which we were drawn by the aggressions of the cruisers of the French republic, Commodore Barry was constantly and actively employed; and though fortune did not afford him an opportunity of signalizing himself by any splendid victory, yet he rendered essential service to the commercial interests by protecting its flag from the depredations of the French privateers which infested the ocean. He was also president of a board of officers—the other members of which were Captains Truxton, Dale, Decatur, and Tingey—charged with drawing up "Articles for the Better Government of the Navy," which were approved of and established by an act of Congress, and are the foundation of those still in use.

At the close of 1798 the active force in the West Indies had been distributed into three separate squadrons, commanded by Commodores Barry and Truxton and Captain Tingey. Barry's squadron had orders to cruise to the windward, running south as far as Tobago, and consisted of the "United States," 44, Commodore Barry; "Constitution," 44, Captain Samuel Nicholson; "George Washington," 24, Captain Fletcher; "Merrimack," 24, Captain Brown; "Portsmouth," 24, Cap-

tain McNiell; "Herald," 18, Master-Commandant Russell; "Pickering," 14, Lieutenant Commanding Edward Preble; "Eagle," 15, Lieutenant Commanding Campbell; "Scammel," 14, Lieutenant Commanding Adams; "Diligence," 12, Lieutenant Commanding Brown,—ten pennants in all. This squadron was kept actively cruising, the vessels passing from point to point with orders to make a general rendezvous at Prince Rupert's Bay. It made several captures of privateers, the "United States" capturing "L'Amour de la Patrie," 6, with eighty men, and "Le Tartuffe," 8, with sixty men; "Le Jaloux," 14, seventy men, and "Le Bonaparte."

In the capture of "L'Amour de la Patrie" the breeze was fresh and the chase a long and exciting one. At length, finding he was being overhauled, the French captain attempted to gain to windward by making short tacks under the guns of the frigate, when a well-directed shot went through the privateer, which began to fill rapidly. Barry, seeing this condition of affairs, hove his ship to, and sent his boats in charge of Decatur, his first lieutenant, to rescue the crew. The boat in which Decatur was was the first to reach the privateer, and, fearing in the rush his boat would be swamped, he told the Frenchmen to jump into the water and they would be picked up. They did so, and all were saved. Decatur pulled out the captain, who, brushing the salt water out of his eyes, expressed his surprise at being fired into by a vessel flying the stars and stripes, and said, "I did not know the United States were at war with the French republic." "No, sir," replied Decatur, "but you knew that the French republic was at war with the United States; that you were taking our merchant vessels every day and crowding our countrymen into prison at Basseterre to die like sheep.'"

On leaving the coast for her station off the Windward Islands the "United States" came near having an encounter with an English frigate. Each vessel had shown French colors, had cleared for action, and was on the point of firing when the mistake was discovered. In consequence of this affair a set of private signals was adopted, by which English and American men-of-war could distinguish each other.

After our differences with France were accommodated, Barry retained the command of the frigate "United States" from July, 1798, until she was laid up in ordinary at Washington, April, 1801, soon after the inauguration of Thomas Jefferson as President of the United States, where she remained until February, 1809, when she was taken to Norfolk, repaired and refitted, and sailed thence on a cruise May 10, 1810, having been over nine years "in ordinary."

Several of the officers and midshipmen who went out with Commodore Barry in the frigate "United States" attained distinction in the service, viz., Lieutenants (afterwards Commodores) Barron and Charles Stewart, the latter living to be the senior flag-officer, and later

the senior rear-admiral on the retired list before the grades of admiral and vice-admiral were created. Stephen Decatur (subsequently the commodore) and Richard Somers, who acquired such fame before Tripoli, in Preble's squadron; also Jacob Jones and William M. Crane, who earned distinction in the war of 1812–14, and subsequently rose to the rank of commodore, from having commanded a squadron and as chief of a bureau. In 1876 I saw an interesting water-color drawing of the frigate "United States" when commanded by Commodore John Barry, which represents her draped in the flags of all nations, duly numbered and indexed in the surrounding border. Many of these flags are now obsolete. The "United States" is represented as wearing an American ensign of fifteen stars and fifteen stripes at the stern, and has a blue jack with fifteen white stars at the bowsprit end; a white jack with fifteen red stars at the fore, and a red jack with fifteen blue stars at the mizzen-mast head. At the main-mast head, but under the coach-whip pennant, is displayed a flag with a white field, bearing the arms of the United States, evidently representing the supposed standard of the United States. This interesting drawing was painted by Midshipman Thomas Harvey, a son of Captain Patrick Hayes, by whom it was presented to Commodore (afterwards Rear-Admiral) George C. Read, July 4, 1852. In 1876 it was in the possession of William C. Parsons, the mail messenger of League Island Navy-Yard, by whom it was much valued. On the back, in the autograph of Captain Hayes, is written, "Six copies for Captain Patrick Hayes."

Commodore Barry was retained at the head of the navy under the Peace Establishment Act of 1801,[19] which authorized nine captains, thirty-six lieutenants, and one hundred and fifty midshipmen, and occupied that station to the close of his useful life. He was an original member of the State Society of the Cincinnati. He was also made a member of the Charitable Captains of Ships Club in 1769, which was instituted July 4, 1765, and incorporated in 1770, as the Society for the Relief of Poor, Aged, and Infirm Masters of Ships, and their Widows and Children, and which still exists, and was elected a member of the party of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick in 1779. For several years after the Revolution he occupied a house No. 151 South Third Street, Philadelphia, making his country-seat at Strawberry Hill. In 1800 he removed to No. 71 South Sixth Street; in 1801, to No. 150 Chest-

[19] In 1805 the navy list was increased to ten captains, eight master-commandants, seventy-three commissioned lieutenants, nine acting lieutenants, and one hundred and thirty-three midshipmen. In 1806 it was provided that the officers should not exceed thirteen captains, nine master-commandants, seventy-two lieutenants, and one hundred and fifty midshipmen, and that the whole number of able seamen shall not exceed nine hundred and twenty-five, "but for vessels in actual service, the President might appoint as many surgeons, surgeons' mates, sailing-masters, chaplains, pursers, boatswains, gunners, sailmakers, and carpenters as might, in his opinion, be necessary and proper."

nut Street; in 1802, to No. 126 Spruce Street, and finally, in 1803, to No. 186 Chestnut Street, where he died.[20]

His death, at the comparatively early age of fifty-eight, resulted from an asthmatic affection, with which he had been afflicted for many years. He is described as above the ordinary stature, and of a graceful and commanding person, expressing in his strongly-marked countenance the qualities of his mind and the virtues of his heart.[21] All authorities agree that he was six feet four inches in height, and of magnificent physique, and his uniform, in the possession of Mrs. Leiper, confirms the general report. His private life was as estimable as his public career was brilliant. In his domestic relations he was ingenuous, frank, and affectionate. In his intercourse with mankind his deportment procured an extensive circle of friends. Deeply impressed with religion, he exacted an observance of its ceremonies and duties on board of his ship, as well as in the retirement of his private life. His lofty feelings of honor secured the confidence of the most illustrious men of the nation, and gave him an extensive influence in the various spheres in which his active life required him to move. The regard and admiration of General Washington, which he possessed in an eminent degree, were among the enviable fruits of his patriotic career. His public services were not limited by any customary rule of professional duty, but without regard to expense, danger, or labor, his devotion to his country kept him constantly engaged in disinterested acts of public utility.[22]

Mrs. Barry became a convert to the religion of her husband two years after their marriage, and was baptized in St. Joseph's Chapel, Philadelphia, July 21, 1779. After her husband's death she removed to a house on the south side of Chestnut Street, between Eighth and Ninth, where she continued to reside until her death, November 13, 1831, having survived her gallant husband, whom she married after his greatest Revolutionary successes,[23] nearly twenty-eight years. She had no issue by him, and was buried beside him in St. Mary's Cemetery. A representation of the tombstone or monument, as it existed prior to 1876, is given in Lossing's "Pictorial Field-Book of the War of 1812–14."

In 1876 a marble fountain was erected in Fairmount Park by the Catholic societies, representing Moses striking the rock; and Commodore Barry's statue is one of the four figures surrounding that of Moses.

[20] *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography*, vol. iv. No. 4, p. 490.

[21] Encyclopædia Americana, Philadelphia, 1836. Article "John Barry."

[22] National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans, vol. ii. Illustrated with a portrait of Barry by Gilbert Stuart.

[23] Barry's first wife, Mary, died February 9, 1771, aged twenty-nine years and ten months, and was buried in St. Mary's Cemetery; and on the 7th of July, 1777, Miss Sarah Austen became his second wife.

Whoever entered the cemetery around St. Mary's Church, in Philadelphia, in our centennial year (1876), known a century before among Catholics as "ye new chapel," would have found under its shadow a long, time-worn, tabular monument erected over the grave of John Barry, bearing the following inscription, which was so weather-worn that it could barely be deciphered:

"Let the patriot, the soldier, and Christian who visit these mansions of the dead view this monument with respect. Beneath it are deposited the remains of John Barry. He was born in the County Wexford, in Ireland, but America was the object of his patriotism and the aim of his usefulness and honor. In the Revolutionary war, which established the independence of the United States, he bore the commission of a captain in the infant navy, and was afterwards its commander-in-chief. He fought often, and once bled in the cause of freedom, but his love of war did not lessen in him the power of the virtues which adorn private life. He was gentle, kind, just, and charitable, and not less beloved by his family and friends than by his grateful country. In the full belief in the doctrines of the gospel, he calmly resigned his soul in the arms of his Redeemer on the 13th September, 1803. His affectionate widow hath caused this marble to be erected to perpetuate his name when the hearts of his fellow-citizens have ceased to be the living record of his public and private virtues."

Attention having been called to the dilapidated condition of the stone and memorial in the centennial year by the *I. C. B. U. Journal*, a sufficient subscription was raised among the members of the St. Mary's congregation to rebuild the monument and re-engrave the epitaph substantially as it was originally, a few changes being made by the Rev. M. F. Martin. The new monument was dedicated July 4, 1876.

In his will, Commodore Barry gave "his negro man James and mulatto woman Jude" to his wife Sarah during her widowhood or natural life. At her marriage or death they were to be free, and they were to be paid an annuity of twenty pounds a year for their support during life. At their death the sum from which the annuity was raised was bequeathed to St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church for the poor school.

He also left in his will "his silver-hilted sword, as a token of his esteem," to his brother-in-law, William Kean, which was probably the sword usually worn by him in service; and his "gold-hilted sword" he bequeathed to his wife's kinsman, Commodore Richard Dale, which was the sword bestowed by Louis XVI. on John Paul Jones in recognition of his services to that monarch, and which has now found a permanent resting-place with the Pennsylvania Historical Society.

The author of the biographical sketch in the *Portfolio*, in summing up the character of Commodore Barry, says,—

"Thus closed the life of one of the first of patriots and the best of men. He was eminently qualified for the important stations which he filled. He possessed courage without rashness, a constancy of spirit which could not be subdued, a sound

and intuitive judgment, a promptitude of decision equal to the most trying emergencies, a consummate skill, a generosity of soul which tempered the sterner qualities of the hero and recommended him to the esteem of all, a humanity of feeling which made him no less attentive to the comfort and happiness of those whom the fortune of war threw into his power than he had been ambitious to conquer them. Having spent the greater part of a long life upon the ocean, he had seen every possible variety of service; he knew how to sympathize, therefore, with those who were subjected to his command. To this it was owing that, though a rigid disciplinarian, he always conciliated the attachment of his sailors. It is worthy of remark that no person who had sailed with him, as seaman, officer, or passenger, has ever been heard to speak of him but with the most respectful gratitude; and, in regard to his seamen especially, with all the extravagance of eulogy. He never found any difficulty in making up a crew, and desertion from his ship was unknown.

"In the various relations of private life he was no less unexceptionable. As a citizen, he was exemplary; as a friend, sincere; as a husband, tender and affectionate. The affability and frankness of his deportment ingratiated him with all who enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance; there was a native humor in his character which gave it a peculiar interest. His mansion was ever the residence of hospitality. Jealous of his own honor, he was never known to injure designedly the feelings of any one; and, though possessed of a quickness of sensibility to the appearance of offense or impropriety, he never failed to express his regret and make atonement for injuries prompted by an excess of feeling. He was just, charitable, and without disguise. As he was educated to the habits of religion, so he cultivated them through life; he enforced a strict observance of divine worship on board his ship, and scrupulously attended to the moral deportment of his crew; he had himself experienced the comforts of religion, and he died in its faith."

GEO. HENRY PREBLE,
Rear-Admiral U.S.N.

THE FRENCH ARMY.[1]

[Translated from the French for THE UNITED SERVICE, by Major WILLIAM H. POWELL, United States Army.]

HENCEFORTH the army is the nation. It is to us to-day what it will be in the course of time to our children, seeing that, since the passage of the contemporaneous law, at a given time, that in the event of danger to the country, all citizens, between twenty and forty years of age, excepting the feeble and the infirm, are liable to be called upon to defend the French soil.

At the time of the last war a similar law was enacted, but we had nothing prepared to put it in force. The brave people, only, gave themselves; the others—I have no name for them—expatriated themselves, hid, or simply ambushed in some sub-prefecture like Monsieur X., or stowed themselves away in an ambulance like Monsieur Z. After the declaration of peace,—and what a peace?—the Prussians in rear, the commune before us,—a minister of war who was sadly beaten at Metz, General de Cissey, would have hunted them up, or at least dishonored all those who had thus avoided the military law during the war. Monsieur Thiers opposed this on the pretext that it would involve too many. Why, then, in the place of Colonel Ramollot, an old officer, who has no other fault than that of being profoundly abstracted with military customs, have they not created the fac-similes of Monsieur de Vestoncourt and of Jean Crapouille, the noble wire-

[1] In taking the pen to write an account of our army I am seized with a fear. Our army is a glorious blessing, but it is not yet relieved of its evils; in my opinion, owing to excessive praise, it is liable to fall back into that idiotic state which followed Sébastopol and Solferino, when we declared our soldiers the first in the world, little dreaming that the apathy and the indolence caused thereby would descend to the lowest rank of the victorious of old; on the other hand I find that it is not very convenient to tell such wonderful stories as those which caused Colonel Ramollot and his "*Sgrondedieux*" to hunt the editors. One does not comprehend that we have been expressly, abominably vain, and that to deride our officers is degrading and debasing to us. Between the solemn heroization and beastly expressions of laudation and sickly praises, and the silliness of simpletons, there is certainly some proper tone in which to speak of our young army; it is evidently a little stiff, but is not lacking in harmony.

I have endeavored to seek the truth. I hope the reader will pardon this short note.—JULES RICHARD.

pullers and villains of 1870 and 1871? It is that a people as spirituelle as the French boast only of the men who endure the pain, and disdain cowards and traitors.

To-day, then, no one can escape to Belgium, or enroll himself in a volunteer corps which he could get away from the next day. Each man is entered in a regiment, where he has his place defined, where they await him, where they see for themselves that he is all right. He is then assigned as follows:

The men from twenty-one to twenty-five years, to the control of the active army; those from twenty-six to twenty-nine, to the control of the reserves of the active army; those from thirty to thirty-five years, to the control of the territorial army; those from thirty-six to forty, to the control of the reserves of the territorial army.

Each man has his descriptive-list prepared. The day that the country has need of him, a handbill notifies him, he goes to the recruiting bureau or the gendarmerie for his descriptive-list. His route is marked on it, and he is sent to the railroad. There the commandant at the station classes him, places him in a detachment, sends him on to another station, where he is received by the sub-officers of his corps. They conduct him to the supply departments, and in three days he is ready to march. He is mobilized, he is a soldier, he is clothed, armed, provided with ammunition and campaign rations.

The gendarmerie, since the council of war has made it their business to look after deserters, has had few; there will be less; there have always been some. But desertion is destined to disappear from the armies of all the world. It is in some way condemning itself to an eternal exile, to which nothing in the world could have lent such assistance as that which our neighbors have done. In the times that a rich man could, by means of his money, elect to go to the regiment, the poor fellow without a sou, who hid himself or had to go to the devil, was excusable to a certain degree.

This is the reason, no doubt, that wars are not more frequent, and why they have become less protracted.

In taking at one time all the able men of a country, war suspends all the activities of life. It arrests projected marriages, and prevents the forming of establishments which follow as a consequence; workmen become immobile, the fires of the manufactories die out, and commerce languishes. The nation has but one idea, it is united in a single sentiment, and that is, to whip the enemy, return with victory, and establish peace.

The present army is not that of the king which serves to champion France; it is France herself, who fights for her honor and her interests.

See now why it is silly and beastly to boast of the army. The army is that portion of us the youngest, the most lively, the most

ardent, the best of the nation; it is the most precious blood of the country.

THE NEW ARMY.

We will omit all the proceedings which took place during three years of pleading between the old and the new army.

It is certain that the well-formed, well-trained, and well-instructed soldiers are better than the young men who are gathered together in haste. This is indisputable. To procure himself an easy popularity, a general officer, with little regard for truth or reason, has asserted that the soldiers of Metz were not as valiant as those of to-day. One laughs in his face. The soldier is in all of his prime at twenty-four years of age, the time when he actually quits the service; and any good patriot who is such a man, when he is by his fireside and is called to go to war, will be much less excited than he who has never been with a regiment.

But these exceptions admitted, it is necessary to prove that, if individually the soldier is seen less frequently than before, the regiment, the assemblage of soldiers, is more frequently seen.

Our finest war regiments, those which have gone to the army of the Orient, number twenty-four hundred men in the ranks. The little effort required to complete these and raise them to their proper standard is inexpressible. A law was enacted in 1855, the law of exoneration, to keep the old soldiers in the ranks; but they had a task to procure, a few at a time, all those ardent, warm, and adventurous spirits which comprised the army about the walls of Sébastopol. When, four years later, the Italian war was inaugurated, the men of the reserve did not arrive at the grand army in the field until after the preliminaries of peace took place, and I do not hesitate to assert that the lack of enthusiasm displayed by them weighed enormously with Napoleon III. in the rapidity with which he unexpectedly decided for peace.

There is not an official report or book of military history which tells the whole truth of these wars. It is always superb, every one has done well, some are covered with glory; a short time passes, the contemporaries disappear, leaving memoirs from which it is difficult to extract the facts. The truth of the Italian campaign, of that campaign so popular that the Faubourg Saint Antoine itself applauded Napoleon III., who had declared it,—the truth is, that the reserves carried demoralization under the soles of their shoes.

This was the secret sore of our old regiments. Recruitment reposing on the absolute principle of a definite liberation, every man believed himself free as soon as he was placed under the control of the reserves; then when he was called out he thought himself wronged.

Now, on the contrary, the presence of the citizen in the regiment is

the exception. A regiment of twelve hundred men receives four thousand reserves, and the reservist knows that he belongs to the country, to the law; that he cannot get out of it.

When the people, little by little, become accustomed to it, and when they shall have reflected upon it, there will be a modification of their views on all sides. Up to the present time they have not seen aught of the benefit of the new system of recruiting other than the twenty-eight days of grand manœuvres. When the country shall have occasion to require a prompt mobilization one will be better able to judge, and I believe that this matter will be of serious benefit to the sore-heads.

The regiment thus formed will not, at first, present the solidity of the voltigeurs of the ex-guard who marched under fire at Magenta in close column of divisions doubled on the centre, aligned as if by a cord. These citizen-soldiers, suddenly attached to the colors, though at first disconcerted, will remain; for they will consider that the reserves are from the same region, that the men of the same village will be in the same regiment, that they will have to conduct themselves well under the penalty of being dishonored. And then, it is not so hard to do one's duty when all are obliged to do the same. Public opinion, danger to the country, the necessity of subduing the enemy, the general purpose are the great elements whose influence is not to be contested. Alone, they would be insufficient; but added to a perfect organization, slowly and maturely prepared, they will prove the elements of success, or it would be well to give up beforehand to sheer force.

The army of numbers has replaced the armies of the *élite*. They have gone, never to return. Thus, henceforth, the *élite* is in the officers, the numbers in the soldiers; and, unless our legislators be thoroughly deceived, it becomes necessary to have confidence.

A colonel who has been to war, who has fought long and well, and who has seen foreign armies, said to me, "The worst that our army has to contend with are the deputies and the ministers of war."

And he explained himself as follows, which is in no way subversive of discipline: "We change our ministers of war very often, and the deputies often change our system. A minister has not the time (during his term) to do good, and to prevent the deputies from doing harm."

And, as proof of this, here is a list, since 1871, of—

THE MINISTERS OF WAR.

From June 5, 1871, to May 29, 1873, General Courtot de Cissey.

From May 29, 1873, to May 22, 1874, General du Barail.

From May 22, 1874, to August 15, 1876, General Courtot de Cissey (second time).

From August 15, 1876, to November 23, 1877, General Berthaut.

From November 23, 1877, to December 13, 1877, General Grimaudet de Rochebouet.

From December 13, 1877, to January 13, 1879, General Borel.
From January 13, 1879, to December 28, 1879, General Gresley.
From December 28, 1879, to November 14, 1881, General Farre.
From November 14, 1881, to January 30, 1882, General Campenon.
From January 30, 1882, to January 31, 1883, General Billot.
From January 31, 1883, to October 10, 1883, General Thibaudin.
From October 10, 1883, to —— ——, General Campenon (second time).

When our little children become old enough to understand our history, and read therein the change of our minister of war a dozen times between 1871 and 1884, thus assisting in impairing our army, they will wonder if their grandfathers were not a little crack-brained. There is some truth in the appreciation that our little ones are making fun of us; but it is not to insinuate this discourteous remark that I have copied the list of our ministers of war; it is simply to say to you that the sentiments of honor and of discipline, the traditions of the good and the beautiful, are so cherished in the army that it has to offer resistance here to its greatest known dissolvent,—the lack of unity and permanency in the command of it.

To what do we owe the phenomenon which astonishes all foreign nations?

To THE FLAG!

The flag is brought from the colonel's quarters.

Present, arms!

It is the flag! It is the flag which, on its folds of silk, fringed with gold, recalls a century of glory.

An agitation is produced along the whole line of the regiment! Beyond, the crowd becomes excited! It is the flag! it is the history of the army! it is the honor of France!

A soldier—General Bonaparte, on becoming emperor—said that his eagles were the inheritors of the flag of the republic, the banners of Henry IV. and of St. Louis, and of those of Saint Denis. In effect, that when a flag passed him, it was all the victories of France, all the glorious works of our fathers which passed before him.

That is the reason that there has not been a single defeat inscribed on the two hundred and eighty-three flags and standards of our armies of the land and sea.

And here one may read the names of one hundred and sixty-six victories or glorious works:

1792. Jemmapes, Valmy.

1793. Hondschoote, Watigmés, Mayence, Wissembourg.

1794. Kaiserslautern, Col de Tende, Fleurus, Manheim, Nimèque, Mäestricht, Aldenhoven.

1794–1795. Conquest of Holland.

1795. The Wahal, Loano, passage of the Rhine, Luxembourg.

1796. Ettlingen, Castiglione, Lodi, Arcole, Biberach, Mantua, Lonato, Montenotte, Kehl.

1797. La Favorite, Verona, Rivoli, Neuwied, passage of the Tyrol.

1798. Sediman, the Pyramids.
1799. Aboukir, Alkmaer, St. Gothard, Zurich, Mount Tabor, Turin.
1800. Feldkirch, Moerkirch, Mimmingen, Hohenlinden, Gênes, Marengo, Valeggio, Héliopolis, Engen, Stokach.
1801. Passage of the Adige.
1802. Saint Domingo.
1805. Ulm, Elchingen, Caldiero, Austerlitz.
1806. Auerstadt, Jena.
1807. Stralsund, Friedland, Eylau.
1808. Tudela, Burgos, Rio-Seco.
1809. Raab, Gratz, Essling, Wagram, Medelein, Saragossa, Oporto, Santander, Alba de Tormes, La Corogne, Ocaña, Ratisbonne, Eckmühl, Almonacid, Gironne, passage of the Danube.
1810. Ciudad-Rodrigo, Lerida, Villafranca.
1811. Albufera, Fuentès de Oñoro, Sagonte, Montserra, Taragone.
1812. Valence, Polotsk, Wolkowisk, Smolensk, Villadegio, Moscow, Malogaroslowitz, Krasnoï, Bérézina.
1813. Vachau, Goldberg, Ribas, Heilsberg, Hanau, Kalisch, Lutzen, Bautzen, Dresden, Leipzig.
1814. Magdebourg, Molino del Rey, Rosnay, Champaubert, Arcis-sur-Aube, Vauchamps, Montmarail, Lyons, Toulouse.
1815. Fleurus, defense of the Jura.
1823. Mataro.
1828. Chateau de Morée.
1830. Algiers, Blidah.
1832. Antwerp.
1837. Constantine.
1838. Vera Cruz.
1840. Mouzaïa.
1841. Sidi Tahia, Biskara.
1842. Milianah, Beni-Mered, Fatahua (Tahiti), Taguin.
1844. Les Chotts, Isly, Mogador.
1845. L'Aures, Temda, Brezina, Sidi-Brahim.
1849. Zaatcha.
1854. Bomarsund, Balaklava, Sébastopol, Podor (Sénégal).
1855. Sébastopol, Kanghil.
1857. Kabylie.
1859. Montebello, Turbigo, Magenta, Palestro, Melegnano, Solferino, Saigon (Cochin China).
1860. Palikao, forts of Pei-Ho.
1861. Ki-Hoha (Cochin China).
1862. Aculcingo.
1863. San Lorenza, Puebla, Camerone, San Playbo del Monte.
1864. Matehuatlo.

Some of these names are repeated as many as fifty times in golden letters by the side of these words, *Honneur et Patrie!* on the colors of our regiments; and our soldiers of the young army of the obligatory service are sufficiently able to be entrusted by their ancestors, who have fought under the republic, under the empire, or under the monarchy, seeing that it was always for the honor of that grand country that a generous blood has been shed.

Nearly all of our campaigns have been laid under contribution to furnish that heroic list. And if those who have been charged with

the making of that list have forgotten the siege of Rome (1849) and have not considered that a combat, that of Mataro, in the war with Spain, of 1823, it is convenient to attribute their parsimony, in that case, to their perplexity in finding themselves in the face of a past so well filled.

Whatever is said on the flag speaks of our soldiers and our officers.

In the French army, since 1791, all the officers have gained their lace by their work, their courage, their talents, and their services.

It is an army of *parvenues*. This is here the occasion to render to that designation of *parvenu* all the justice that it merits.

They are the *parvenues* who have made in France equality as it should be to produce good results. Equality at the outset,—selection, as fast as a man elevates himself sufficiently to take a larger part of responsibility and direction.

An intelligent king, he whom we had at one time, and who had with much trouble regained his throne, King Louis XVIII., passing in review the young students of the School of St. Cyr, said to them,—

"All of you have the marshal's baton in your cartridge-boxes; it is for you to take it out."

And this prince had reason. The baton is nothing but a piece of wood, some centimetres of velvet and fifty grammes of gilded copper; but to gain it and know how to use it, that is the difficulty.

Heretofore in our army all the simple soldiers had the marshal's baton in their cartridge-boxes. Now it is no longer sufficient for the soldier to be brave, intelligent, and enthusiastic in his profession; he must be instructed. The epaulette of a sub-lieutenant is gained in time of peace by written compositions and oral examinations, like the bachelor's diploma; but in time of war this will be absurd, inasmuch as the law permits nominations in time of war without examination, and for actions of bravery. However, as war will be henceforth the exception, and a very rare exception, it would appear that our army would end in anchylosing and bureaucratizing itself.

THE HISTORY OF A SOLDIER WHO COULD NOT READ.

On the 11th of March, 1842, Sergeant Blandan, of the Twenty-sixth Regiment of the line, in command of a detachment of twenty-six men, was sent from Mered to escort the mail to Bouffarick, when he was attacked by three hundred Arabs under the chief Ben-Salem. A deadly combat at once took place. Blandan having received two wounds at the commencement of the affair, it excited his comrades,—all young soldiers,—and receiving a third shot, fell, crying out, "Courage, comrades, defend it to the death!" The struggle continued with rage and frenzy until but five men were left; seven were dead, the others grievously wounded; the cartridges had all been fired, when

suddenly there arrived upon the scene, at a triple gallop, the *Chasseurs d'Afrique*. The noise of the fusilade had attracted them at Bouffarick while they were grooming. Without waiting to saddle their horses, they mounted, armed only with their sabres, hastened to the scene, and put the Arabs to flight.

A monument—which still exists—was raised by subscription, and placed on the spot where the combat took place, to the memory of the soldiers who were killed there.

When the colonel—since Marshal Forey—took command of the Twenty-sixth there was only one of the soldiers remaining who had fought at Benimered, the fusileer Michel, who had been decorated. As Michel was about to be discharged, Colonel Forey, who desired to keep him in the regiment, to serve for an example to the young soldiers as a hero of Benimered, appointed him a corporal, although he could neither read nor write,—he served the masons (hod-carrier) before he joined the service,—and promised him the epaulette if he would study and improve himself. The officers from St. Cyr applied themselves with much zeal to his education, and Michel, polished and improved, became an officer,—an officer of the Twenty-sixth. His comrades adored him; he was always held up as a model. I do not know for what reason, when the advancements necessitated by the organizations for the war of the Orient called him to the grade of captain, he was sent to another regiment. But it was a mistake. He should have remained in the Twenty-sixth until his retirement.

Captain Michel and his history are known throughout the French army, and I do not know which to admire most, the conduct of Sergeant Blandan or the good spirit which protected the fortune of Michel.

Officers coming from this class are in no degree rare. Many of the young soldiers entering unlettered into the army have become—thanks to the regimental schools—very good officers. There is no doubt that they are able to offer excellent advantages for the instruction of the young soldiers by means of the officers from St. Cyr and the Polytechnic School.

In 1841, during the construction of the fortifications of Paris, the officers of the engineers employed on the left bank of the Seine noticed among their civil workmen a little terrace-maker about six years old, who worked with rare intelligence and much spirit. They employed him at more difficult labor, and he always mounted above the task they imposed on him. In view of these facts, the officers sent him to the chief as a designer. He took so well to the plan that a captain conceived the idea of giving him lessons in mathematics. He applied himself to all that they assigned him. Then it was to what perfection in his instruction they might advance this little terrace-maker. One taught him Latin, the other history, this one literature, that one physics, and so well did he study that in a little more than two years after this

he entered St. Cyr. It is true, with very mediocre rank. The minister of war associated himself in the good work with the engineer officers. The young fellow received his entire outfit free. He, however, distinguished himself by graduating number two in his class. Admitted from this to the staff-school, where he conducted himself well, and in the aristocratic corps to which he was finally assigned he became so prominent by his conduct and intelligence that Marshal Pélissier—a difficulty among difficulties—chose him for an aide-de-camp. The little commandant died in 1862, at the age of thirty-seven years, otherwise he would have been a general. He was nominated a superior officer when he was thirty-four years old.

I could multiply indefinitely these histories. Are they absolutely effacing the remembrance of those particularly rapid advancements prematurely or unjustly made to favorites? I believe not. The good is the rule, the bad only the exception; for under all the *régimes* the same as the republican, bad customs have too much influence with the administration in advancements.

It is said that this is not the case in the German army. That is possible; but the German army admitted, not very long ago, the rich *bourgeois* to the grade of officers. It has not been so long since the Jews were rigorously pursued. In these conditions an aristocracy maintains itself only by an unheard of severity for itself. Moreover, in Germany, in the civil service, all the nobles, all the functionaries have been officers, and the acceptance of the voluntary resignation of those rich and incapable country squires necessitates this before an implacable selection stops them in their career. With us the army is a democracy. The greater number of the officers have no other fortune than their commissions. Save in some rare cases, the officer waits for his retirement, deeming that the best he can obtain. There is no use, then, in comparing Germany to France. The two countries have very different customs.

Still, who knows? Is it that with the victory and the abuse of the military power the German army could keep itself as corrupt as it was? Then the Prussian army had but one idea,—revenge for Jena!

(To be continued.)

NOTE OF TRANSLATOR.—The next part will embrace the organization of the present French army under the new law.

ONE OF THE DUANES.

(Continued from page 429.)

CHAPTER XV. (Continued).

MRS. REVERE stood aghast. "I don't think you ought to be so affected by merely hearing of the punishment of this man, who is *nothing* to you, and who, besides, richly deserves the worst that can come to him. I am afraid you are decidedly over-sensitive."

"Yes," answered Bonny, mechanically. "Yes, that is it, I suppose."

"Not that he *will* be hanged," went on Mrs. Revere, with some querulousness in her tone; "no such good luck! But he will be court-martialed, and imprisoned for ever and ever so long, at hard labor, with maybe a ball and chain on his leg. It will be, *practically* speaking, the end of his life, and then—all the better for Francisca Suarez."

"Better for *Francisca*, yes," echoed the girl; "yet what a disgrace—what a bitter, terrible disgrace for the man, and—for any one who cares for him."

"He has brought it all on himself, and—why should *you* care?" Mrs. Revere said, wheeling suddenly upon her, with a veiled and only half-allowed suspicion looking from her eyes.

Bonny gave back the look firmly, if a little fearfully, but she did not answer. "I feel a good deal upset," she said. "I think, if you will excuse me, I will go up to my room for a while." She went; and in the course of an hour returned to Mrs. Revere, who now sat with her embroidery in the cheerful parlor. She did not at once enter the room, but stood hesitating, with something like embarrassment pushing the portière aside. "I scarcely know how to tell you what I want to say, Mrs. Revere," she nervously began. "It is only because I am so far from well that I need do or say it so suddenly and unexpectedly. But I have realized thoroughly this morning that I am no longer fit to be a visitor. I am nervous and wretched, making myself disagreeable to everybody, and if I must be ill, let me be ill at home. So I have written to my mother to tell her I wish to go directly back to New York."

"Surely, my dear girl, not *immediately?* This is too sudden. I don't think I can consent."

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Revere, immediately. It is better. It is really the

only thing for me to do. After all, the lovely climate of Florida has not benefited me. You have been very kind, and have done everything to make me happy, but now I need my home." She came forward and stood in the centre of the room. She could not lift her eyes for the tears that rose behind their lashes, and Mrs. Revere gazed at her, half remorseful, and wholly dismayed, seeing how really ill and miserable the girl appeared.

"Tell me," she said, rising and crossing the room to take Bonny's hot, unresisting hand, "has anything happened here to make you change your plans?"

"I want my home," Bonny responded, with an effort. "There are things I need very much to do there." Then putting out her hand, with a mute sign that she could say no more, she turned away quickly, and almost ran out of the room.

Mrs. Revere remained looking after her, having taken one step towards following, and then checking herself instantly. "It is either *Sidney*," she said at length, half aloud, "or else there *was* some truth in that dreadful anonymous letter. How that could be I cannot imagine, but I can think of nothing beside, and then, how she has changed in appearance and manner in these last few weeks! At all events, there is something queer, and whatever it is, sooner or later I am *determined* to find out!"

She felt thoroughly uncomfortable and vaguely guilty, as well as decidedly vexed, while she tried to settle down quietly at her embroidery again. This visit of Bonny Duane's had begun so well. She had been so proud of the beautiful guest, whose bright presence in her house had drawn into it the very court she so greatly coveted; yet now everything was strangely, unaccountably, but perceptibly altered. It was like an April day, all sunshine and blue sky one moment, and the next, before one could realize the change, the sky overclouded and the rain coming pelting down. The arrival of the anonymous letter had been, at least in her own mind, the first "little rift within the lute," and now by degrees, whose connection she could not trace or understand, the "music" was becoming finally "mute." She could believe no wrong of Bonny, and yet since that letter had driven in the entering wedge, strange thoughts would stray unbidden into her mind. Why had the girl been so perturbed at the mention of Dane's desertion and recapture? Could it be that her interest in Francisca was intense enough to account for it all, or was it indeed, as she had hinted, sheer nervousness and weakness of body which had caused her excitement? It might be either, or both, and truly it seemed madness to believe otherwise of a girl like Bonny Duane. Besides, even had she desired it ever so insanely, how little time had she been given to herself in which the cultivation of an acquaintance with a soldier would have been possible! Really, such fancies were not to be harbored; and

yet—there was always that "*and yet*" to insert its venom like a serpent's sting! At any rate, if Bonny were actually going to be ill it would be better for her to return home as soon as practicable, Mrs. Revere felt, although she could not help remembering even then how much credit would be due to one who successfully nursed Judge Duane's daughter through a siege of illness. She could imagine herself, pale with watching, disclaiming the thanks which the grateful parents showered upon her for her devotion to their darling; and again, at some future time, as the recipient of adoring attentions from the family at their beautiful home in New York. It would all be very nice; but then, perhaps, Miss Duane might not possess enough sense of gratitude to revive properly beneath her ministrations, or it was possible there might be something in the scandalous gossip, and in either case things would not be so agreeable for Mrs. Revere.

No, it was better under the disappointing circumstances that the young guest should not be too urgently pressed to remain as long as originally intended; yet she must not by any means be allowed to depart with the suddenness she had proposed, thus creating gossip beyond what perhaps already had been started. That would never do, and she was determined to prevent it. Arriving hastily at a decision, which she perfected in the interval between starting up-stairs and being admitted at Bonny's door, she gently sued to be received at the latter. There was a pause of two or three seconds before her knock was answered, and then a somewhat subdued voice called "Come in."

Bonny sat by a small writing-table near the window, and Mrs. Revere's keen eyes immediately descried thereon an open letter.

"It is the one she has been writing home," she thought. "Oh, if only I might have a peep at it!" While aloud she said, "My dear, I feel so grieved at the idea of losing you. Must you surely go so much sooner than we had anticipated?"

"It will be better," Bonny replied, playing uneasily with her letter. Tears were infrequent visitors to her eyes, but now it was easy to see she had been crying. She was so homesick and lonely, so perplexed and so forlorn, and her head and heart ached so grievously, tears had seemed a relief, and she had felt too weak and ill to struggle against them. "It will be better," she answered Mrs. Revere, adding, hastily, "but please don't think it is because I have not been happy with you. It is not that, indeed, and you have been everything that is kind."

"I have meant to make you happy, and it has been a great pleasure for me to have you. But tell me, Bonny,—I think your mother would say it was my duty in her absence to ask you,—is there no other reason for your leaving besides the presentiment you feel about an illness?"

The girl lifted her drooping head with a sudden haughty gesture, and her eyes brightened behind their mist of tears. "Yes," she replied, unhesitatingly, "there is another reason; but although I under-

stand that it may be your duty to ask it of me, still I do not see that it is *my* duty to answer. The reason concerns myself alone of all this household; but although the trouble has existed for some time, I saw no object until now that I could accomplish by hurrying away. Now I *do* see one, and I am sure it will be better for me to go now."

"Well," Mrs. Revere said, in rather an injured tone, "I am very sorry that your visit should have been so spoiled and interrupted. But you know you can't possibly get off before my party."

"*Party?*" echoed Bonny, in surprise.

"Yes!" emphatically. "Had I not told you I meant to give one for you? No? How very odd! Every one will expect me to do it, as we have been entertained so much. Promise me you will stay for that."

"How can I? I do not feel in health or spirits for a party, kind as it is in you to think of giving one for me."

"Oh, you can be as quiet as you like. You need not dance; and really, I shall feel dreadfully hurt if you go off beforehand."

"How soon would it be? You have issued no invitations yet, I think?" said Bonny, with a little weary sigh.

"No, of course not. I had no idea that there was any haste about doing so. But I will send them out immediately, and, since you are so anxious to part from us, we will hurry it as much as possible. Come, if you will promise to stay, I will write the invitations this very morning, and we will have the party next Tuesday, four days from now. Of course, that will be making it very informal, almost shabby; but, if we can't help it, it is the best we can do."

"I had told mamma I should start on Monday," Bonny objected, looking disturbed. "Do put off the party, and have it some other time without me, Mrs. Revere. I don't see why you need put yourself to the trouble and inconvenience of having it in such haste now."

"Why, Bonny, how absurd! The party must be for *you*, or not at all. You don't seem to understand. People would feel defrauded if you should suddenly rush off without warning, and I had returned their hospitality by no entertainment given for you. It would reflect against my social credit, and though that may mean nothing to you, it means a very great deal to *me*. Oh, you don't know yet what the people are like at this place!"

"But I scarcely see how I can change my letter now," Bonny replied, "when—when perhaps a great deal may depend upon my going soon."

Mrs. Revere gazed at her in a puzzled and suspicious way. "Don't go, Bonny," she persisted, speaking slowly and with emphasis. "For your own sake as well as mine, I advise you don't hurry *too* much. If there has been any gossip about you,—and there is always more or less gossip about strangers at a place like this,—it will be fanned to a flame by so sudden a departure. Now, since you are unwilling to confide in me, I shall ask you no more questions, but I *will say, stay till*

after Tuesday. Believe me, I have reason for what I am doing as well as you. I will make out the invitations as to a farewell party for you. People will get used to the idea, will have soon ceased to be surprised; we can tell them that you are unexpectedly summoned home sooner than was at first proposed; and then you will start off with something like *éclat.* Do this for *me,* if not for yourself, my dear. Don't you know one of your father's favorite sayings is that no Duane should ever allow the slightest breath of gossip to tarnish his fair name?"

"I have not heard him say anything like that for a very long while, now," Bonny answered, rather sadly; "but he used to speak somewhat boastingly at times, I know. Still, when you talk of preventing gossip, I don't understand what you mean. Surely the people here can have nothing to say about me which we would be ashamed or sorry to have said. However, I do not want to be ungracious. If you really think it so necessary to give this party, I will remain over Tuesday. You know if I were feeling differently it would only give me too great pleasure to stay."

"Thank you so much, dear child. Really, you are doing me a great favor," Mrs. Revere exclaimed, triumphantly. Adding, "Jack will be surprised to hear of your new plan, I think, and awfully disappointed, too."

"Yes," Bonny said, simply, "he will be surprised." But her voice shook a little. "I will say *Wednesday* in my letter instead of Monday, then. Truly, I cannot put it off any later," taking up her pen.

As Mrs. Revere murmured a response, she altered her position ever so slightly, so that by stretching her neck (unseen and unsuspected by Bonny while she wrote) a few words on the page uppermost were for half a moment visible to her. She made the most of that half-moment.

"Get papa to recall some of his judicial lore, and be ready to tell me when I reach home if by any process of law the decision of a court-martial can ever be set aside, or——"

Bonny turned the page, and Mrs. Revere, guiltily starting, saw no more.

CHAPTER XVI.

In her after-life when Bonny looked back, shuddering and askance, upon the days that followed the return of the distillery expedition, before Mrs. Revere's party, they were sketched grimly in lurid colors upon her mental camera with the vividness, yet wierd unreality, of evil dreams. Sidney had indeed been something more than surprised at the unexpected news of Bonny's speedy departure. He had also been a good deal hurt, since, judging from the constrained manner with which, after his return, she unmistakably treated him, he could but conclude that she was thus hastily leaving Barrancas to be rid of him.

It was a supposition almost unbearable after all the delicious hopes he had dared to indulge that starlight night upon the launch, yet it was one which seemed painfully feasible; and so he held himself aloof from her, staying shut up in his quarters, and giving the rein to all sorts of gloomy fancies. Thus the one possible ray of sunshine was shut away from Bonny; and she, realizing how she had hurt him, and how she must continue to do so for his own sake, felt that her cup of misery was full to overflowing. To this, already brimming, the last drop was added by the knowledge that he could never learn the true reason of her seeming coldness, could never learn that she had suffered even more than he, but must go through his life with the belief that she had been nothing more than a coquette, finding her pleasure in her lover's pain.

Mrs. Revere, hiding the suspicions fiercely aroused in her breast by what she had seen in Bonny's letter, was as cold in her manner as she dared to be towards a daughter of Henry Page Duane; and the unhappy girl was quick to recognize the change in her hostess, knowing not what to attribute it to, unless to the arbitrary shortening of her visit. There was no comfort for her anywhere, and the days seemed long and dreary, passed as they were in a fever of unrest and impatience, after her decision to leave Barrancas. She was only staying under protest, and the idea of being detained, so to speak, against her will caused her an additional sense of uneasiness.

Francisca neither came nor sent, and therefore was presumably ignorant of Miss Duane's prospective departure; but, though Bonny wished and intended to see her again before she left, she instinctively dreaded doing so; and now that with Dane's arrest all fear of the girl's further association with him was ended, her protectress felt there was no especial haste. Her part in the proposed tableaux at the navy-yard had been formally given up on the plea that Ariel could not act without Miranda, and the young ladies had not exhibited as profound a disappointment as she had feared they would. She had not even been urged in the least to alter her decision, and that fact had been a cause of great bewilderment and some mortification to Mrs. Revere. Everybody knew that Miss Duane was leaving Barrancas a month sooner than she had originally intended, and her departure was commented upon, talked over and discussed, from all points of view, and on all sides.

The farewell party, which according to Mrs. Revere would do so much towards quenching incipient gossip, was to come off with exceeding *éclat* on Tuesday night, and very few regrets had been received. Rather noticeably, however, out of the decidedly small number of unmarried ladies eligible for invitations, not one "had been able" to accept. It was peculiar, to say the least, in a place where the feminine heart was thrown into a flutter of delightful anticipation by every rare opportunity to attend a dancing party, and Mrs. Revere scarcely dared

to let herself so much as try to guess at the cause. "One would think there was some evil influence about us, by the way the young girls 'decline the pleasure' of appearing at my party to-morrow night," she remarked, indignantly, to her husband, having received two or three regrets in a bunch. But he replied stonily that she would "have a big enough crowd to turn the whole house out of doors, without any girls," and that all sensible men would derive nothing save unmixed pleasure from their absence, or something equally exasperating to that effect.

On account of the party taking place the very night before her departure, it was arranged that Bonny's "P. P. C." cards should be left at the various houses at which they were due on Wednesday, and then she would, both in spirit and in truth, have bidden farewell to Barrancas forever. There is at all times something saddening in the thought of such a farewell, of never again beholding the place and the people that for a time have composed a part of one's life; but, if under even ordinary circumstances it must be felt so, in the way Bonny was obliged to take her leave (and to one of her highly-sensitive organization) the mere act of parting would be bitter with a pang more felt than understood.

Tuesday morning came, enveloped in so dense a mist as to make one fairly doubt the existence of a sun. A pungent saltiness filled the air, and could even be tasted as one breathed it in. At intervals the fog lifted enough to show a gray expanse of rolling water, with a ruffle of foamy white beating against the shore. Bells rang out drearily from time to time on some boat that picked its way cautiously up or down the bay, while its tall masts stole like black skeleton shadows through the woolly whiteness of the mist.

"It's not a *day* at all, it's mere *chaos*," Mrs. Revere complained, vigorously; and was horrified at Bonny, who manifested an untowardly obstinate intention of taking a farewell walk.

"You will get cold and be ill to-night. Besides, you can't see anything," objected Mrs. Revere.

"But it will *be* there all the same, and I shall know it," Bonny answered, trying to smile, and so went forth, wrapped in the large cloak she had worn on her night-time expeditions.

She had received a telegram from home, stating that her father would meet her half-way, which was the farthest he could go at that time, and it was a cheering thought that she should so soon have some one all her own to comfort and advise her. It was, however, with a very sad heart that she started out upon what she knew would be her last walk at Fort Barrancas. Almost every object was associated in some way with Sidney, and the parting from it seemed but a forerunner of the imminent parting with him.

She would go to the old fort she thought, and there perhaps she

might find a loose bit of stucco, or a flower showing its head in some interstice among the bricks, which she could carry away as a souvenir of that day she now looked back upon as blessed. She forgot the ordeal of terror she had then endured, and remembered only the peace and the moment of unreasoning delight which had come to her at the end,—in Sidney's arms. It was on that day she had first acknowledged fully to herself that she cared for him, since—so gradually and almost imperceptibly had "hero-worship" glided into love—she had not realized until then the completion of the change. And so the old fort, hated at first, had now become endeared to her.

Scarcely had she passed Sidney's quarters than their owner's form loomed, shadow-like, through the shrouding mist, with the sword of the "officer of the day" rattling substantially at his belt. This time, in spite of the fog, the long cloak did not conceal her identity, although as he first glanced at her it called up in Sidney's mind an indistinct half-recollection of the night when such a figure had gone by him swiftly in the dark, and he had allowed himself to wonder a little as to who it might be, out so late alone, and apparently in such haste. When he now recognized Miss Duane, however, this vague impression of a memory was gone in a moment, and all his thoughts were instantly, involuntarily given to her. Somehow the sight of her pale, sad face, shining thus whitely and unexpectedly upon him through the mist, struck to his heart with a quick, bitter pang that bordered upon fear. After all it must be truth, and no mere excuse, that she was on the verge of an illness, if not already ill. He could not pass on and leave her so. In some inexplicable way he felt a strong conviction that she stood in need of comfort and protection, which he was sorely tempted to think that he alone, just now, could give. An irresistible impulse drew him to her side; but, after all, his first words were quiet and commonplace in the extreme. It is only in novels or on the stage that people embroider their deepest emotions with fine words. "Good-morning, Miss Duane," he said. "I should not have supposed you so adventurous."

"Good-morning, Mr. Sidney. I am bidding farewell to Barrancas."

"Don't you find this rather disagreeable weather for a walk?" still lingering. "I am afraid you are a little imprudent;" his tone more anxious than he would have been willing for it to appear.

"Oh, no; the weather suits my mood, though that, perhaps, is not a very lively or pleasant one. It will do, however, for a farewell, and I am just now bound to say and look one, at the ruins of the old Spanish fort."

"You are going there again, alone, and in this thick fog?" Sidney questioned, hastily. And then a sentence seemed to add itself fairly without his volition before he could restrain it from his lips, "I wish that you would let me go with you."

In an instant he had repented his rash request, feeling that he was forcing his presence on one who would fain dispense with it; but it was too late. The words had been spoken; and, after all, it was scarcely right that she should venture through the fog to the old fort, alone.

"Come, then," Bonny answered, with no eagerness of acceptance, and yet without visible reluctance. She would not, if she could well have avoided it, have spent another hour alone in this man's society, for the very reason that it was dangerously pleasant; but, now that it was in a measure forced upon her, she could not experience the proper degree of regret. They walked on together, speaking seldom, but their silence held more for both than many words. At length they stood upon the old façade, and the mist spread its great soft wings below them. They emerged from it in a loneliness that seemed to give them a world to themselves, and yet they were brought no closer together, one at least feeling rather that for safety's sake she must hold herself still farther aloof.

"Do you remember the last time that we stood here, almost on this very spot?" asked Sidney, by and by.

"Yes," Bonny answered, with a surface coldness, "I remember;" then hastily, with a view to change the channel of his thoughts, "and that reminds me of Sammy. What has become of him? I don't recollect having seen him once since that day—since he so traitorously betrayed me."

"He has gone back to his mother's, in Warrington," Sidney replied. "I discharged him that same night, as he most richly deserved."

"Oh, I am sorry! I wish you had not sent him away. There was a great deal of good about Sammy, down under all his mischief, but now I am afraid it will never come to light. You had so much influence over him that you might have made something of him by and by."

"Do you really care?" They spoke not looking at each other, but with their eyes turned towards the fog-clouded sea. "If it would please you in the least degree I will send for him and take him back."

"It would please me more than a little, and I thank you. But no, on second thoughts, I will not thank you, for that is Sammy's privilege. He will do that, not only in word but deed, I hope."

"I would much rather that you did it. I should like just once to hear how your voice would sound, speaking with a genuine warmth of gratitude,—to me,—however little I might have deserved it."

"You will not often hear it again speaking in any way," Bonny answered quickly and impulsively, and then would gladly have recalled her words.

"No, since you have decreed that it is to be so. I had hoped far differently once. It was the dearest hope of my life, and its destruction is the heaviest blow. But I won't bore you with a repetition of

my sentiments, which already you have been troubled with too often. I had better, I suppose," rather bitterly, "spend the little time I have left me, in trying to say good-by."

"Oh, not now!" Bonny cried, putting out her hand with a quick gesture of entreaty. "Not now. We will meet at Mrs. Revere's to-night, and—and—it will be easier, less dismal, to say farewell in a crowd."

"But I shall not be there. Didn't you know that I have sent my 'regrets' to Mrs. Revere?"

"No; I had not heard. Why should you not go?"

"On the contrary, Miss Duane, why should I?"

"Because—because it would please Mrs. Revere. She'll not like it if you stay away from her party."

"Oh, that! Well, she will have plenty of others, and can get on charmingly without the one absentee. I shall not even be missed."

"Will you go to please *me*, then?" speaking rapidly, in a low, constrained voice.

Sidney looked at her with a sudden glance, both piercing and insistent. Her eyes would not meet his at first, but presently she raised them for an instant, then lowered them as quickly. "To please *you?*" Sidney echoed. "Do you mean that my presence at Mrs. Revere's to-night *would* please you?"

"Oh, yes; and I shall be wearing such a charming new dress I want everybody, including you, to admire." And Bonny made a feeble and unsatisfactory attempt at a smile.

"Don't turn it off in that way," Sidney impatiently protested, "unless that is honestly the only reason you care. Oh, tell me, I must know, once for all, have I made a mistake? Isn't it true that you have tried to avoid me, that you have wished to keep me at a distance? Do you ask me to go to your party to-night because you *want* me, or is it only what you would suggest, that a coquette desires to exhibit yet one additional charm to make her conquest more than ever complete?" He had frightened the girl by his vehemence, and he saw and repented it instantly. "I am a brute," he said, "to speak like that to you. I don't expect you to answer one of those questions. Forget I asked them. But if you sincerely wish"—with an effort—"for your *friend* to-night he will be with you, I promise."

"Thank you," Bonny responded, tamely. "I will tell Mrs. Revere she may expect you, after all, then. She will be pleased, I know, and—so am I." Then, not daring to prolong the conversation on its present basis, she expressed a desire to go home. "The mist is chilling me," she said, shivering a little; and indeed she was looking very pale. If Sidney had dared to touch her hand, he would have found it trembling and icy cold.

ALICE KING HAMILTON.

(To be continued.)

JACK HAULTAUT, MIDSHIPMAN UNITED STATES NAVY; OR, LIFE AT THE NAVAL ACADEMY.

(Continued from page 486.)

CHAPTER IX.

EN ROUTE TO NEWPORT.

At early daylight all hands were called, the anchor weighed, and in tow of the "R. R. Cuyler," a chartered steamer, the old "Constitution" proceeded down the bay. Opportunity was now afforded for new acquaintances to be formed: the old organization of the fourth class was broken up, and Jack and his fellow cadet officers, the captains and second captains (at least those that were left), now found themselves in the ranks, under the command of second classmen. It was a good deal of a fall in life for them; but of course only what would have taken place on the practice cruise, a few weeks later, and they took it philosophically, the only thing to be done.

The midshipmen were divided into two watches, and, with the few men on board, were depended upon to do such work as might be necessary. The fourth class now found that this was something more like work than anything they had yet encountered. Guard duty had been unpleasant enough, but this was worse. The watches were on duty four hours at a time, except for the short watches of two hours each (called dog-watches) from 4 to 6 and 6 to 8 P.M. This arrangement is always made on board ship, being necessary to cause a rotation in the watches, otherwise the same set of men would be on deck during the same hours every day. Jack found the watches to have different names, as follows:

8 P.M. to midnight	first watch;
Midnight to 4 A.M.	mid;
4 to 8 A.M.	morning;
8 A.M. to meridian	forenoon;
meridian to 4 P.M.	afternoon;

the dog-watches being called first and second respectively.

Having been placed in the second crew, Jack was in the port watch, while Ben was in the starboard. The port watch had "eight hours in," and when eight o'clock came Jack was glad enough to seek his hammock, and was soon wrapped in slumber. It seemed to him that he had hardly been asleep fifteen minutes when the shrill pipe of the boatswain's mate sounded in his ears, followed by the deep-toned cry of, "All the port watch!" He was out of his hammock and dressed within the allotted ten minutes, and had just reached the deck when he heard the pipe again, and then, "All the watch!" He did not know exactly what this meant, but immediately afterwards he heard the order, "Lay aft all the watch to muster!" On reaching the quarter-deck he found a second classman calling the names of the watch one after another, reading them from a slip of paper by the dim light of a ship's lantern. Another second classman was at the wheel with two third classmen to assist him. The lieutenant in charge of the watch walked up and down the poop with an eye to windward, to see what he could make out of the heavy clouds which draped the heavens. Occasionally a third classman would be despatched by him to the gun-deck to inquire of the old seaman there in charge regarding the condition of the towing-hawsers. There were only two or three sails bent, and it would have been an extremely unpleasant affair if any mishap had occurred to cause the parting of the hawsers. With a few men unacquainted with the ship, and with a lot of comparatively feeble boys, it would not have been an easy task to do much work in case of heavy weather. Fortunately, however, there was no cause for alarm, and all went pleasantly enough, except for the inoffensive youngsters, who, unaccustomed to lie upon the soft side of a plank, passed an extremely uncomfortable four hours; and glad enough they were when they heard the order, "Strike the bell eight; call the watch!" Jack started to go below, but was politely invited to remain until he was relieved. Ten minutes after he heard the word passed, "All the watch!" and then he was allowed to betake himself to his hammock, more tired and sleepy than he had been at any time since the beginning of the troubles, for he had had no excitement to keep him up. At seven o'clock all hands were turned out and the hammocks stowed, and at eight came a tolerably good breakfast, provided still under the direction of the colonel's right-hand man, Dorsey, who was now a free man, for he owned himself. There had remained but a comparatively small sum to be paid by him, after the amount of the subscription before referred to had been realized; and when the breaking-up took place the necessary funds were readily obtained, and he was enabled to purchase his long-looked-for freedom. His genial face was now more bland than ever, his broad smile seeming to thank every one for the kindness exhibited in enabling him to shake off the shackles that had so long bound him to his master.

There was little to do during the three days that elapsed from the time the ship left Annapolis until her arrival in New York, where she was taken at once to the navy-yard and anchored.

On the following morning the soldiers brought from Annapolis departed, and took up their quarters at the Astor House, where they remained for several days, hospitably entertained by the proprietor, who charged them nothing, so great was the patriotic feeling that animated him. Jack and Ben were asked to dinner by the officers two or three times, and much enjoyed the liberty granted them. While all was quiet and remarkably dull on board ship, with nothing to do during the day except to await whatever orders might come from Washington, everything in the city was bustle and excitement. The daily drill of the Massachusetts soldiers attracted a great crowd around the Astor, much to the improvement of the exchequer of the bar; recruiting offices were open on every hand, and from nearly every building the national colors were displayed. Enthusiasm was at white heat. Not a day passed that did not witness the departure of some body of New York or New England troops for the capital, and every one was looking forward to the speedy return of the citizen soldiers who had gone forth at the call of the government.

While liberty was freely given during the day, every one was required to be on board by sundown, and sentries were all round the ship from sunset until sunrise, with orders to hail all approaching boats. This was comparatively easy work. A two hours' post in the pleasant April nights was not worth considering, and each one felt that he was doing his part, however humble it might be, in taking care of the good old craft. Ashore in the navy-yard all was bustle and hurry; preparations went on night and day, that the few vessels there might be put in readiness as soon as possible, while the leaden hours were passed in inaction on board ship.

At length, after a delay of a week or ten days, orders came for the ship to go to Newport, where the school was to be re-established. On hearing this all hands were in a flutter of excitement, glad to know that at last something was definitely settled. In tow of a large side-wheel tug the good old craft left the navy-yard on the afternoon of the day following the receipt of these orders; as she passsd through the East River and Hell Gate flags were flying from nearly every house, and many people watched with interest her progress, the ladies waving their handkerchiefs by way of adding to the enthusiasm. Twenty-four hours later the anchor was dropped in the outer harbor of Newport, amidst quite a fleet of sail-boats that had come out to welcome the new arrivals. One enthusiastic gentleman sailing close alongside cried out, "Five hundred pretty women are waiting on shore to see Uncle Sam's middies."

From the anchorage a delightful view was spread before the eyes

of the admiring youngsters; far to the northward stretched the blue waters of Narragansett Bay, dotted with islands, gilded by the rays of the setting sun. Near at hand, to the eastward, lay the beautiful city, where so much pleasure, they hoped, lay in store for them; between the ship and the landing was an island with an ancient fortification upon it, making a safe inner harbor for small vessels. Rising gently from the shore, with the roofs of the houses showing plainly among the budding leaves of the early spring, with here and there a tall spire, the town extended before their vision. To the southward, the shore curving in an easy sweep, was a rising ground whereon were a few scattered residences; while the beach continued its course until it almost inclosed the harbor, with grim Fort Adams at its extreme point guarding the entrance through which they had just come. To the west, forming the other shore of the harbor, was Conanicut Island, with a queer round fort, directly opposite the newer and more formidable fortification. Many sail-boats brought their passengers to the gangway, and visitors were on board in great numbers, all eager to see the historic craft, as well as to make the acquaintance of the officers.

Fort Adams, a magnificent specimen of the old style of harbor defenses, was at this time garrisoned by a detachment of Rhode Island troops, and as the orders from the Navy Department were to establish the school there, arrangements were soon made by which possession was to be taken by the naval authorities, and after an interchange of gun salutes the formal transfer was effected.

Naturally there were many applications for liberty to visit the city, but they were not received with any particular favor by Captain George, who, in the unsettled condition of affairs, was temporarily at the head of the school. Hardly had twenty-four hours elapsed when the "Baltic" was seen steaming into the harbor, having on board the officers of the school, with their families, and such of the movable property as could be gathered in the short time allowed for their flight from Annapolis. With the arrival of his superiors the reign of Captain George was over, and the superintendent resumed his sway. With this return to the old order of things the new existence of the school may be said to have begun.

CHAPTER X.

THE NEW HOME.

BEFORE any decided steps had been taken looking towards the taking up of the academic work where it had been so rudely interrupted, there came an order detaching the second classmen, and ordering them into active service, a change which was received with much joy by them.

At the same time the lieutenants who had been doing duty on board the ship were likewise detached, and ordered to various vessels fitting out for the blockading fleet. Three of the second class, tempted by the substantial offer of appointments as acting masters (the grade next below lieutenant), were persuaded to remain, and take the places of the lieutenants going away as officers-in-charge. The remainder stayed not upon the order of their going, but went at once, most of them taking the night-boat to New York, exchanging hearty cheers as they passed the "Constitution."

This sudden move upon the part of the authorities in Washington necessitated a reorganization of the battalion, with the third classmen occupying the posts of honor. This arrangement, however, was of but short duration, for hardly had it been effected when orders were most unexpectedly received that sent the third class also afloat into the scenes of active strife. So great was the demand for officers at this time that it was deemed a wise move to have the services of those who had been less than two years at the school, and who had had necessarily little or no experience. It is needless to say that this unlooked-for change in their prospects, from the dull routine of study to the participation in the activities of the time, was gladly welcomed by them. Not more gladly, however, than by the fourth class, which now became the sole remaining representation of the large and flourishing Annapolitan régime; and being such, the old organization, so far as was practicable, was again resumed, and our friends, Jack and Ben, were once more installed in office. The only ones who had any tinge of regret at the new order of things were those members of the class who were known as *turnbacks*, and who naturally would have preferred going with those who had once been their classmates, and seeking in their company the activities of a larger sphere of action.

Within a very few days the academic routine was resumed, some of the casemates of the fort being used as study- and recitation-rooms, while in others were the superintendent's and other offices. In the change of the base that had been made the dapper little secretary had disappeared, and his place was taken by the senior clerk, who has ever since worthily filled the position, which all who know him (and who of the young navy does not?) trust he may be long preserved to occupy. Of the naval officers there remained but the superintendent, the commandant (who was himself soon detached), and the commanding officer of the school-ship, together with the three recently-promoted officers-in-charge. The academic staff had been considerably depleted in various ways, though there was still plenty of material with which to conduct the school. Jack missed his old instructor in geography, who had "gone with his State" to such an extent that before an excited mob of the citizens of Annapolis he had taken off the coat which, with its naval buttons, he was then wearing, and trampled it in dis-

grace beneath his feet, amid the plaudits of the lookers-on. When this story was told there was something of a feeling of rejoicing that, under the martial law that now prevailed in the sleepy old town, no such offense would be possible unless followed by condign punishment.

It was at first intended that the fort should be used as the quarters of the school during its temporary sojourn in its northern refuge; but experience soon showed that the casemates were altogether too damp for such uses, and the project was abandoned. The class, therefore, still slept and ate on board the ship, going to and from the shore in the boats. It was now getting well along into May, and fully a month had been lost from study. The regular examination was, therefore, put off until such time as the prescribed course should be finished. Under this stimulus the ordinary routine went on, though it must be confessed with something of a spring-fever like manner on the part of most of the youngsters, especially as by this time acquaintances were beginning to be made with the fair occupants of the carriages that frequently appeared in the afternoon about the hour of drill. There was not much time to spare, however, and but little liberty was granted to visit the city, as it was quite a long walk by the road, and also because there was a desire to keep an official eye upon all parties concerned. The afternoons of Saturday were mostly spent in wandering around the fort and exploring its various ramifications. With the very many hiding-places that it afforded, it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that many a quiet pipe or cigar was surreptitiously smoked, and many a social game of cards enjoyed.

The examination came at last, and was comparatively soon over. Jack found himself among the *stars*, as he had hoped, and Ben, too, had pulled up considerably. A very few were found deficient, and departed to the homes of their ancestors. It was now definitely announced that there was to be no practice cruise as usual, as a ship could not be spared, and preparations were made for a certain amount of practical work that should, so far as possible, take the place of the experience which a trip to Madeira would give.

It was a difficult matter to so arrange the routine as to keep the midshipmen employed as constantly as during the academic year, and hence there were more opportunities afforded for such little pleasures as tobacco and cards. During their stay on board Jack had been quite intimate with the Massachusetts officers, and he had learned from them something regarding their manner of drill, which knowledge was turned to account in the formation of a sort of society, to which was given the name of the Navy Zouaves. Jack was made the captain, and the drill was modeled upon that of its progenitor from Salem. It is really wonderful how much work a boy will do for the fun of it; and the zest with which the Zouaves went at their task would undoubtedly have been a great credit to them had it been displayed in what might be

called a public, rather than a private, direction. After a few preliminary trials on shore, in the quiet recesses of the old fort, permission was obtained from Captain George to have the drills on board ship, and every facility was given by him to aid the organization. He sent for a book on the bayonet exercise, gave the use of muskets and accoutrements, and, as a distinctive mark, allowed the wearing of a red cap with a white tassel during drills, and occasionally at other times. This head-gear was extremely inexpensive, being constructed of a cartridge-bag, with some threads of canvas as an ornament. In the course of a very short time the execution of the manual of arms and of the bayonet exercise became so perfect that visitors were asked on board by the captain, and it soon became quite the thing to "go aboard ship and see the Zouaves drill." Naturally enough the visitors came to know the members of the company, and in this way many acquaintances were formed with members of the fair sex.

Two or three of these young ladies, who were frequent visitors, became very great favorites with all, and in due course they were elected honorary members of the Zouaves, and furnished with the badge that had recently been adopted, and was allowed to be worn. This consisted merely of a small knot of gold cord worn in the button-hole; but small as it was, it was quite something much prized by its possessors, and greatly sought after by those who were not. If the veracious chronicler were to assert that there was something more than a purely platonic feeling existing (on the part of the young men, at least), it is to be feared that no denial could be made. However, it was not anything particularly dangerous to either party, only it was productive of an extremely good feeling, and it made the boys happy for the time, if not the girls.

There was a semblance of study hours in the forenoon, when the rudiments of navigation were supposed to be learned; but as no credit was given for good results, or blame for poor ones, only those who had a natural tendency to study did much at it. In the afternoon there were a couple of hours spent in the rigging-loft, wherein various mysteries of marlinspike seamanship were learned, and a good deal of practical benefit derived. This instruction was followed by an infantry drill on the parade-ground of the fort, which was generally surrounded by carriages containing people who had driven over from town, for by this time the hotels were quite well filled, and the watering-place life of that day had begun. Many of the Southern *habitués* were absent, but some were still there, one fair damsel in particular making herself quite conspicuous by the exhibition of the Louisiana pelican badge, which she wore upon her dress.

It was, however, on Saturday mornings, when there was nothing to be done, that the quiet of the fort was most enjoyed. On such occasions the Zouaves would practice some new evolution with which to

astonish the spectators during the coming week. Their discipline was very strict; none even spoke to the captain without the most respectful salute and in the conventional attitude of the soldier, and this voluntary submission was peculiarly marked when contrasted with the general spirit of young men, who prefer, as a rule, no master but themselves. Other groups might be found stowed away in other parts of the various ditches or moats, of which there were several, engaged, perhaps, in more lawless, but not less enjoyed, amusements.

The Saturday afternoon liberty, coming once a fortnight, was much enjoyed, and many were the walks taken by the lads, not alone, however, for their fair acquaintances were ever ready for a stroll to the bathing beach and the glorious cliffs. They went generally by way of that charming street, the shade of whose overarching trees protected them from the sun, and down the long vista of which could be seen various pairs pursuing the same course, towards the brownstone lodge, which closed the view. Who that has ever walked through Love Lane, either with or without some charming companion, can forget its exquisite beauty, its rustic charms, forming so great a contrast to the loud-resounding sea beating at the foot of the cliffs, or rolling in broad sheets of foam upon the sandy expanse of the most excellent bathing beach in America? What rambles those were during the sunny days of that first summer, when the war was hardly begun, and people did not realize what it all meant! Will Purgatory or Paradise, the Forty Steps or Spouting Rock ever be effaced from the memory of those who saw them then under the guidance of those fair cicerones? It might, perhaps, be thought that there was danger to hearts lurking somewhere in these entirely informal gatherings; but while there were some slight symptoms of such a malady, yet, on the whole, the intercourse of these boys and girls (for such they really were) was upon the most unconventional and platonic footing. They did not pretend to be young ladies and young gentlemen, but to be just what they were, and their frankness found its reward in the freedom with which their association was permitted, and with no ill results as a rule. Sometimes a fellow would get *spoony*, but not for any great length of time; the atmosphere was too clear for any such nonsense as that, and as successive generations of midshipmen were annually making their appearance, it was well for the feminine portion of the community that there should be no entanglements carried over from preceding years.

As soon as the summer routine was well under way, a series of semi-monthly hops began. These were far in advance of those at Annapolis, for with the old study-room bulkheads down and the tables moved forward, there was the whole space of the gun-deck as far as the foremast available for dancing. As is usual on board ship on such occasions, the deck was tastefully ornamented with various colored signal flags, while the quarter-deck was also curtained off in a similar manner.

The band, which had been brought from Annapolis in the "Baltic," as part of the baggage of the school, gave forth its merry strains, and every one was as happy as possible. It so happened that Jack was one of the committee whose name appeared upon the cards of invitation, which, by the way, were most eagerly sought, for it soon became quite fashionable to go to the "Constitution's" hops. Apart from the pleasure which an excursion to a vessel of war gives to the average young woman, there was the additional historic charm of "Old Ironsides," in whose cabin was to be seen the veritable blue flag which Perry flew at the battle of Lake Erie, with its inscription, "Don't give up the ship!" As one of those whose duty it was to receive the guests, Jack soon made the acquaintance of many people, and many were the invitations to dinner or tea, as also many were the requests for "cards for a friend" received by him. Not the least pleasing feature of these entertainments was the fact of their taking place in the afternoon, so that it was quite practicable to go ashore to tea after they were over, as was often Jack's good fortune. At these dances the honorary members of the Zouaves were under the protection of their comrades, who saw that their dancing cards were properly filled, oftentimes before they came aboard, so that their afternoon's amusement was all laid out beforehand.

In such guileless and happy fashion the summer months were passing away, when the whole class was electrified by the announcement that leave for three weeks was to be granted those who could avail themselves of it. Alas! for poor Jack. His home was so far away that he could not think of going, partly on account of the expense (for he would not ask for any money from home), and partly because the time taken in going and returning would leave him but little vacation. His heart yearned for a sight of the old home and the dear ones there, more especially when he bade Ben good-by; but he schooled himself to bear the disappointment, and endeavored to console himself by having as good a time as he knew how for the rest of the season.

ALLAN D. BROWN,
Commander U.S.N.

(To be continued.)

INSIDE VIEWS OF THE CIVIL SERVICE.

In a previous number of The United Service I have endeavored, as far as possible, to direct attention to the fact that no organized system exists in the various departments of the civil service as to the matter of promotion.

Why the servants of the goverment in its civil branches should have been left to this day without that order of defense against injustice and undeserving reward which so justly and positively protects the members of the military and naval establishments, it is at first thought very difficult to conceive; but the explanation of this glaring defect in the economy of the government is offered in the unfortunate fact, that from the very formation of the service itself its misfortunes have been but the natural results of a system built wholly upon the foundation of politics.

An establishment raised upon the shifting sands of such a foundation can never inspire a feeling of confidence and repose in its occupants, or offer any possible hope of safety to its constantly changing tenants.

The result of all this is that there is not the slightest assurance of permanent tenure of office even during that virtuous condition known as good behavior; while the possibilities of *promotion* on the simple evidence of *merit* are too far removed to encourage any serious contemplation of the subject by any employé not wholly unsophisticated in these matters.

The problem of relief from the various evils existing in the civil service is undoubtedly an exceedingly difficult one to solve, and its solution can only be reached by careful consideration of the various causes from which these wrongs have sprung, and the deliberate purpose of the people to establish such systems of reform in the service as to remove the possibility of the commission of acts of injustice by the power of political or personal influence.

The first, and perhaps the most important step in the direction of reform has been taken already, and its benefits and power for good are too apparent to admit of argument. I refer to the establishment of the civil service law, and the commission appointed to execute its provisions.

The continuance of this commission for more than two years, together with the fact that since the enactment of the law by a Congress politically divided, but agreeing as to the necessity of such a law, no attempt at its repeal has been made, gives undoubted evidence of its necessity, and its indorsement by the people regardless of politics.

This law has practically and hopelessly closed the doors of the departments against the importunities and unscrupulous designs of politicians, so far as the *admission* of persons to the service is concerned. While many a politician or member of Congress may feel a sense of disappointment and even injury at being deprived of this method of rewarding political services rendered for him, I am sure the relief he must experience at being able to respond to applicants for such charity that the law prevents his payment in such a manner, must more than compensate him for the grief he had experienced over the enactment of such a law.

Having thus far relieved the civil service from that burden which had encumbered its progress for so many years, and from that degrading influence which had so largely filled the government offices with the unworthy beneficiaries of mere political services, and had almost converted the departments of the government into political asylums, let the people now take one more step, and close the last remaining door in the face of politics and influence.

Through this door they still come to plead for the *promotion* of their friends. No law has reached them at that entrance, and the door is still open for their admission. Let that door be closed also, and then look inside and see what plan can be adopted to regulate promotions in such a way as to serve justice to every employé of the government when the time comes for recognition of merit.

Any law which may be enacted, or any rule of the Civil Service Commission which may be added to relieve this wrong, must, in order to be effective in its operations, remove the possibility of mere personal preference, in the recommendation of persons for promotion, by the heads of the bureaus and their subordinate chiefs of divisions.

It is self-evident that if a person is to be recommended for promotion by the chief of his division, personal preference will govern the selection in every case, and the spirit of justice becomes perverted by reason of such an act.

The only possible plan which shall overcome such objections must be one which shall bring each man to the front, at such a time as his term of service and his merit shall in the natural order place him there, for consideration for promotion to the next higher grade. Upon this simple plan are based the military and naval systems of promotion, which are as near perfect plans of justice as can be devised.

Upon such a system in the civil service, or at least upon a plan established on that true theory of promotion, merit or length of service

could not be ignored in selections for promotion, as unfortunately they frequently are now.

The promotion of a person in the civil service does not, under the present order of things, by any means imply elevation to a higher grade of duties; for in more than half of the cases of promotion the party simply returns to his accustomed work, and receives two hundred dollars more a year for doing it. I speak of the classified grades of clerkships as to this matter.

By the spirit of the civil service law it is contemplated that promotion shall extend even to the change of bureaus from the lower grades.

In the selection of a man for promotion to the head of a division, after he shall have reached a clerkship of the highest grade, reference should be made to his *executive* ability, as well as to other qualifications, before placing him in a position where a large number of persons are to be brought under his immediate control and supervision. This quality has frequently been overlooked in such promotions, and has produced extremely bad results. In some cases the most degrading and slavish discipline has been enforced, while in others there has been such a total absence of order as to result in the constant neglect of the interests of the government.

In view of this state of things, resulting from injudicious selections by personal preference or influence, I should regard it as highly important that promotions to those grades should be carefully considered before being made.

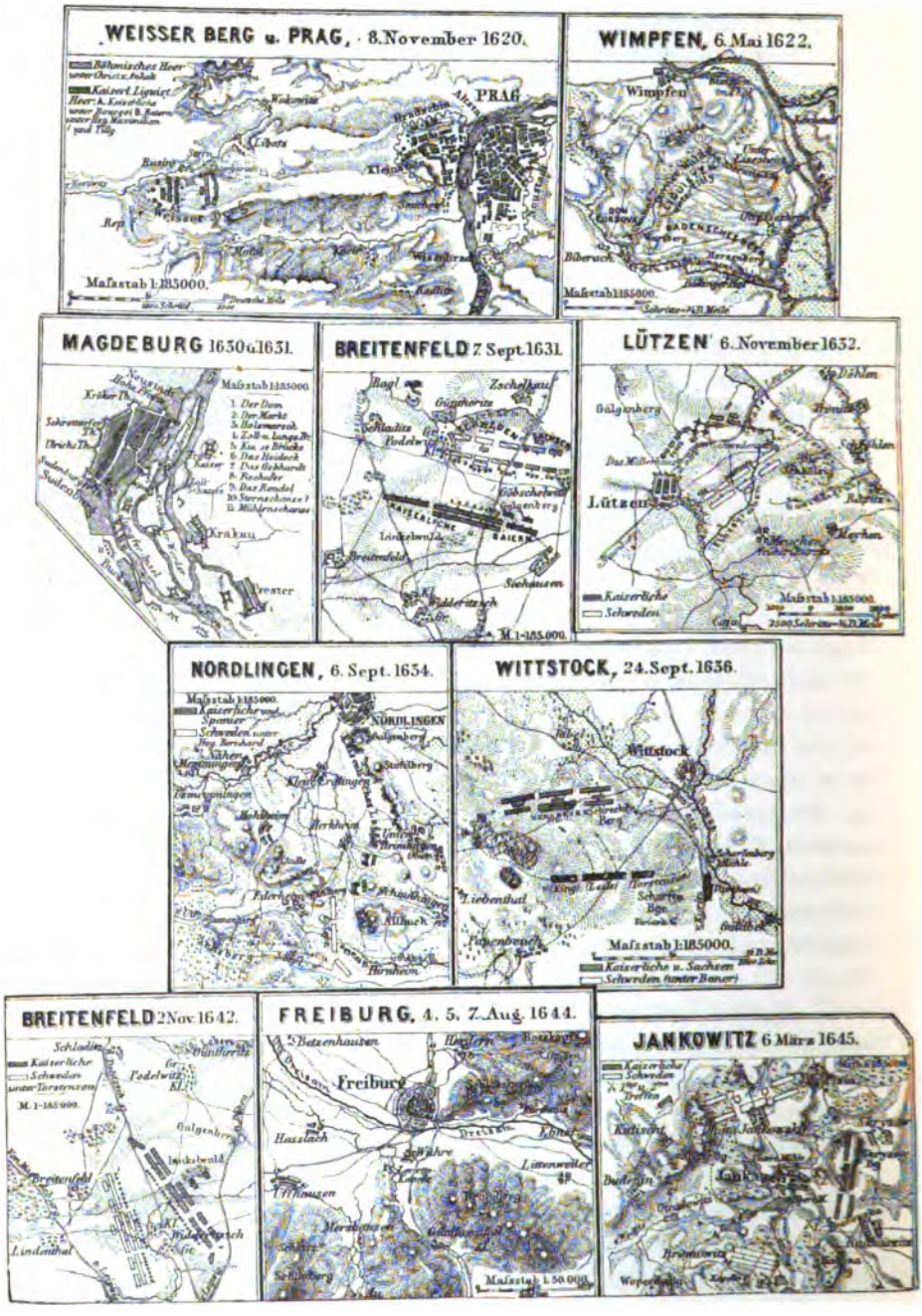
If the people have so far committed themselves to the principles of civil service reform as to entrust the whole responsibility of admission to the service to the commission governing such admissions, based upon a law whose benefits are universally admitted, and the justice of which is beyond question, it would seem but natural that their further demand should be, that the faithful and meritorious servants of the government should be protected in their rights *after* their admission by the same principles of justice which brought them in.

Strange and glaring cases of utter indifference to the rights of others are being constantly presented in the matter of promotions. The propriety of such promotions cannot with safety be questioned by those who feel the injury done themselves.

There seems to be no appeal in such cases, for there is no law to which they can point to arrest such action.

It is to be earnestly hoped that at an early day the rules of the Civil Service Commission may be so far extended by the President as to bring within their scope the regulation of this long-neglected wrong which appeals for justice *inside* the service.

I. E. Vail.


WEISSER BERG u. PRAG, 8. November 1620.
Böhmisches Heer unter Christ. Anhalt
Kaiserl. Liguist. Heer: A. Kaiserliche unter Bouquoi B. Bayern unter Graf Maximilian und Tilly
PRAG
Wokowitz
Libeits
Rusin
Kleinseite
Weissberg
Radlitz
Mafsstab 1:185000.
WIMPFEN, 6. Mai 1622.
Wimpfen
Mafsstab 1:185000.
MAGDEBURG 1630 u. 1631.
Mafsstab 1:185000.
1. Der Dom
2. Der Markt
3. Holzmarsch
4. Zoll u. lange Br.
5. Kin. 10 Brücke
6. Das Heidock
7. Das Gebhardt
8. Fischer
9. Das Rendel
10. Sternschanze?
11. Mühlenschanze
Krakau
Prester
BREITENFELD 7 Sept. 1631.
Bagl
Zscheilau
Gütthorite
Schladitz
Podelwitz
Breitenfeld
Siehausen
Widderitzsch
M. 1:185000.
LÜTZEN 6. November 1632.
Gülgenberg
Lützen
Kaiserliche
Schweden
Mafsstab 1:185000.
NORDLINGEN, 6. Sept. 1634.
Mafsstab 1:185000.
Kaiserliche und Spanier
Schweden unter Hzg. Bernhard
NORDLINGEN
Alfingen
Stockberg
Kleinerdlingen
Herkheim
Allmuch
Hornheim
WITTSTOCK, 24. Sept. 1636.
Wittstock
Liebenthal
Pinnenbach
Mafsstab 1:185000.
Kaiserliche u. Sachsen
Schweden (unter Banner)
BREITENFELD 2 Nov. 1642.
Schladitz
Kaiserliche
Schweden unter Torstensson
M. 1:185000.
Podelwitz
Gülgenberg
Breitenfeld
Lindenthal
FREIBURG, 4. 5. 7. Aug. 1644.
Betzenhausen
Freiburg
Hasslach
Währe
Littenweiler
Umkirch
Merdingen
Gottenheim
Schallstadt
Mafsstab 1:50000.
JANKOWITZ 6 März 1645.
Kaiserliche
Schweden
Treffen
Katzorf
Jankowitz
Budkowitz
Bronnowitz
Wepowitz

THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE MILITARY OPERATIONS AND INFLUENCE OF THE SWEDES.

PART III.—SUPPLEMENTARY. II.

(Continued from page 225.)

"The Thirty Years' War was one of *bloody conflicts*, GLORIOUS VICTORIES, but of an incessant change of good and evil FORTUNE."—FREYTAG'S "*Vergangenheit*," ii. 21-22.

"A commanding general must possess discretion and talent. An indifferent or negligent general is worth no more than a lazy or idle mechanic."—XENOPHON.

"Discipline is the salvation of armies. Indiscipline has destroyed many."—XENOPHON.

THESE expeditions not only served to harass the Saxons but traversed all their enterprises until after they had united with a corps of Imperialists under the Count of Hatzfeld, who brought with him some of the best regiments in the Emperor's service. After this the combined force of the enemy became so preponderating that Banér, with all the superiority of his genius, could not make up for the inferior number of his troops. He therefore retired, and took possession of a fortified camp at Werben. Without any hesitation, the Elector took advantage of the absence of the Swedes, invested Magdeburg, the most important of all fortresses on the Elbe, and demanded its surrender. Banér was too weak, with an army which hardly numbered nine thousand effective men, even to try and rescue this city from a threefold stronger enemy. He therefore resolved that until the Count of Wasaborg, a *natural* son of Gustavus Adolphus, could arrive with a reinforcement from Pomerania, he would remain in his camp and let his soldiers renew their strength through rest. He hoped that the commander, Johann Drake, would now manifest the same courage as Melcher Falkenberg, who commanded in the same city when Tilly besieged and took it in 1631, and would defend it with equal resolution, and not allow this important fortress, upon which his plans of future operations partly depended, to fall into the hands of the enemy. But Drake was one of those cowards who in face of danger forget country and duty. He tried, like Cronstedt at Sweaborg, by several splendid enterprises to win the confidence of the citizens, and obtain an oppor-

tunity to abuse it with success; for although he had plenty of men, powder, and provisions, he surrendered the city just at the very hour when Banér, at length able to do so, was about to attempt its relief. The news of this unfortunate event, the surrender of Magdeburg, knocked into *pi* all the plans of Banér. He no longer possessed a single fortress on the Elbe in which he could take refuge when reverses might come upon him, and wherein he could collect provisions with safety for his army. But without losing time by vain discussions and repinings, he summoned from the Weser, Leslie, an officer of experience and unimpeachable fidelity, left his camp at Werben and marched to Luneburg. After this conquest he intended to invade Misnia and Thuringia; but the progress of the united hostile armies on the Havel, the surrender of Brandenburg, Rathenaus, and Havelburg compelled him to an immediate retreat. At Salzwedel he called together his most experienced colonels, to hear their advice. The greater part were of the opinion that he should draw nearer towards the Baltic, to unite with Wrangel, Sr., who was stationed in Pomerania, and was employed in defending this Province against the Imperialists. Banér, however, saw that such a retreat would occasion the loss of all those places which the Swedes still held in possession along the Elbe, in Westphalia, and other districts. During these consultations several prisoners were brought in, which stated that ten regiments under the command of the Saxon General Dähne had marched into Perleberg, either for the purpose of destroying the Swedish bridge of boats at that point or to attack Wrangel. This information determined Banér to risk a battle which should decide the fate of the Swedes, whether they should return to their own country without revenge for their sacrificed treasures or for the Swedish blood shed in the cause of Germany, or, if victorious, they should prescribe laws to Germany, rendered powerless by defeat. He had hardly marched some miles when he learned that not a part but the whole of the hostile army stood near Perleberg. He therefore went to Parchim, to reinforce himself with as many troops as Wrangel could spare to him, and, at the review he held afterwards, counted seventeen thousand men. With these few in proportion to the enemy he flauntingly and tauntingly marched by the hostile camp several days in succession, insulting and endeavoring to lure them out to fight. Although the Elector of Saxony was far superior to Banér in foot as well as in horse, he nevertheless, like halting Kutusoff in 1812, desired rather to ruin his antagonist by hunger than by the sword. Thus he kept behind his intrenchments, which were protected on all sides by swamps and woods. To attack such a position, defended by thirteen thousand foot and fifteen thousand horse, with an inferior army, seven thousand foot and nine thousand horse, was too risky even for Banér and Torstenson. In vain, in sight of the Saxe-Imperial army, were four regiments of cuirassiers put to

flight; Hatzfeld and the Elector stood unmoved. Our heroes therefore directed their march towards the Elbe, destroyed the Saxon bridge of boats over this river, and manœuvred as if they intended to resume possession of Werben. This stratagem had complete success; for the enemy, who feared to lose the places covering the crossings of the river Elbe, broke up from his camp and forestalled Banér. Wittstock, a city until then but little known, of four thousand inhabitants, has achieved a celebrated name since that time in history. This place in the District of East Priegnitz, where the little river Glenz falls into the Dosse, was surrounded, according to the custom of the period, with a stone wall and deep ditches. When the Elector became acquainted with the movements of the Swedes, his troops—thirteen brigades, total six thousand infantry, and seventy squadrons, numbering fifteen thousand cavalry, thirty-one or thirty-two thousand men altogether—were drawn up in line of battle upon the so-called Schreckenberg (Mount Terror), not Scharfenberg (Sharp Mountain), which was entirely distinct and in rear of the Swedish right, their left wing leaning against the city, and their right against a Cloister or Monastery. His army had with it a large number of heavy guns, thirty-three or thirty-five pieces. The artillery—six batteries—was posted to the front in advance upon a [ridge] high [steep like a?] wall,(?) behind a line of detached redoubts, with wagons between the guns to prevent the Swedes from breaking through. Considering, also, that the forest called the "Heide" extended even to the mountain upon which the Saxons were arrayed, it is most supposable that the Elector, in spite of all his advantages, intended rather to avoid a battle than to risk it. Distant from the city some two miles and more, towards the south there had been a bridge over the Dosse, which had been partially destroyed.

This bridge Banér hastily repaired, and crossed upon it on the 24th September, 1636. The crossing lasted from sunrise until noon. When all the troops had passed over, the Swedish general formed his line of battle. He had twenty-two thousand men altogether. Banér himself and Torstenson commanded on the right wing; Stalhanske and the Scotchman, Jacob King, the left; Leslie, the centre; and Vitzthum, the reserve. The latter appears to have had with him one-quarter of the whole Swedish force, so that Banér could not have had at his own disposition over seventeen thousand men, of whom not ten thousand were seriously engaged. In other words, Banér and Torstenson beat double their numbers with about ten thousand horse and foot. Seeing that the forest (*Heide*) separated the armies, Banér perceived the risk of a direct attack against the front of the Schrekenberg, and therefore ordered Stalhanske and King, under the blind of the mountains and forest (*Eichenwald*), to follow a wood road which led far away around the right wing of the enemy [exactly as Stonewall Jackson did to fall on Howard's right at Chancellorsville], while he himself, with Torsten-

son, on the right side of the mount (Terror), followed the course of the Dosse, at first directly towards Wittstock, and then away from the town to fall on the left of the Allies. At one time there must have been an interval of three or four miles between the Swedish right and left, with the enemy between them, and through Vitzthum's treachery the reserve was in no condition to afford any assistance or support to either.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the first shots were fired. "If God will!" was the watchword of the Saxons and Austrians; "God with us!" that of the Swedes. The Saxo-Imperialists advancing through the wood, threw the whole of their cavalry upon the right wing of the Swedes. Both sides fought with desperate courage. Banér himself, Torstenson, and the oldest soldiers in the army, admitted they had never yet been present in so obstinate a battle. Not one regiment on Banér's right, under himself and Torstenson, but attacked ten times, and had been as often repulsed. The day already began to decline, and with it the hopes and resolution of the Swedes, despite Banér's and Torstenson's examples of bravery. The soldiers even entertained thoughts of giving up, and already the Saxo-Imperialist troops raised their shouts of Victory, inspired by the assurances of their officers that the dreadful leaders, Banér and Torstenson, had fallen in the battle. Then Leslie came up with three fresh brigades of Infantry, and retrieved the fortunes of the day. Furthermore, the Swedish reserve was momentarily expected. Vitzthum, who commanded this reserve, had received repeated orders from Banér to push forward, and bring his troops into action, because the fate of the day depended upon his prompt arrival. This Vitzthum was a Saxon, and there were two of this name, belonging to the same family, in the field, one in the Swedish, the other in the Saxon service. Either through a natural, but mistimed and misplaced, compassion for his countrymen, or what is more credible, privately won over by the Elector of Saxony, he answered the reiterated orders of Banér "to push on," that he "would come when it should be time." To his officers, who assembled around him, and were pressing him to march on more quickly, he said, "That no lucky result for the Swedish arms could be expected, and that the same defeat was awaiting them at Wittstock which they had suffered upon the fields of Nordlingen." What a pity it is that Banér with his volcanic temper and fiery resolution had not been on the spot to punish such disobedience, as Bernard of Saxe-Weimar served the lieutenant-colonel of Stenbock's Smaland regiment at Lutzen! (Klopp's Gfrorer, 789.) When Bernard had announced the death of Gustavus to Kniphausen, in command of the centre of the second line of the Swedes, and heard that "the troops were in good order," he declared the question was simply one of "Vengeance in Victory," and ordered the line to advance. "Stenbock's lieutenant-colonel [Smalanders, his superior having been wounded] hesitating to advance when he [Bernard] ordered,

[Bernard], *passed his sword through his body*, and led on to the attack three other regiments," and by this determination the field was won and Wallenstein defeated. (See de P.'s Life of Torstenson, 118.*) Even a St. Just is sometimes not out of place. He was possessed of "fiery impatience" and "personal intrepidity" "heroically manifested." In the army, such was his severity, "*He shot whole batches of officers for their inertness.* [Vitzthum's least criminality.] He even caused a lieutenant-colonel to be executed." (Hon. Geo. S. Smythe's *Historic Epilogues*, 287.)

It was near sundown, when Banér, doubting, with reason, of the victory, bent anxious brows now to the quarter from which Vitzthum should arrive, now to the point which Stalhanske had orders to attack, and take the enemy, in reverse, by a detour round their right, as Ziethen did at Torgau in 1760, as McDowell attempted to do at Bull Run I. in 1861, as Stonewall Jackson did at Chancellorsville in 1863, and as Hooker did at Chattanooga in the fall of the same year, and as Wilson did, in effect, at Nashville in 1864. Alone and unsupported, he could no longer resist the mass of the whole hostile force, and it seemed as if all his noble calculations had failed. Two of Leslie's brigades were almost cut to pieces and their flags in the hands of the enemy. Only the presence of Banér and Torstenson, whose eminent courage had never been more severely tried, kept up the spirits of the discouraged troops, and held up to their work those almost worn-out and demoralized who were thinking of flight. Now fighting on foot at the head of the infantry, now leading their cavalry to renewed charges, these illustrious chiefs set an example worthy of their past renown. Several officers fell at their side, and Count Wasaborg was wounded in close proximity to Banér, who, himself, regarded the battle as lost. The non-arrival of the reserve he justly ascribed to treasonable conspiracy, but that Stalhanske,—who was in the Swedish service exactly what Pappenheim had been on the Imperial side through actual love of fighting,—did not make his influence manifest where it was expected was inexplicable to him. Banér did not know the impediments which Stalhanske encountered. A long, difficult, and circuitous march had kept him back for some hours. Stalhanske and King knew perfectly well the importance of the result of that day. They, therefore, when they arrived at the designated spot to cut in, fell upon the right flank of the enemy with such impetuosity as made it apparent at once that all eventual resistance would be in vain. A heavy cannonade, and disorder perceptible in the ranks of the enemy, revealed at last to Banér that Stalhanske (Steel Glove or Gauntlet) had got to work, and was working in to the purpose. He therefore gathered up every available man, and continued the contest until the darkness of the night put an end to the bloodshed. It was his intention to renew the combat on the following day, after he had brought up the reserve, which he had, unfortunately from his misunderstanding

of the man, intrusted to Vitzthum. When the Elector and Hatzfeld perceived their right wing in disorder, and heard from prisoners that the Swedish reserve had not yet taken part in the contest, they foresaw a new and fearful attack on the following day. They, therefore, thought it most advisable to save themselves, and what more could be preserved, by abandoning the field during the night. This they did, and in such haste that they forgot the Chancellory and the whole Silver Service of the Elector, which fell into the hands of Stalhanske. Too far worn out that night, Stalhanske and King, with several thousand horse, pursued the flying army on the following morning, the one on the road to Bremen and the other on that to Pritzwald. The battle-field was cruelly covered with dead, wounded, and fleeing, and the roads with carriages and wagons belonging to the trains of the enemy. The Elector was so terrified, that again fleeing as he fled after the running-out of his own troops at Leipzic, he did not consider himself safe even within the walls of Magdeburg. Nay, so overwhelming was the fear into which he had fallen, that he continued his flight to Leipzic, where he arrived without an army, without baggage, and without provisions, like a mere partisan captain, at the head of four hundred horse. Five thousand Saxo-Imperialists out of thirty-one thousand, and two thousand Swedish warriors out of about seventeen thousand, lay upon the battle-field, and the number of the wounded was no less. The Swedes, although victorious, counted three thousand of the latter. Two thousand prisoners, one hundred and fifty flags, thirty-five cannons, and several thousand wagons were the immediate booty of the army and the results of a day, on which Banér and Torstenson had overcome at once the desperate difficulties of the battle-field, the plans of treachery, and the enemy so superior in numbers, and in the enjoyment of every advantage. All this, too, with an army which had been several times about to become dissolved through want of discipline, intrigues, want of all kinds, especially hunger and sicknesses, almost unheard-of marches, labors, and suffering.

Although Wittstock and Nordlingen stand forth prominent examples of battles belonging to the class peculiar for attacks on both wings,—of which Blenheim, Torgau, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg may be said, in a partial degree, to belong,—the rule holds good in most cases, and everywhere, during the Wars of the seventeenth century in consequence of the usual predominance of cavalry so classified, and the nearly invariable formation of armies for combat,—Infantry constituting the centre, and Horse and Dragoons the two wings. There are also several notable examples in the present century, Dresden, certainly, and Vittoria, measurably, as most lucidly explained by Wellington, and as clearly reported in the Croker papers. The *Ferreus* (Iron) Duke, so grimly styled, spoke thus:

"I'll show you how I won that battle. Lord Hill *attacked* along

the *high road* from Madrid to Vittoria, *to the right*, on some broken, wooded hills. Into these hills [on the French left] I sent, at first, a small force, one battalion; the French thought that was to be our attack, and drew off from their *right* and *centre* to reinforce it. I saw this and sent another regiment (Cardigan's), and by degrees increased the force there. I had the day before sent Lord Lynedock with his corps to the other side of the little river on *our left*, and he had been moving unseen behind some hills, till he came on that side quite round the French right. *When* I saw that he had begun, and that the French were astonished at having us both on the *right* and the *left*, I attacked the broken hill, which was the French *centre*, but they had drained it [the centre] to support their left, and I carried it [pierced the centre] with great ease and little loss." (Croker Papers, ii. 33, 34.)

Blenheim was a blending of the application of the Wittstock, Nordlingen, and Vittoria method, although the bursting of the French centre brought it nigher in parallelism to Vittoria. This latter had as momentous effect on the War problem as far as Napoleon was concerned as Wittstock. Just reflect on the dates:

The Armistice of Plesswitz or Suspension of Arms, after Bautzen, 20th, 21st May, was signed 4th June, to last until the 20th July, and was extended to the 10th August, 1813.

All this time Austria was vacillating, carrying water on both shoulders.

Vittoria was fought and won by Wellington on the 21st June, 1813 (Waterloo, 18th June, 1815), and decided which way Austria was to jump:

> "Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
> Thou Fortune's Champion."

Napoleon might have completed, with justice, the whole sentence of the rating of Constance.

On the 28th June, just time enough for the news of Wellington's victory to have reached the Place of Conference, say Prague, Napoleon and Metternich had their famous interview at Dresden.

Austria then joined Prussia and Russia, and Napoleon's fate was sealed.

All due to Wellington's victories in Spain, especially Vittoria.

It is curious to observe that June seems always to have been the passion, marrying, and battle month, and more great battles have been fought in the space of the six weeks from the last week of May to the beginning of July than in any other like number of days during the year. The following examples are winnowed from Von Kausler's List of Modern Battles worthy of study:

1097 A.D., Nice, 20th June; Dorylæum, 1st July; 1099, Capture of Jerusalem, 7th July; 1302, Courtray, the first and real Battle of the Spurs, 11th June, most books say 11th July, French chivalry conquered by Flemish artisans. This

was the first great blow at Feudalism. 1339, Laupen, 21st June; 1380, Siege of Chioggia terminated in triumph of Venetians against Genoese, 24th June; 1389, Kossowa, 15th June; 1476, Morat, 22d June; 1585, Siege of Antwerp commenced, 1st June; 1628, the month of June determined the fate of Stralsund, on which depended the intervention of the Swedes in the Thirty Years' War; 1674, Sinsheim, 16th June; 1675, Fehrbellin laid the basis of Prussia's military ascent to triumph, 18th June, same day as of Waterloo; 1690, Fleurus, 1st July; 1693, Neerwinden, 29th June; 1703, Eckeren, 30th June; 1704, Donawerth, 2d July; 1706, Siege of Turin commenced, 2d June; 1743, Dettingen, 27th June; 1745, Hohen-Friedberg, 4th June; 1757, Kollin, 18th; 1758, Crefeld, 23d; 1760, Landshut, 23d June; 1799, Trebbia, 18th, 19th June; 1800, Marengo, 14th June; 1807, Heilsberg, 10th June; 1808, Medina del Rio-Secco, 14th June; 1809, Raab, 14th; 1809, Wagram, 5th, 6th July; 1815, Ligny, 16th; Wavre, 17th, 18th; Waterloo, 18th June; 1863, Gettysburg, 1st–3d July; 1863, Vicksburg, 4th July; 1863, Helena, 4th July; etc.

It is very sad to learn and even more sad to state that Vitzthum, having been an officer under Wrangel Senior, may be supposed to have been imbued with that veteran marshal's hostility to Banér and jealousy of his success. Three times Banér was nearly ruined and exposed to the utmost peril through this Old Sinner's shortcomings: 1. By not affording him adequate support in 1635; 2. Now through Vitzthum; and, 3. By his own desertion of Banér on the Oder, at the crisis of the famous retreat from Torgau in 1637.

Wittstock, however, made up for all, and more than restored all that Nordlingen had lost and imperiled, and must inure as much to the credit of Torstenson as of Banér.

Besides the advantages which this victory procured for the Swedish army for the coming winter, it inspired the enemy with a fearful dread of the name of Banér, which was not diminished by his subsequent campaigns. When the general had cared for the sick and wounded which were brought in safety to Mecklenburg, he continued the pursuit of the enemy.. Contrary to his habit, this was done very slowly. The cause lay in the impoverished condition of the country, which rather resembled an Arabian desert with its starving Bedouins than an European province. To provide for the army Banér was compelled to drag along with him a prodigious number of wagons and quantity of baggage, by which his army was prevented from anything like celerity of movement, since in the Saxon districts he had to traverse, which before the breaking out of the war presented every mark of the most flourishing wealth and prosperity, now nothing but plundered and abandoned buildings were encountered. Banér had contributed not a little to the misery of this country. Under his leadership the war had assumed another appearance after the Peace of Prague (30th May, 1635); one totally different from what it had presented under the leadership of Gustavus Adolphus. After Lutzen, the Swedes and Germans (nominal Swedes) were not behind the Imperialists, who had formerly served under Tilly or Wallenstein, in their savagery. The hatred which

Banér felt against the Elector of Saxony induced him to overlook the manifestations of cruelty by his soldiers towards the Saxons,—horrors for which even Banér's admirers cannot find excuses. While the Swedes were destroying everything which might support their enemies, they were at the same time exhausting their own sources of supply and, partly, as a consequence, this method of procedure put a stop to the course of Banér's progress and success. Thus far, as a rule, simply in regard to Banér, from the Swedish Plutarch of von Lundblad. Reader, now turn to corroborating sources of information.

After the battle of Wittstock, what says Becker of the condition of affairs in Germany (ix. ii. 13, 8–9)? "The Swedes (to translate) thereupon broke like a deluge over Saxony, and treated it fearfully, out of pure revenge. No one can read without emotion the narratives of the sufferings of these miserable times as they have been handed down in the chronicles of different cities. The fields remained fallow through want of seed of all kinds, of farm cattle, and even of hands to till them, and the villages stood void of inhabitants, and, of the living, one portion fled into the cities, another enlisted, because those were the only courses which gave any promise either of security or means of preserving existence. All kinds of intercourse was at an end, because in many of the smaller towns not a single horse remained. Carrion-cattle, dead from disease, rats and mice came to be regarded as choice morsels; many corpses were discovered upon dung-heaps, in which poor wretches, a few hours before they died of starvation, had endeavored to discover some shocking means of nourishment. In the district of Magdeburg, the desperate hunger had even driven men to feed on human flesh. When, at rare intervals, a convoy of grain brought from abroad succeeded in making its way into one or another little place, to such a degree were the bake-houses thronged about that many persons were suffocated in the press, and seldom could the hot bread satisfy those who yet had money to purchase it. Moreover, since the troops fighting through the country, to and fro, swept off all the cattle, in no locality could the ordure and offal be removed from the yards and streets, so that the accumulation through year after year occasioned such pestiferous exhalations that epidemic diseases of all kinds swept away the people in crowds. In many places the death list grew so great that the corpses were thrown by dozens into one grave, as upon the battle-field. In April, 1638, Banér, then in Pomerania, wrote to the garrison in Erfurt, invested by the Saxons, he would have long since come to the assistance of that city, if all the territory between the Oder and the Elbe had not been so thoroughly made desolate that, between these rivers, in the districts through which he would have to pass neither dogs nor cats, much less men and horses, could find any means by which to sustain life. Even the desolating, pitiless enemy had been forced to evacuate and to utterly abandon this territory through absolute hunger and

misery, and Banér could not lead his army through these lands without its suffering greater disasters than it could experience in consequence of a lost battle," which in those days almost signified destruction to the defeated.

"The evil arrows of Famine" had been more pitiless than "the power of the sword;" yea, verily was verified the prophecy, "I proclaim a liberty for you, to the sword, to the pestilence, and to the famine," "and they shall eat . . . the flesh of his friend in the siege and straitness wherewith their enemies . . . shall straiten them."

"A victory of the Swedish Lieutenant-General Ruthven at Dömitz over the Saxon General Baudissin, who had exchanged the Swedish service for the Saxon, and also a reinforcement under TORSTENSON, who brought him two thousand cavalry and six regiments of foot out of Prussia, soon after put Banér in condition for commencing his operations afresh. Although it may not have been fully agreeable to scientific combinations to take the Electorate of Saxony as the aim (*Ziel*) of his operations, yet it is probable that the wish for a pardonable revenge led the Swedes into Saxony. This time both may be considered as having been satisfied. The Elector, who was threatening Pomerania, was frightened back into his own land in the middle of winter by Banér's crossing the Elbe, and this land now became the rendezvous of a hostile army, while party rage and revenge equally stirred it up. The rapid coming up of an Imperial army, under Hatzfeld, to the Elector's aid, with which he united his own force, induced Banér to retreat upon Werben, whereupon Magdeburg, Havelberg, Brandenburg, even Werben itself, together with several small places, were lost,—a mischance which probably was due generally to the misconduct of their commandants, and which brought out from the Swedish government the severe order to bring these commandants before a court-martial. After manifold marching to and fro, as also after uniting with several detachments—that of Leslie, joined Banér at Lüneburg, having returned from an expedition to the Main—by which the Swedes believed themselves, in some measure, a match for the Saxon and Austrian army, Banér sought to bring on an engagement. The movement of the Imperialists towards the Middle-Mark, in which they made considerable advance, as also their later endeavor to unite with General Klitzing, who, with about four thousand men, had been detached for the siege of Brandenburg, and, in like manner, to reunite with some other troops, led finally to the battle of WITTSTOCK, which resulted in the nearly total annihilation of the allied armies, and formed the most brilliant leaf in Banér's laurel wreath, thanks to the genius, prescience, and efforts of Torstenson, his *Adlatus* or *Alter Ego*.

Banér had made an attack on the fortifications of Werben, which on his retreat had fallen into the hands of the Allies, and the Imperialists appeared soon after at Perleberg, for the purpose of thence, by a great détour by the way of Wittstock and Zehdenik, uniting with General Klitzing and other regiments which, as Khevenhüller expresses himself, "were yet lying loose" near Sweden. On the news that the Imperialists had headed toward Wittstock, Banér raised the siege (of Werben) and directed himself on Wusterhausen and Ruppin in order to prevent the intended reunions, and to force the allied army to an engagement before they became thus reinforced. The allies thus puzzled seem to have delayed unnecessarily, and thus it was that Banér was able to again advance, and that toward Wittstock. When they now learned that the Swedes were only three (German) miles distant from this place they preferred to accept battle instead of continuing their projected movement. They therefore chose a position near Wittstock, on the Schreckenberg, and this they began at once carefully to fortify.

West of, and close by, the town of Wittstock lies (a hill, or elevation, or range of hills) the Schreckenberg, which slopes westward, toward the former Cloister of

the Holy Sepulchre, and eastward toward this town. Eastward it is divided from another hill by only a slight depression, which latter then for a time follows the course of the Dosse (stream). At the time of the battle a road ran between these two hills. The sides of both hills were covered with woods, which, however, the top of the (Schrecken) Berg looked over, as the Theatrum Europæum says. By this the movements of the troops were impeded, but not hindered. The allied army had carefully fortified itself upon the Schreckenberg. It had on the right flank the Cloister of the Holy Sepulchre; on the left the quite steep descent of the Schreckenberg itself protected them. The front was covered by thirteen closed redoubts, fenced in with wagons, behind which the army—fourteen (16) thousand horse and sixteen thousand infantry, with thirty-two guns—was drawn up. It would appear that the Imperialists were formed in their old deep order, in great Tercias, while the Saxons, probably, in the Swedish manner, had no great depth to their lines. In rear, at the bottom of the hills, flowed the Dosse. At some distance from the front this stream must be crossed, and at a point of which the Imperialists had taken possession. After the Swedes had driven the Imperialists from this point, Banér made a reconnoissance of their position, but found it so strong that he dared not attack them in front. His army therefore moved to the right and attempted to gain the hill which lay opposite to the left flank of the allies. TORSTENSON, who commanded the right wing, *led the movement with the intuitive ability peculiar to him.* So soon, however, as the Imperialists observed the preparations for this they abandoned their first front, took a line in opposition to the before-mentioned right of the cavalry, which sought to capture the adjoining hill and burst upon them with their full force of horse and foot. In this way a very lively fight began, both at the foot of Schreckenberg and on the small hill near it, such as (according to Cavallier's description and belief) could scarcely be conceived as possible to occur. In it victory seems long to have inclined first to one side then to the other. It is probable that fortune here declared only very doubtfully for the Swedes. Even the Brigades of Foot (*Brigade zu Fuss*), Infantry, or Dismounted troopers—used as were Wilson's Dismounted Cavalry with such effect on our right at Nashville, 1864,—which Field-marshal Leslie brought up in support, were able to only indecisively give the upper hand to the Swedish colors. There were regiments which returned ten times to the charge. The whole right wing (of the Swedes) seemed to be destroyed by continued uninterrupted fighting. Evening closed upon the battle. Probably, however, the operations on this wing would have been decisive if Banér's orders had been strictly fulfilled by all the officers. Thus, at the beginning of the fight he had detached a portion of his army under Lieutenant-General King and Major-General Stalhändske for the purpose of taking the right wing of the enemy in reverse, at the same time he had left a reserve under General Vitzthum, both to guard the passage over the Dosse and to be in readiness for any unexpected occurrence. This (reserve) should then at the decisive moment have moved up, but whether from treachery or faintheartedness, Vitzthum did not do so. The distance which the flanking detachment had to pass over also delayed its arrival. When this took place, however, a heavy fight began (on the enemy's right wing). As it seems, the success here also remained doubtful. Night broke in without the victory having been undoubtedly obtained by either side.

In any case, however, the fight would have been resumed by the Swedes on the next day if the Imperialists and Saxons had not profited by the darkness of the night to quit the field. They had learned from prisoners that the Swedish reserve had not been under fire, and although they discovered in the same way that the troops which had been engaged had suffered severely, they were disinclined to another battle. Thus after Count Hatzfeld had hastily convened a council of war and informed himself concerning the condition of their (the Imperial and Electoral Saxon) Artillery and Foot, learning that the ammunition horses (*Munitions Pferde*) had almost all been run off (*entritten*) and consequently all the artillery of the Allies on the field was completely paralyzed and could not be used to any advan-

tage against the Swedes; learning further that most of the brigades of infantry had suffered great demoralization (*Niederlage*), it was concluded to be best to leave the field of battle during the night and move toward [the stronghold of] Werben. This took place immediately. The demoralized infantry crossed the Elbe in flat-bottomed boats; the cavalry passed by a ford in order to escape pursuit by the enemy. Stalhändske was in fact at once detached with several thousand horse to follow up the fugitives, and ordered to push them to the utmost (*in die Eysen commendiert*), but his trophies seem to have been limited to banners and articles of luxury. Nevertheless so much the more important were the trophies on the battle-field itself. The papers of the Elector as also those of the Count of Hatzfeld; all the baggage (among it the Elector's [silver] plate-wagon), the artillery (which comprised some thousands of equipages), thirty-two cannon, among which five demi-cannon, six field-serpents, four incendiary-mortars, eight petard pieces, one hundred and eighty ammunition-wagons, of which about thirty were provided with lids or covers (*Uberhangen*), together with a quantity of grenades, besides all sorts of ammunition, fell into the hands of the victors. About one thousand of the enemy's dead are said to have covered the field. Banér reported to Sweden, "The enemy has got off scarcely one thousand of his infantry, mostly Saxons. The Imperialists, among them their best regiments, were entirely demoralized and ruined. The cavalry for the most part saved itself by flight"

This is a short recital of this remarkable battle, which was fought on the 24th September, 1636, and in some measure wiped out the bad impressions from the defeat at Nördlingen, which had such evil consequences for the Swedes. The Swedish government was in raptures over it. Banér and TORSTENSON received large gifts and the order to reward meritorious officers from the spoils taken from the enemy. There were gold chains and certificates (*Konterfeie*) for three thousand thalers were also to be distributed. It is to be regretted that the accounts of the battle are so insufficient that little more can be given than the results. In respect to the tactical details this is still more the case. We must not fail, however, to follow out in general the principal points as to the way in which it was conducted. The movements of the Swedish commander previous to the battle are admirable. If we apply modern expressions to Banér's movements we might say that he took the *inner* lines (moved on interior lines). ☞ In any case it can be proved from them how erroneous are the representations of General Jomini when he assumes that in his theory he offers us anything new in this regard. He has reduced things to a system,—this merit no one will deny him,—but more than this cannot be allowed him by any one who has busied himself with the History of War. ☜

"The plan for the battle is in several respects like that for the battle of Nördlingen,—attacks on both wings. In that case the Swedish commander had by leaving a reserve opposite the centre secured himself against the danger of the enemy's throwing himself between his two wings, so renewing the case of Nördlingen. The fight seems to have been the most bloody on the Swedish right wing. In any case the highest credit belongs to the Austrians who fought there. When they perceived the flanking movement of Banér they immediately changed their position, which, once attacked in the flank, afforded them no security. They fought, too, with a spirit which did all honor to them,—they covered the spot where they fought with their bodies, showing that they chose death rather than retreat from their post. As regards this, General Banér himself expresses admiration, and confesses that General Hatzfeld had most wisely arranged the line of battle, and that the Imperialist soldiers fought stout-heartedly (Khevenhüller, xii. p. 1999).

"Victory here remained undecided; at least so say the accounts which we as yet have of it in Germany. The obstinate defense, as also the repulse of the attacks, six, eight, even ten times repeated, as Khevenhüller tells us, show, here, also with what bitterness and tenacity men fought in those times.

"The movement against the hostile right wing was somewhat of a risk. We do not know whether the allies observed it in time. If they did, it might, considering

the little development of their lines, perhaps, have been not inappropriate to strengthen the other wing by a portion of the troops posted on this, and so get a numerical superiority. The slowly carried-out flanking movement, as well as the yet later delivery of the attack, would have given full several hours' time for doing so, and this would have been sufficient time to decide the victory, since the combat on that wing lasted only about three hours. That the reserve did not come up cannot be ascribed as a fault to Banér. ☞ Its leader, moved by selfish objects, did not indeed directly refuse obedience to the orders sent him, but he found so many excuses for eluding them that it became too late for an attack. ☜

"The retreat of the Imperialists would appear to have been in the highest degree hasty, unless there were specially good grounds for it. It can hardly be assumed that their losses had so greatly exceeded those of the Swedes. Besides, they arrived on the field nine [perhaps twelve] thousand stronger than their adversaries, and they had the advantage of the ground. They must, therefore, by bad economy or lavish use, have used up their forces, or by faulty arrangements have disorganized them, and brought on that apparently hurried retreat, with abandonment of all their artillery and baggage. According to the accounts, it was two signal-shots given after dark on the Swedish side that caused the retreat. Probably they were supposed to be signals for a fresh attack. The character of Banér [or rather of Torstenson, who resembled Hannibal in his exquisite cunning or stratagems] allow one to suppose something of this sort. It is still [more] remarkable that the Allies marched on the route which the Swedes had previously followed [in coming up?], while the main body of Banér's army remained in the neighborhood of Wittstock; recruited itself there, offered up *Thanksgiving to God* (*Feux de joie*)." (Translated from the *Geschicte des Kriegswesens*, *Handbibliothek fur Offiziere*, vol. i., Part IV., pages 309–317, Berlin, 1888.)

The author or compiler of this invaluable treatise says that the triumphs of Banér and Torstenson were *brilliant impromptus*. What higher praise could he have accorded? What are all the marvels of genius other than intuitive impromptus of the most dazzling splendor in conception, execution, and effect?

CHARACTER OF BANÉR.

"A life of Preparation will not fail of Glory."
"There was an iron Will in him, which sustained his solemn and deliberate convictions."

SMYTHE.

"Without recurring, with popular prejudice, to the intervention of poison, it is easy to discover, in the toils and privations Banér had so often endured, a cause [all-sufficiently] adequate to account in the most satisfactory manner for the premature termination of his existence. [Like Gustavus and his favorite pupil, Torstenson,] Banér may be said to have been *born* a soldier. From his cradle the study of military affairs formed the favorite object of his pursuit. The Theory of War, thus early acquired, was illustrated by the exploits of one of the greatest masters in that intricate and glorious science. Instructed by the example and encouraged by the praises of Gustavus Adolphus, he passed through all the gradations of military rank with the highest distinction; and after the captivity of Horn [taken prisoner at Nordlingen, a capture considered of equal importance to the gain of that victory], he was selected by Oxenstiern as the person most capable of replacing that skillful commander. [Still, as Horn was the Royal Chancellor's son-in-law, this high consideration may have had some basis in partiality, seeing that Torstenson was alive and available, and Oxenstiern knew perfectly well that his great King considered Torstenson the "best fitted to command the (whole) Swedish army," and that, "Under [or next to] Sweden's King, Torstenson was Sweden's greatest commander." To translate from the biography of the French Marshal Guebriant, "Banér was worthy of being considered the Second Gustavus of the North, and one of the greatest captains of the universe. He was absolutely venerated at home, where he held rank as one of the principal nobles, as ally of the royal house [of

France]. Our king [Louis XIII.] loved him (no great praise) [is here inserted by another hand]; all foreigners esteemed him; Germany trembled at the mere mention of his name; and at this time all Europe praises him as one endowed with all the perfections of the most excellent among men." Though called forth at a crisis when the stoutest hearts were hardly proof against the dictates of despair, he supported the reputation of the Swedish arms with unsullied glory through every vicissitude of Fortune, and proved to the world by a series of victories that he was no unworthy imitator of that illustrious sovereign whom he loved, regretted, and revered. Few generals [except Hannibal and Torstenson] have been more fertile in expedients, and for this reason his transcendent abilities never shone with purer lustre than amid the difficulties and dangers of a *Retreat*. Though frequently opposed to superior numbers, he never sustained a defeat. Convinced that *decision is the soul of war*, he in a great measure rendered himself independent of the Council of Regency, *never scrupling to disobey their instructions when they interfered materially with his own designs*. [In this Torstenson rose far above Banér, for his genius enabled him at the same time to obey and make his obedience a triumphant display of that lesser quality by the greater development of the versatility of his genius.] Indeed, Banér's mind was so deeply impressed with the necessity of acting without the smallest control that he has been frequently heard to impute the failures of Gallas and Piccolomini not to want of intention nor want of ability, but to that contemptible system of jealousy and mistrust so prevalent at the Austrian Court [always exhibited even down to the present time, though disaster following disaster proved its utter want of common sense], which fettered the genius of the ablest commanders, by never allowing them to follow up a blow without previously consulting the Ministers [just as Laudohn was censured instead of rewarded for his capture of Schweidnitz in 1761, one of, if not the most brilliant exhibitions of impromptu conceptions during the whole Seven Years' War].

[There is one circumstance connected with the autocratic exercise of command by Banér which it is impossible to reconcile with the assertions of his biographers, that he would suffer no interference with his authority or plans as hereinbefore set forth.

It would seem as if the Swedish Administration at home undertook to imitate the policy of the Carthaginian Oligarchs in Africa, by seeking to circumscribe the authority and influence the policy of Hannibal in Italy, by the presence of their Deputies in his camp. That these did annoy him and to some extent thwart him is well known, but their pernicious effect was only visible, after all, by the result of their representations at Carthage. It was due to these reports that reinforcements and supplies were withheld; the want of which did far more to neutralize the genius of the greatest commander who ever lived, than all the military efforts of the Roman Generals augmented by the superior resources of a Commonwealth which acted exactly as Frederic the Great did, and diverted everything to the relief and strengthening of the army, while a horse or any other animal could be converted to his use in war, or while any male he could "rope in" possessed strength enough to shoulder a musket. Every one who studies history is well aware to how great a degree the Dutch Deputies in his camp traversed the plans of Marlborough, so that he had to trick them into acquiescence with his plans, just as William III. set him the astute example, when he was about to set on foot the expedition which placed the Crown of England on his head. The Deputies of the French Convention may likewise be cited in this connection, but they had to yield at once when such an individual as Napoleon arose, who immediately put them aside with a decision almost amounting to contempt. To this they had to submit or vacate offices which, however nominal, were still exceedingly lucrative. It is very likely that Banér tolerated the presence of similar Counsellors with his army, and allowed them to remain there as Hannibal had done,—*i.e.* in much the same way that subordinate actors personate great characters on the stage, strutting about in the finest clothes but never opening their lips.]

"However"—says the G. des K., i. 4, 323—"many weaknesses may have disfigured the life of this hero, his commanding virtues outweigh them all. The army had, under Banér, reached a condition of disorder and wildness (*Verwilderung*) which the pen can hardly describe. Nevertheless the Swedes had, since 1637, introduced into the army a sort of Councils of War called Assistant Councils, which were to exercise political as well as administrative and economic attributes (powers). This may have had some influence on the operations. But just as little as Deputies of the Convention of New [Revolutionary] France accomplished what they should have done, just so little did the Swedish Councils. The rule of (simple) Force that for so long a time had established itself neither could nor would bear restraint from any direction."

Banér, however despotic, endeavored to be just. Though he insisted upon the privilege of disposing at pleasure of every vacant commission, as well as of appointing commanders to all the fortresses which might yield to his victorious arms, he does not appear in any instance to have employed this authority capriciously. On the contrary, he established as an invariable maxim that the *Senior* officer should always be preferred, unless he had rendered himself unworthy of promotion. No less liberal than haughty, he permitted the colonels to fill vacancies in their own regiments, and even allowed them to exercise the most absolute jurisdiction over all who were [immediately] subject to their authority. *Reserved from habit, as well as from policy, he was scarcely ever known to converse with freedom with any of the officers, except in moments of conviviality; and even then he was so cautious in his behavior* towards his guests that *they were never tempted to carry their familiarity beyond the pleasures of the table.* [This was a characteristic of Marshal Ney, "the bravest of the brave," according to Fesenzac, his Aide, and of one of our regular Corps-Commanders, if not of others, who chose to live in sublime solitariness.] No less prompt to punish than eager to recompense, he never permitted a fault to escape without chastisement, *nor a brilliant action to pass unrewarded.* It was an invariable rule with him never to indulge the soldiers in plunder, because he said "that riches were the parents of every disorder, and inevitably ruined the discipline of an army." [Turenne was opposed to license in his army, not because he had any feeling for those who suffered in consequence of permitting to the soldiery the indulgence of their passions, but from cold calculation, because it was injurious to discipline. Historians justly blacken the character of Tilly for the atrocities following the capture of Magdeburg, during the sack of that city, in 1631, in which one soldier amassed a booty of thirty thousand ducats, and then was hung for squandering that enormous amount within twenty-four hours at the gaming-table. This happened in the seventeenth century; but what are we to say of the atrocities committed by the French under Napoleon, as at Lubeck, within the memory of living men, and the horrors which followed the capture by storm of Ciudad-Roderiguez, Badajoz, and St. Sebastian, committed by the soldiers of Wellington? or the fiendish cruelties committed by the Rebels under Forrest after the capture of Paducah? or those by the demon Quantrell at Lawrence in Kansas? and the iniquities perpetrated in Missouri, according to the narrative of the Union General Pleasonton? Has intelligence made men better? Doubtful.] Though fond of expense, which he regarded as proper in high situations, he was so far from being of an interested disposition, that, notwithstanding the opportunities which he possessed for amassing wealth, he left behind him only a moderate fortune [although the Germans charge him with amassing a large fortune for the period in which he shone]. When compared with the ferocity of most of the Imperial generals, his humanity was the object of admiration; and he unquestionably merits the highest commendation for having frequently left his magazines untouched [a humanity often exhibited by Turkish commanders, in obedience to the precepts of the Koran, putting to shame the contrary conduct of men claiming to be Christians, as for instance at Alexandretta on the Gulf Iskanderoon, in 1882, when forced to retire before a superior Egyptian army under Ibrahim Pasha] rather than

distress the inhabitants by destroying them. [This was consistent with the Mahomedan doctrine, often carried out in practice, that man has no right to destroy what God created for the subsistence of man,—an idea as consistent with Christianity, pure and simple, as many precepts of Mahomet are notably so, although he has been styled "the Arch-impostor."] [In a similar spirit acted the famous Robert Blake, General of the English fleet, in the summer of 1652. W. Hepworth Dixon, in his Biography of this one of the grandest of grand Englishmen, tells the story thus: "Meeting the great herring-fleet off Bockness, his advanced guard of twenty sail fell furiously on the Dutch men-of-war, and after a gallant contest, prolonged by the obstinate valor of the Dutch against superior numbers for three hours, sunk three of the twelve and took the other nine. All the herring-busses, six hundred in number, fell into his power with their crews and freights. But as these boats belonged to poor families whose entire capital and means of life they constituted, he took from them on a rough computation every tenth herring as a royalty, and then warning the men never to fish again in the creeks and islands belonging to the Commonwealth of England, without first obtaining from the Council of State a formal permission, he sent them home with all their boats and the remainder of their cargo of fish untouched. This act of clemency called down severe censures on Blake in certain quarters. Many condemned such generosity to an enemy as Quixotic. 'If the fish,' said the politicians, 'were of no use to the fleet, he should have thrown them into the sea.' The answer was, '*That they were human food, and that thousands would suffer, none would gain by their destruction.*'" Noble Blake!] The devastation committed under the very eyes of Banér, or ordered by him during his irruption into Saxony, formed a melancholy exception to his general rule, and can be extenuated only by reflecting upon the situation in which he was placed, the resentment he felt against the [apostate, beer-soaking, little-minded] Elector, and the necessity of deterring others from behaving with equal ingratitude. To punish the people for the fault of their ruler, or, as Horace puts it,

"Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi,"

is an act not to be defended upon any principle of justice; but how seldom is the voice of justice attended to when man is hurried on by the impulse of passion, and armed with unrestricted authority! Banér hated vanity, and was in many respects an exceptional man; but how does he compare with Horn, who is said to have known how to "Disarm War of its Terrors," and Torstenson, who was capable of rendering Banér's "Lambs" (sarcastic) humane, and of carrying on War on Christian principles, if War as a rule and Christianity as a law are compatible?

WITTSTOCK.

Is it any wonder that we know so little of the details of the private and public life of Hannibal, when expositions and reports, etc., of the Campaigns of the Thirty Years' War are so exceedingly meagre? The latter occurred at a time when Europe was inundated with pamphlets and when illustrated publications of all kinds and sizes were issued on both sides. It is conceded by the ablest critics who have devoted lives to the examination, that little or nothing is known of the tactics of some of the most remarkable and momentous battles of the Thirty Years' War, especially at Wittstock, and yet it is certain that if it could be investigated thoroughly it would present some of the most instructive lessons for all time in regard to the handling of troops under fire. Gindely (ii. 244) says, "By a brilliant manœuvre, however, Banér [assisted by the able Torstenson, who led off the movement] seduced his enemy from this [their fortified] position, and drew on a battle (October 4, 1636) in which the Swedes stood like an iron wall and repelled every assault." This sentence conveys an entirely erroneous idea of what occurred. For the sake of illustration, suppose the Swedish Reserve under Vitzthum, which remained behind on the Dosse and, through his crime, took no part in the action, to be repre-

sented by the body of a crab, then the two wings would be exactly like the claws; the right under Torstenson very much larger and more powerful than the left under Stalhanske. Banér thrust out these two claws to grasp the enemy and at the same time crush him and bite him in his weakest parts, his flank and rear, where in his rear he was protected by the thinnest shell. The Saxo-Imperialists seeing the right claw first thrust out, threw away all their advantages of position to strike his claw at the joints, cripple, and cut it off. There was no seduction or inducing to this on the part of Banér because, first, it was not his interest to do so; and, second, he could not have imagined that his opponents would sacrifice a carefully-selected and fortified position and meet him outside of it, except in so far that Banér's own movement was temerarious enough to invite it. It was like Montcalm abandoning the fortifications of Quebec to fight Wolfe in the open field in 1759, and Murray repeating the same recklessness in 1760; or, still more apposite, the Saxo-Imperialists, combined, again, a century later, at Kesseldorf, having bloodily repulsed the Prussians in 1745, quitting intrenchments, which were almost impregnable, to pursue the discomfited assailants, who desired no greater advantage to retrieve the day. Or to go still further back, it was the Saxons leaving their intrenchments at Hastings, which had frustrated successive Norman attacks, to deliver themselves—ill-armed infantry—over to excellent cavalry, whose great chief, William, could have prayed for no better exhibition of military folly. The movement of Hatzfeld at Wittstock was a perfect type of what occurred on the Union left on the second day of Gettysburg. There, in 1863, the rebel right—like Banér's right under Torstenson in 1636—were making a flank movement to turn the Union left and get possession of the key-point of the field, on the extreme Union left, and fall in reverse upon the Union army in its weakest point, its left rear, gobble its trains, and cut off its communications. Sickles, by his moving forward the Third Corps, frustrated this movement, and was the author of the complete success at Gettysburg, which culminated next day. An expert in position, as soon as he had examined the ground, declared that this forward movement of Sickles was the right thing to do. Afterwards, Grant, on visiting the spot, said, "Sickles was right." Sheridan, with his experience at home and abroad, again fully indorsed these opinions as regards Sickles. There was a great difference in the cases of 1636 and 1863. Sickles did not abandon a very strong position, previously selected and fortified with extreme care, but moved out to the front from a very weak position, without natural or artificial defenses, to occupy one naturally stronger, which he could have held with perfect success if his numbers had been adequate to garnishing of the extent of the line, or ground, which it was indispensable to maintain in order to secure the key-point of the field, at which the enemy were aiming. In 1636, Hatzfield failed to achieve exactly what Sickles did accomplish in 1863. Banér and Torstenson were able to do what Longstreet could not do, although the parity of the circumstances in most particulars, as to cause and effect, on both occasions are very remarkable.

J. Watts de Peyster,
Brevet Major-General S.N.Y.

(To be continued.)

THE MONTH'S NEWS.

SUMMARY OF THE WORLD'S EVENTS FROM MARCH 18 TO APRIL 14 INCLUSIVE.

Domestic Events.

On Wednesday, March 18, President Cleveland nominated Milton J. Durham, of Kentucky, as first comptroller of the treasury; Malcolm Hay, of Pennsylvania, first assistant postmaster-general; Martin V. Montgomery, of Michigan, commissioner of patents; David S. Baker, Jr., United States attorney for the district of Rhode Island; Ben Hill, Jr., United States attorney for the northern district of Georgia. On March 20 the following nominations were made: John J. C. Atkins, of Tennessee, commissioner of Indian affairs; James D. Porter, of Tennessee, assistant secretary of state. On the 23d occurred the following nominations, as envoys extraordinary and ministers plenipotentiary: Edward J. Phelps, of Vermont, to Great Britain; Robert M. McLane, of Maryland, to France; George H. Pendleton, of Ohio, to Germany; Henry R. Jackson, of Georgia, to Mexico. On March 24 the President nominated Henry L. Muldrow, of Mississippi, as secretary of the interior; and Mr. W. A. J. Sparks, of Illinois, as commissioner of the general land office. Previous to that date Secretary Bayard had made Mr. Francis Wharton, of Philadelphia, his legal adviser on international topics. On Sunday, March 22, Mr. E. D. Clarke, of Vicksburg, Mississippi, expired. He was the recently-appointed secretary of the interior, and succumbed to an attack of typho-pneumonia. Within the week ending with March 25, Secretary Lamar signified his approval of plans for an investigation of industrial depressions stated in a letter from Commissioner Carroll D. Wright. Three especial agents are to go to Europe with reference to the matter. The "Tallapoosa" was ordered to be fitted up again as a cruiser. Assistant Secretaries Fairchild and Coon and Assistant Treasurer Graves were appointed a commission to examine methods of transacting treasury business, as well as to recommend a decrease of the force and a simplifying of the system. Ex-Governor John Lee Carroll, of Maryland, strongly disapproved of Mr. Higgins's appointment in a letter to Senator Gorman. The constitutionality of the Edmunds

anti-polygamy law was affirmed by the United States Supreme Court. Ex-Governor James H. Perry was elected to succeed Senator Garland in the Arkansas legislature. George Peabody Wetmore, of Newport, was nominated for governor by the Rhode Island Republicans, the Democrats nominating Zeba O. Slocum. In the Senate at Albany the Gibbs freedom of worship bill, as amended, was ordered to a third reading. A roller-skating bill was reported favorably to the Assembly. It forbids girls under fourteen attending after five P.M., without the company of their parents or guardians, or written consent from them.

With respect to matters non-political, on March 21 the New Jersey State Capitol was injured by fire to the value of one hundred thousand dollars. On the same date the Langham Hotel, Chicago, was burned, with the loss of five persons and three hundred thousand dollars. On March 18, Mr. G. W. Burnham, the New York millionaire, died. Miss Charlotte Cooper, a daughter of Cooper, the novelist, died at Cooperstown, March 22, at the age of seventy-eight.

On March 26 the President nominated Mr. S. S. Cox minister to Turkey. On the 27th, Aquila Jones was nominated postmaster for Indianapolis. On the 28th it was understood that the President had nominated General Joseph E. Johnson, of Virginia, as commissioner of railroads, and Norman J. Coleman, of Missouri, commissioner of agriculture. Mr. Alexander McCue, of Brooklyn, was nominated solicitor of the treasury. On the 30th the following nominations of envoys extraordinary and ministers plenipotentiary were sent to the Senate: Thomas J. Jarvis, of North Carolina, to Brazil; Alexander R. Lawton, of Georgia, to Russia; Anthony M. Keiley, of Virginia, to Italy. Consuls-general: Thomas M. Waller, of Connecticut, at London; Frederick Rainey, of Maryland, at Berlin; Edmund Jussen, of Illinois, at Vienna. Ministers resident: Isaac Bell, Jr., of Rhode Island, to the Netherlands; Rufus Magee, of Indiana, to Sweden and Norway; George W. Merrill, of Nevada, to the Hawaiian Islands. Ministers resident and consuls-general: E. P. C. Lewis, of New Jersey, to Portugal; R. B. Anderson, of Wisconsin, to Denmark. Consuls: A. Haller Gross, of Pennsylvania, at Athens; E. P. Howell, of Georgia, at Manchester, England. On the 31st, Mr. Pearson was reappointed postmaster of New York City. On the same day W. R. Roberts, of New York, was nominated minister to Chili; C. W. Buck, of Kentucky, to Peru; R. B. Hubbard, of Texas, to Japan. On March 25, in the New York Assembly, the Niagara reservation bill was passed by eighty-four to twenty-four. At St. Augustine, in Florida, on the 27th, there was a celebration of the landing of Ponce de Leon in 1512. On the 26th the music hall in Buffalo was burned. During the week ending with March 31, died Mr. F. S. Winston, General Stager, Mr. Perry H. Smith, General McQuade, and Mrs. E. D. Morgan. The illness of General Grant took a very unfavorable

turn on March 28. Since then his condition has been that of alternate sinking and rallying.

On April 1, Commander Kane, of the United States steamer "Galena," telegraphed to the Secretary of the Navy that Aspinwall was in ashes. It had been burnt by insurgents to escape capture by government troops. The attack upon the rebel chief Preston by the Colombian troops was led by Colonel Ulloa. The city was almost a complete ruin. Only three houses were left standing. Upon the same day A. Leo Knott, of Maryland, was nominated to be second assistant postmaster-general. On the 2d the nomination of Postmaster Pearson was confirmed. The nomination of Mr. Lawton as minister to Russia was reported adversely by the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and withdrawn. On the 3d, General McCalmont, of Pennsylvania, was appointed commissioner of customs, and John R. Garrison, of Virginia, deputy first comptroller of the treasury. Commissioner Black asked Miss Sweet, United States pension agent at Chicago, for her resignation; but she telegraphed back that her term did not expire till April 16, 1886, and refused to resign before that time. On the 2d the President expressed to the Mormon commissioners his approval of the course they had taken. The commission think that by abandoning plural marriages the Mormons would make good citizens. Public feeling was again agitated in regard to the condition of General Grant. On the 2d he was supposed to be dying. He seemed to be sinking, and his family was summoned to his bedside. Afterwards he rallied; was better on the 3d; had a hemorrhage on the 7th, rallied again, and has had numerous fluctuations since. The ex-Secretary of State, Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, was reported dying at his home in Newark, New Jersey. It is said that he was very sick during the last three months of President Arthur's administration. On the 4th, General Logan, having been charged by Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, with being privy to some nefarious scheme in connection with election frauds, pronounced Harrison "a vile, infamous liar, a poltroon, and a coward." The last clause seems superfluous, since, if a man is a poltroon, the inference is that he is also a coward. On April 1 the State Senate passed the Gibbs freedom of worship bill. On the 7th the prison labor bill was defeated in the Assembly. On the same date Mr. Irving and Miss Terry sailed from this port for England. On the 1st the Rev. William R. Williams, for fifty-two consecutive years pastor of the Amity Baptist Church in this city, died. On the 4th the death also occurred of Dr. James Lawrence Little, professor of clinical and operative surgery in the New York Graduate Medical School, and professor of surgery in the University of Vermont. On the 7th the woman suffrage bill was defeated in the Assembly. The Buffalo Lubricating Oil Company sued the Standard Oil Company and others for $250,000. The examination of James D. Fish was

practically finished. Troops for Colon sailed on the "Acapulco." On the 8th the gas bill passed the Senate at Albany. The result of the election in Chicago still remained in dispute. Richard Grant White died, at the age of sixty-four. He was one of the old New Yorkers who worshiped men and manners as they were rather than as they are. No change was reported in the condition of Mr. Frelinghuysen. Upon the 9th the civil code bill was discussed in the Assembly. In all our large cities the produce exchanges were excited over the war news. General Grant had a more comfortable day, while Mr. Frelinghuysen was reported weaker. The Society of Medical Jurisprudence discussed the question of cholera. Upon the 10th the crop reports indicated a much reduced acreage for wheat throughout the country. The shad-fishing began in the Delaware River. Excitement was renewed in the Chicago market, and two men were arrested for complicity in the Chicago election frauds. The funeral of Richard Grant White took place; and a dead body, erroneously supposed to be that of Mr. Conant, was found. On the 11th heavy snow fell in Virginia. Sanders, the forger, was taken from Boston to St. Paul for trial. The trial of the Fosdich divorce case was continued at Newport. On the 12th an interesting patriotic letter from General Grant in 1861 was published. In Pittsburg Irish Nationalists were drilling. Then came the news that iron-makers were preparing to go from Pittsburg to New Zealand, and that trade continued excited and feverish in Chicago. During all these days the ups and downs in General Grant's malady continued to assert themselves. On the 13th occurred a collapse of eight nearly-finished houses in West Sixty-second Street, a dozen workmen being more or less severely injured. On the 14th, Contractor Buddensick was arrested. On the same date the Assembly passed bills relating to the State controller, cancellation of city bonds, oleomargarine, etc. A hearing was given to the opponents of the freedom of worship bill. General Grant's health has seemed to improve.

Foreign Events.

Upon Thursday morning, March 19, the British force made a reconnoissance from Suakim towards Hasheen. The engagement that took place resulted in very slight loss. After having entered Hasheen the British retired, and the rebels rapidly reoccupied their previous positions. The next day the British force renewed the combat. The Arabs were driven from the hills and forced to retire to the plains. The Irish lancers gained a great deal of honor in this engagement. They probably changed the fortune of the day. The British loss is not estimated at more than nine killed. The losses of the rebels were about four hundred. The result was to establish for the British a strong position commanding the Hasheen Valley. On the 22d the English and Indian infantry were surprised by a sudden attack of

Arabs seven miles southwest of Suakim. Of the British fifty-six were killed and one hundred and seventy wounded; the rebels lost about one thousand. Osman Digna was discovered to be at Tamaai with twenty-five thousand men. On the 23d, General Graham began to advance on him. Advices from the Massowah stated that the rebels had been repulsed from Kassala. El Mahdi's power was announced as waning. On the 19th, Mr. Childers unfolded in the House of Commons the Egyptian financial agreement recently signed in London by the representatives of the Powers. The British press generally expressed satisfaction with the agreement. On the 23d, Mr. Gladstone refused to grant a postponement of the Egyptian financial agreement. He said the question must be settled before the Easter recess, and March 26 was therefore fixed upon. On the 24th there was a Cabinet Council to consider the news of successful Russian intrigues at Panjdeh and Constantinople. A secret treaty with Turkey was being negotiated by Russia. It was also stated that Russian officers on furlough had been ordered to rejoin their regiments. On the 19th there was a report in Paris that Bismarck had arbitrated between England and Russia in regard to the misunderstanding about the Afghan boundary. The Prince of Wales had meanwhile gone to Berlin after a long conference with Earl Granville. With regard to the Indian budget, the estimate is that the surplus for the year ending March 31, 1886, will be two million five hundred thousand dollars. Among deaths for the week ending with the 26th, were Christopher Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln, and Sir Harry Smith Parkes, British minister to China. Sir Julius Benedict, eighty-one years old, was ill with bronchitis. The Emperor William's eighty-eighth birthday was celebrated on the 22d. On the 18th two hundred and seventeen miners were imprisoned by an explosion of fire-damp in a colliery at Camphausen, near Saarbrücken, in Rhenish Prussia; only thirty were rescued. On March 26 a dispatch was received in Paris, dated Dong-Dong, March 24; it stated that the French had been successfully attacked at that place by the Chinese, and had lost two hundred in killed and wounded. Subsequently it was announced in Paris that the Chinese troops on the Tonquin frontier had attacked the camp between the Langson and Kilna, and had recaptured Langson; that General Négrier had been severely wounded, and that the total French loss was supposed to be fifteen hundred. The French Cabinet resolved to send reinforcements instantly, and to request a war credit of two hundred million francs. The news of the French defeat caused an excited scene in the Chamber of Deputies, Jules Ferry being hissed by the galleries. M. Ferry moved for the appointment of a committee to examine and report upon the credit. The motion was rejected. Thereupon M. Ferry announced the resignation of the entire ministry, and President Grévy accepted the resignation. M. de Freycinet was requested to form a

new ministry. On March 31 he reported that he had not yet succeeded in doing so. On the 25th the British Cabinet resolved to demand of Russia that she should no longer evade the Afghan question. The agitation in London was increased next day by the Queen's message to Parliament calling out the reserve forces and militia for service. It was said that fifty thousand troops would be sent to India. Lord Dufferin had arrived at Rawalpindi and had been given an imposing reception by the Amir of Afghanistan. It was assserted by the London *Times* that the Russian government had ordered fifty thousand troops to be gathered at Baker, on the Caspian Sea. On the 27th the Egyptian financial agreement was adopted in the House of Commons. Twenty thousand men under Osman Digna were reported to be intrenched at Tamaai. From Dongola the report came that hundreds of disaffected Arabs were flocking to the standard of El Santuisi, the rival of El Mahdi. Cunningham and Burton, the London dynamiters, were on the 27th formally committed for trial on the charge of treason-felony. A commercial crisis was announced as existing at Moscow. A disease resembling cholera had broken out in the province of Valencia, Spain, and caused a panic. Malaga and Granada were visited by an earthquake, which injured people and damaged houses. Prince Nicolai Orlof, the Russian diplomatist, died at the age of fifty-eight.

On April 1, M. Ferry handed President Grévy a dispatch stating that the Chinese government had accepted M. Ferry's proposal for peace, and were desirous of fixing a date for the evacuation of places held by the Chinese. News then came that the Tsung-li-Yamen had ratified the preliminaries of peace. These stipulated that hostilities should cease on April 10, that the Chinese should evacuate the Red River Delta on the 20th, and the other positions gradually, and that the French should occupy Formosa and Pheng-Hoo until a definitive treaty of peace should be signed. In France, both M. de Freycinet and M. Brisson failed to form a cabinet. Mr. Constans then tried his hand at it. A great deal of agitation prevailed throughout France. On the night of April 1, Rochefort, Hogues, and others tried to create a demonstration in the Place de l'Opéra, but the police successfully interfered. On April 6 it was announced that M. Brisson had formed the following cabinet: President of the Council and Minister of Justice, M. Brisson; Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. de Freycinet; Minister of the Interior, M. Allain-Targé; Minister of Finance, M. Clamagerau; Minister of Public Instruction, M. Goblet; Minister of War, General Campenon; Minister of Public Works, M. Sadi-Carnot; Minister of Agriculture, M. Pierre Legrand; Minister of Commerce, M. Hervé Magnon; Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, M. Sarrien; Minister of Marine and the Colonies, Admiral Galiber. On the evening of April 1, General Brière de l'Isle telegraphed that the Second Brigade had reached Chu at noon in good order. General Négrier was recovering from his wound. The

French fleet has meanwhile bombarded the forts defending Pong-Hon and Makung, dismantling the forts, and burning Makung. It was stated in London that Russia's answer to England's proposals on the Afghan question amounted to a hearty acceptance of the proposals as made by Earl Granville, British Foreign Minister. On the 2d the chiefs and princes of the whole Indian empire were represented in person or by deputy at Rawalpindi. They tendered to the Earl of Dufferin, British Viceroy, troops and money without stint to uphold England in any possible difficulty with Russia. From the Amir of Afghanistan, Earl Dufferin has obtained a treaty recognizing the right of England to lay out and fortify the northwestern frontier of that country. On the 4th the British Cabinet approved of this agreement. The Cabinet appeared to consider Russia's reply evasive, and the reverse of satisfactory. Preparations for war were therefore ordered to be continued. It was rumored in Berlin and Vienna that the negotiations between England and Turkey for an understanding on the Egyptian question had fallen through. On the 2d news came from General Graham that the British were advancing upon Tamaai with their entire force. Upon the same date Earl Cairns died. News came of the death of the Comte de Pontécoulant, aged ninety-one. He was with the army that invaded Russia in 1812. On the 1st, Bismarck's seventieth birthday was celebrated in Berlin. About this time Franz Abt died. Madrid was excited over the reported discovery of a plot to assassinate King Alfonso. On the 7th an armistice was said to have been settled between France and China, and a war credit of one hundred and fifty million francs was voted by the French ministry. The Prince of Wales started on his journey to Ireland. Cholera again created a panic in Spain. The Prince and Princess of Wales arrived in Ireland on the 8th. M. Floquet was elected President of the Chamber of Deputies. In honor of the Amir of Afghanistan a durbar was held in India. Turkey began to busy herself with protecting Tripoli, and the Arabs fired on the British forces at Suakim. The Russians, on the 9th, succeeded, after a severe battle, in driving the Afghans from Penjdeh,—an event which created great excitement in London. In the various stock-markets of Europe the result was almost a panic. The Prince of Wales entertained or instructed, or bored himself (as the case may be) by visiting the Dublin slums. On the 10th, General Komaroff was requested by Russia to explain his reasons for not attacking the Afghans. The garrison at Kassala was reported as still holding out. Earl Granville, on the 11th, submitted Great Britain's final demands to Russia. The Czar was cheered in St. Petersburg, but it is difficult to know what that means. In France, the new ministry approved of M. Ferry's cabinet concerning the Suez Canal. General Komaroff, on the 12th, explained his intention in having attacked the Afghans. General Wolseley arrived at Cairo.

Next day Earl Granville sent a dispatch to the British minister at St. Petersburg. There was some trouble at Mallow Junction, County Cork, when the Prince of Wales arrived. Lord Mayor O'Connor was hissed in Dublin. The Chinese were commanded to cease fighting. On the 14th Cork was decorated with triumphal arches and flags in honor of the Prince of Wales. The news in regard to the dispute between England and Russia is as uncertain as ever. There is still a possibility of peace. The negotiations between the French and the Chinese had not advanced as rapidly as could be wished.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

RUSSIA AND ENGLAND.—The question of war or peace between England and Russia is quite as uncertain now as it was at the date of our last issue. In the interval, news has come of a sharp skirmish on the Murghab, between the Russians and Afghans, which took place on March 30, and in which the latter lost between five hundred and seven hundred men. There was an outburst of indignation in England on the receipt of this news, and much talk of an ultimatum which must be answered in forty-eight hours or war would be declared. But the Russians—with that diplomatic adroitness which they have either inherited with their Tartar blood or derived from their long intercourse with oriental races—have returned an answer in the shape of a report from General Komaroff, which has completely mystified the English. In it he throws all the blame for "the unfortunate accident" upon the Afghans, who had taken such a threatening position that he was obliged to dislodge them. While uncertain whether to believe this or not, the English are greeted with the information that an agreement has been made by which Pendjeh is to be surrendered to the Russians. This place is on the direct road from Merv to Herat, and about half-way between them, being about one hundred and fifty miles from the latter point. When it is remembered that the Russians reached Merv only in March, 1884, it must be confessed that events are moving rapidly. If the English are willing to surrender Pendjeh, it is probable that the Russians will have nothing more to ask at present. They would have gained substantially what they claimed as their frontier when the dispute first broke out, and would be well content to let matters resume their natural course in Central Asia. It will be remembered that for thirty years the natural course has been a steady advance on the part of Russia, without a single step backward. If the English ministry makes this agreement and remains in power, it will prove that England realizes that in going to war she assumes no less a risk than that of her commercial supremacy, and that she does not consider a question of Afghan frontiers sufficiently great to justify this risk.

While awaiting the solution of this most interesting question we invite the attention of our readers to a little book just published by Charles Scribner's Sons. It is entitled "The Russians at the Gates of

Herat," and is written by Charles Marvin, who is undoubtedly one of the best informed men now living, on the merits of the Central Asian question. The book sums up the condition of affairs to the date of March 23, 1885, and although written in eight days, it gives the results of years of travel, study, and conversation with the highest authorities, both in Russia and England.

In connection with the above, we call attention to the following extract from "The English in Afghanistan," which appeared in The United Service of November, 1880:

"Although the relations of the English government of India with its turbulent and troublesome Western neighbors do not immediately concern the dwellers in this hemisphere, it is impossible to regard with indifference the struggles incidental to the solution of so great a political problem as the domination of England over Russia in Central Asia.

"India has ceased for many years to be a factor of pecuniary strength in her connection with Great Britain. The pagoda-tree has long since been stripped of its fruit, and the rupee-plant is not perennial in its products. But there is a political prestige in the possession of a vast and populous territory, and a moral obligation is imposed upon the European possessors to protect and civilize the millions they have displaced. Further, an insular people can only put themselves on a level with continental powers by the acquisition and retention of remote lands with which the communication is facile and uninterrupted. Hence, England has a deep interest in maintaining the integrity of India and her other colonies, *coute qu'il coute.*

"That Russia has designs upon India is a theory dating as far back as the reign of the Emperor Paul, who was in accord with the first Napoleon respecting the destruction of the English position in Hindostan. All northern nations have a tendency towards a southerly gravitation. Warmth of climate and fertility of production are strong inducements to an abandonment of cold, cheerless, and comparatively barren wastes. Thus, Russia has been steadily advancing her frontier until she has reached the confines of Turkey, the borders of Persia, the fringe of Turkestan, and the vicinity of Afghanistan. It is in her progress towards a footing in the last-named country that England finds cause of alarm. The absolute invasion of India by Russia is not so much to be apprehended as her presence in the neighborhood of Hindostan. It would be a perpetual thorn in the side of England, a constant incitement to intrigue and disturbance in the heart of the country, and a source of alarm among the peaceful and loyal subjects of Queen Victoria. Every effort must therefore be made to keep Russia at a distance.

"To possess a good stand-point for her ultimate operations easterly, Russia must occupy Herat. That city, on the western extremity of Afghanistan, no longer enjoys the prominence which it boasted for magnificence in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, but it has long been regarded politically as the 'key to India.' Situated in the heart of a wonderfully fertile valley, it affords the means of sustenance to any number of troops, and the nature of the roads thence to the Himalaya chain would enable a tolerably large army to move with facility to the very base of the mountains and the sandy territory of Beloochistan. Of this fact England is fully aware, and she is therefore equally desirous of the occupation of the town."

THE appointment of Mr. Pearson to be postmaster of New York for another term has been the subject of remark throughout the country. This fact serves to show how far we had drifted in the management of the civil service from common-sense and business views. If some great commercial house should come under new management, and if the head of an important department, who had shown conspicuous honesty, fidelity, and capacity, should be kept in his place by the new principals, it would not, we think, excite much remark among business-men. Such an act would be assumed at once as the most obvious and prudent thing to do. Yet, when the reappointment to the most important post-office in the country, of a man who had shown remarkable fitness for the place is made, it is commented upon as an almost unheard of thing. The simple reason for this surprise is that Mr. Pearson happens to be of the opposite political party to the President. Of course, that fact has nothing to do with his fitness for the place; for it is the business of the post-office to receive and distribute the mails in the most efficient manner possible, and not to carry out any specific party policy. Still, taking into account the political traditions which have usually governed such appointments, President Cleveland is entitled to great credit in disregarding political precedent and making a business appointment like that of Mr. Pearson's. It will encourage faithful servants throughout the land to let politics alone and do their proper work.

We hope that it will be made clear that the President has taken this action not to please particular Democrats who asked for it, or Independents who helped to elect him, but because it was eminently fit to be made in and of itself. It is said that this case is not to be taken as a precedent. We do not see why not. Of course the President's action in this instance was made easier because of the importance of the office, and for the reason that Mr. Pearson had shown such pre-eminent fitness for the place that no mere politician dared to claim it on partisan grounds; but we do not see why in other offices, where the in-

cumbent has not been an offensive party-worker, and has done his duty thoroughly, a change should be made on mere party grounds. We know that this may appear very unpractical politics, but we are assured that the admirable action of President Cleveland in reference to the New York office has brought this idea much nearer realization.

HEREAFTER THE UNITED SERVICE will be issued the first day of each month. We are glad to follow the example of our distinguished contemporary, *The Century Magazine*, in this respect. There never have been any good reasons why magazines should be issued two weeks before the time they bear date, and this custom has placed magazines at a great disadvantage in the treatment of current topics. We congratulate *The Century* on its wonderful increase in circulation, which, as it is based entirely on merit, will undoubtedly be as permanent as it is deserved. The following is the announcement of *The Century:*

"A NEW DAY OF ISSUE FOR 'THE CENTURY.'—The editions of *The Century Magazine* are now so large that it has become necessary either to go to press at an earlier date or to postpone the day of issue. The latter alternative has been accepted. The April number, the edition of which was two hundred and twenty-five thousand, was delayed until the 25th of March. The May number—edition two hundred and fifty thousand—will be issued on the 1st day of May, thus inaugurating with the first number of the thirtieth volume a change which has long been considered desirable by the publishers, and which it is believed will be heartily commended by the public. Future numbers of *The Century Magazine* will be issued on the first day of the month of which each bears date."

To none more than to the readers of THE UNITED SERVICE has the change for the better in General Grant's condition been welcome news. It was our intention to have an article on the military history of General Grant from the pen of some one of his intimate friends; for we realize, when reflecting on the subject, that the true history of the military experience of this great "silent man" must come from such a source. The impossibility of obtaining such an article at such a time as this is apparent. After all, there is no present need for this article, as his history is written in the hearts of the people; and, as was well said twenty years ago, "There will be but one verdict in the high court of history. He will need no title to enduring fame but that name which his father gave him,—GRANT." We have very great pleasure in giving to our readers a portrait of General Grant, taken from Marshall's plate, which is confessedly the best likeness in existence.

A TYPOGRAPHICAL error in the April number of THE UNITED SERVICE, in the editorial on the Navy Department, containing the sum-

mary of service of Commodore Walker, makes us state that he was appointed a commodore in 1866, instead of a commander, as was the case. We also did him an unintentional injustice in saying that "during the past nineteen years Commodore Walker has had but three or four years of sea service." The records of the Navy Department show that in the last nineteen years he has had but one year and five months' sea service; in the past fifteen years but five months. Our opinion of his unfitness for superintending the detail of officers has been strengthened by the assignments to duty with the naval battalion now at Panama. The post of honor is the place of danger; and, while we do not reflect on the ability of the officers appointed, still, they were chosen from his own particular circle to the exclusion of others more entitled to the detail.

THE *Army and Navy Journal* of April 18 made what to us was an extremely unpleasant error, in mentioning THE UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE among "extinct periodicals" in its editorial on that subject, and, notwithstanding the correction of this error in its issue of April 25, we hope that the editor will exercise more supervision over his own department of his paper hereafter.

OUR FOREIGN POLICY.—The action recently taken by the House of Representatives, censuring the participation by this government in the Congo Conference, as the initiation of a foreign policy diametrically opposed to that by which this country has been conducted since its foundation, as well as that recommended so strongly by Washington and other eminent patriots, will no doubt give rise to serious inquiry upon the whole subject of our foreign policy in the past, present, and future. This, as well as every other question of importance, should not be adjudged good or bad, simply because it is old or new. Every question has a right to a careful consideration, in order that it may be determined in as impartial a manner as possible, whether it or another is best fitted to meet the necessities of those for whose benefit it is proposed. It may be of service, in the first place, to glance at two fundamental principles of our government in its organization, and which time has demonstrated are no longer suitable or desirable for us, and which the present generation very emphatically refused any longer to regard as binding upon them. And yet these were given to us and recommended by the same patriots and statesmen who gained our independence by war, and founded this government. They told us to beware of entangling alliances, and to have no thought or care as to what might occur in any quarter of the globe, so long as it did not directly concern this nation. This was, in effect, the sub-

stance of their advice to posterity. It is hardly necessary to mention that the disturbing questions alluded to, and which we received as a legacy, were those of slavery and States' rights. We can easily understand how these became incorporated into our organic law through necessity, and quite likely were by the same stern master recommended to their posterity as compacts to be rigidly carried out with each other if this nation was to be preserved. This action of theirs may even have been at that time the height of wisdom, for then slavery was already in existence, and the least desire exhibited by any of the colonies inimical to this institution might have rendered futile all attempts to establish such a government as that from which our present one has been developed. Slavery, therefore, received a quasi-recognition, and the experiment of self-government on this continent began. The colonies having had a separate existence and definition while under the yoke of Great Britain, it was quite natural, when that was thrown off, that a hesitancy should be exhibited by these new apostles of liberty in yielding the majority of their newly-acquired liberties to a central government, notwithstanding they constituted a part of and had equal voice in it. Hence the reserved rights of States, which many of us at this day feel like anathematizing as the cause of most of our governmental difficulties, hardly excepting slavery. It is not alone in a spirit of fault-finding towards our forefathers for the dangerous unsolved problems they gave us with their priceless legacy of liberty, but simply to point out that ours is the duty of the present, theirs of the past; and that no mere sentiment should stand in the way of the recognition of our full duty to ourselves as well as our fellow-men, and of our performance of it. It would also be wise for us to be careful not to transmit to our posterity any unsolved question which we are fully able to settle in a satisfactory manner to-day.

The greater age certain governmental lines of policy attain, the more they are venerated by a large class of people, who are finally disposed to regard them as organic law. The election of our Presidents, and the determination of that election, are germane to this subject, and should be definitely settled, and not left to plague our posterity as an inheritance.

It is of some interest to inquire whether it is possible for any statesman, let him be ever so clear-headed and astute, to prescribe a policy for a nation which will continue for several hundred years to be the best for that country. Is it not only possible in a nation like China, where progress is resolutely tabooed, and the ability to cling to the traditions of the past regarded as a virtue of the highest order? And in criticising our ancestors, let us turn for a moment to the Declaration of Independence. Grand and glorious as it is, could it have been worded so as to conform nearer with the truth? Are all men equal? Does not every intelligent person know this is untrue? Would not the fol-

lowing modification be somewhat nearer the truth? "All men of equal intelligence, morals, and benevolence are equal; and *all* men, whether equal in this respect or not, have an undoubted right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." So far as slavery and the rights sought to be reserved by the States were concerned, time brought such a change in our convictions as to make their longer continuance intolerable to the best sense of the nation. Because of this broader and more humane view of governmental affairs, caused by the great progress in civilization, brought about by the freedom of the press and thought, and spurred on to their highest development by the *spirit* of our institutions, if not by the letter, it was not possible to complete the first hundred years of national life without crushing to powder two of the corner-stones of the edifice. In spite of the veneration we have always entertained for the valor and wisdom of our fathers, a portion of their work went down amid the clash of arms of the third generation of their descendants. And with these instances for precedents, I would not hesitate to approach and question that other phantom of our early national life, viz., that we must have nothing to do with, or anything to say as to the affairs of mankind in other quarters of the globe; that, in fact, we should remain fenced in, as it were, within the confines (extensive though they are) of our geographical borders. Have we not outgrown this parting injunction, as we did the others? Was not this admonition dependent upon our weak state, incident to the infantile period of national life, making it likely that the opposite course, attempted before we had reached even the period of youth, would have been fatal to our existence? What is the measure of responsibility for individuals? Is it not in accordance with one's knowledge, position, experience, and endurance? Are not nations aggregations of individuals? Will not history, that bar of public opinion which reflects the common-sense judgment of mankind, judge nations by some such standard as this? What would we think of a man who, being strong and full of life, should coldly pass a scene of horror and cruelty without an attempt to interfere? We will suppose him to be an eminently respectable person who does not quarrel, is opposed to contentions of all kinds, and earnestly desires to lead a peaceable life. He fails to understand why he should be blamed for the sins of others, and is doing all he can personally by example to promote the public welfare, when if he should permit himself to be tempted to interfere in such a case, just see what trouble, expense, and danger it would cause him. Could, then, any reasonable person expect him to exhibit any interest in such an affair? If men would break out with righteous indignation over such a cowardly spectacle, how would they applaud similar conduct on the part of a nation, which differs from the individual only in numbers and enlarged responsibilities? If the man above referred to had been, on

the contrary, small of stature, and even physically disabled, he would doubtless be held justified for his non-interference, while his weakness was despised. But could not both men plead in their behalf that it was none of their business; that they had to look out for themselves first, and their welfare would suffer by such meddling with other people's business? Is not the great virtue of patriotism, as usually defined, tinctured with the above-described selfishness of individuals? Does not this virtue mean a love of one's country, and devotion to it even right or wrong? But are we not all children of the same mother, earth? Are we still to look upon one "whose skin is not colored like our own, and straightway doom him as our lawful prey?" No! but the solution to this problem is, that patriotism, while a virtue, can be the *highest* national virtue only in a nation of people who have not reached the higher and broader plane of cosmopolitanism; the whole world regarded as the heritage of humanity, and the universal brotherhood recognized. It will probably be surprising to the future historian to record the fact that for seven long years a war of independence was waged without success by the brave inhabitants of an island almost within a stone's throw of the shores of the most powerful republic on the globe. That we looked quietly on and gave no assistance, because we had no quarrel with that effete old monarchy of Spain, which rules it under the divine right idea, is one of the few stains upon our escutcheon of liberty. Think for a moment how we could promote the civilization of many portions of the earth, now given over to barbarism or despotic forms of government, by the pursuance of a policy which might be termed "The Temporary Colonial Policy," in which we would acquire territory in these regions of the earth, govern it as we do our territories, and as soon as possible, by reason of population and education, assist them to form governments of their own of a republican form, and consider themselves entitled to our protection in the future when necessary. Would not such a policy be calculated to promote the general happiness of mankind, and increase the number of governments by the consent of the governed upon the earth? Would not such a policy be more effective in spreading our civilization than our missionaries? For is not our religion but a very small part of our civilization? Can we say with a clear conscience that we have no duties of this nature devolving upon us, especially when we consider our own condition, and that we are indebted for our liberties to the sufferings and deprivations of our ancestors, who were scarcely nearer in relationship to us of to-day than by the ties of the universal brotherhood of man? I am quite ready to admit that our first duty is to ourselves and our interests in an honorable way, though it is as questionable for a nation to drive a sharp bargain at the expense of another as it is for individuals. Is it not evident that such national ethics must be the logical outcome of the progress from the

family to the unified nation, and until the people of the earth shall look upon each other, not as legitimate prey upon which the most cunning shall live, but as friends and brethren? Are we then quite ready as a nation of fifty millions of people, possessing a country richer in resources than any known upon the globe, past or present, to commit ourselves to a hermit policy, which says in effect that come what will, in the various regions of earth, so long as our nose is not actually twisted intentionally, we will have no occasion to interpose our authority? If this is the policy to which we are to be committed by our legislators, I can only say that I do not believe it will last much longer, for even when the prosiest of mortals holds the reins, a nation of this size and spirit *will* move forward. I believe then that we have as a nation reached the period of youth, if not of manhood, and that the condition of any people who are suffering and oppressed should not be indifferent to us, who are enjoying the blessings of liberty and a fair degree of prosperity. And it seems to me that our voice should be lifted in all such cases in a sufficiently decisive manner to impress those concerned that a chivalrous nation like this would not hesitate to do more, if necessary, in the cause of the down-trodden and oppressed.

The fact is, very little can occur in this world that does not almost directly concern us in some manner. The great trinity of civilization, railroads, telegraphs, and steamships, have revolutionized all our old ideas of the dependence of nations upon each other. It is difficult to say this does not concern us; why need we have anything to say about it? We all stand in such intimate relations to each other that it is often ridiculous when we say, as we so often do, "This cannot possibly be of any interest to us; we have no time to bother with it; it won't pay." The last, the clinching argument of so many Americans. It is quite evident, also, that the world about us is quite skeptical when we thus disclaim interest or participation in international questions. They know well that with increasing growth and strength enlarged responsibilities must come, and they do not believe it possible for us to continue to evade them. Some things we could not do, of course, even where humanity might strongly urge us. For instance, we could hardly be expected to go to war with Russia in case she should refuse at our earnest protest to cease the persecutions of her Jewish subjects. But if other nations as well as ours saw their duty and obligations to humanity in a similar manner, the oppression could be stopped, and probably without war. Have we really no interest in such a question as this?

Let every honest and intelligent citizen ask himself this question seriously, and I have faith that in due time the correct answer will be given. Suppose the noble Lafayette had taken the stand here indicated in regard to this country in the dark days of the Revolutionary War? And in what way did our distress really concern the people of

France? How does it concern an individual when he sees the inalienable rights of a neighbor trampled upon? His own were not harmed, why should he be irritated? Only because one step is very apt to lead to another, and if he looked calmly on while his friend's rights were trampled upon, that inaction of his would lead inevitably to encroachments upon his own. It is the same with nations. Those founded upon liberty and justice cannot afford to look with equanimity upon every species of injustice and oppression that may be taking place about them; for, if they do, sooner or later they will find it should have been as ruthlessly stamped out as the plague did they wish to escape contamination. The gallant Frenchmen of that day were more discerning; they perceived that the cause of liberty was at stake; they knew this concerned them, and they came to the rescue. Had they not done so, is it likely that they would to-day be in the enjoyment of a republican form of government as they have for fourteen years? It is humiliating to be reminded how we repaid their devotion to liberty.

A few years later, when we had secured our liberties and the French were struggling with our old foe, were we willing to make any sacrifices to repay the debt? I wish it could be truthfully said that as a nation we had not then been guilty of gross ingratitude. How does the case stand to-day? We have interests in every quarter of the globe, and these should be still greater, in order to give the greatest aid to the industrial productions of our great country, and to increase the demand for them in other lands. Can our citizens, who are striving thus to benefit themselves and their country, hold their own in influence, etc., etc., with those of other nations who do not publish to the world that they absolve themselves from all responsibilities outside their own borders? The reports of our consuls and citizens who are travelers leave us in very little doubt upon this subject.

Even the Soudan question, at present exciting the interest of civilized nations, would become one that concerned us closely. Suppose the success of the Mahdi should be so pronounced, as so many fear, as to incite to rebellion the Mohammedan subjects of Victoria? While engaged in such a herculean combat, let Russia advance on Herat, and, as a consequence of such a concatenation of disasters, suppose the English nation to be threatened with annihilation. The success of these two forces would be the triumph of barbarism on the one hand, and a blind and ignorant religious fanaticism on the other, both equally opposed to progress and civilization. Would it be any concern of ours if these things came to pass or were seriously threatened? I believe it would most intimately affect us and every other civilized nation, and that, notwithstanding resolutions of Congress, "blood would prove thicker than water," and the Anglo-Saxon people of this continent

would not permit the flag of even our ancient enemy, England, to be trailed in the dust by such barbarian and fanatical hordes of the East. The probabilities of our being confronted with such a problem could be nothing short of a calamity to civilization (and, fortunately, other nations than ours would be likely to evince a lively interest in its prevention); but if it even devolved upon us, in spite of all our traditionary caution, I do not believe we could contemplate such a disaster with equanimity. Nor do such views as here outlined prevent us from earnestly seeking to bring about the settlement of all international disputes by councils of arbitration. But until that happy and humane result is consummated, we will be obliged to take the world as it is, and, in consequence, our arguments and protests in the interest of outraged humanity might need at times the support of Krupp guns and torpedo-vessels.

In conclusion, I would protest most emphatically against the policy of Congress when it plants itself upon the traditions of our fathers as a guiding-star for the foreign policy of this country. It is a very contracted view, contrary to the spirit of the civilization in which we live, and I have an abiding faith that it will not continue much longer to be the genius controlling our department of state. Let us discard a policy which is as unbecoming a nation as the ultra exhibitions of selfishness are to individuals. SIONILLI.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"THE THREE PROPHETS: CHINESE GORDON, MOHAMMED-AHMED (EL MAHDI), ARABI PASHA." By Colonel C. CHAILLÉ LONG. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

We believe, that with many people, their idea of Egypt, over and above the abiding feeling of its immemorial antiquity, is a picture with the domes and minarets of Cairo, a stretch of the Nile, the Sphinx and Pyramids in the foreground, and in the distance a haze of blended desert dust and red sunshine, through which swords and bayonets are continually gleaming, and a horde of chieftains, with names more or less unpronounceable, are continually riding. Out of all this shifting phantasmagoria there have of late emerged into clearer distinctness three personalities which have drawn to themselves the curious gaze of the civilized world, —Gordon, El Mahdi, and Arabi,—and the present book is written to give some information about these remarkable men and the affairs in Egypt in which they have taken so conspicuous a part.

Colonel Long has been for many years in Egypt, was for some time chief of staff to Gordon, and, as United States consular agent at Alexandria, took a conspicuous and honorable part in the dreadful scenes of fire and blood which have left that city the wreck of its former self.

Colonel Long writes with a full knowledge of the men and events he describes, and it is clear that he has his own judgment of the political policy which has of late marked the advance of English power in Egypt and the Soudan, and, accordingly, his book may be read as a corrective to many of the statements of the English press.

The sketch of Gordon covers only a part of his career in Egypt, and does not include his later operations in the Soudan, and his death. It does not pretend to go into a full analysis of his life and character, and is brief and fragmentary. But those qualities which have given him his extraordinary fame—the combination of piety and fanaticism, of confidence in God, and confidence, even greater, in himself, his prayers and his Bibles, his proclamations and his severities—are distinctly brought out. Colonel Long speaks of him as "Pietist, missionary, and soldier," as "at all times enveloped as with a mantle with the leaves of his Bible. He is a strange composition of a Cromwell, a Carlyle, a Havelock, and a Livingstone. Had he lived in the time of the great reformer, he would doubtless have played some important *rôle*. He is, however, more than all, *Gordon* himself, with profound contempt for his fellow-men, but with a certain sympathy—pity, rather—for his inferiors; a characteristic made very apparent in his administration of the Soudan, where he soon got rid of all his equals, and replaced them in many cases by subordinates,—menials to whom he gave extravagant pay, but to whom, when occasion offered, he also administered a good kicking."

Colonel Long insists that Gordon was a mere automaton of the British government, sent to the Soudan to prepare the way for the ultimate annexation of that country and Egypt to the English crown.

It was at Cairo, in February, 1874, that Colonel Long received a note from

Gordon of this brevity: "My Dear Chaillé Long,—Will you go with me to Central Africa? Come to see me at once." He accepted immediately and departed in twenty-four hours for Khartoum. They went by the way of Suakim and Berber. "Berber rises from the desert sand like a phantom city. Its majestic palms and tall acacias nod their broad-leaved tops from cool, shady gardens, as if in salutation to the wearied and sun-scorched traveler as he emerges from the Great Desert."

Khartoum is described as founded about 1821, as having a population of about thirty thousand, situated about two miles from the junction of the Blue Nile and the White Nile, and as realizing in commercial importance the expectations of its founders.

Arrived at Khartoum, Colonel Long says, "Gordon commenced to shake the Soudan government, as I have said, by the proclamation of monopoly of ivory, and by an unwise and unjust confiscation of property of those who are to-day in arms. It was 'the egg which he laid of the insurrection in the Soudan.'"

An account of military movements and of geographical explorations follows, in all of which Colonel Long takes a conspicuous part, and gains that complete knowledge of the man which makes his opinion of him interesting and valuable.

In the course of the account we come, by the way, upon a couple of bits of information which will interest the reader of Homer. The first refers to the lotus: "Lake Ibrahim, so named by the Khedive of Egypt in honor of his father, is the home of the lotus and the lotus-eaters. On the treacherous bosom of the lake the broad-leaved plant grows luxuriantly, and incessant storms add to the dangers which beset the unwary traveler. This is not all. The immense vegetable matter when decayed breaks away and causes great islands to form; on these islands live t e mythical lotus-eaters, whose sole food is the lotus-flower and dried fish. The discovery of the lotus and lotus-eaters is another fact taken from the poetic realm of fiction." The second refers to the pygmies. "I brought back with me . . . a specimen adult woman of the mythical Ticki-Ticki, or Akka pygmy race. Ticki-Ticki is now in Cairo, and is the favorite plaything—being quite an acrobat—in the harem of the Khedive's mother."

We have this glimpse of Gordon in one of his peculiar "seizures." "In the short intervals of my stay in camp, going and coming from expeditions, I had occasion to remark the singular habit which Gordon had of retiring to his hut, where he would remain, for days at a time, engaged in the perusal and meditation of his ever-present Bible and prayer-book. When in this retirement, his orders were that he should not be disturbed for any reason of service whatever; *a hatchet and a flag* were placed at his door as a sign that he was unapproachable. When these were removed, Gordon would reappear in full dress, cleanly shaven, and the ill-humor from which he had suffered had vanished to give place to cheerfulness."

Here is an interesting episode: "The American officers frequently visited him. One day he wrote a letter to General Sherman, of the United States army, begging him to come out to Egypt and put aright these officers whom he thought in trouble. Now, why, in any case, General Sherman had been written to is not clear, unless, indeed, the gift of diamonds by Ismail Pasha, the Khedive, said to be worth sixty thousand dollars, was, in the mind of Gordon, a sufficient reason to look upon that officer as a sort of arbiter for the American officers in Egypt."

Upon Long's return from his explorations up the Nile, Gordon proposed to him to divide the country between them; but, on the colonel's declining this generous proposition, they parted, March, 1875, and Long returned to Cairo.

The main points dwelt upon in further treatment of Gordon are his mal-administration of the Soudan, his recall under the influence of Mr. Baring, and his return to the Soudan, his burning the evidences of the debts of the long-outraged people, and the whips and bastinado rods with which they had been tortured, and the re-establishment of the slave-trade!

We have this information as to the Mahdi: "He was born in Dongola, in the

year 1842. In stature he is rather tall, slender, and in color like *café au lait*, with the usual parallel incisions upon each cheek, characteristic mark of the Dongolwee. His costume is simple in the extreme, and consists of a *gallabiah*, or loose white gown, bound at the waist by a green sash. On his head a small white cap, on his feet wooden sandals, and around his neck a *sebha*, or chaplet, composed of ninety-nine grains, the number corresponding to the principal attributes of God."

It appears that in 1868 he was received into one of the Mohammedan orders at Khartoum, and consecrated himself, body and soul, to its interests. Retiring to Abba, on the White Nile, he set up as a hermit of rapt devotion and deep piety. Thence he was summoned to the command of an army. In July, 1881, the Mahdi showed the stuff he was made of. Raouf Pasha, then governor of Khartoum, ordered him to come to that city. He treated the summons with contempt and cut to pieces three successive columns of soldiers sent to enforce authority. Another body sent by command of Abd-el-Kader, successor of Raouf, was annihilated, and El Mahdi was regarded as invincible. By September, 1883, El Obeid, the capital of Kordofan, fell, and Hicks Pasha, with a force of the Anglo-Egyptian army, estimated at ten thousand men, started for El Obeid, but not a soul survived the terrible march across the burning desert. This, then, is the brave, determined, and fanatical chieftain who confronts the British forces in the Soudan, and is destined to play an important part in the future of that country.

Much the larger part of Colonel Long's book is devoted to Arabi and the events at Alexandria with which he was connected. We have space, however, to sum up only a few facts about this famous chieftain. His age and birthplace are not accurately known. "Arabi is a tall, big, strong, heavy-looking fellah, wears his fez thrown back upon his head, and when not conversing keeps his eyes closed, opening them at intervals with whites upturned, producing a very ugly and disagreeable impression of hypocrisy and fanaticism. His color is the dirty-yellow common to the fellah of Lower Egypt. His head is rather pointed, with large mouth and thick lips, which move incessantly in mumbling the verses of the Koran, while his fingers are running over in ceaseless count the chaplet which he holds in his right hand."

He went into the army, was bastinadoed for some offense, and dismissed the service. Hiding his mortification, he withdrew to the religious studies of a Mohammedan university. When the Khedive Ismail came to the throne he went back into the army. After figuring in the Abyssinian campaign, not very much to his credit, he came back and appeared as the champion of the fellah officers against the encroachments of the foreign officers in the Egyptian army. In the squabbles which ensued after Tewfik came to be Khedive, he rose to be Minister of War, and practically dictator of Egypt, and assiduously paved the way for those horrors of pillage and massacre which have shocked the civilized world. One of the signs which attested the divine approval of his prophetical character is worth noting. "Walking one day in the streets of Cairo, accompanied by a long train of followers, he suddenly stopped, and, assuming a beatific air, said, with upturned face, and stamping upon the ground with his foot, 'Here is the gun sent me from heaven!' The attendants quickly upturned the ground, and there, in fact, was a gun, but on the lock-plate one might clearly read the name of the American inventor, 'Remington.'" The account of the massacre and bombardment at Alexandria, in which Arabi played so terrible a part, comes from one who was an eye-witness of the horrors which he describes, and is given with great vividness. In all these scenes, as we have said, the author took an honorable and conspicuous part. The story of the three prophets closes with the banishment of Arabi to Ceylon.

As to the future of Egypt, Colonel Long has no doubt that the army of General Wolseley is an army of occupation, and that the land of Egypt will become the permanent appendage of England.

Although the book is written in a jerky and somewhat incoherent style, we can recommend it to those who wish to obtain in reasonable compass trustworthy information as to the remarkable men and events of which it treats. W. C. M.

"An Appeal to Cæsar." By Albion W. Tourgée. Fords, Howard & Hurlbert, New York.

The Cæsar to whom this appeal is made is the American people, and the appeal is in behalf of the black people of the Southern States. Judge Tourgée, from what is evidently a careful study of the subject, sees great and imminent danger to the republic from the illiteracy of the enfranchised negroes; and that danger, he argues, is to be removed by national assistance in the education of the colored race.

To give his arguments on this point the greater and more cumulative force, he reviews the circumstances which led to the civil war, points out the essential alienation of the North and South, while the claim to unity was most strenuously insisted on, and describes the baleful influence of slavery upon the national life. The war itself is rapidly summed up, but he dwells at length on what he regards the mistake of granting the franchise to the newly emancipated blacks, the embittering of the whites, and the violence, the disorder, ballot frauds, and Ku-Klux clans which characterized so long the period of reconstruction, and the threatening perils from race-hatred which have been prodigiously enhanced since the colored man has been armed with the ballot.

Judge Tourgée takes up considerable space of his book in showing how many of the expectations in reference to the negroes have been falsified by later events. It was predicted that, deprived of the interested care of their masters, they would speedily perish from helplessness and want; on the contrary, they have not only held their own, but have increased faster than the whites; they have provided themselves with homes, poor to be sure, but still homes; they have begun to lay up savings, to learn trades, to attend school. Among the causes which have tended to give them greater superiority is the fact that very few of the negroes have left the South; it is their natural habitat. On the contrary, very little of the white immigration has entered the South. The foreign immigrants go for the most part to the West, and the few Northerners who have settled in the South have never felt at home in their surroundings. This, the author explains, as resulting, not from any dislike of Northern settlers as such, but from the inability of the average Southerner to receive any ideas from the new-comer, and the expectation that his neighbor from the North will, of course, conform to Southern ideas and usages. Besides all this, a great many Southern whites have gone to the North and West; and the result will be that the negro race will be in large majorities in all the Southern States from Maryland to Texas. Here Judge Tourgée sees signs of coming trouble in the relations of the whites and blacks. On the one hand will be a small minority of whites, intelligent, determined, haughty, domineering, to whom the natural inferiority of the negro at all times and in all circumstances is a fundamental article of his faith; on the other, the large majority of the blacks, armed with the ballot, and prepared to retain it and use it for the advancement of their race to power.

Judge Tourgée does not hope much from the familiar political idea that the divisions that have separated the North and the South will disappear in time to come under the pressure of administrative and economic questions which will array both whites and blacks on either side; or, as it may be expressed, which will run lines of political separation at right angles to the line of race cleavage; in other words, divide the colored vote. He thinks that the negroes will find their race prejudices superior to any disintegrating forces; that the Southern white will not submit to black rule under any circumstances; that an attempt will be made either to disfranchise or exterminate the blacks; or, in other words, a war of races will ensue.

Judge Tourgée dwells upon the appalling amount of illiteracy in the United States, and particularly upon that of the blacks of the South, and concludes that the specific for the troubles and dangers arising from their condition is their education. He commends the Southern States for all that they have done in this direction, but argues that these States have been so impoverished by the prodigious losses of the civil war that the aid of the national government is necessary to furnish in-

creased educational facilities. As to the manner of distributing this educational fund, he is of the opinion that it would not be best to give the money directly to the State governments, but to the districts into which the States are divided. This would avoid many evils which would attend the distribution of the fund under State administration, as mixing this aid with State politics; the temptation under white government to a division unfair to the blacks; and the tendency to associate the particular State in the minds of the beneficiaries with this beneficence instead of the national government.

Judge Tourgée writes with great force and earnestness, and with a profound feeling of apprehension as to the evils impending from those race differences. He has drawn freely on the figures furnished in the tables of the census of 1880 in support of his positions, and his tabulations are very suggestive and instructive.

We are not sure, however, that this book will succeed in seriously alarming the American people. Even granting Judge Tourgée's arguments, it is difficult to see how his specific of increased education for the blacks is going to diminish their numerical majority, actual or prospective, to lessen the influence which comes from increased wealth, to obliterate characteristics of race, or to repress the ambition for political power which comes from the possession of the ballot. W. C. M.

"In the Lena Delta." By George W. Melville, Chief Engineer U.S.N. Edited by Melville Philips. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"The Rescue of Greely." By Commander W. S. Schley, U.S.N., and Professor J. R. Soley, U.S.N. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

These two books are a notable addition to that literature of Arctic research which has been growing so rapidly during the last few years. The story of Arctic exploration is a thrilling and wonderful story. In the face of terrific cold, hideous desolation, and loneliness, dangers known and unknown, discouragement, disease, suffering, and death, the spirit of adventure and discovery has wrought with strange fascination upon many brave men, and when these venturesome explorers have failed to emerge in due time from the icy mysteries which have enshrouded them, the noblest humanity has displayed itself in action heroic beyond romance for their rescue from misery and destruction. This has long been the chosen field for the hardy sailors and the enthusiastic scientists of Scandinavian, Teutonic, and Anglo-Saxon blood, and for them the North Pole has had an attraction like that which it exercises upon the needle of the mariner's compass. The legendary deeds of chivalry seem like child's play beside the magnificent courage, endurance, and heroism displayed in these Arctic explorations, and while all the great nations of the North have been generous rivals in this line of dangerous achievement, we have as Americans every reason to be proud of the splendid record which our own nation has made. No explorers have been more daring, more skillful, or more enduring than the Americans, and the record leaves the flag of the republic nearest to the mysterious goal of Arctic rivalry. There are always those who are insisting upon the degeneracy of the present as compared with some remote and imaginary past; but it occurs to us that these croakers will derive very little in support of such an opinion from records such as these books furnish. It is well too, we cannot but feel, to turn from those who are always telling us that America is utterly given up to greed of gain and sordid materialism, to remember her tender care for her lost and suffering children among Arctic ice and snows,—a tenderness that seems to surround her like a lovely auroral halo.

We are aware that there are many persons who say that all this may be very grand, but that the results of these expeditions have never compensated for all the loss of life and treasure which they have involved. Of what good to the world is any astronomical, meteorological, or geological information which has thus been brought to the notice of civilized men? Who cares about the trend of some uninhabitable land this way or that? What difference does it make whether there is an

open polar sea or not? The world can get on comfortably if no one ever goes north of the Arctic Circle again, and as no one is now lost in those high northern latitudes better leave them to their awful solitude and desolation.

But there are those who are ready to answer that the scientific knowledge which has resulted from these voyages will not be lost, and that, though it may not be easy to point out the exact value of any particular fact, yet in time it will be seen that, by ways that are not now clear, perhaps, all these efforts will be found to contribute to the well-being of mankind; that men of as high intelligence and much more daring than these critics are still eager to carry forward this search; and that it will certainly go on until the North Pole is reached, or that it is demonstrated to absolute certainty that it cannot be reached.

Whatever may be the outcome of this discussion, one thing is clear: that the story of Arctic exploration and discovery will always be read with eager interest while heroic daring is honored among men.

The adventures described in these books have been more or less written up in the newspapers, so that most readers are acquainted with the main facts; but there is always a satisfaction in having an account of such thrilling adventures at first hand; we like to hear the hero tell the story himself.

In the first of these volumes, Mr. Melville, who will be remembered as the chief engineer of the Jeannette Expedition under De Long, gives his narrative in a handsome, well-printed, and illustrated volume of nearly five hundred pages. A small part is taken up with the account of the rescue of Greely and the explanation of his method of reaching the North Pole. Mr. Melville's style is clear and straightforward, and is free from all attempts at fine writing. Indeed, the simple account of his experiences and that of those associated with him is indescribably thrilling and pathetic, and furnishes one of the most appalling pictures of danger and suffering on the one hand, and of the most inspiring stories of patience, courage, and sacrifice on the other, with which we are acquainted.

Mr. Melville keeps close to his title, "In the Lena Delta," for his story proceeds very rapidly from the sailing of the "Jeannette" from San Francisco, July 8, 1879, to her sinking, June 10, 1881. That disaster left the ship's company on the moving ice five hundred miles from the Lena River, and with only ninety days' provisions. Then follows the narrative of the wonderful retreat across the ice and sea, with the attendant circumstances of awful danger, cold, and weariness, but with discipline perfect, with immense skill and ingenuity in overcoming obstacles, with the most admirable cheerfulness and spirit of mutual helpfulness. The distribution of the company into the three boats' crews, under De Long, Melville, and Chipp; the leaving of the ice-pack, and the attempt to reach the Lena River across the dangerous sea; the cold, the darkness, the grinding ice; the awful storm which separated the boats forever, and the dreadful sufferings which followed, are set forth with a graphic distinctness which remains on the memory like some hideous nightmare. The remainder of the narrative—and it is much the largest part of the book—recounts Melville's arrival at the Lena Delta; his devices to reach a place of safety for himself and men under the guidance of the natives; his finding Nindeman and Noros, who, it will be remembered, had been sent by De Long for succor; and the quest for De Long and his companions, prosecuted in the face of cold and storm and privation until their bodies are found and placed in their cheerless graves, overlooking the lonely sea over which they had toiled to their deaths; and, finally, the search for Chipp and his crew, under like circumstances of suffering, until it is made clear that they must all have perished at sea.

In all these scenes Mr. Melville's qualities as a commander come out very brightly. His courage, skill, patience, persistency, and self-control are admirable. He gives, besides, a great deal of information about the geographical features of the country, its inhabitants, their houses, dress, habits, means of living and ways of traveling, language, etc., and the most dismal surroundings are lighted up by Mr. Melville's cheerfulness and humor. But nothing lights up the account more

than the exhibition of Mr. Melville's own unselfish forgetfulness of his own sufferings and privations in the noble efforts to ascertain the fate of his lost companions. And it will always be remembered with pride that the great republic rested not till she had taken up the mortal remains of the heroic sufferers, had borne them across land and sea, and laid them tenderly to rest among the graves of their own kindred.

To this part of the book is appended a brief account of the rescue of Greely, in which Melville bore a most important and honorable part, and a statement of his plan of reaching the North Pole by way of Franz Joseph Land. We cordially commend the book as most interesting from beginning to end.

In the second of these books the authors have given us a most attractive account of the admirable and successful effort for the rescue of Greely. The book is pleasant to the eye, is well printed, and fairly well illustrated. The recital of the rescue proper is preceded by a description of the three chief entrances to the Polar Ocean, dwelling particularly, as was to be expected, on that of Baffin's Bay. To this is added a description of the scheme for a series of circumpolar stations, with a view to scientific information, to be maintained by the chief commercial nations of the North.

As a part of this arrangement, the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition under Lieutenant Greely is described, with the plans for observation, discovery, supplies of provisions, method of retreat and relief if necessary.

The Neptune Relief Expedition of 1882 is briefly sketched, and that of the "Proteus" more fully; and while the official relations of the authors of the book prevent any personal criticisms, the careful reader will not find much trouble in seeing where the fault lies.

But if the Proteus Expedition was so memorably abortive, nothing was ever better planned and more admirably carried out than that under Commander Schley. The action of Congress in furnishing the necessary funds without limitation, and the appointment of a competent chief without embarrassing instructions, the excellent character of the vessels employed and the select crews that were put on them, and the absolute perfection of the outfit, make up a record of which we may well be proud. And nothing could have been more courteous and graceful than the presentation of the "Alert" by England as one of the vessels taking part in the rescue.

The story of the voyage northward, the race with the whalers for the reward which had been offered for the lost company of explorers; the skill, coolness and promptness, and noble humanity that inspired all who were engaged in the search, —all this is exceedingly well told, and is interesting to the last degree.

In the account of the finding of the wretched, dying survivors the writers indulge in no effort at elaborate description. The awful desolation of the place, the miserable, half-fallen tent, the cutting wind, the little group dazed with approaching dissolution tell the dreadful story. And nothing could be tenderer than the care with which officers and men were nursed back to life and friends and home.

We are rejoiced to find that the writers of this book make no mention of a subject in which a prominent New York journal rioted last summer with the luxurious foulness of a ghoul.

The reader of this book can hardly fail to notice the extreme modesty of the authors. They do not put themselves in front at all, and the story seems almost to tell itself. But they may rest assured that the world will not soon forget their noble humanity and their brilliant success. W. C. M.

"Doctor Grattan." A novel. By William A. Hammond, author of "Lal." New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"Dr. Grattan" has three elements of interest, two romantic and one scientific or professional. The last is a study of insanity, is wrought out with much the greatest care, and occupies the main part of the book, and serves to float the rest.

The "case" is that of a Mr. Lamar, who comes to the little village of Plato,

among the Adirondacks. He is apparently a man of immense wealth, and is evidently a great traveler, a person of wide information, and a thorough gentleman. He builds a costly house on the outskirts of the village and lives in it with his only child, Louise. Dr. Grattan, who gives his name to the story, is the leading physician of that part of the country, and becomes the professional attendant and close personal friend of Mr. Lamar. The latter, however, soon begins to show remarkable peculiarities, especially in reference to everything directly or indirectly connected with Africa or negroes. Whenever these subjects are mentioned, Mr. Lamar has fits of deep dejection and self-abhorrence, and more or less sleeplessness and physical prostration. At last he confesses to Dr. Grattan that he has made his money as a slave-dealer, and the memory of the horrible cruelties he has perpetrated in that character fills him with horror and remorse. Dr. Grattan, from a careful study of his friend, declines to believe that he is any such character or has done anything of the kind which he insists upon. In other words, he believes him to be insane, and to be laboring under an illusion that, from knowing some remarkably rascally slave-dealer or from having read of him, he has transferred his personality to himself; hence the mental trouble. The affliction increases in frequency and intensity until he is found dead in his room, with a sail-needle driven into his head through the ear. Considerable discussion ensues as to whether he committed suicide or died a natural death. It is finally decided that the needle was not the cause of his death, although the manner in which it was driven into his head is left unexplained.

Mr. Lamar leaves a will in which he bequeaths a vast amount of property to Dr. Grattan, who regards this as an additional proof of Lamar's mental disturbance, and declines to touch a cent of the money on the ground that the will is of course invalid. The study of the case goes on for a long time until it is found that Mr. Lamar has read assiduously and carefully translated from the Spanish the memoirs of one Captain Juan de Ayolas, who had been in reality the character Mr. Lamar had imagined himself to be, and had led the life which he had thought to have been his own. This illusion is explained on the supposition of his having received a sunstroke which affected his brain.

Subtracting this professional study, the remainder of the book may be soon disposed of. The second element, which is romantic, is found in the love of Dr. Grattan for Louise Lamar. The doctor is a widower of forty-five and has a daughter, Cynthia, who has grown to womanhood at the opening of the story; but Louise has no difficulty in returning his love. The main obstruction to the successful progress of the suit is found in the absolute refusal of Dr. Grattan to profit by Lamar's will, on the ground of its being the work of a man of unsound mind, and his reluctance to marry Louise, who is left with a vast property, in fear of being charged with mercenary motives. But, after more or less tribulation, which serves to bring out the disinterestedness of the doctor's character, the difficulty is removed by the discovery that Lamar's investments are worthless and that Louise is a poor girl.

In the remaining element of the story Mr. Frazier, a wealthy and excellent young man, comes to Plato, falls from a high rock, and breaks his leg in a complicated manner. This accident detains him on the scene several months, and, to cheer the invalid, Dr. Grattan's daughter is despatched to read to him under adequate conditions of propriety. Of course they fall in love with each other, but very little of their love comes to the surface until the end of the book, and Frazier seems to be introduced merely to provide a husband for Cynthia.

Louise and Cynthia are two good and beautiful girls, not very sharply discriminated from each other. Dr. Grattan is much the strongest character in head and heart, deserves to have a good and handsome wife, and we hope still enjoys a good practice in Plato.

The book is well written, but has many professional terms scattered through it, as might have been expected, and conveys more or less medical information, which

we can assure the reader would cost him a good deal of money if communicated to him personally in the privacy of the author's back office.

The final impression left upon the mind upon reading "Dr. Grattan" is not of the best, and the reason is not far to seek. The story is more than anything else a study of insanity, as we have remarked before, and all else is subordinated to that. Now we are old-fashioned enough to think that the romantic element should form the chief attraction in a novel. The novel should convey truth; it should teach good morals; it should give us interesting portraitures of character, and arrange events within the limits of reasonable probability. Of course, it may so far conform to ordinary life as to have some elements of wickedness, which must be made secondary to the better elements and meet with merited punishment at the end. But with all these things there must be an ideality and elevation above common life wherein the imagination may find a refuge from that which is commonplace and prosaic in our working world. Here is the charm of fiction and its main value; and this it is which has drawn a greater number of readers to it than all the other departments of literature together.

Hence there is a strong temptation to divert the novel from its original sphere, in view of the greater number of readers which it is likely to secure, and use it for purposes essentially foreign to its nature. For instance, there is the realistic school, which constructs a novel in which not only the prosaic and the utterly unromantic play a prominent part, but the dark, the loathsome, and the hideous phases of life are attempted to be made the chief elements of interest. Besides this cancerous type of novels, of which Zola is the most conspicuous representative, there are those which are made too much the vehicles of theories of society, art, music, politics, religion, and philosophy, and these, like the one under consideration, which may be called professional, and which takes a case of mental derangement and brings it into prominence, studies it, analyzes it, brings the reader continually back to it, and very largely subordinates the romantic element to this distressful picture. A novel should take us, not in the direction of a lunatic asylum, but of the palace beautiful.

"Dr. Grattan" may be read once, but we do not think that the reader will be likely to repeat the perusal. W. C. M.

"THE RUSSIANS AT THE GATES OF HERAT." By CHARLES MARVIN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1885.

We do not remember to have read, for a long time, a book which has so thoroughly impressed us with the feeling that the author knew what he was talking about. Mr. Marvin is no novice on the Russian question, having previously written several important works on that subject; and he is considered an authority.[1]

In the preface to this work he says, "In my 'Russian Advance Towards India,' published in 1882, I made these remarks: 'In my writings on Russia I try to be impartial. I know I have a greater love for Russia, the country of my youth, and a better appreciation of the Russian people than the so-called "Russophile" traders in politics, who lauded her indiscriminately in 1877, from motives of self or party interest, and abandoned her afterwards to false attacks; and the public know, from my writings, that I am a vigilant and anxious observer of the Russian advance towards India. I am thus, I suppose, both a Russophile and a Russophobe. As for my local opinions, my youth was passed in a country which has no political parties corresponding with our Liberal and Conservative parties, and does not want them; while my studies have led me to survey politics from the stand-point of one who considers himself more in the light of a citizen of the English Empire—of that great empire that embraces the five empires of England, of Canada, of Australia, of South Africa, and of India—than merely a Liberal or Conservative Englishman

[1] "Russian Advance Towards India," 1882; "Merv, the Queen of the World, and the Scourge of the Man-Stealing Turcomans," London, 1881; "Reconnoitering Central Asia," etc.

of lesser England only. Being in this sense an Imperialist and a non-party writer, I claim immunity from any charge of unduly favoring a Liberal or Conservative policy in my remarks on the Central Asian Question. At the same time, I would have it with equal clearness understood, that the opinions expressed are not merely the heedless and ephemeral views of an irresponsible writer, but the deep conviction of one who is conscious that they may some day be called up against him, —in other spheres than that of Journalism and Literature.' "

Mr. Marvin, evidently, has his country's best interests at heart; but, at the same time, he appears to us to be that *rara avis*, an unprejudiced English author,—one who is willing to give credit to other nations where credit is due. And although in this case he does not present Russian diplomacy in an enviable light from a moral or honorable stand-point, still, diplomacy between nations being a lying to, or rather an *outlying*, and attempt to deceive one another, it is not supposed to come under the code of moral ethics. It is a well-admitted fact that Russia has always *diplomatically* outwitted and hoodwinked England.

The history opens with the Russian intrigues for, and their occupation of Merv. If the reader will glance at the map of Afghanistan and the surrounding country, he will see at once the relative positions of the principal strategic points in question. Herat, in the northwestern part of Afghanistan, is the objective point of an invader or menacer of India, and is the true "Key of India." Merv, two hundred and forty miles to the north of Herat, commands the approaches to it, while the Caspian Sea, to the westward, presents an easy means of transportation for any number of troops.

We learn that there have been two Russian movements in the direction of India. One, which commenced before the Crimean War, originating at Orenburg (on the banks of the Ural River), working its way through the eastern part of Turkestan, and overcoming the tribes and Khanates in that direction. The objective point of this movement was Cabul; but it practically ceased after the late Turco-Russian War. The other—the one of which this history treats, and the probable *denouement* of which is now agitating the civilized world—was from the Caspian Sea, and had for its objective point Herat. These two movements have generally been confounded. It has been the general belief that the approach to India from the north was barred by impassable mountains and dangerous passes. This is true in regard to the approaches to Cabul from the north; for here the Hindoo-Koosh Mountains range from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand feet. " But there is nothing of the kind between the Caspian and Herat; nor yet again between Herat and the Indo-Afghan frontier. Setting out from Krasnovodsk [the port of disembarkation on the Caspian] a Russian could drive a four-in-hand all the way to the Indian frontier near Quetta."

As early as the time of Peter the Great the Russians were afloat on the Caspian. In 1869 they seized Krasnovodsk and landed a few troops. The next ten years were spent in conquering the surrounding country, they generally meeting with a stout resistance from the Turcomans; and during this time the Russian hero, the late General Skobeleff, Kouropatkin, Alikhanoff, Komaroff, and other officers,—of whom interesting sketches are given,—who are to-day playing important parts in the drama of impending war, were *Russianizing* the newly acquired peoples, and preparing for the objective crisis which to-day appears to be at hand.

About 1880 the Russian forces had advanced as far as Askabad, which is about as far from Merv, as Merv is from Herat. This close approach to Merv aroused the suspicions of the English government; and when, later, Merv was occupied by the Russians, a howl of indignation went up throughout the country, which, however, the Russians quickly quieted by *diplomatic* explanation.

This bloodless occupation of Merv, on March 16, 1884, by General Komaroff, was a most clever, but treacherous, piece of strategy, and was worked up by Lieutenant Alikhanoff. This is interestingly told in the second chapter of the book, where, also, the whole question of the occupation is ably discussed. Of this occu-

pation, Mr. Marvin says, "The annexation of Merv was deliberately planned by the Russian government, and carried out in strict accordance with its orders. The *coup-de-main* was totally unprovoked by the Tekkes; it was done in violation of a whole series of solemn assurances to England; and the blow was struck in a treacherous and cowardly manner, dishonorable to a nation that had produced such a hard-hitting, fair-fighting hero as Skobeleff."

The English government, however, appears to have felt that the gates to India were secure, resting on the idea that Herat could never be reached by the Russians. It is difficult to understand how it could have neglected the repeated warnings of persons who were authorities on the subject That the government was fully forewarned as to the importance of Merv in relation to Herat as early as 1873, a portion of the report of Colonel Valentine Baker is quoted: "Merv," he said, "with its water communication nearly complete, lies only two hundred and forty miles from Herat, to which place it is the key. There can be no doubt that Merv is the natural outwork of Herat, with the advantage of water supply all the way between the two cities. Strategically, the Russian occupation of Merv would be, so to say, the formation of a lodgment on the glacis of Herat. It would place Herat completely at her mercy."

Mr. Marvin quotes also from his "Merv, the Queen of the World," etc., published in 1881, to show that what to-day has come to pass he then predicted: "Russia, in occupying Merv, *will inevitably claim the right to extend her power along this wedge also.* The conquest of Akhal extends her rule to Gyaoors,—*the conquest of Merv will extend it to Penjdeh.*"

The "Question of the Boundaries" is discussed in Chapter IV., where the author conclusively shows that Russia's claim and defense of her advances towards Herat were,—to use three very slangy, but expressive words,—based on "cheek," "bluff," and indomitable "push."

Chapter V. treats of "How Herat is the Key of India." The Russian general, Soboleff, chief of staff of the Asiatic branch of the army, writes in 1882: "'A body of European troops established at Herat, and standing with its front to the southeast, would draw upon it the attention of the whole population of India. In that lies the significance of a military occupation of Herat; and it is not without reason that a number of English experts, knowing India well, have expressed their belief that were an enemy to occupy Herat with a powerful force, the English army, without having fired a shot, would consider itself half beaten.'"

General Grodekoff, chief of General Kaufmann's staff in 1878, writes, "'Herat is a very large city, and does not cede in size to Tashkent. It contains fifty thousand people. Among the cities of Central Asia and Khorassan, Herat, by its buildings, occupies a place next to Meshed. The city is surrounded by walls twelve feet high with a shallow ditch outside. There are no outer defenses of any kind; nothing that would call to mind the fortifications of a European city. In its present condition, Herat is not in a position to defend itself against a European army, since at a mile to the north it is commanded by heights from which it could be bombarded by artillery. It is reckoned to possess immense strategical importance.'"

Herat "is one of the oldest cities in the East, and was once one of the richest. To use the words of a Persian geographer, 'the city has been fifty times taken, fifty times destroyed, and fifty times has it risen from its ashes.' Six hundred and sixty years ago it contained, according to the records of the period, twelve thousand retail shops, six thousand public baths, caravanserais and water mills, three hundred and fifty schools and monastic institutions, and one hundred and forty-four thousand occupied houses, and was yearly visited by caravans from all parts of Asia. When Chingiz Khan passed across the East, devastating the region, Herat is said to have suffered by the two stormings it experienced at his hands a loss of a million and a half of men. In subsequent ages its splendor revived, and it was a great and flourishing city down to comparatively modern times."

Colonel Malleson, author of "Herat, the Granary and Garden of the East,"

and an eminent English authority on the subject, is quoted as saying: "'A glance at the record of the past will show that from time immemorial the city was regarded as an outlying bulwark, the possession of which was necessary prior to attempting the conquest of India; the holding of which by India, or by quasi-vassal powers dependent on India, would render impossible an invasion of that country. It was so considered by Alexander, by Mahmud and his successors, by Chingiz Khan, by Taimur, by Nadir Shah, by Ahmad Shah, and by Muhammad Shah, the Persian Prince, who attacked it in 1837. In the cases of all but the last, the possession of Herat led to the conquest of India; in the case of the last, the successful defense of that city rendered invasion impossible.

"'The hasty reader may object—what can the possession of one city signify? A question of this nature touches the real point of the argument. Herat is called the gate of India, because through it, and through it alone, the valleys can be entered which lead to the only vulnerable part of India. Those valleys, running nearly north and south, are protected to the east by inaccessible ranges, to the west by impracticable deserts. No invading army could dare to attempt to traverse the great salt desert, and the desert immediately south of it, the Dasht-i-Naubad, whilst a British army held Herat. As long as that army should hold Herat, so long would an invasion of India be impossible. In his masterly lecture at the Royal United Institution, in November, 1878, General Hamley laid down the broad principle that if England were to hold the western line of communication with India, that by Herat and Candahar, she need not trouble herself much about the eastern or the Cabul lines. On the same occasion, Sir Henry Rawlinson declared, in reply to a question put to him by Lord Elcho, that rather than allow the occupation of Herat by Russia, he would venture the whole might of British India. That high authority saw clearly what I have feebly endeavored to demonstrate in these pages,—that the possession of Herat by Russia means the possession of that one line by which India can be invaded; that the possession of Herat by England means the annihilation of all the Russian hopes of an invasion of India. Let the reader imagine that Candahar is the frontier British station; that between Herat and Candahar is a long lane so protected on both sides that the man who may wish to traverse any part of it to Candahar must enter by Herat. Is it not obvious that the power which shall hold Herat will completely dominate the lane? It is this which makes the possession of Herat by England a matter of vital consequence.

"'Another fact illustrates the enormous value of Herat. Place an army there, and nothing need be brought to it from Europe. Within the limits of the Herati territory all the great roads leading on India converge. The mines of the Herati district supply lead, iron, and sulphur; the surface of many parts of the country is ladened with saltpetre; the willow and the poplar, which make the best charcoal, abound; the fields produce in abundance corn, and wine, and oil. From the population, attracted to its new rulers by good government, splendid soldiers might be obtained.

"'Such are the military advantages presented by Herat to the power that shall occupy it. Should that power be an enemy, Herat would be to him an eye to see and an arm to strike. An eye to pry into every native court of Hindustan, to watch the discontents and the broodings of the rulers, the heart-burnings of their subordinates. From watching and noting to fermenting and stirring up there is but one short step. Every court, every bazaar, in India, would note the presence on the frontier, in a position not only unassailable, but becoming every day more and more capable of assailing, of a first-class power, the secret enemy of England, and professing the most unselfish anxiety to relieve them in their distress. An arm to strike, because a few years of intelligent rule would render the valley of the Hari Rud capable of supporting and equipping an army strong enough even to invade India.

"'In a third sense, likewise, the possession of Herat by an enemy would be not less dangerous to England. The roads converging on it, already alluded to, are

traversed by caravans to which no other route is available. We may be sure that the city which successfully resisted the rivalry of Meshed, when Meshed was backed by all the influence of the Shahs of Persia, will take a still higher position when supported by the might either of England or of Russia. The European power whose influence shall be paramount in Herat will rule the markets of Central Asia. More even than that. The possession of Herat by Russia means the exclusion of England from the markets of Central Asia.' "

We give these *copious* extracts, not only because they show what a feast of information awaits the reader of this book, but because they present the opinions of eminent authorities on the now all-absorbing topic of the day.

The "impassable barrier to India," which has so long existed in the minds of the British public, consists of a range of hills—they can hardly be called else—called the Parpamisus Mountains, not more than nine hundred feet in elevation, which shield Herat Valley. It seems incomprehensible how the English government could have failed to realize the importance of the occupation of Herat, and the position it occupies in regard to the invasion of India. Had the British public and members of the government chosen to study this part of the Indian question, and not allowed themselves to be "bluffed" by Russian policy,—lies and treachery,—they certainly have had enough *authorities* from which to do it. The Russians have built a railroad as far as Askabad, and Chapter VII. treats on the history of this subject. As we have said before, one who wishes to be posted on this subject should not fail to read this book. F. B. V.

SERVICE LITERATURE.

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.—The rare ability with which this unique publication has been conducted into the front rank among the great monthlies of the world is a source of pride and pleasure to all classes of intelligent readers. The contributions to the May number are not only varied, scholarly, and valuable, but of a widely popular character. The opening article will be read with intense interest by every American capable of appreciating the importance of the achievements of "Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry," of whom William Elliot Griffis writes with a skilled pen; the second article, "The Heart of Louisiana," is a graphic historical sketch of the Place d'Armes, now Jackson Square, in New Orleans, by Charles Dimitry. Both of these notable papers are handsomely illustrated. "The Fallacy of 1776" is an earnest and comprehensive discussion of the real origin of our late civil war, by A. W. Clason. "The Ancient Races of America," by G. P. Thruston, of Nashville (Tennessee); "The Hungry Pilgrims," by E. H. Goss; "The Sackville Papers," by Professor Channing, of Harvard College; and "Pocahontas and Captain Smith," by Charles Deane, LL.D., Vice-President of the Massachusetts Historical Society, are all excellent as well as readable. But the contribution that will probably attract the most immediate attention is that of "General Roger Enos—A Lost Chapter of Arnold's Expedition to Canada in 1775," by Rev. Horace Edwin Hayden, as it furnishes an authentic view of this much misrepresented subject, entirely new to the reading public. Original Documents this month present us some of Burgoyne's letters; Charles Ledyard Norton concludes his "Political Americanisms;" and the Reprints, Minor Topics, Notes, Queries, Replies, Societies, and Book Notices are, if possible, more attractive than in any previous issue. Price, five dollars a year in advance. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York City.

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THE

UNITED SERVICE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

MILITARY, NAVAL, AND CIVIL SERVICE.

VOL. XII.—JUNE, 1885.—NO. 6.

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NEW YORK:

T. H. S. HAMERSLY,

835 BROADWAY.

PHILADELPHIA: CENTRAL NEWS COMPANY.
BOSTON: NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY.
CHICAGO: BRENTANO BROS., 101 State Street.
WASHINGTON: BRENTANO BROS., 1015 Pennsylvania Ave.
LONDON: B. F. STEVENS, 4 Trafalgar Square.
LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO.
YOKOHAMA: KELLY & CO.
BERLIN: EUGENE DZONDI, Behren-Strasse 67.
PARIS: GROVES & BLACKBURNE, 1 Rue Scribe.

THE TRADE SUPPLIED BY THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY.

Price, 35 *Cents*. $4.00 *per Annum*.

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JUNE 1885.

"*ENGLAND VERSUS RUSSIA.*"

THE weak point in the representative system of government is the fact that the most brilliant powers of argument and persuasion may be united to a total lack of the qualities which make action successful. A prime minister who has risen by his oratorical ability—and in such governments as those of England and America there is no shorter road to power—may retain the direction of affairs for years in spite of the most glaring incapacity if he can convince the parliamentary bodies, which are at once his audience and the arbiters of his fate, of his ability and zeal. In this way resources may be squandered, courage and patriotism wasted, while a brilliant rhetorician may juggle with words and produce a temporary acquiescence in the illusions he is interested in maintaining. It is even possible that his incapacity in one direction may be the strongest proof of his transcendent ability in another. As in the case of Mr. Pitt, nothing but absolute power over the intellect and will of the House of Commons could have kept in power a minister whose foreign policy was marked by such absolute and apparently perverse inability to comprehend the situation; who not only habitually underrated the resources and capabilities of his opponents, but refused to recognize the nature of the contest or to take into account the gigantic force of an upheaval which had crumbled the structure of centuries. Who, in a word, fought Bonaparte as if he were opposed to the Duke de Richelieu. To a similar union of these qualities in her premier England owes her present humiliations and perplexities. Only in the case of Mr. Gladstone his influence is based upon stronger and deeper grounds than was that of Mr. Pitt. The chief weapon of the latter was eloquence, which sought rather to dazzle and overpower the

reason than to meet objection and argument fairly. It was from the least intelligent part of his hearers that he drew his most numerous and enthusiastic following. It was the long rows of country gentlemen not so very far removed from the Westerns and Crawleys of fiction who buried beneath a hopeless minority the genius of Fox. Mr. Gladstone has always addressed himself first to the conscience and then to the understanding of his audience, and he has possessed that enormous influence which has always been wielded by the man who has come to represent the morality of the English people. It was this rather than his writings, great as their influence undeniably was, which made Johnson the dictator of English literature; and this influence, in Mr. Gladstone's case, has been heightened by the fact that his great rival had in his composition something which combined the practical with the cynical, and impelled him to look for gaps in moral obstacles, and even in some cases to boldly leap them. Disraeli's sneers at the Bulgarian outrages gave additional warmth and color to Mr. Gladstone's eloquent denunciations, until it really required considerable moral courage to stand up for the obvious considerations of sound policy against the storm of sentiment. In proportion as Mr. Gladstone's influence has been based upon higher grounds than that of other popular leaders, so has the mischief he has been enabled to do been greater. Mr. Pitt waged war blindly and injudiciously, but he waged it bravely and fiercely. He could not have retained power for a week after any of the revelations of vacillation, timidity, and disengenuousness which have marked the last year of Mr. Gladstone's rule. It is only when a man has obtained an empire over the minds and hearts of his followers which precludes the exercise of reason that he achieves the position of an apostle, and Mr. Gladstone has come to be the apostle of two classes in England, closely allied, and whose boundaries are constantly overlapping,—the mercantile class, from the importer of moderate means to the small tradesman, excluding the men whose operations are sufficiently extended to give their ideas more breadth, and the evangelical class, the men who form the bulk of Exeter Hall meetings, who subscribe the most money to foreign missions and accept the spiritual guidance of men of the Spurgeon type. The first class have the entirely practical and rational objection to war *per se* that has always characterized the occupation that only thrives in times of peace, and at the same time have not the capacity to recognize the economical advantage of spending a moderate amount in maintaining unimpaired the position and prestige of their country rather than undergo the enormous sacrifices necessary to restore this ascendency when once lost. The second class are fascinated by the display in the business of the world of the somewhat narrow and morbid conscientiousness which it is their highest aim to develop in their own character. They will pardon almost any imbecility in a minister who applies to such

complex problems as international entanglements the teachings of apostolic Christianity, which they have been obliged to explain to a minimum in their individual business, who, when a grasping, lying, subtle diplomacy has tricked him out of a strategic point, requests them to accept of a frontier, and when he has been kicked once, asks if they would not like to kick him again. The penalty which the popular apostle has to pay for all this devotion is the gradual loss, or at least the serious diminution, of his straightforwardness. He identifies himself with the great cause he is striving to advance. He is persuaded that his presence at the helm is actually necessary; and with such scrupulosity that he would rather plunge a subject race into rebellion than show a civil tolerance of their superstitions, he will cling to power even when he has to follow a course he disapproves, and to resort to evasions and concealments, promises he never meant to keep, and explanations only intended to confuse.

An appreciation of these curious traits of Mr. Gladstone, those personal to him and those due to his position as an apostle, is necessary to enable us to do justice to a nation which, without actually losing the qualities that have made her great, has been put in a position at once so equivocal and so helpless. It goes without saying that such a man learns nothing, for his political actions being based upon the illuminations of conscience cannot be affected by results. If a course is right at one time, it is right at all times. His theories are preconceived, founded upon the eternal verities, and therefore do not admit of modification. If facts conflict with them, they must be disbelieved, ignored, or explained away. England's situation now is singularly like her position at the outbreak of the Crimean war. She had the same conviction that she was being steadily overreached. There was the same plausible pretense. Then it was the protection of the Holy Places, now it is the scientific frontier and manifest destiny. Exactly the same elements were opposed to war, the mercantile class and the distinctively Christian element. The premier, Lord Aberdeen, was constitutionally opposed to war, and attached by many ties of friendship and intimate association to Russia. Then England had the good fortune to be represented at the critical point by one of the most acute and far-seeing statesmen of the century, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, as she now has, in Lord Dufferin, a diplomatist little inferior. The great difference was that when Lord Aberdeen saw that war was inevitable, he had the honesty and manliness to resign and commit the conduct of measures that he disapproved to a vigorous hand thoroughly in sympathy with them. Mr. Gladstone, as chancellor of the exchequer, sympathized with his chief both in his zeal for peace and his predilection for Russia, and his nature being what it is, these two motives, only intensified by time, have been the key to most of the recesses of his policy. The experience which one would naturally sup-

pose would never be forgotten of Russian aggression cloaked by zeal for suffering Christianity was thrown away upon him. When Turkey put down the Bulgarian revolt, instigated by Russian intrigue, with the blind ferocity which always characterizes a creed holding all outside of its own faith as dogs, Mr. Gladstone, with all the resources of his rare eloquence and the indignation of his sympathetic nature, planted in the bosoms of the great middle class a horror of the unspeakable Turk and a strong inclination towards Russia. This has become with many so inextricably woven with moral and religious impressions that they have come to regard the traditional and statesman-like attitude of England in regard to Russian pressure upon Turkey as a cynical disregard of the interests of Christianity. This, I think, is one of the principal causes of the marvelous insensibility of the party in power to the earnest and repeated warnings of such experts in the situation as Mr. Marvin, Sir Henry Rawlinson, and General Hamley.

From the moment that Alikanoff made his brilliant swoop upon Merv inattention to these warnings, in the light of Russian policy from the days of Catherine, became absolutely criminal. Any study of the country should have convinced a minister with the most moderate knowledge of geography and position of the enormous value of Herat, a value which had been pointed out by civilians and soldiers. He ought to have seen in it the strategic key to the entrances of India, and taking a leaf from the book of his former contemporary, Lord Stratford, who opposed to each encroachment a resistance which was not the less effectual because it was silent and unseen, he should have concentrated a force from the great resources of the Anglo-Indian empire in the neighborhood of Quetta and Candahar large enough to send out strong detachments, to be guided in their movements by the Russian movements, maintaining a proximity to Herat at least equal to that of Russia. Then with some thoroughly trusty and experienced soldier of Sir Henry Rawlinson's type as a commissioner to the Afghans, England should have repeated the game of unobtrusive backing up which drove the Czar Nicholas to a state of rage, wherein he forgot all considerations of policy and placed Russia conspicuously in the wrong in the eyes of all Europe. There is only one winning way of playing against Russian diplomacy, and that is to force her hand. Of course there would have been an obvious present advantage in anticipating her tortuous policy and seizing Herat before she could do it. But, beside the fact of such action being entirely foreign to a man of Mr. Gladstone's strict adherence to abstract right, temporary advantages in this age are dearly purchased at the price of national reputation for fair dealing. But it would have been an easy matter, without taking an indefensible step, to have either thwarted or developed Russian intrigue. The precious time has been lost, the golden opportunity has vanished, and it is very questionable whether anything can save Herat.

The events of the last few days have made war almost inevitable. The disastrous result of Mr. Gladstone's policy in Egypt has put the English people in a frame of mind which, among the Latin races, would be raging fury. Imagine the state of the French people if a man with as just claims to the title of hero as Gordon had been sacrificed with such circumstances of weakness, imbecility, and equivocation. Considering the difference of temperament, the suppressed and sullen wrath, chafing with a sense of humiliation and impotence, is little less dangerous to trifle with. He can make no concession. The first sign of yielding to Russian demands would arouse a storm which would engulf his administration and the Liberal party in one common wreck.

On the other hand, Russia could have peace if she honestly wanted it; but it is tolerably clear that she does not, and the pressure being brought to bear upon the Czar by the staff, predicated upon the advantage Russia now has in the race for the possession of the key of India, is almost irresistible. Penjdeh is about one hundred and sixty miles from Herat, while Quetta, the nearest point now for England, is at least four hundred and twenty-five miles in an air-line, probably six hundred by any practicable route, and while we are discussing the subject Russia is and probably has been moving. A good deal depends upon the loyalty of the Afghans to England, and their ability to hold Herat long enough to enable an English force to join them. The first is very questionable. We must remember that all acts and words of the Ameer are those of a ruler who has been placed in power by British arms, and who, even if sincere, must see everything through the medium of his hopes and fears. There is, of course, in all Oriental governments at least one pretender or claimant to the sovereignty beside the one actually holding it, and in this case the dethroned ruler will be an admirable nucleus for Russian intrigue. What proportion of the Afghans would follow each one of the two Ameers must be largely a matter of conjecture, but it should not be forgotten that for forty years they have been repeatedly at war with England, that Russia has never come into serious collision with them, and that being a fiercely independent and resentful race, the mere fact that the present ruler owes his position to the English would of itself suffice to impel a certain proportion to the cause of the deposed Ameer, while an additional motive, the spirit of restlessness and discontent, which is usually rife in semi-barbarous communities, would incline them, like the recently-landed Irishman, "if there is a government," to be "agin it." Herat cannot be called a strong place in the present conditions of war, and when last seen by Mr. Marvin had but twenty guns to three and one-half miles of parapet. All that it could be expected to do would be to withstand a predatory dash of the Asiatic irregulars. So that, weighing well all the chances, the distances, the forwardness of preparation,

and the political situation, one can hardly avoid the conclusion that Herat is, for the time at least, lost to England. The course of Russia after the seizure of Herat will probably depend much upon the vigor of the English movements and the state of her Indian subjects. India is not her objective-point in a geographical or political sense, and only strategically as she may find it the most vulnerable. That England should lose India must be her wish, that she herself should possess or hold it is scarcely practicable. What she wants is an outlet to the sea, and, next to Constantinople, the Persian Gulf would be an excellent location.

Persia is, and has been for some time, in the position of Servia and Bulgaria,—existing by Russian sufferance, and feeling in every department the strong hand of Russian influence. She can be counted on for at least acquiescence, if not support, and it is in this direction that we would rather look for Russian efforts. She is certain to foment insurrection in India, and her movements will depend much upon her information, which is usually very accurate. Money, arms, and promises she can safely furnish, and if active signs of revolution appear, she would risk little by an invasion in force, and nothing by sending a moderate force large enough to form a rallying-place and nucleus for rebellion, and yet not of such size or value as to be seriously missed. Restless intriguers like Alikanoff, and marauding irregulars like the Turcomans, who are certain to become troublesome if not constantly expended, could not be better utilized than by an expedition undertaken on the gambler's principle of a small risk for a big stake, just as the Directory sent the convicts and reprobates of the service to serve in the expedition for the liberation of Ireland. But if England should present a strong front, and no signs of disaffection appear, a sudden *coup de main* would not be unlike the genius of her later days, when to the Orloffs and Potemkins, who wasted her resources, have succeeded such men as Skobeleff and Kouropatkin. By holding Herat with a strong force and threatening Cabul, she can reduce the Indian army, for a time at least, to the defensive. She can cover the whole frontier with a cloud of irregular horsemen, who would make it impossible for any information to be obtained by the British, and behind this screen she can mass her forces for the conquest and acquisition of Afghanistan. Possessing this rugged and defensible bulwark on the side of India, she would, at the same time, so surround and isolate Persia and Asiatic Turkey that the nominal independence of the former would soon cease, and she would be glad to ransom a portion of her territory by giving up to Russia as much of her sea-board as the latter might allege was necessary to carry out her plan for an outlet to the ocean. Or she might find in Beloochistan the sea-front she wanted. Turkey would then find the Russian possessions, like the sliding cells of the Inquisition, closing in on every

side, and with the Black and Caspian Seas, a great water-way extending to the very walls of Constantinople, the prize so coveted would drop like ripe fruit.

A good deal depends upon the Russian opinion of the value of the Anglo-Indian army. If she underrates them in comparison with her own forces, she may prefer to look upon the British army as the real objective, and, disregarding all considerations of strategy, simply strike them wherever she can find them, knowing that she could, after decisive victories, obtain Afghanistan or a Persian sea-board as a stipulation of peace. It looks now as if the fight that England seems about to make would be to her as an empire a matter of life or death. Should she fail to take up the gage, her prestige will disappear in Asia. Eastern nations can only understand a vigorous policy. Afghan resistance to Russia would soon cease, and even the Mohammedan population of India, by whose aid alone England was able to suppress the Sepoy rebellion, seeing that she had abandoned their coreligionists, will have no longer an interest in sustaining her power. Once she loses her position as a first-rate power, her colonies, whose interests are already diverging widely from those of the mother-country, forming no longer parts of a great empire, will one after another secede, and England having, like Carthage, sought material wealth and commercial greatness to the neglect of military spirit, will share the same fate. But if she rises to the situation and, late as it is, strains every nerve to repair the work of fatuous imbecility, what can she effect, what allies may she reasonably reckon upon, and what are the advantages and disadvantages of her civil and military administration? There is one course still open to her, which, from our present means of information and in the light of general principles, would seem to hold out reasonable hope of regaining at one bold stroke all that she has let slip and more, which might recall the days of Chatham and Wellington. That is to assemble, as speedily as possible, every available ship of war possessing the strongest offensive and defensive power, and then having laid before the Turkish government a strong statement of their common interest against the sleepless and tireless aggressor, ask a passage through the Dardanelles, and if Turkey should be cajoled or bullied into refusing, without a delay of a day, utterly disregarding all protests from any power whatsoever, force the passage, and place an immense armament upon the Black Sea and make this a water base; throw up works covering the landing of sufficient strength and extent to make it a strong fortified camp, and with one side entirely impregnable and unapproachable this should not be difficult; collect the flower of her armies from every quarter, give up at once all expeditions, diversions, and distractions, withdraw from India all that can be spared, and yet leave a strong force to confront the Russian advance. Strike from this base upon the shore of the Black Sea at the Russian line of communication,

sever the force at Candahar or Herat in Afghanistan, or wherever it may be, from the Caucasus, and place it between two fires.

Of course much would depend upon the ability to collect transports and men rapidly, but it is not upon the face of it a more difficult undertaking than to land an army in the Crimea, nor would the risk seem to be commensurate with the brilliant advantages it holds out. With the Black Sea entirely controlled by a powerful fleet, a line of retreat would always be open, provided England did not advance too far from her base, and fortunately for her, the line of the Caspian passes so comparatively near that a very moderate march would sever it. It is true there is another route which is not dependent upon either the Black or the Caspian Seas, but it makes a wide detour, increasing the time in which reinforcements could be sent from three or four to thirty-one days, and sooner or later, with such a lodgment as England could make in the side of the giant empire, all offensive operations against India, Persia, or Afghanistan would have to cease, and Russia would be fighting upon her own soil to repel invasion, and the word is not so formidable and awe-inspiring when spoken on the forty-fifth parallel of latitude, amid the grain and the fruit and the innumerable herds and the mild climate of that region, as in the frozen marshes of Poland and the snow-swept steppes of the Volga. But all this conjecture is based upon two things,—England's ability to force the Dardanelles and a really vigorous hand upon the sword. She will have the same relative advantage in a race for the Black Sea that Russia has at Herat, for it can be safely assumed that the fleet which Russia maintains upon the Black Sea could make but a faint resistance to even the advance-guard of the naval armament that England could dispatch. From the dock-yards of the Baltic the Russian succors would come too late to assist their vessels in the straits, if a hostile fleet were the only obstacle to be encountered, even on the extreme supposition that Turkey could be coaxed or bullied into assisting Russia to close the straits. The great problem will be torpedoes, and of the movable class Russia has probably the best supply. We have few facts upon which to base an estimate of their practical value when employed against a fleet of ironclads. In the Turkish-Russian war the Russians succeeded in practically neutralizing the Turkish fleet in the Danube by their employment, but so much of their effect was due to the terror created by the blowing up of the "Seifé," a light-draught river gunboat, that we cannot draw any very positive conclusions. Against this one success we can place three failures, due, according to the Russian claim, to wire nettings in one case protecting the Turkish vessel, in another to a bullet cutting the electric wire, and in the third to a simple failure of the torpedo to explode. But the one success made such an impression upon a nation never fortunate, or especially enterprising upon the water, that from that time until the end of the campaign the vessels made no further attempt to

control the river. Making all allowance for the greater perfection to which torpedoes have been brought since then, the general facts remain unchanged. Their success depends upon the precise working of certain mechanical arrangements necessarily more or less complicated and delicate. They are much more effective against a vessel at anchor than against one moving, and against single vessels whose complement of men does not permit them to keep a force constantly on duty to guard especially against them, than against a fleet which would have its own attendant torpedo-launches, as well as a large patrol, whose sole duty it would be to watch for demonstrations and give the alarm. The destruction of a certain portion of the fleet would not suffice if enough passed to overpower the Russian force inside. It is true that the moral effect of this hidden danger is great, but time and time again it has been triumphantly demonstrated that upon its favorite element the Anglo-Saxon race is not to be daunted by any dangers nor deterred by any obstacles. From the days when the vikings were cradled upon the sea and went forth on its broad breast to ravage and desolate the lands, but to plant amid the desolation they made the germs of liberty and civilization, this element has been the scene of their most daring exploits and their most signal triumphs. Remembering how the English boats after La Hogue pulled into the harbor of Cherbourg and burnt the French fleet under the guns of the fortress, and how Farragut ran the gauntlet of fire and braved the hidden torpedoes, it would be unsafe to predict that any mechanism dependent upon precision, nice calculation, and an undeniable modicum of chance would certainly succeed against human pluck and resolution which changes so little from one age to another. Then, again, England is little behind Russia in the matter of torpedo-boats, and it would be torpedo against torpedo in a contest where almost everything depends upon the skill and daring of the officer in charge. Skill alone, knowledge of his profession, seamanship, cannot compensate for the want of a courage that can be both cool and desperate. For a successful commander of a torpedo-launch must be ready to take awful chances, and here the intelligence and dogged pluck of the British seaman will especially tell, and if Hobart Pacha is to believed, it was just in this point, enterprise, that the Russians were deficient. Planted torpedoes may be practically dismissed, as it would be impossible, if England makes the proper speed, for Russia to fill a neutral channel with them; and even if it could be done, without a fleet to protect them or strong land works to keep off boats, they can always be removed by dragging and other devices. So that on the whole the passage looks possible, if a really vigorous and daring policy is carried out. But above all a man is needed,—a man who will realize the magnitude of the contest and see that this is the trial of the English system, which has gained such magnificent triumphs in the contests of peace, but which must

now enter into a struggle for national existence under circumstances which have greatly changed since her last great war, for the war of the Crimea, although bloody and obstinate, could not be called a great war in the sense that vital interests were at stake. In the exhausting wars of the beginning of the century the class which has so much to lose by war was hardly represented at all. The voice of great cities like Manchester and Birmingham was less heeded than the opinions of a few hundred landed proprietors, and rotten boroughs outvoted them. The party which is now the great obstacle to war was brought into being by the Reform Bill, viz., the radical wing of the Liberal party, of which Mr. Chamberlain is the spokesman, and whose support Mr. Gladstone has been under the necessity of seeking.

To them war is abhorrent from every point of view,—as men whose wealth and importance are due to pursuits upon which war puts a sudden and violent check; as men who have been in the habit of applying to everything a practical and tangible standard of value, to whom the word prestige is meaningless and glory bombastic, as democrats to whom the entire practice of war, with its absolute authority, its implicit obedience, and its graduated rank is repugnant; as philanthropists in whose eyes the humblest life has value, and with whom boundaries and frontiers seem of little importance as compared with the shedding of blood.

This party is formidable in every point of view, in numbers, in honesty of purpose, in the ability of its leaders, and in the possession of effective journals. Yet this party must be won over if the conduct of the war is to remain in Liberal hands, for while the Conservatives will doubtless cease purely factious opposition in the presence of common danger, it is too much to expect that they will continue to support a statesman who cannot lead his own party, and requires their votes to carry measures which they deem of vital importance. Whether Mr. Gladstone can bring his undoubtedly great intellectual gifts to the conduct of war remains to be seen. Nothing in his past would give much ground for any very sanguine expectations. Still, it may be that having carried his intense love of peace to the verge of pusillanimity and brought his country into most distressing and humiliating straits, and thereby satisfied the requirements of his peculiarly disagreeable conscience, he may transfer to Russia the righteous indignation he has so long nursed against Turkey, and go into his gigantic task with the spirit of Cromwell. There is no more formidable antagonist than the man of peace and principle driven into a position where he must fight to prevent wrong or outrage from being done. It may even turn out that his recent delay and hesitation have proceeded not from vacillation or timidity, but from motives he has not thought it expedient to disclose. We have a right to censure him for his singular blindness to Russian intrigue and aggression in the East. We must not now be

in a hurry to censure him, for we may find that what seems to be the result of his constitutional traits may prove to be due to wise foresight. If it should turn out that in this period of apparent hesitation to take the decisive step valuable alliances have been sought or the intrigues of other powers thwarted, he will be vindicated, and his patience and forbearance may have exalted his cause by placing it upon the highest plane of Christian civilization.

In the absence of any commanding ability willing and able to take the chances of a brilliant and daring offensive, the advantage in the earlier stages of the contest should be with personal government on account of its great facilities for secrecy, rapidity, and vigor of action.

As the war continues, the inevitable corruption inherent to that form of government will be disclosed. We will again hear of cartridges filled with sand, shoes soled with paper, and arsenals depleted of their stores to fill the pockets of officials too high in rank to be reached, while all the time the spirit of a free people will be rising higher and higher, their blood will be poured out like water, and their treasure lavished without stint. Two unknown factors will enter into the problem,—the influence of Nihilism, which honeycombs the whole structure of Russian society from the peasant to the prince, and the fidelity of the Sepoy to his colors. It is here that Russian intrigue is most to be dreaded, and it must be borne in mind that no modern power equals Russia in the ability to disseminate discontent and sow treason among the allies and forces of her enemy, and that few nations have succeeded so thoroughly as England—thanks to her Sunday-school and sentimental statesmanship—in alienating her natural allies and in offending the prejudices and insulting the beliefs of her subject races. India has been taxed to the verge of starvation to fill the English treasury, and the line of demarkation between the dominant and subject races has been deeply and often offensively drawn. Then while public opinion has not for a long time permitted the oppressions and cruelties practiced under the old régime of the East India Company, the proposal to have the same code for the conqueror and the native has invariably produced violent spasms of that selfish egotism which has made the Englishman the best-hated man on the continent. Russia has, on the contrary, always displayed towards the semi-civilized races she has absorbed the most sagacious tolerance. She has not attempted to add to her resources from their scanty means. She has taken their petty chiefs into her service, calling them by the same titles as her own officers, giving them freely decorations so prized by barbarians, and permitting them to carry on war in their own predatory way.

The consequence is that the same power which has crushed out the national life of Poland with an unrelenting severity worthy of Alva, has been to the Turcoman a mild and beneficent ruler, and actually, to some extent, an agent of civilization. On the supposition that England

remains on the defensive, war will be confined to Asia for the first campaign, except some naval engagements and perhaps attacks upon the Russian ports in Europe. Russian advantages in Asia will be jealously watched by all Europe, and will form a direct menace to the Mediterranean powers, and as Turkey will be unable alone to secure Constantinople, the first probable move will be an Anglo-Turkish alliance. As Russian preponderance increases, Austria can scarcely see with unconcern the prospect of the fall of Constantinople and the consequent dominance of Russia in the Mediterranean. If during the Turkish-Russian war of 1877–78, through the philanthropic preaching of Mr. Gladstone, the great admirer of Russian civilization and honesty, Disraeli's government had not been forced into a neutrality, Austria would gladly have joined the Turkish-English alliance. As soon as the provisions of the treaty of San Stefano became known, Austria commenced to arm simultaneously with England, and it was only by the determined and joint action of these two powers, strongly sustained by Italy, that Constantinople was rescued from virtual possession by Russia. It is well known that Russia keeps up constant intrigues with the Sclavonic population of Austria, which constitutes one-fourth of the empire, and as long as Wallachia, Bulgaria, and Servia encircle her on the east and south, the possession of Constantinople by Russia would transform her into a power existing only by sufferance. Already the mutterings of the Austrian press show decided misgiving, and her government will be forced to join the Anglo-Turkish alliance. Again, Russian possession of Constantinople and consequent dominance of the Mediterranean is not only a menace to Italy, but a constant obstacle to her acquiring territory in Africa, which seems at present to be her desire, judging by the glances she is casting toward Tripoli, and the alacrity she has shown in offering assistance in the Soudan. Perhaps she has a shrewd appreciation of the probability that England will be compelled to withdraw from all participation in that affair and leave her to finish it alone, and as the Latin races are not troubled with oversensitive conscientiousness, it is not likely that she will feel any obligation after having disposed of the Mahdi to withdraw. So a Turkish-English-Austrian-Italian alliance would seem to be the logical sequel of Russian success in Asia. As to France and Germany, it is not natural that Germany should desire the aggrandizement of Russia.

If her policy during the Russian-Turkish war is closely examined, it will be found that in standing between Russia and the other powers, and in permitting Austria to be surrounded with states under Russian influence, she desired to make an alliance between Austria and France impossible, and to force the former, for safety, into a close alliance with herself. When I say it is not natural, I mean that the one element which defies ordinary conjecture, and may in a minute bring all these speculations to nothing, is the action of the German chancellor.

While his interests would apparently lie with England rather than with Russia, he is just the man to extract from such a situation, by some unforeseen and startling move, more advantage than could be obtained by the ordinary course of apparent interest. There are indications that this magnificent broker in kingdoms and nationalities is effecting some deep combination, to which he only has the key. He may prefer that England should be the *piece de resistance* from which fat joints are to be cut for all sides, or Germany might, by making common cause with Russia, enable her to take, and hold, Constantinople, repaying herself with Poland or the Sclavic provinces of Austria, who would be practically powerless if her two terrible neighbors should act in concert. It is in view of the possibility of the most cynical bargains that offensive action seems to be so vital to England. For even Bismarck would hesitate to espouse the Russian cause if he saw a great fleet sailing into the Black Sea and an English army, with an impregnable base, aiming at the heart of this great but unwieldy empire. Whatever side Germany takes, France would take the other, and this consideration alone would make the chancellor wary. If this Egyptian imbroglio should amount to anything, which is not probable now, then France, in her eagerness to take advantage of England's perplexities, has done her an immense service, for such action would almost commit Germany to the English alliance. The strong probability is that the *rôle* of Germany and France will be reduced to mutual watchfulness, by which they will lose nothing, and profit immensely, in a commercial point of view. As to the efficiency of the armies of the two countries on the brink of war, it is hard to judge, as their recent training and experience have been so different. One has just emerged from a war wherein her opponents were nearly equal in numbers, better armed as to the infantry, both in the matter of range and penetration, fairly disciplined and organized, and behind earthworks not probably much inferior to any troops in Europe. From this test Russia emerged with great honor and glory. She suffered some bloody and serious repulses, but in every case they were bloody because her troops persevered, with the most obstinate courage, in repeated assaults upon strong field-works, most ably defended. They showed a most commendable readiness to profit by the lessons of history, and proved themselves close observers of the tactics of other nations. The dense and unwieldy column which had contributed so much to their defeat at the Alma and Inkerman had been replaced by the line and company column, and while two assaults at Plevna were made in an injudicious formation, the one commanded by Skobeleff not only showed an admirable employment of successive lines of skirmishers, but was as magnificent an instance of heroic courage, and the highest qualities of a leader, responded to by the most touching devotion on the part of the soldiery, as can be found in recent history.

Their cavalry was not efficient, failing even in the duty of keeping a touch of the enemy, due probably to a want of vigor in the conduct of that arm. For so competent an observer as Lieutenant Greene bears strong testimony to the excellent fighting of the Cossacks on foot, and to their relentless and untiring energy in the pursuit and rout of a broken foe. The artillery, although superior in strength to the Turkish, played a very inferior part, and had little or no effect upon the result of the battles. The most serious defect was the one apparently inherent to their nation in its present social and political condition, an utter want of individuality among the troops of the line, making them entirely dependent upon the presence and commands of their officers; but this same quality, in the hands of a genius like Skobeleff, can be wrought up to an insensibility to danger and death, which makes them at such times the most formidable infantry on the continent.

England's experience in the last twenty years has been entirely different. She has been carrying on a series of petty wars with petty states, all more or less barbarous, favorable to the cultivation of self-reliance on the part of the soldier, and clever expedients and shifts in their commanders, but unfavorable to the development of real generalship. In her earlier affairs—Abyssinia and Ashantee—the prestige of her wonderful infantry was rather increased. Nothing in her history was finer than the way the Black Watch marched through the rank vegetation of Coomassie, in the midst of an invisible foe, whose presence was only known by the dropping shots and by the men falling at every step. On their side not an answering shot; nothing heard but the tramp of the column and the word of command, as the broken files closed quickly and silently as on drill. Since then great changes have come. The term of service, which made practically an enlistment a lifelong affair, has been reduced, and the system of purchase, which brought into the service the flower of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom, has been abolished. So that, to a certain extent, they have lost some of the valuable features of an aristocratic and enlisted army without gaining any of the advantages of a national force. There is an undeniable impression that the rank and file is not what it used to be, but the truth is hard to get at. A disaster like Majouba Hill might have happened to Wellington's troops, in fact, did happen, for Pakenham's veterans at New Orleans were fresh from the Peninsula, and the Kentucky riflemen were no better shots than the Dutch Boers. Probably the unwise attempt on the part of Lord Wolseley to suppress comment and criticism in the Egyptian campaign did more than anything else to strengthen this impression. For when men thought how liberally Russia had treated all correspondents, apparently glad that the gallant deeds of her soldiers and the splendid heroism of her great leader should be spread over the world, they could hardly help sus-

pecting that there was something to conceal, while the stories that leaked out were probably grossly exaggerated by the very manner of their transmission. Of the Indian army we can know very little, except that they have been most judiciously selected from those warlike tribes whose conquest cost England so much blood and treasure. They ought to be far superior to the Turcomans and other Russian irregulars, and I can see no reason why they should, as soldiers, be decidedly inferior to the stolid, patient, sombre peasant who forms the bulk of the Russian line. An American who has passed sixteen years in the East speaks in the highest terms of the Sihks, especially of the cavalry, which he considers about the best light-horse in existence, as they certainly are the most formidable swordsmen. With their slight but supple wrist and drawing cut they divide the carcass of a sheep at a blow, and in their battles with the English cavalry headless corpses and bodies half cut in two bore ghastly witness to their efficiency. The Goorkhas are warlike and most enduring and enterprising, but are bloodthirsty and difficult to control.

Summing up, in a general way, it might be said that on the side of the Russians are organized numbers, recent experience in grand war, much technical skill, and leaders trained in an admirable school. On the English side, immense resources, financial and numerical; for it must be remembered that when the war has lasted long enough to draw on the real strength of the population the advantage of a small and densely-populated country will be very great in point of time,—the traditions, at least, of the best infantry in Europe,—the most elaborate attempt ever made to organize and command with the superior race the most warlike of barbarians, an experiment which, if successful, will confront the Russian numbers, existing largely on paper, and scattered over nearly half of two continents, with even greater numbers, and the stolid, patient, brutalized peasant with a most formidable animal,—a temperate, agile, enduring, blood-loving fanatic, directed and controlled by the most cultivated intelligence. Last, and perhaps greatest, of English advantages, the control of the sea, and the knowledge, intelligence, and liberty of the foremost race upon earth.

Perhaps, after all, Death has been her best ally. As we can feel a certain national gratitude to the bullet which cut short the wonderful career of Wolfe, and left us, at the outset of our struggle, to contend with Gage and Clinton, so England can draw a long breath at the thought of Skobeleff leading a crusade of the Sclavic race against her civilization.

EDWARD FIELD,
Captain Fourth Artillery, U.S.A.

May 3, 1885.

THE VICKSBURG CAMPAIGN OF 1862—1863.

If studiously read as a lesson in the fateful art of war, the military operations in the State of Mississippi from about the close of July, 1862, to the surrender of the Confederate works and forces at Vicksburg to General Grant, on the 4th of July, 1863, those on the Federal side must appear, even to the close, general reader, as pre-eminently of the character termed by Napier, "Wild casts of the net for fortune," while on the part of the Confederates there will be seen an amazing waste of defensive resources, a dense inability to appreciate the situation, to comprehend the decisive virtue of concentration, and the value of the interior lines at their disposition, or to properly understand and seize the manifest opportunities which more than once during the campaign the course of their adversary gave to the Confederates.

General McClernand, second in rank to General Grant in the Federal army of the Mississippi, being on a visit to Washington, gained President Lincoln's ear and ultimate approval of a plan for the organization under his own command of an expeditionary force for an attack upon Vicksburg. This force, as McClernand proposed in a communication to Secretary Stanton, dated October 15, 1862, was to be constituted of twenty-five thousand infantry, including one thousand sharpshooters and three thousand cavalry, with sixteen hundred artillery, of which one hundred were to be for siege guns, together with four hundred sappers and miners or engineer troops,—in all thirty thousand men. The artillery properly subdivided into field-batteries was to consist of a well-assorted park of sixty pieces, beside twelve siege guns and mortars. For the collection and organization of this well-composed force McClernand, on the 21st of October, was ordered to proceed at once to Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa, and to send it forward as soon as possible, with the full understanding that he was to undertake the capture of Vicksburg by the way of the Mississippi River as soon as the proper number of troops, coupled with his old command, could be assembled and properly organized for the enterprise, either at Memphis or otherwhere on the Mississippi.[1]

[1] The exact text of the order was as follows: "*Ordered*, that Major-General McClernand be, and he is, directed to proceed to the States of Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa, to organize the troops remaining in those States and to be raised by volun-

Previously, General Halleck had been called from Mississippi to Washington and made general-in-chief of all the armies of the United States. In one or more letters to General Grant, Halleck admitted knowledge of the wishes of the President regarding this projected operation. But professing not be cognizant of the precise *letter* of the orders, he suggested to Grant ways and means through which virtually, despite the choice of Mr. Lincoln as to the command of the expedition which was to be ultimately organized and operate within the geographical limits of his department, Grant might properly, at the right moment, arrange the military details, including that of chief command, to his own satisfaction. In fact, in so many words, Halleck advised General Grant to fight the troops within his department in his own way.[2] Meanwhile, or by the 10th of November, McClernand had forwarded to Memphis or elsewhere within Grant's department twenty regiments of infantry, with two six-gun batteries, which with twelve of the regiments went from Illinois, McClernand's State. By that time also General Grant's effective forces present for duty were officially reported at seventy thousand six hundred and sixty-two rank and file, with one hundred and fifty-five guns. Now made fully aware through Halleck, as well as from other sources, of McClernand's ultimate destination, General Grant, evidently with the approval of the Federal general-in-chief, suddenly dropped the defensive policy which had hitherto thickly dotted North Mississippi and West Tennessee with large separate Federal commands, and began to take steps to forestall McClernand by means of an expedition under Sherman against the same objective. In this General Grant had the hearty co-operation of General Halleck, who ordered General Curtis, commanding west of the Mississippi, to contribute twelve thousand men from the quarter of Helena. Writing to General Fred. Steele in Arkansas, Grant, on the 8th of December, 1862, being at Oxford, Mississippi, confessed, however, that while his mind was not fully made up as to the best method of capturing Vicksburg, he was inclined to send an expedition under command of Sherman, twenty-five thousand strong, down the Mississippi to effect a landing, probably up the Yazoo River a short distance from its mouth, to be co-operated with by the gunboats. In that case Sherman would be reinforced by Steele's troops, some ten or twelve thousand men. At the same time General Grant would move with a heavy force (forty-five thousand)[3] by land upon Jackson, Mis-

teer or draft, and forward them with all dispatch to Memphis, Cairo, or such other points as may hereafter be designated by the general-in-chief, to the end that when a sufficient force, not required by the operations of General Grant's command, shall be raised, an expedition may be organized under General McClernand's command against Vicksburg, and to clear the Mississippi River and open navigation to New Orleans. A. LINCOLN."

[2] See letter of General Grant to General Sherman, November 14, 1862.

[3] Letter of General Sherman to General Gorman.

sissippi. However, by the 13th of December, General Sherman was under orders for this expedition, and Grant on the next day, writing to Sherman, fixed his force to start with from Memphis at twenty-one thousand men, saying, rightly, that with twelve thousand men to be added at Helena he would have "a good force." This was followed on the 15th of December by written instructions that in the event he, Sherman, had "any difficulty in getting possession of the forces at Helena, to assume command of them by General Halleck's order and take them off."

Already, or as early as the 12th of December, McClernand having notified the War Department that he had dispatched forty-nine regiments of infantry with two batteries, or forty thousand men, asked to be ordered to Memphis or Helena to organize his expedition.[4] Five days later, having reason to suspect that he was being jockied, so to speak, out of his opportunity, McClernand, by telegrams, informed both Mr. Lincoln and the War Department that he believed he had been "superseded." The immediate answer was a profession of surprise on the part of Mr. Stanton, followed by denial of any order of supersedure, but added, specifically, "the operations being in General Grant's department, it is designed to organize all the troops of that department into three army corps. The first army corps to be commanded by you (McClernand) and assigned to the operations on the Mississippi under the general supervision of the general commanding the department," . . . "General Halleck is to issue the order immediately."[5]

The order indeed did issue—for the subdivision,—but McClernand made repeated applications, apparently before he was relieved from the special service that he had discharged with notable efficiency, and was suffered to set out for the field.

Meanwhile, all the preparations having been made, as we have seen, Sherman's forces were hurriedly assembled and dispatched from Memphis on the 20th of December in sixty transports, to the number of

[4] Halleck about the same date writing to Curtis at St. Louis, said, "In regard to the proposed expedition down the Mississippi, and its proposed commander, I can give you no reply. *I have been informed that the President* selected a *special* commander, and that instructions have been or will be given him by the War Department."

[5] No one can read General Halleck's several dispatches between the 1st and 17th of December and reconcile their statements with this denial of Mr. Stanton that McClernand had not been superseded. Mr. Stanton, however, as will be seen, meant that no such order had gone from Halleck, which while true in letter was untrue in spirit, for if no orders had gone forth specifically superseding McClernand, orders *had* gone from Halleck to Curtis directing him to give General Grant unlimited reinforcements to be employed in a precisely similar expedition to that which McClernand had been sent to collect troops for and to command. Further, Halleck had plainly advised Grant to fight these troops sent by McClernand in his own way, and in advance of the advent of McClernand, which advent was clearly retarded by Halleck, as if to give time to Grant to dispatch Sherman before McClernand could arrive.

twenty-two thousand men of all arms, reinforced at Helena, on the west bank of the Mississippi, by twelve thousand, giving Sherman an army of thirty-four thousand rank and file, with which he disembarked at Johnson's Landing, eight miles up the Yazoo River, on the 26th of December. Before this movement began General Grant had established his headquarters at Oxford, and concurrently with the movement of Sherman southward by the river he had set in motion, with Jackson, Mississippi, as their objective, some forty-five thousand men[6] to co-operate with or rather relieve Sherman of the possibility of having to deal with any other adversary than the comparatively small garrison of Vicksburg and its outposts.

However, the Confederate cavalry general, Forrest, afterwards so conspicuous in the annals of the war in the West, acting under orders from General Bragg, in Middle Tennessee, on the 15th of December, had flung himself across to the west side of the Tennessee River with two thousand men, armed chiefly with fowling-pieces and flint-lock muskets, together with a horse-battery of four light guns, and with characteristic intelligent audacity penetrated to Jackson, West Tennessee, or the very centre as it were of the Union forces, scattered so wastefully from Corinth northward to the Kentucky border to the extent of more than fifteen thousand men. Forrest's petty force of badly-armed, but well-mounted, swift-moving Confederates, well acquainted with the *terrain*, was so skillfully as well as intrepidly handled that fast-flying rumor soon magnified it into a body of from five thousand to ten thousand men, or even more, with twelve pieces of artillery, the precursor of Bragg's whole army.

At the same time, or almost simultaneously with Forrest's brilliant operations in West Tennessee, the Confederate cavalry under Van Dorn, who had been a cavalry officer in the old army, pressed northward in Mississippi around the Federal left flank, and by a dashing *coup de main* captured Grant's chief depot of supplies at Holly Springs, with its garrison of three thousand men, together with a large quantity of supplies of all kinds. Thus sharply and coevally assailed in rear at several points, General Grant felt obliged to bring his own offensive movement southward to a halt, and to look to his rear; in effect leaving Sherman's enterprise unsupported, and therefore to wholly fail of its purpose, including that of filching McClernand's opportunity.[7]

[6] See Sherman's letter, December 13, 1862, to General Gorman.

[7] General Sherman declares, in his Memoirs, that at the time he did not "dream that General McClernand or anybody else was scheming for the mere honor of capturing Vicksburg." This statement surely is hard to reconcile with a letter from Grant to Sherman dated November 14, referring to the arrival of new troops within the department, and also to "mysterious rumors of McClernand's command," from which it is evident Sherman must have known a month before he started for Vicksburg that McClernand had set his heart on commanding that very expedition. Halleck, on the 10th of December, answering a query in relation to

It was not until the 29th of December that General Sherman adventured a serious attempt against the Confederates, strongly posted at Haine's Bluff, in a position that covered the right rear of Vicksburg. In his operations he was supported by the guns of Admiral Porter's flotilla. As he states it, he "made a show of attack along the whole front," but aimed really to penetrate the Confederate line by two points. In this effort, however, the Union forces were easily buffeted back with heavy loss, and the day's operations signally miscarried with "little loss" to the Confederates, as General Sherman has frankly admitted. That night, in a conference with his naval coadjutor, General Sherman planned another serious attempt for the next day. This, however, was not carried out because, as is alleged, of the intervention of a dense fog, ending in a heavy rain. Thus the expedition was abandoned, without really a serious effort on the part of the commander to employ the considerable resources at his disposition commensurately with their strength, character, and military value in the operations intrusted to General Sherman's hands by Halleck and Grant in preference to those of another officer chosen for the same work by their superior, the President. Be that as it may, Vicksburg remained intact, dominating, as before, the navigation of the Mississippi.

Upon retiring from the Yazoo with the last of his forces, Sherman found General McClernand at the mouth of that river, with orders from Washington giving him the command, which was assumed on the 4th of January, 1863. As was altogether natural or human, the defeated general gave his successor a vivid picture of the difficulties which he had just found insurmountable, and which, coupled with the

McClernand's projected Vicksburg operation, while waiving a direct reply, confessed knowledge that the President had "*selected a special commander*" for that campaign, and that instructions had been, or would be, given him by the War Department, but added, as those orders had not been communicated to him until he received them, he should "consider the officer of the highest rank as the commander." In fact, there is ample proof that Halleck, having immediate knowledge of the object for which McClernand had gone to the West, and of the President's desire that McClernand should have command of an expeditionary force for the seizure of Vicksburg, nevertheless had virtually prompted as well as aided General Grant to forestall McClernand, and thus circumvent the wishes of the President by using largely, in the Sherman *fiasco* in advance of McClernand's advent, the very troops which had been forwarded to the field, as Halleck knew, through the personal activity of McClernand. Moreover, on the 18th of December, Halleck communicated to General Grant that it was the President's wish that McClernand's corps should constitute part of the river expedition, and that McClernand should command it, under his, General Grant's, directions. In fine, Badeau, in his "History of the Operations of General Grant," says explicitly General Grant felt anxious lest McClernand should obtain command of the river expedition, and therefore hurried Sherman to Memphis on the very day he received authority to make the expedition, so that, if possible, Sherman might start before McClernand arrived. As late as November 24, 1862, Grant, writing to Halleck, stated: "As situated now, with no more troops, I can do more than defend my positions, and I do not feel at liberty to abandon any of them without consulting you."

report that "heavy reinforcements (Pemberton's army) were pouring into Vicksburg," made "any attempt on that place from the Yazoo hopeless." McClernand therefore assented to the withdrawal of the foiled expeditionary corps to Milliken's Bend, some ten miles above the Yazoo's mouth.[8]

The failure of Sherman's expedition, together with the peculiar circumstances immediately attending its dispatch, did not tend to diminish the spirit of impatience felt at Washington with the languor with which the large Federal force in the Mississippi Valley had been handled since the evacuation of Corinth by the Confederates during the last week in May, 1862, and McClernand being still importunate in his claims to be employed in the command of another expedition for the reduction of Vicksburg, General Grant, towards the end of January, 1863, assumed personal direction of offensive operations by way of the Mississippi with three corps of his army previously assembled at Young's Point, and near by at Milliken's Bend, namely, the Thirteenth, under Major-General McClernand; the Fifteenth, Major-General W. T. Sherman; and the Sixteenth, Major-General Hurlbut. This force, strange to say, according to Badeau, numbered but fifty thousand men,[9] or little over one-third of his offensive resources, leaving no less than eighty thousand men not engaged in menacing operations or distracting diversions elsewhere, but merely employed to guard his rear and keep open the river to Cairo, and thus, as must be apparent to the military reader, giving the Confederates the opportunity to concentrate and use all their forces for the defense of so invaluable or vital a stronghold as Vicksburg.

The campaign thus opened, with the exception of the single ultimate objective in view, the capture of Vicksburg, would appear to have been entered upon without a settled plan or well-defined views of essential operations. Accordingly, a series of purely *tentative* expeditions would seem to have been inaugurated, sheer random affairs, adventured apparently with the hope that some one of them might possibly touch a weak spot or open joint in the Confederate defenses. These, as Halleck professionally termed them at the time in one of his official communications, were "eccentric operations," that habitually weaken and endanger the whole army thus employed.

The first scheme for overcoming Vicksburg was the excavation of a canal across the peninsula opposite Vicksburg formed by a great bend in the Mississippi River. As this apparently was a favorite measure at Washington, probably it was undertaken in deference to suggestions, if not directions, from that quarter. As early as the 18th of December, McClernand's and Sherman's corps were directed to be immediately employed in this enterprise with the object of turning the river through

[8] See Memoirs of General W. T. Sherman, vol. i. p. 294.

[9] Military History of Ulysses S. Grant, vol. i. p. 161.

the canal thus excavated, and open a way for the passage of the Union gunboats westward of Vicksburg. On the 4th of February, General Grant informed Halleck that he had "lost faith" in the attainment of any practical results through that work. However, he did not propose to desist, but announced his purpose then and subsequently to push it to completion with all available means. And in fact, for quite two months thereafter, large detachments of the corps already mentioned, with gangs of negroes and dredging-machines, were kept industriously occupied by this labor which the Federal general had come to regard as of no possible worth. Moreover, this was done in the face of military reasons that would seem to make it incumbent upon a general in the field to abandon such an undertaking, for already General Grant could but see that as located this canal, when completed, would debouch in the river below Vicksburg at a point so completely commanded from heights on the opposite bank as to make the passage through it impracticable. Nor was this all: the Vicksburg batteries readily threw shells along so much of its line as made work difficult, and drove out the dredging-machines. Seeing this, as Grant did early in February, it is altogether unaccountable that he consented to keep his men hard at work sixty days on so preposterous an undertaking. Nature, however, intervened at length. A flood pouring in, as might have been anticipated at that season, tore away the levees, spread over the country far inward, submerged his encampment, drowned his animals, swept away his delving implements, and forced his troops to flee for their very lives.

Meanwhile, McPherson's corps had been occupied in another operation somewhat akin to the canal, and quite as futile; that is to say, in seeking to find and open with his corps a water-way through Lake Providence and a net-work of bayous into Red River, with what material military object is not apparent, as certainly Badeau's droll list of the advantages accruing from it can hardly be accepted seriously,—to wit, that it "served to employ the superfluous troops, and to demonstrate the fertility and variety of devices developed during this anomalous campaign." But not until the labor of a whole corps was wasted for many weeks was this project given up.

Another purely tentative operation was the attempt to open Yazoo Pass, and by that way enter first the Cold Water, next the Tallahatchee, and thus by water reach the rear of Vicksburg above Haine's Bluff. This involved going back nearly to Memphis, that is, to a point six miles above Helena, and thence venture a tortuous voyage of several hundred miles upon transports through the mazes of the swamps and narrow streams just mentioned, giving the Confederates the easy opportunity to take the expedition at great disadvantage and cut it to pieces in detail. Void of all possibility of success from the outset, in this extraordinary affair four thousand five hundred men were employed

in the beginning, embarked on twenty transports convoyed by two naval ironclad gunboats and some lighter-armored craft. There were delays and difficulties, we are told, even in finding proper light-draught transportation for this force of four thousand five hundred men, a fact which surely affords a standard for measuring the ultimate practicability of the scheme, for it would have required two hundred similar transports for the Federal army by that route of approach to Vicksburg. Next a division was ordered to follow in support, and ultimately McPherson, with his corps as well as a division of troops from Memphis, as fast as transportation could be secured. That is to say, the Federal commander thus sought to throw little over a third of his army to the rear of Vicksburg, where, had it been actually able to go in the manner attempted, it must have been dislocated from all possible timely support, as must be apparent, and where it must have been overwhelmed, if the Confederates had at their disposition one-half of the forces they were credited with in the Federal dispatches at the time. As it was, the advance of this adventurous expedition, after some delay at Helena for lack of proper transportation, surmounted a distance of two hundred and fifty miles, when it was brought to a halt by a Confederate fort, that easily beat off the Union ironclads. Of course this cast of the net for fortune proved "a dry haul," but had the Confederate resources at the disposition of Pemberton or, properly speaking, Johnston, been handled with ordinary vigor, not a man or a vessel would have been suffered to return to Helena from the labyrinth into which they had been thus adventured. Meanwhile, apprehensive of disaster, General Grant had detached Sherman with a single division, convoyed by another naval force under Admiral Porter, to make an effort to enter the Yazoo below the point reached by the other expedition, and thus "save" or "relieve it." This, it was fancied, might be effected by ascending Steel's Bayou into Black's, and thence by way of Deer Creek, the Rolling Fork, and Sunflower. After great efforts on the part of Porter to execute this mission, he became entangled and wellnigh inextricably entrapped far short of his destination. The Confederates as easily as effectually blocked his way with heavy fallen timber, and were swiftly closing, in the same manner, the bayous behind him, while the swamps and thickets around were swarming with sharpshooters and light ordnance, to which Porter could make no effective reply. Indeed, to such critical straits was the expedition finally brought that its commander, we are told, for a time during his retreat, "thought of blowing up his vessels and escaping with his men through the swamps to the Mississippi."[10] When thus sorely imperiled, Porter called on Sherman for aid, which was given with timely energy and by a night march, just in time to save the Federal fleet from destruction, either self-inflicted or by their enemies. The fact is, any one who will

[10] See Memoirs of General W. T. Sherman, vol. i. p. 311.

attentively read the contemporaneous official dispatches of both sides cannot fail to see that had an able soldier been in command of the Confederate resources on that theatre of war, one with rational comprehension of the situation and of the Confederate defensive and offensive capacities, Sherman would neither have saved the admiral nor his own isolated division. It should have been manifest to Pemberton, that while the Federal forces were being scattered in these experimental "eccentric operations," their commander must be wholly unable at the same time to make a direct attack upon Vicksburg that would seriously menace its safety. Therefore it was in the power of the Confederate commander-in-chief with absolute impunity to almost strip that place of its infantry garrison, and throw the larger part of his force upon and destroy in detail these separate, unsupported, strangely-missioned detachments of his opponent. Why Pemberton did not do so, or why General Johnston did not require this to be done, is more than can be explained. In that expedition sixty odd days were wasted without the accomplishment of any of the objects for which it was undertaken, and at its unsuccessful termination General Grant was actually no nearer to his aim than on the day he dispatched Sherman from Memphis.

The next "cast of the net for fortune" was one that had been sure of supreme disaster with a less strangely incompetent adversary. It is said the first idea of the Union commander-in-chief was to establish his army below Vicksburg, and thence detach a corps to co-operate with Banks in the reduction of Port Hudson. That achieved, their mingled armies were to be brought northward for the investment and reduction of Vicksburg. That, indeed, would have been a sound conception, and for its execution the excavation of the canal was not in any way necessary. However, this assuredly was no longer General Grant's plan of operations by the 2d of April, 1863, for on that day he telegraphed Halleck that within two weeks he expected to collect his "whole force and turn the enemy's left." Halleck, it is proper to say, had been urging upon Grant the necessity for bringing his force and those of Banks into direct co-operation upon a common objective, saying, in one of his dispatches, "If he (Banks) cannot get up to co-operate with you on Vicksburg, cannot you (Grant) get troops down to help him on Port Hudson? *or, at least, can you not destroy Grand Gulf* before it gets *too strong?*" This was in the same communication in which Halleck advised against any further "eccentric operations," such as had consumed the preceding sixty days. However, Banks was senior in rank, and General Grant may be pardoned for not finding as high military virtues in the concentration of their forces as Halleck did, and pardoned, moreover, for preferring to undertake Vicksburg single-handed.

Meantime, a route had been determined upon by the Union general for the transfer of his forces and supplies by land from Young's

Point to New Carthage, on the west bank of the Mississippi River, below Vicksburg. Preliminary to this movement, ordered on the 20th of April, 1863, on the night of the 16th of April seven ironclads, led by the "Benton," with the flag of the admiral, and three transports with ten barges in tow, as gallantly as successfully ran the Confederate batteries, under their heavy fire, with the loss of but one of the transports, which was set on fire by the bursting of the Confederate shells. Again, on the night of the 26th of April, six transports, towing barges heavily loaded with forage and subsistence, made the same venture, with the same success, and again with the loss of but one of the transports. "Thus General Grant's army had below Vicksburg, by the 27th of April, an abundance of stores as well as boats with which to cross the river."[11] Meanwhile, McClernand's and McPherson's corps had been moving southward,—in the aggregate about thirty thousand effectives. It is a part of the history of the campaign that both Sherman and McPherson, the two ablest lieutenants of the Union general, held well-grounded opinions adverse to this undertaking, which are to be found loyally expressed in a letter written by the former to General Grant's chief of staff, on the 8th of April, with this preface: "I would most respectfully suggest (for reasons which I will not name) that General Grant call on his corps commanders for their opinions, concise and positive, on the best plan of campaign; unless this be done there are men who will, in any result falling below the public standard, claim that their advice was not heeded, and that fatal consequences resulted therefrom."[12] It does not appear that General Grant called upon his subordinates for these opinions, as suggested, or proceeded otherwise than to act upon his own plans in his own way. Be this as it may, as has been already related, the Thirteenth and Seventeenth Federal Corps had been sent below Vicksburg, and after an unsuccessful, ill-managed attack on Grand Gulf, Bruinsburg was selected as the most favorable point for their descent upon the State of Mississippi.

Meanwhile, Sherman, while still at Milliken's Bend, about to follow the other two corps, had received an intimation, not an order, that he might usefully employ his corps for a while in a feint or diversion upon Haine's Bluff, the scene of his former mishap. This he faithfully proceeded to do, though the real object of so ostentatious an operation was too apparent, as the military reader will be apt to decide, to mislead or disturb an intelligent enemy in view of what had so recently happened there to demonstrate the ease with which Haine's Bluff could be held with a small force[13] against thirty thousand men.

[11] Memoirs of General W. T. Sherman, vol. i. pp. 318–19.

[12] Ibid., pp. 315–16.

[13] Really only one brigade was present in the defense of the position on the 29th of December, 1862.

It seems that only one Federal division could be ferried at a time with the transportation disposable; moreover, the distance to be thus traversed was six miles. This undertaking began in the early morning of the 30th of April, and after twenty-four hours only McClernand's corps and a division of McPherson's had been landed on the opposite bank. Under such circumstances the operation was one of extreme hazard, if not a "wild cast of the net for fortune." The Union divisions were liable to be assailed and destroyed in detail before adequate support could possibly go to their assistance. This the navy could not really avert from the nature of the landing-ground. Moreover, the interior could only be reached after the descent by traversing some low swampy ground for half a mile, and thence through a defile which might easily have been defended. That Pemberton was fully apprised of what was impending is apparent from his report and dispatches to General J. E. Johnston at Tullahoma, which clearly show his early knowledge of the presence of a large Federal force with ferriage facilities, first at New Carthage and subsequently at Hard Times, plainly with a view to offensive operations against Vicksburg.[14] And, as only one or two points of the river-bank in that quarter were accessible, there was little, if any, difficulty in meeting an offensive movement almost at the first bound, and meeting it with a greatly superior force, for Pemberton had about forty-five thousand men at his disposition at Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Gulf, and Port Hudson, the major part of whom he could assemble with sufficient celerity to meet his adversary's undisguised operations and overcome him in detail. So splendid an opportunity has rarely, if ever, been vouchsafed the weaker of two belligerents for the signal, irreparable defeat of the stronger,[15] as was now given by Grant to Pemberton. General Johnston as far away as Tullahoma, giving his immediate personal attention, as must be said, rather to the secondary than to the primary or most urgently menaced part of his rather wide field of command, could but see the vital advantages that might accrue to the Confederates, and the very same day (29th April) he urged Pemberton, by telegraph, to concentrate and attack the Federal general immediately upon his landing. This, on the 2d of May, he repeated, as follows: "If Grant crosses, unite all your troops to beat him. Success will give back what was abandoned."

It cannot be said that General Grant estimated Pemberton's available resources lower than forty-five thousand effectives, for it is in proof he must have thought them larger, since he regarded himself "so long" inferior to the Confederates. Nor can it be said that he had a just right

[14] Pemberton had reported to General Johnston that New Carthage was occupied in force, and the passage also of gunboats and transports by the Vicksburg batteries. And further, on the 29th April, he telegraphed that his enemy was "at Hard Times in large force with barges and transports, indicating an attack on Grand Gulf, with a view to Vicksburg." See Johnston's Narrative, p. 169.

[15] That is, stronger in the aggregate force under his command as an entirety.

to anticipate that his opponent would be prevented from concentration by the apprehension that it would uncover and endanger Vicksburg, for the operations of the preceding ninety days had demonstrated the present inaccessibility of that position to attack from any other quarter. Moreover, he had men in his confidence—McPherson, for example—who were acquainted with the principles of the art of war as illustrated by great masters, and who could have told him that in that art, as in other human affairs, the sound rule is to sacrifice the minor or least important to the major or vital thing; who could have told him also that his opponent indubitably ought and would do so; for, as Johnston had said, success would give back to the Confederates what was abandoned, should they have to abandon anything in order to concentrate a superior force.

In view of these barefaced circumstances, Grant could not rationally anticipate an undisputed landing; neither could he safely suppose that he would be suffered to advance by single divisions as far into the interior even as Port Gibson, or before concentrating at least his three corps, without meeting a fierce, hazardous reception. Therefore what he adventured was not one of those inspirations of genius kindred to that which animated Napoleon in his Italian campaign of 1796, but must be regarded as another "cast of the net for fortune," nothing more.

In the transfer of the mass of the Federal forces to the vicinity of and below Grand Gulf, on the west bank, and in the bold, desperate venture at the same time of their transports to run the batteries at Vicksburg, Pemberton had positive warning of what would be attempted. That he was actually forewarned is shown by his dispatches to Johnston. Therefore he should have foreseen the true plan of operations to meet it, even had Johnston failed to point it out; he should have seen the ready way to harvest all the advantages of so extraordinary an opportunity, thrown, as it were, into his very lap. But not so; with an amazing fatuity Pemberton sat, supine and doubtful, at Vicksburg, utterly deaf to Johnston's instructions, while Grant leisurely landed his forces by fragments and marched them into the interior in the most heedless fashion.

Most fortunate in the inauguration of his campaign, the Federal general's perils really were just beginning had a general been opposed to him. For twenty-four hours, as we said, after the movement began only McClernand's corps and one of McPherson's divisions were eastward of the river. This dislocated fragment for all that time was exposed to be overcome by a superior force, operating with the advantage of knowing the country. The short distance severally to Vicksburg, Jackson, and Port Hudson made the concentration of such a force of Confederates one of the easiest of military operations, one that Grant had to apprehend as almost inevitable. The danger, in fact, was as supreme as ever was affronted in war under the most desperate defensive circumstances, as a *dernier ressort*, and without precedent or war-

rant as an offensive operation. Success, indeed, was scarcely within the range of possibilities, while defeat entailed destruction. But remaining oblivious to the happy chances so affluently afforded, Pemberton had only dispatched a brigade to reinforce the two (three thousand strong) that constituted the force at Grand Gulf under General Bowen.

Twelve miles eastward of Bruinsburg, on the highway thence and from Grand Gulf to Jackson, is Port Gibson, to which place McClernand was ordered to hasten with his corps on the 1st of May, ahead of support. Bowen, an able, energetic soldier, had, of course, evacuated Grand Gulf, and was found by McClernand's advance at 2 P.M. directly across its path in a strong position, three or four miles westward of Port Gibson. Notwithstanding the time thus given to the Confederates to concentrate, Grant inexplicably made no positive attack until the next morning. The ground, seamed with deep ravines, choked with brush, fallen timber, and the rank vines of a Southern forest, was admirable for defense. Bowen made the best of these advantages with his small force, doubtless under the expectation that his superior would soon be at hand with the mass of his army. Small as was Bowen's force, he held McClernand's corps of four divisions at bay until after mid-day, Grant being on the field, commanding in person since 10 o'clock A.M. Two of McPherson's brigades were pushed up, while one brigade of Confederates, which, after a march of twenty miles that day, opportunely reinforced Bowen at the same time, enabled him to hold his adversary in check until towards sunset, obstinately disputing, says Badeau, "every inch of the field." What six thousand Confederates at most did on that day, by virtue of the field of battle, their ability to withstand for ten hours a force more than *three times* as strong, is quite sufficient to demonstrate what fate must have befallen Grant on the 2d of May, 1863, had all readily available Confederate resources (full thirty thousand men) been there, instead of the three brigades so well handled by Bowen.

Not earlier than the 2d of May did another division of McPherson's corps succeed in getting to the east bank of the Mississippi, and did not effect a junction with the other until the 3d. Meanwhile, Bowen, left without the expected support, had to fall back, but did so slowly, in perfect order, after blowing up his magazines, spiking his heavy guns, and availing himself of the great defensive facilities of the country to contest the ground with signal tenacity, as Badeau admits. Thus again was it shown what must have happened to the Federal army had Pemberton been a soldier of ordinary decision. As it was, Bowen was able to withdraw in safety across the Big Black on the afternoon of the 4th of May, and effect a junction with Pemberton.

Badeau says Grant now determined to advance upon Jackson, in order to beat the force presumed to be there before it could effect a junction with Pemberton, or Pemberton could march thither. That is

to say, he determined *to march upon the smaller of the two hostile forces*, leaving the other, known to be at the time as strong as his own, free to spring upon his rear. Any reader who will be at the pains to look at the map will see that while Grant had to march upon the *hypothenuse*, Pemberton could reach Jackson to meet him by the *base or shorter line* of the triangle. Or, better yet, Pemberton, on hearing of Grant's extraordinary movement, having telegraphic communications, could call the force at Jackson to meet him as he marched out from Vicksburg, and with his whole force take up a position upon the Federal flank, from which he might strike Grant when completely dislocated from his base; strike him when entangled in a difficult, unknown, hostile theatre of war, and, indeed, under every possible adverse circumstance, with scarce a chance for escape from utter destruction; therefore this, too, was a "cast of the net for fortune" wilder even than before.

Pemberton, it seems, supposed Grant was really moving upon the railroad at or about Edward's Station, where he made some preparation to fight him. This idea was all the better for concentration, all the more dangerous for Grant, for it should have stimulated Pemberton to draw thither every available man, including those at Jackson, and from that position he would have menaced Grant's flank, his rear, and his communications, had the Federal general marched beyond Raymond toward Jackson, while ample time was given the Confederates for concentration by the tardy manner in which the Federal corps were handled,—a very marvel of that sort in the annals of war, as must be plain to any military student. Badeau thinks Grant's movement upon Jackson, though extremely dangerous, was masterly, for in taking that place he destroyed the Confederate centre and isolated Vicksburg. On the contrary, had his opponent been a clear-headed, capable soldier, it would have turned out just such a seizure of the centre as that of an adventurous fly which had foolishly penetrated to the centre of a spider's web; the isolation of Vicksburg by that movement was simply the isolation of the spider, which sits quietly at the verge of his web, ready to pounce upon its victim so soon as it may become inextricably enmeshed.

Sherman having been brought across the river with two of his divisions on the 6th, advanced into the interior on the 8th of May. McPherson was thrown forward the next morning by the direct road to Raymond; McClernand advanced by a widely-diverging line of march, nearly due north, towards Edward's Station, and Sherman by an intermediate way through Auburn. Dispositions more favorable than these for the purpose of the Confederates could not well be made, for McClernand was thus exposed to be assailed in flank and rear by an overwhelming force from Edward's Station before possible succor could reach him. On the 12th of May, McPherson encountered opposition in front of Raymond. A small brigade of Confederates stopped his march there for four or five hours, inflicted some loss, and again

demonstrated what must have come to pass had Pemberton, a little less incompetent, been at hand with his entire available force. Although a single brigade was pitted against two divisions, Grant termed the affair at the time "a severe fight." The greatest mismanagement of ample resources on the part of his enemy alone gave impunity and success to all these operations of the Federal general, as must surely be now apparent. Here there was another change in the order of movement. McPherson, early the next day, was thrown forward to Clinton, ten miles west of Jackson; Sherman moved by the direct road to Jackson, and McClernand was drawn down from the vicinity of Edward's Ferry to Raymond.

Meanwhile, General Johnston, who had hitherto, or since the 22d of January, regarded himself as prevented from giving his personal *attention* to military affairs in Mississippi,[16] was peremptorily ordered by the Confederate War Department to "proceed at once to Mississippi and take chief command of the forces there," giving to those in the field, as far as practicable, the encouragement and benefit "of his personal direction;" and further, to carry from Bragg's army three thousand good troops. Though "unfit for field services," as he reported, he left Tullahoma on the 10th of May, and he reached Jackson on the 13th. His first dispatch from that point to the Confederate War Office is significant as well as characteristic, and read between the lines will supply to the close military student the key to much of the bewildering history of the Confederate defense of the Mississippi Valley after the 24th of November, 1862, when General Johnston was placed in chief command of the several armies of Generals Bragg, Pemberton, and Kirby Smith; therefore it is here given in full:

"I arrived this evening, finding the enemy in force between this place and General Pemberton, cutting off the communication. I AM TOO LATE."

[16] Really at no time after his first visit to Mississippi did General Johnston show a disposition to occupy himself with the strenuous defense of that quarter of his territorial command commensurate with the hostile force menacing it and the real relative importance of the possession of the State of Mississippi to the Confederate States compared with Middle Tennessee, and coupled with the relative military experience, rank, and reputation of General Bragg commanding in Tennessee, and of Lieutenant-General Pemberton commanding in Mississippi. Having gone to Mobile to inspect its defenses, Johnston was ordered by Mr. Davis, on the 22d of January, 1863, to proceed at once to Bragg's headquarters, and informed that an explanatory letter would be received at Chattanooga. His mission was simply to inquire into and report to the Confederate President whether Bragg had lost the confidence of his officers or not. This duty occupied three weeks, when he returned to Mobile to continue his inspection in that quarter in preference to looking after the situation of Mississippi, where the forces of the United States, more than one hundred thousand strong, under their most enterprising general,—as even then Grant had shown himself to be,—were in constant menace. The fact is, General Johnston was indisposed—as was habitual with him—to take upon himself any responsibility if he could help it for what might happen in Mississippi.

With his mind impregnated with so drear a judgment of the Confederate military situation on that theatre of war, Johnston does not appear to have really made any serious effort to take the personal command of the main body of the Confederate forces, that is to say, the troops embodied outside of Vicksburg under Pemberton,—an officer whose previous complete disregard of the orders he had given him, for an immediate concentration and attack upon the Union army in the event of a landing below Vicksburg, ought to have taught Johnston the futility and consequent peril of any attempt to control from a distance by written orders the actions of a military subordinate so singularly constituted as Pemberton.[17] Not to have gone direct to his headquarters and assumed direct command of operations made Johnston's advent in that quarter indeed "too late." For all military consequences he might as well have remained either "inspecting the defenses at Mobile" or tarried at Tullahoma, particularly as several of his dispatches to Pemberton, as well as others from that uncompliant subordinate on their way to Johnston, fell into the hands of the indomitable Union general, giving him most valuable information at the critical moment of the military situation of the divided Confederate forces.[18]

Badeau states that Grant, being convinced a strong force was upon his right flank, determined to move his entire army rapidly upon and dislodge Johnston from Jackson, although he believed the position was strongly fortified. McPherson and Sherman, each with two, and McClernand, with three divisions, were therefore put in motion from their respective positions on the morning of the 14th of May. This, we believe, of all possible movements at the moment, was the one which an able adversary would have most desired for the Federal general to make. By such an operation General Grant did not by any means divide the forces of his enemy, as Napoleon did by his consummate manœuvres in Italy in 1796, for the Confederates were already divided, and obstinately kept disjointed by the inexplicable mismanagement of Pemberton. Had that officer obeyed Johnston's instructions, or heeded the plain dictates of the military art, he would have reached Clinton too late, it is true, to catch McPherson, but he would

[17] In the May number of the *Century*, General Johnston averring that he really had exercised direct command over the united Confederate armies during the battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861, asserts that not to have done so "would have been as base as flight from the field in the heat of battle, and would have brought upon me [him] the contempt of every honorable soldier." (*Century*, vol. xx. page 101.) Now, if it were incumbent upon him to assume command at Manassas over Beauregard, why not far more incumbent to take personal command over Pemberton in so supremely critical a situation as that which he found in Mississippi upon his arrival there?

[18] General Sherman relates that upon meeting General Grant in Jackson, with McPherson, their chief informed them that these intercepted dispatches made it important for the Federals "to work smart to prevent a junction of their (Confederate) forces." Memoirs of General Sherman, vol. i. p. 321.

have been that far on the way to his true theatre of war. He might thus have followed closely upon McPherson's rear, and taken up a position from which to render the ruin of Grant inevitable. His force would have become what is termed a "relieving army," and Grant, thus threatened in his rear and his communications, must have turned to face so formidable an opponent, leaving Johnston in his rear with eleven thousand men, and more than that number not far off, on the way to join him. Or, in fine, Grant must have been caught without any avenue of escape, and crushed, as it were, between an upper and nether millstone. This is what Sherman apprehended,—what Halleck believed would happen,—when he forbade such operations as were fraught with the loss of three of the choicest corps of the Union army; and this is what must have come to pass but for Pemberton's purblindness to every advantage of the situation. At most, Grant could only hope to drive Johnston away from Jackson in the direction of approaching reinforcements. He could not hope to follow, or wish to press farther into the interior,—that is, any farther from his true objective, Vicksburg. Therefore, on turning finally in that direction, it would be to meet Pemberton in heavy force, and soon to have Johnston hanging upon his rear with large accessions, and more formidable than ever.

But, as we know, Pemberton did nothing which was expected of him, and so suffered Grant to scatter four divisions around Jackson in the most incoherent way. Neither Grant's audacity nor skill in movements had aught, manifestly, to do with Pemberton's course, which arose simply from the fact that that officer did not actually know what to do with an army in the face of an enemy. We have said that the possible cause of Grant's campaign might be traced up to his indisposition by co-operation to fall under the command of his senior, Banks. Oddly enough, Pemberton would seem to have been equally opposed to doing anything which would throw him directly under a superior, Johnston. Grant, therefore, was able to force Johnston from Jackson; but Johnston withdrew, however, towards the north, as he subsequently explained, so as to maintain communication and the means of effecting a junction with his own bewildered lieutenant.

Leaving Sherman to complete the work of havoc at and around Jackson, the Federal general-in-chief now turned McClernand and McPherson, with about thirty thousand men, towards Vicksburg. Meanwhile, Pemberton having done all the mischief to his side possible, by his inertness, by remaining at Vicksburg or at Edward's Station, when he should have been operating on Grant's rear, now, on the 15th of May, with characteristic felicity in doing the wrong thing, set his troops in motion southward, as if to get out of Grant's way, under the pretense of striking his enemy's communications. That he did this to avoid collision with Grant is not our belief; it was only in keeping with his other operations, so singularly wrong-headed and favoring for his

enemy. Johnston's positive order to turn and seek to effect a junction with him, however, overtook him on the same day. Yielding obedience at last, at least transiently, he returned with the purpose of making a wide detour northward. But this movement brought him, on the 16th of May, in the path of Grant, with the result of the battle of Champion's Hill, or Baker's Creek. There the position taken by the Confederate general, it is almost needless to say, was ill chosen. Immediately at his back was Baker's Creek, swollen and impassable, except by one ford and a bridge three miles asunder. The Confederates numbered about twenty-three thousand men in three divisions, and the Federal army was not quite thirty thousand strong.[19] With the least foresight and effort Pemberton might have been equal in strength to his resolute opponent, and instead of having Baker's Creek in his rear, he could and should have made a defensive fosse of it. His tactical movements in the battle were no better than the strategical operations which preceded it. For he stood inactive, confronting for five hours a single Federal division, before General Grant had brought up the rest of his forces and made the attack. However, there were some hours of stout fighting made by the Confederate divisional and brigade commanders, and it is noteworthy that one of the Union divisions engaged lost one-third of its men. The battle lasted from about 11.30 A.M. to 4 P.M., and more than once in parts of the field the Federals were in "dire need of assistance." But by 4 P.M. the day had gone definitively against Pemberton, who then began to retreat, covered by Loring's division on one flank, while Tilghman, who had fought so brilliantly at Fort Henry, brought up the rear on the Raymond road, where he was slain fighting as the gallant, intelligent soldier he was. Despite the unfavorable nature of the ground, the narrow ford and bridge by which the retreat had to be made, it was successfully effected, but the battle had cost many men and much of Pemberton's artillery. Loring, after having covered the retreat of Stevenson and Bowen, found it the choice of evils to attempt to retreat from the field southward with his division rather than venture the passage of Baker's Creek when so closely pressed by the enemy, and this feat was successfully executed in the most soldierly manner, under circumstances, however, that make it another one of the singularities of the campaign, that he was allowed thus to march from the field, and in a few days effect a junction with Johnston with seven or eight thousand men saved from the wreck of that day's disaster.

[19] McClernand's and McPherson's corps, and Blair's division of Sherman's corps.

THOMAS JORDAN.

LOSS OF THE U. S. S. "MISSISSIPPI."

In March, 1863, it was the desire of Farragut and of Banks, commanding the main forces comprising the army and navy of the Department of the Gulf, to push their way jointly from New Orleans and Baton Rouge, and hugging the Mississippi River,—the army marching and the navy steaming,—to unite with our forces of the West. While Grant was struggling so heartily to enter Vicksburg, aided by Porter, who was also besieging the enemy in the upper waters of the Mississippi, Farragut, with a portion of his large fleet, and Banks's forces were co-operating with all their might by operations against the heavy fortifications at Port Hudson.

Showing the importance of these two points, and the river intervening, in the eyes of the Confederates, their President, Jefferson Davis, said at that time, before the Legislature of the State of Mississippi, "Vicksburg and Port Hudson are the real points of attack; every effort will be made to capture these places, with the object of forcing the navigation of the Mississippi, of cutting off our communications with the Trans-Mississippi Department, and of severing the western from the eastern portion of the Confederacy. Let, then, all who have at heart the safety of the country, go without delay to Vicksburg and Port Hudson." The Confederate batteries at Port Hudson, on the left bank, covered a space of four miles, with a gap here and there between. The guns within the fortifications consisted of heavy ordnance, rifled and other cannon, also field-batteries scattered in the rear. The guns were planted in irregular positions on the heights or bluffs. A great number of them were encased in strong earthworks, this irregularity making it extremely difficult for our gunners to do effective work. The guns of the Confederates had been previously trained to clear the water at a certain point, thus to hit our vessels at or near the water-line and to do certain and sure execution. The occupation of Baton Rouge by a large military force was preliminary to the movement against Port Hudson.

On Friday, March 13, 1863, the following United States men-of-war might have beeen seen anchored in the river off Baton Rouge, twenty-two miles below Port Hudson, where they had been a short time, getting ready for passage past the fortifications above, having left the U. S. S. "Pensacola," with one or two small vessels, down the river at New Orleans to protect and cover that city: the "Hartford," twenty-

eight guns (Farragut's flag-ship); "Richmond," twenty-five guns; "Mississippi," twenty-three guns; "Monongahela," thirteen guns; "Kineo," five guns; "Genesee," eight guns; "Albatross," seven guns; "Sachem," six guns; and "Essex," seven guns; total, one hundred and twenty-two guns (not including the mortars, which numbered six). At four o'clock on the afternoon of this day signal was given from the flag-ship for the squadron to weigh anchor. Immediately before this was done a wing of Banks's army marched to the water's edge. The thousands of soldiers covering every available clear space along the river-front and hill-side, the scene presented at this moment was soul-inspiring. The soldiers, by command, give three cheers in honor of the squadron now about to enter into battle with them; then, with bands playing, flags waving, and clouds of caps swinging in the air, the sailors man the rigging. All is quiet; the order is given, and from the strong throats of these hundreds of sturdy seamen come grand hurrahs, with one tremendous tiger, that fairly shake the shipping. The land forces then form into line and take up their march for the scene of conflict.

The ships are now fairly under way up the river. A "good-by" is given by our commander (now rear-admiral), Melancton Smith, of the "Mississippi," to his good wife, who was seen standing on the ruined, terraced steps of the State capitol building in the distance, her handkerchief having been seen waving us "God-speed" as we passed on out of sight. While under way, putting the ship in fighting trim was commenced. The decks were cleared of all unnecessary bolts and appendages connecting with the upper rigging, a greater part of which had been previously taken down. Nothing was left aloft which might be made a tangled mass of rope and splinters by shot and shell. All brass and fancy woodwork were stowed below to diminish the danger that is always to be apprehended from flying particles of metal and wood. Howitzers were placed in the fore- and main-tops, being securely and safely strapped there. The flashes from their mouths were supposed to delude the aim of the enemy; besides, being up so high, effective work might seemingly be done by the gunners stationed there, which is known as a position of no little danger.

The squadron, with the flag-ship ahead, came to anchor the following morning, Saturday, March 14, below Profit's Island, about five miles below Port Hudson. A sharp lookout was kept for the many so-called infernal machines which had now and then been caught coming down the river. The following is a description of one which was discovered floating down-stream,—a large air-tight wine-cask. Hanging to this, under the surface of the water, was a water-tight tube of boiler-iron, eight feet long and fifteen inches wide, containing over two hundred pounds of powder, the whole weighing about five hundred pounds. Embedded in this powder in a coil of tin was clock-

work, running, with two hammers fixed to strike two percussion-caps at a certain time. The current of the river was known to perfection, and the clock-work was set so that the caps would explode at a certain time when near the fleet. Close examination afterwards showed that the destruction for which this machine had been made was nearly at hand, so much so, that those who broke open the boiler and found the clock running were terror-stricken. It was a narrow escape for those who towed and opened it. The machine was afterwards brought on board the "Mississippi."

Just ahead and a little to the right of our steamers were anchored six of our mortar-vessels, substantial schooners, each armed with one mortar. These pieces, loaded with two hundred pounds of powder, were capable of throwing a 13-inch shell, and doing deadly work at five miles' range. This mortar flotilla had been placed in position here previous to the arrival of the large ships. At anchor in the stream, near and ahead of the mortar-schooners, were the ironclad "Essex" and steamer "Sachem," for the purpose of protecting the mortars.

Grog had been stopped in our navy. A short time before it had been dealt out daily, and especially just before a fight. The commander of the "Mississippi" was a temperance man, and invariably prescribed a can of strong coffee to induce pluck. In the present instance the satisfaction of the men over plenty of good coffee was certainly a sensible conclusion.

That night the crew were commanded to sleep on their arms. "All hands up anchor for the attack" was signaled at 9.30. No urgent orders were necessary: every man and boy on the ship hurried to his post; and if the old "Mississippi's" anchor ever came up in a hurry it did *that* night. Amidst the dense darkness this noble vessel, which had honored the flag in nearly all the important ports of the world, having carried Perry's pennant under the sunny skies of Japan and midst the smoke of the Mexican Gulf at the siege of Vera Cruz, was now groping her way up this rapid river to her final struggle. The gun- or spar-deck was now fully cleared for action; the mouths of the powder-magazines in the extreme bottom, fore and aft, containing many tons of powder, were now thrown open.

The vessels were under way in the following order: "Albatross," lashed to the port side of the "Hartford;" "Genesee," lashed to the port side of the "Richmond;" "Kineo," lashed to the port side of the "Monongahela;" and the "Mississippi" bringing up the rear. She being of more tonnage and drawing more water, was on this account left to go alone and bring up the rear of the line.

We are now passing the mortars, which are at anchor in the stream on our right, protected by the steamers "Essex" and "Sachem." The mortars are throwing their bolts of death into the enemy's fortifications in the distance as fast as they possibly can do so. From the

opposite side of the river comes an unexpected shot from the enemy, and at the same instant signal-rockets dart into the air from the forts up the river, giving warning of the approach of the squadron. The ball is now open! By this time the "Hartford," with Farragut, also the little "Albatross," was far in the lead. The "Mississippi" was pouring a solid sheet of flame and shell from her starboard battery. Just here it is appropriate to say that although Farragut was not now lashed to the mast or rigging, as represented in painting and poetry when passing the forts off Mobile, he was nevertheless standing above the bulwarks of his ship, giving confidence to all around him by his example and cheering words, that were heard by many of his men both on the "Hartford" and "Albatross."

All of our vessels, including the mortars below, were firing as rapidly and effectively as the nature and position of the enemy would allow. The batteries on the banks and bluffs extended for a distance of several miles ahead. The current in the river was running at the rate of about six miles an hour. In the month of March the banks or levees are under water at many points, making navigation difficult, some of the most experienced pilots being deceived by the shifting sand-bars which abound on the numerous points and windings of the treacherous stream. To clear the sand-bars during the battle it was necessary to run the ships to within about fifteen yards of the enemy's guns. It was here the U. S. S. "Mississippi" ran hard aground upon a sand-bar. The vessel fairly groaned, as she was under a full head of steam. The enemy very soon discovered her condition, and she now became a standing target for the whole range of shore-batteries, astern, opposite, and on the bar. The enemy poured into the unfortunate ship a perfect shower of shot and shell, which was promptly returned. The murderous work continued for an hour. During this part of the contest the "Mississippi" fired nearly three hundred rounds. The enemy's shots did effective work, the ship being riddled through and through.

It was evident to the commander of the "Mississippi" that to remain and fight longer in this position was simply murdering his men, and perhaps, in the end, giving the enemy many valuable guns. Taking this view of the awful situation, the decision to destroy the ship was decided upon. Captain Smith was on the hurricane-deck calmly giving his orders; his executive officer, Lieutenant-Commander George Dewey, in most instances delivering the captain's orders promptly in person to the different parts of the ship, the most telling one being, "Set a slow match to the magazines and destroy the ship."

It was now that a midnight battle in all its terror was at its fiercest point. The heavens were lit up with flying missiles. Long lines or sheets of flame could be seen pouring from the broadsides of vessels ahead. The shelling from the mortar-boats presented a scene grandly sublime. The cries of the wounded could be heard between-decks, and,

as the small boats were, with one or two exceptions, shot to pieces, many of the crew jumped into the water, making for land, swimming across the swift current. Large numbers, after jumping into the cold water, could be seen clinging to the wheel, not having the strength to undertake the dangerous and uncertain feat of so long a swim. Many of these were taken ashore afterwards by boats which were saved.

The ship was now leaning to port, as if she might upset, throwing a dark shadow across the water,—this was on account of the bow being aground. The position of the vessel was such as to bring her within good range of all the Confederate guns up and down the river on account of the peculiar turn of the stream at this point. The shot came skipping over the surface of the water, in many instances fairly plowing through the surface many feet, throwing high into the air the water, which came down again in small drops like rain. Those of the crew who swam ashore had to land immediately opposite the Confederate guns across the river, and were exposed to a most murderous fire. The shot coming seemingly from every direction, to go back from the river into the country seemed like going into the field of death; for the click of small-arms behind fences loomed up in the minds of the now worn-out and tired swimmers, who, instead of venturing in that direction, ran down-stream, keeping close to the water's edge, notwithstanding the many shots coming from the forts opposite, some of which would strike the water and throw a perfect shower of spray, not unlike rain, clear over the bank. Those of the crew that landed thus ran in this manner until they were out of range of the guns, and they were picked up by our own small boats and the men taken on board our vessel, which had backed down-stream, having failed to get past the forts.

The "Hartford" and "Albatross," being the vessels on the lead, were the only ones now above the forts,—not so far away but that signals could be made and answered from up and down the river. Now for the first time since the "Mississippi" was set on fire and left to her own destruction did those who had saved themselves have a chance to gaze backward up the river, and once more look upon their old floating home. What a spectacle! The burning mass is moving as she lightens up, on account of the top burning and the departure of the crew. The jets of flame jump from shroud to shroud, and the drops of burning tar dance from rope to rope, presenting a scene like one of enchantment. Her position in the river was such that the strong current threw her bow forward to the enemy's forts, her guns now being very hot. She floated about with bow down-stream, the flames at length enveloping her entire rigging, as if to say, "We have fairly grasped our own from out of the very grip of the enemy." The guns on the port side, now being pointed directly towards the forts, every one heavily shotted, one after another fired a galling discharge right into the teeth of the land forts. As the guns went off small circles or wreaths of white smoke

ascended and remained for some seconds hovering over the ship, as if crowning her God of War. It seemed like a fitting end to this gallant old man-o'-war, one of the oldest in the service, to thus end her career in battling for the flag, and in the very river from whence she took her well-known name. Coming down the river "head on," it was feared by our squadron below that she might become entangled in the shipping; but happily, she rode past, clearing every ship. On down the stream she floated, through winding curves and past shallow points, when suddenly a flash of light shot far into the heavens; then an interval, when a shock like the heaviest thunder made the air tremble. It was her dying salute, and occurred a short distance above Baton Rouge. Here she sank out of sight. Some idea of the terrific nature of the explosion can be gained from the fact that "so long a time had passed between the light we saw" (says an army officer distant eight miles away) "and the report, which we took for a cannon quite near us, that no one among us had even thought of connecting the two." The next day, Sunday, the remnant of the crew of the "Mississippi" was collected on board the "Brooklyn" from the other vessels near. The "Brooklyn's" dead were buried ashore. The survivors of the crew of the "Mississippi" were shipped to New Orleans and put on board the "Pensacola," and from thence distributed throughout the fleet, the greater portion of them being sent out on the blockade. Captain Smith, of the lost ship, was put in command of the "Monongahela" for future operations on the river.

The senior surgeon of the "Mississippi," Dr. Robert T. Maccoun, —since the Rebellion medical director of the navy,—composed the following lines on the loss of the ship, one week after her destruction. They were at the time published in one of the New Orleans newspapers, and are a fitting tribute:

"Hark! the voice of busy rumor
Swiftly flies from door to door;
Sad the news, our stanch old frigate,
'Mississippi,' is no more.

"Proudly o'er the trackless ocean
Freedom's flag she long unfurled;
Through the din and smoke of battle
Oft the bolts of death she hurled.

"Now she sleeps beneath those waters
Whence she drew her honored name,
Where she gained her fairest laurels,
Won a bright, undying fame.

"Twice brave Perry's honored pennant
O'er the seas she gladly waved;
Foremost in the rank of battle,
Fierce Ulloa's guns she braved.

"'Neath Fort Jackson and St. Philip,
Led by Farragut the bold,
Treason trembled at the outset,—
Ev'ry flashing broadside told.

"On that glorious April morning,
'Mid the Southern fleet at bay,
Like an avalanche she bounded,
Crushing those that stopped the way.

"Proud 'Manassas' felt her thunder;
Long she fought without avail,
Till at length her walls were riddled,
Spite her boarded coat of mail.

"Up the swift and mighty river
With the fleet she dauntless goes;
Where the heavy guns are bristling,
There her deadly broadside glows.

"Fiercest was her final combat,
Shrouded in the gloom of night;
Long and fearful was the struggle
In the sad, unequal fight.

"Stranded 'neath the heavy fortress,
Naught the good old ship could save;
Vainly strove her bold commander,
Backed by men both stanch and brave.

"'Other hands shall not pollute thee,'
Gallant Smith at last exclaimed.
'Bring the torch, my trusty sailors;
Never shall these decks be stained.'

"Now the hands that prized and loved her
Lit the match and fanned the flames;
Men like these could ne'er surrender,
Branded with dishonored names.

"Lo, how swift the conflagration!
Strangers' hands she now defies;
Like a phantom ship she seemeth,
Blazing 'neath the lurid skies.

"Now the burning mass is moving
Down the dark and rapid stream;
Hark! the loyal guns are booming,—
See their fiery missiles gleam.

"'Tis a grand but mournful picture;
Breathless gaze both friend and foe,
Till a crash that rends the heavens
Sinks the glorious wreck below!

"Long as flows that mighty river,
Where thy shattered fragments sleep,
Loyal hearts shall still regret thee,
Aged wanderer of the deep."

JAMES W. KESLER,
Late Commander's Clerk, U.S.N.

THE GERMAN SOLDIER IN THE WARS OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE share of the Germans in the wars of the United States is by no means limited to that of the Rebellion. From the very outset of their settlement in the country they always stood ready to take their place in its defense. On the then borders of the wild West the early German immigrants were steady in their support of the British flag against their hereditary enemies, the French. This was natural enough, for many of the Germans who first came to this country did so in order to seek refuge from the French invaders, who had rode roughshod over their humble homes in the districts devastated by French soldiers. Even among those of them who came here to find a new home in which they could worship God in their own way, while they sympathized with the Quakers in their doctrine of not bearing arms voluntarily, the German blood did not easily accommodate itself to the doctrine of non-resistance, and when they could not make friends of the Indians by peaceful means, they did not hesitate to take up arms in defense of their homes. The Germans of Pennsylvania and New York responded freely to the summons to defend their new country against the French and their allies, the Indians. They gave freely of their men and their means to the cause of liberty in the war of the Revolution. They took a full share in the war of 1812, and in the Mexican war. Finally, wherever the Germans were strongest in number, they were represented in even more than proportionate strength in the forces raised for the defense of the Union. From New York and Pennsylvania they went forth in great strength in regiments and individually. They saved Missouri to the Union, and Ohio and Illinois and Indiana and Wisconsin and Kansas may well point with pride to their German citizens as foremost in doing their duty in war and in peace. The story of their achievements is a subject on which little has hitherto been said.

The Germans from the Palatinate had been scattered on the frontier, facing the Indians and the French in New York and Pennsylvania. The early settlers in South and North Carolina and Georgia were also largely recruited from the Germans, and they, too, had still another hostile force to meet, that of the Spanish and Indian troops, who were unwilling to see their territory threatened and diminished. The good Mora-

vians gave up their settlements in Georgia rather than fight, and thus lost the fruits of some years of labor in their schools and churches. The sturdy Protestants from the Palatinate were not afraid to take up arms in defense of their own homes, and in a very short time the British government, which had brought them here as an act of benevolence, found a good return in the services rendered by the German settlers as peacemakers with the Indians, as soldiers against the French and the Spanish. There was, indeed, quite a characteristic jealousy of them on the part of their unwarlike neighbors in Pennsylvania, and not a little of the hostility which marked the treatment of the early German settlers in New York was due to their sturdy indifference to those who would have controlled them and used them as feudal serfs. They acknowledged their allegiance to the crown, and gladly served it. They refused to submit to the tyranny of great landlords, and on that account soon left New York to find permanent homes under the kindlier sway of the Penns. Pennsylvania made Conrad Weiser colonel of a regiment of volunteers from the county of Berks, and Governor Morris, in 1755, gave him command over the second battalion of the Pennsylvania regiment, consisting of nine companies. In the defense of the borders against the Indians and the French, forts were made above Harrisburg, at the forks of the Schuylkill, on the Lehigh, and on the Upper Delaware. The Hon. Daniel Ermentrout, in his address at the German Centennial Jubilee in Reading in June, 1876, describes the Tulpehocken massacre in 1755, just after Braddock's defeat, and the barbarities perpetrated in Northampton County in 1756, and the attack on the settlements near Reading in 1763. Against these forays the Germans under Schneider and Hiester made a stout resistance. As early as 1711 a German battalion of Palatinates was part of the force, a thousand strong, which was to take part in the expedition to Quebec. While the Quakers of Pennsylvania kept the government from exerting its full strength, the Germans, in spite of their peace principles, stood up stoutly for their own homesteads. Berks, Bucks, Lancaster, York, and Northampton were then the frontier counties, and from them came the men who filled the German regiments and battalions of the Revolutionary war. The sufferings inflicted on the German settlers were not without their influence in inspiring their descendants with the patriotism which made them good soldiers both in the Revolution and in the war of the Rebellion.

At the outbreak of the old French war in 1759, the British government, under an act of Parliament passed for the purpose, organized the Royal American Regiment for service in the colonies. This force was to consist of four battalions, of one thousand men each. Fifty of the officers were to be foreign Protestants, while the enlisted men were to be raised principally from among the German settlers in America. The immediate commander, General Bouquet, was a Swiss by birth, an

English officer by adoption, and a Pennsylvanian by naturalization. This last distinction was conferred on him in compliment, and as a reward for his services in his campaigns in the western part of Pennsylvania, where he and his Germans atoned for the injuries that resulted from Braddock's defeat in the same border region.

The first colonel of the regiment was Lord Loudoun, and the four battalions were commanded by Stanwix, Dufrowe, Jeffereys, and Provost. The regiment itself still exists as the Sixtieth of the line of the British army. Bouquet himself died in 1765, at Pensacola, just after he had received the thanks of the Assembly of Pennsylvania for his victory at Bushy Run in 1763. It was to the Germans of his force that is due much of the credit of this atoning for the disaster of Braddock's defeat.

But from the Germans of Pennsylvania there went forth an influence among the Indians more potential in saving the country from desolating border warfare than soldiers or fortifications. While the French were striving to make the Indians their allies in war, the Germans, and especially the Moravians, were working successfully to convert the savages into peaceful Christians, and made them good neighbors, useful and obedient to the authorities, and a strong defense against the inroads of their more savage brethren influenced by the French. The Moravians sent their members out to preserve peace; their knowledge of the Indians and their languages, their intercourse and intermarriages, had secured the confidence of the untutored savages. Parkman, in his last work, "Montcalm and Wolfe in the French War of 1759," describes at length the mission undertaken by Christian Frederic Post as envoy to the hostile tribes on the distant Ohio. The Moravians were apostles of peace, and they succeeded to a surprising degree in weaning their Indian converts from their ferocious instincts and warlike habits. Post boldly presented himself among those who were still savage, and his first reception was by a crowd of warriors, their faces distorted with rage, threatening to kill him. Soon after the French offered a great reward for his scalp, but Post, undaunted, declared to the Indians the coming of an army to drive off the French, and in return received the promise of the warlike savages to keep the peace. After a conference at Easton, Post again went on a mission of peace to the tribes of the Ohio. The small escort of soldiers that attended him as far as the Allegheny was cut to pieces on its return by a band of the very warriors to whom he was carrying his offers of friendship. His overtures were accepted, and the Delawares, Shawnees, and Mingoes ceased to be enemies. The English soldiers failed by force of arms to accomplish what the German missionary had successfully attained. Thus the work of the Moravians in their quiet home at Bethlehem had enabled their representative to gain the friendship and alliance of the Indians, and thus to weaken the force of the French and proportionately

strengthen that of the English, and this was in no small degree an important factor in the final overthrow of the French in America.

In Kapp's "History of the Early German Settlers in New York," we find the names of the first German soldiers, those who bore arms in defense of their hardly-won homesteads against the French and their allies, the Indians. Among them were the Weisers, father and son. The elder, John Conrad, was born in Wurtemberg a few years before his native village was burned by the French in their invasion in 1693, and died in Pennsylvania in 1746, where he and others found refuge from the unfair treatment of the wealthy New York land-owners. Conrad Weiser, his son, born in 1696 in Germany, came as a boy to New York, and after a brief experience of border-life with the German settlers west of the Hudson, lived with the Indians long enough to be their fast friend, and to serve as intermediary with the whites, helping thus to preserve the peace in the midst of hostile influences. He died near Reading in 1760. As lieutenant-colonel of a Pennsylvania regiment he shared in the hardships of the "old French war," and secured from the allied Indians an affection and respect which stood his fellow-Germans in good stead in later years. His daughter was the wife of the elder Muhlenberg, the first of that name to come to this country, and the mother of General Muhlenberg of Revolutionary fame.

As early as 1711 the elder Weiser had led his German countrymen in an expedition to Canada, in defense of the English against the French; and the younger Weiser, in 1737, boldly went out among the wild tribes of native Indians and successfully brought them to make peace with the new settlers. In 1748 he penetrated the unknown country west as far as the Ohio, and in 1754 he united the friendly Indians in a strong alliance, which served very greatly to resist the French intrigues and invasions.

During the Revolutionary war, while many of the Germans of New York were serving in the army, their homes and those of their neighbors were exposed to the attacks of savage enemies, French and Indians rivaling one another in cruelties. The German settlers and their families defended themselves with real courage, and the story of their heroic deeds well deserves the lasting record that Kapp has secured it in his interesting volume. The border warfare, of what was then Western New York, showed that among the Germans there were many stout hearts and strong hands ready to defend their lives and to protect their families. Each home was a block-house and every fort a gathering-point, yet the English were as bitter in repressing the liberty-loving Germans as ever the French had been in attacking them for their loyalty to England. Even when the war ended it was with a sacrifice of lives and property that fell heavily on the German settlers. All this, however, was a training and experience that helped to make them de-

voted patriots, and earnest in their readiness to sacrifice everything in defense of their newly-acquired liberty and independence. From the same counties came many regiments into the army that helped to defend and preserve the Union, and although the distinctive German characteristics were less marked in New York than in Pennsylvania, still a military history of New York in the Rebellion, whenever it is written, will show that the Germans, descendants of the early Pfalzers and Rhinelanders, who had settled in New York in the early part of the eighteenth century, were fully alive to the patriotic demand made upon them in the middle of the nineteenth century.

The German soldier has gone through all the phases of history in our brief experience of war. In the Revolution the Hessians became a by-word, and yet they were rather the victims of political evils than willing partisans. Not the least of Friederich Kapp's great services to both the country of his adoption and that of his nativity, is his series of admirable works on the German soldiers of the Revolution, on the one side, his account of the dealings in them as mercenaries, and, on the other, his lives of Steuben and Kalb. Much of his material has supplied that for later authors, notably Green and Lowell. Von Elking has furnished the story of Riedesel's life, the commander of the German forces in the British army. The "Memoirs of Mme. von Riedesel" will always be read with interest as a picture of the times of the Revolution, both in Germany and in America.

The material for a statistical account of the German forces engaged in America has been found in the well-ordered and well-preserved archives of the various German states from which they came. For our "War of the Rebellion" such data are not easily attainable. The story covers too vast a field to be briefly told. The method of raising troops in the separate States obliges an inquirer to make an examination of the printed records of each State, and these are so voluminous and so unsystematic that it is almost impossible to get at the facts of the nativity of the soldiers serving in their organizations. Indeed, there still remains to be written a history of the part of New York in the war, and in those bulky volumes of war records of States already printed it is hard to say which is the least satisfactory on this point.

The Seven Years' war made the name of Germany and its great leader, Frederick, popular throughout the colonies. Town, village, and wayside inn displayed the well-known sharp features and high shoulders as asign, and the "King of Prussia" was a favorite name for taverns—then of more importance than to-day—on all the high-roads between the great towns. Steuben was one of Frederick's own veterans, and as such he was heartily welcomed, when French officers of high rank were coldly received. His zeal, his ability, his success, were shown in the improved discipline and instruction of the provincial troops. He was so good a soldier that he knew just how to use the material at hand,

and to make good soldiers and good officers of what had hitherto been an undisciplined mass. Steuben's Regulations long remained the manual of the United States army and its militia. It was not only that he made the army successful in the field, but the discipline he had introduced so effectually cultivated the sense of duty and subordination, that a weak and impotent Congress, which had utterly failed of its duty to provide for its soldiers, was still able to disband peacefully an injured and irritated army. That he spent the rest of his life in waiting for justice is not fairly compensated for in the posthumous honors that have been paid his memory since his death, and the debt of gratitude that America owes to Steuben is one that can never be fully discharged.

Much has been said and written in disparagement of the German mercenaries serving in the British army in the war of independence. It must be borne in mind that in England itself the wickedness of thus hiring men against their consent was sharply denounced. Holland and Russia absolutely refused to accept the tempting offers of Great Britain. King George, himself a German sovereign, mildly protested against thus using his Hanoverian troops. Frederick the Great sternly forbade the enlistment of any of his subjects or permission to any of the petty German princes to take their soldiers through his territories to ports for shipment to England for America. Schiller stigmatized the trade in men in his "Kabale und Liebe," while Kant went still further and embraced the cause of the American colonists with all the energy of his great intellect. Klopstock and Lessing spoke in the same strain, although in lower tones. Frederic Kapp puts the total of twenty-nine thousand one hundred and sixty-six as the number furnished by Brunswick, Hesse-Cassel, Hanau, Waldeck, Anspach, and Anhalt, and of these only seventeen thousand three hundred and thirteen returned to their native country. How many of the remainder stayed in their new home to become fathers of American citizens cannot be easily ascertained, yet it is more than a tradition that in Pennsylvania, in Maryland, in Virginia, wherever there were German settlers ready to aid the new-comers, the sick, the wounded, the stragglers, the deserters, all found protection and a welcome, which insured them prosperity and a better livelihood than they had left behind them.

There were many Germans settled in the colonies before the Revolution, who cast their fortunes with the young republic and shared in the struggle which secured independence and union.

The German Battalion was raised agreeably to a resolve of Congress of May 22, 1776, four companies in Pennsylvania and four in Maryland, to which was added a ninth company by resolve of July 9, 1777. The officers were: Lieutenant-Colonel, Ludwick Weltener; Major, Daniel Burckhart; Captains, Jacob Bunner, Peter Boyer, Charles Baltzel, William Rice, Bernard Hubley, Christian Myers, Michael Bayer; Captain-Lieutenant, Philip Schrauder; Lieutenants, John Weid-

man, Martin Sugart, Jacob Gremeth, Jacob Cramer, Godfrey Swartz, Marcus Young, David Morgan; Ensigns, John Weidman, Henry Shrupp, David Desenderfer, Henry Spech, Jacob Raboldt, Christian Glichner, William Prux, Henry Hehn.

An independent corps of one hundred and fifty men was raised by resolve of December 5, 1776, of which the officers were: Captains, John Paul Schott, Anthony Selim.

In Hamersly's Dictionary of the army, and on the register of the army for 1784, there are the familiar names of General Steuben, inspector-general, and his aide-de-camp, Major William North, and that of Major, Continental Artillery, Sebastian Bauman (captain New York Continental Artillery Company, 1776, brevet lieutenant-colonel, 1787).

The register for 1789 gives, Captain 1st Infantry, David Ziegler (late captain 1st Pennsylvania Continental Infantry); and the army list for 1805–6, Captain Artillery, Michael Kalteisen, who had been distinguished in connection with the Charleston (South Carolina) German company. Of the general officers of the Continental army, the Germans were John DeKalb, F. von de Woedtke, F. W. A. Steuben.

In the pages of that excellent and useful journal, *Der Deutsche Pionier*, are preserved many records of the Germans who served the cause of American liberty, both in the Revolutionary war and in that of the Rebellion. Herkimer in New York and Muhlenberg in Pennsylvania are names that will long preserve the memory of the services of the German soldiers in defense of their adopted country. The records of the Continental army show that in almost every regiment there were Germans, and in those of Pennsylvania whole companies of Germans, organized, officered, and filled with Germans, who did good service for their country. In the then western wilderness of Kentucky, Daniel Boone, with others like himself of German birth or descent, did their share in securing American liberty in their new home. In Virginia there were many German settlers, and from their number many went into the patriot army, sharing its hardships and contented with helping to secure the final establishment of American independence as their full reward. In Gustav Körner's "Das Deutsche Element in den Vereinigte Staaten," Cincinnati, 1880, there is a graphic account of the Germans from 1818 to 1848, with frequent reference to the earlier as well as the later Germans who took a distinguished place among the soldiers of the young republic in its first Revolution and in its subsequent wars. Herkimer, Lutterloh, and Weissenfels in New York, Muhlenberg in Pennsylvania, Michael Kalteisen and his associates in the German Fusileer Company of Charleston, South Carolina, the oldest military organization of the country, established in 1775, are among those who were the first German citizens by their sacrifices

and their services to secure the right to a place in the home of their adoption.

In Seidensticker's admirable and exhaustive "History of the German Society of Pennsylvania," there is a brief mention of the services of the Germans of Philadelphia in the patriot cause. In May, 1776, Congress organized a German regiment, of companies from Pennsylvania and Maryland,—the Pennsylvania companies, five in number, and those from Maryland four. One of the Philadelphia companies was commanded by Colonel David Woelpper, an old soldier, for he had served in Germany under Frederick the Great, and in the old French war under Washington. The German regiment was first commanded by Hausegger, and it served with credit in Muhlenberg's brigade throughout the Revolution. Other German companies were raised at that time, and many Germans served in various arms of the service. The fines and penalties imposed on the German citizens of well-known rebel principles, are all recited in Seidensticker's history, showing how strongly the German element, in and about Philadelphia, adhered to its cause even at the time the British held the city. In Mr. H. M. Jenkins's "History of Gwynedd" there is a similar collection of evidence as to the stout adhesion of the Germans of Montgomery County to the rebel side. He tells the story of one of their number who was charged with the serious offense of giving information to the enemy, and escaped finally severe punishment on the merciful ground that he was a weak politician,—a plea that would cover many offenses in our own day and generation. The records of local history still contain many names unknown to us of those who did their share in the struggles for our independence.

The knowledge of the early Germans, and their share in our history, will no longer be hidden in the records of scattered local periodicals. In the series of "Geschichtsblätter, Bilder u. Mittheilungen aus dem Leben der Deutschen in Amerika, herausgegeben von Carl Schurz" (New York, Steiger), we have the promise of a valuable contribution to our slender stock of available information as to the Germans in the United States. The first volume of this series is a reprint of Kapp's "Die Deutschen im Staate New York während des 18ten Jahrhunderts," originally published in Leipsic and New York, in 1867. At page 126 there is a list of the officers of the four battalions organized in Schoharie Valley by Germans, in 1775, to take part in the war of independence. All four colonels were Germans, viz.: Nicholas Herchheimer, 1st Battalion, Canajoharie; Jacob Kloch, 2d Battalion, the Pfalz; Friedrich Fischer, 3d Battalion, Mohawk; Hanjost Herchheimer, 4th Battalion, German Flats. The Herchheimers were the sons of an early German settler in Western New York, who had won distinction by his gallant defense against Indian attacks in the old French war. General Herchheimer fell in battle in

1777 in defense of the liberties of his country, and was honored with the praise of Washington, and by a modest monument, which perpetuates his services and sacrifice on the spot. One of his soldiers, born in Germany, J. A. Hartmann, survived until 1836, when he died at the age of ninety-two, after an old age of poverty, borne with fortitude, for he lived at the public expense, and his name is now best remembered as an example of the tardy gratitude of the republic he too had aided to establish. Herchheimer is the type of the well-to-do settlers of German descent, Hartmann of the poor emigrant, but both did their duty manfully in the struggle for independence, and thus set an example freely followed by the other Germans, both by birth and descent, who fought for the Union.

The second volume of Schurz's series, "Bilder aus der Deutsch Pennsylvanischen Geschichte," is from the pen of Professor Oswald Seidensticker, whose services in the cause of our local German history have received general acknowledgment for their thoroughness and accuracy. He describes in detail the part taken by the Germans of Pennsylvania in both the Continental army under Washington and the provincial or State militia, gives the names of the officers of the German Battalion, and their share in the war of independence. In the Second, Third, Fifth, Sixth, and Eighth Pennsylvania Regiments were many Germans. The Second was commanded by Colonel Philip de Haas; the lieutenant-colonel of the Third was Robert Bunner, who fell at Monmouth, in 1778; and Mentges of the Fifth and Becker of the Sixth were also Germans. Many of these were members of the German Society, and Colonel Farmer, first captain of a company of sharpshooters, and later commissary-general, was four times president of the German Society after the war.

Reading sent three Hiesters, and York many Germans, in the regiments that served in the Revolution. Pennsylvania Germans were numerous in Armand's legion, in Schott's dragoons, and in Van Heer's cavalry brigade. Quakers, Mennonites, Dunkers, and Herrnhüters sacrificed their religious tenets and associations to serve their country, while the Lutherans and others that had no conscientious scruples against bearing arms were well represented in the field. Foremost among these was General Muhlenberg, born in Montgomery County in 1746, the son of the oldest clergyman of the Lutheran Church in Pennsylvania, who destined all his three sons to follow him in the church, educated at Halle, settled in 1772 in Virginia, as pastor of a German Lutheran congregation in the Shenandoah Valley. He there became a friend of Patrick Henry and Washington. Earnestly supporting the cause of American independence, he became colonel of the Eighth Virginia, with Abraham Bowman and Peter Helfenstein as his field-officers. In January, 1776, he preached his last sermon, urging on his hearers the duty of patriotic devotion to the cause of the country,

and then, throwing aside the clerical gown, showed his military uniform, and instantly over three hundred of his listeners followed his example and joined his regiment. Congress soon made him a brigadier-general, and throughout the war his zeal, his courage, his energy, were appreciated by Washington and Lafayette, and the other heroes of the Revolution. His part in the final surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown made him a major-general, and yet so modest was he that when peace returned his old parishioners would have gladly made him once more their pastor. Seven years of war had, however, changed the current of his thoughts, and settling in Philadelphia, he became vice-president of the State, under Franklin, and, owing to Franklin's age and infirmities, was practically the head of the government. In 1788 he and his brother worked energetically to secure the adoption of the Constitution of 1789, and under it he sat in the First Congress, as well as in the Second and the Sixth, always a stout advocate of the Democratic party, and he was three times president of the German Society. His descendants, and those of his venerable father, have served the state and the church in many ways, and always with honor to their German blood. His statue stands in the Capitol at Washington, as the representative man chosen by Pennsylvania to take a place among the heroes gathered there from all parts of the country. His name and his fame are part of the inheritance which the German population of Pennsylvania transmits to future generations to show how thoroughly the German element has done its duty alike in war and in peace, and how well it deserves to have its record preserved and published for the information of their descendants and of the country.

Among the soldiers of German type a marked and exceptional case is that of General John A. Quitman. He was the son of the pastor of the German Lutheran pastor of Schoharie, who was himself born in Iserlohn, Germany, and came to this country in 1795. The father was a strong, determined man, with a high notion of his own importance, who showed a will of his own not unlike that of the son. The elder Quitman left Schoharie to become pastor of the church in Rheinbeck, where he died in 1832. His son was born there in 1798, and educated by his father's successor. As a young man he went South, became a distinguished lawyer and member of Congress from his new home in Natchez, Mississippi, took a leading place among the general officers of volunteers in the Mexican war, and was prominent in urging on the people of the South the extreme doctrines of States' rights, rejoicing in the name of fire-eater, and was generally looked on as the intellectual leader of the agitation which finally ended in the Rebellion of 1861. His death, in 1858, saved him from sharing in the destruction which his theories had brought over the section which accepted him as their representative.

In the Revolution there were adherents of Whigs and Tories even

in the same family, and this was as true of the Germans as of the other nationalities settled in the colonies, but in the Rebellion the minority in either of the two great sections into which the country was divided had little power or influence to stem the tide that finally led to the success of the Union. Still, the Germans were found on both sides, for the self-reliant, independent character of the German leads him to choose his own course, and to adhere to it in spite of popular opposition.

The registers and rolls of the regular army of the United States bear the names of many distinguished soldiers of German birth and descent, and not a few of them brought to the service of their new fatherland the training and experience acquired in their native country. In the exhaustive dictionaries of the army by Gardiner and Henry and Hamersly are found many examples of the German soldier in the United States. One example deserves special mention.

John de Barth Walbach was born in Germany. He was an ensign of the Royal Alsace Regiment in 1782, second lieutenant of the Lauzun Hussars in 1786, first lieutenant in 1789, captain of the Rohan Hussars in October, 1793, and major in 1795. He became a volunteer aide-de-camp to General McPherson, of the United States army, and first lieutenant cavalry, 1799, and aide-de-camp to General Hamilton in May of that year, and served on the staff of General North and General Pinckney; became first lieutenant of the Second Artillery and Engineers in 1801, and aide to General Wilkinson, captain in 1806, colonel of the Fourth Artillery in 1842, and died in 1857. His son, Louis August de Barth Walbach, was a cadet at West Point in 1830, second lieutenant First Artillery in 1834, captain of ordnance in 1848, and died in 1853. General Walbach is well remembered by old officers of the regular army as a fine soldierly character, full of zeal and pride in his profession, and a man of many noble virtues and attractive qualities. His brother was a Roman Catholic priest in Baltimore, and in their old age these two were typical examples of the professions of war and peace.

Among the early graduates of West Point, a notable example of the way in which Germany has supplied our army with officers is the case of Julius F. Heileman, son of the surgeon of Riedesel's German Brigade in Burgoyne's army; he was appointed a cadet in 1803, and rose to be major of the Second Artillery, when he fell in Florida, in 1836.

Georg Nauman was a graduate of West Point in 1823, who rose by slow but good service, and died as lieutenant-colonel of the First Artillery in Philadelphia in 1863. He was born in Pennsylvania sixty years before.

General Ammen, who was distinguished during the Rebellion, was a native of Virginia, a graduate of West Point in 1831, and had re-

signed to engage in teaching and engineering, when the war broke out, and as colonel of the Twenty-fourth Ohio, and as a brigadier-general, he served with great bravery in the West.

Edmund Schriver and Alexander Shiras were graduates of 1833, and both were born in Pennsylvania. Their services in the Rebellion were highly appreciated.

Herman Haupt, a graduate of 1835, was born in Philadelphia, and besides his services in the field, has been a pioneer in the great business of railroad-building across the continent. His son graduated in 1867.

Luther and Roland and Hagner, all of the class of 1836, bore good Pennsylvania German names.

The Muhlenbergs have had a representative, and often more than one, in the regular army, since the time of the early Pennsylvania soldier down to our own day, and all have done honor to a name that is looked on as one fittingly chosen as the type of the Pennsylvania soldier and statesman. The Muhlenbergs, six at least, fill an honored place on the registers of the regular army, in which they have a right by descent from the patriot ancestor of the Revolution.

General S. P. Heintzelman, a veteran of the regular army, was born in Lancaster County in 1805. His grandfather, a native of Augsburg, was the first white settler in Manheim, where his grandson was educated, until he went to West Point in 1826. He was promoted and brevetted for his gallantry in the Mexican war, and at the outbreak of the Rebellion became colonel of the Seventeenth United States Infantry. At Bull Run he was wounded; on the Peninsula he commanded a corps, and throughout the war he was always on duty.

Francis Lieber was born in Berlin in 1800; he grew up in the midst of the earnest aspirations of Germany for freedom from the French yoke, and at the age of fifteen, following the example of his elder brothers, and with the approval of his parents, he enlisted in the Colberg Regiment under Blücher. He began his short experience of war at Ligny, was wounded, and returned after the campaign of Waterloo to resume his work as a school-boy. With the other young Turners, he followed Jahn as much in his political as his physical regenerations, and with his leader he was imprisoned for excess of patriotism. His four months' confinement was not in itself a great hardship, but it carried with it a prohibition to study in any Prussian university, and this implied his exclusion from public employment. He studied at Jena, Halle, and Dresden, and then at twenty-one took part in the Greek struggle, with very unsatisfactory results.

Then, encouraged by Niebuhr, in whose family he had been employed in Rome, he returned to Berlin, only to be again imprisoned; an enforced idleness which he used in the composition of a volume of poems of the merriest kind, and after trying in vain to secure a stable position, freed himself from the uncomfortable results of his early

patriotism by coming to America, where he arrived in 1827. He established a swimming-school in Boston after the model of those of Germany, but soon undertook a very great work,—the preparation of the "Encyclopædia Americana," based on Brockhaus's "Conversations Lexicon," published in Philadelphia, which then became the scene of his active literary labors. He prepared an elaborate scheme for the management of Girard College, and began his independent authorship, until he went to the University of South Carolina, in 1835, as Professor of History and Political Economy. There he wrote and taught until 1857, when he gladly left the South.

When the Rebellion broke out he was quietly settled at Columbia College in New York, but one of his sons went into the Confederate service, another with the Illinois troops into the Union army, and a third got a commission in the regular army, and he himself began his work as legal adviser to the government on questions of military and international law by preparing a code of instructions for the government of armies of the United States in the field, and from that time on he was in constant employment in that direction, putting his vast store of learning at the disposition of the authorities on every fitting occasion. He maintained a close correspondence with the leading German professors Bluntschli, Mohl, Holtzendorff, and did much to secure in Germany a proper appreciation of the great work done for the world by securing perpetuation of the American Union, and to make America alive to the merits of the great struggle with France which secured German unity. His busy life ended in 1872, and his best epitaph was his own favorite motto, "Patria Cara, Carior Libertas, Veritas Carissima," for Country, Liberty, and Truth were the great aims of all he wrote and spoke and thought. His services were of a kind not often within the reach and range of a single life, and his memory deserves to be honored and kept green in both his native and his adopted country. He was well represented in the Union cause by his two sons, Hamilton, who served in the Ninety-second Illinois, and died in 1876, an officer of the army, and Guido, still in the regular service, through whom his name is perpetuated in the army register, while the death of another son on the Confederate side was another sacrifice to the cause of the Union.

General August V. Kautz was born in Baden in 1828, and came as a lad to this country, where his family settled in Ohio. At the outbreak of the Mexican war he enlisted in the First Ohio Regiment, and was rewarded for his services by being appointed a lieutenant in the regular army. He was captain of cavalry at the outbreak of the Rebellion, commanded his regiment, the Sixth Cavalry, under McClellan, in the operations before Richmond, was appointed colonel of the Second Ohio Cavalry and chief of cavalry of the Twenty-third Corps, and brevetted major-general in both the volunteer and regular service. He became lieutenant-colonel of the Fifteenth Infantry after the war, and

is now colonel of the Eighth Infantry, and is the author of some excellent works on various subjects of military science.

The Germans served in large numbers in cavalry and artillery companies of volunteers in the Mexican war, notably from Texas and Missouri, and many of them gained distinction in this service. Kentucky had its infantry regiment and its cavalry company of Germans in the Mexican war, and many Germans in its loyal regiments during the Rebellion, notably Companies E and G of the Fourth Cavalry, Barth's company of the Twenty-eighth Kentucky Volunteers. Among the Germans whose services in Texas ought not to be forgotten is the once familiar name of William Langenheim, and of his associates, Gustavus Schleicher in Texas and J. A. Wagener in South Carolina served the Confederacy. New Orleans and Louisiana had among their leading Union men two representative Germans,—Christian Roselius and Michael Hahn.

General Godfrey Weitzel was born in Germany in 1835, and came with his parents to this country as a child, was appointed a cadet at West Point in his seventeenth year, and in 1855 graduated as a lieutenant of engineers. He served with Butler and Banks in the South, and led a division under Grant in the final conquest of Richmond. After the war he was constantly employed in his profession, until his untimely death in Philadelphia, March 19, 1884.

General Pennypacker, the colonel of the Thirty-fourth United States Infantry, is a Pennsylvanian whose name bespeaks his German origin. In the Ninety-second and Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania he won honors well entitling him to his high place in the regular army.

Colonel Alexander von Schrader, born in Germany, a soldier by training, was lieutenant-colonel of the Seventy-fourth Ohio, and became a major in the Thirty-ninth Infantry of the regular army, dying in service August 6, 1867. He had been reduced to the direst poverty before the war, but his distinguished gallantry and efficient military training stood him in good stead.

Joseph Karge, born in Prussia, colonel Second New Jersey Cavalry, and first lieutenant Eighth Cavalry, was a gallant soldier.

A study of the register of officers of the army from 1779 shows a large proportion of Germans,—beginning with Kalb and Steuben, through the German Battalion of Pennsylvania and Maryland, the artillery and engineers and other staff corps, down to the successive wars of 1812 and 1846. During the Rebellion many old soldiers of German birth were rewarded by commissions, and not a few distinguished German volunteers were also appointed in the regular army,—among them Blücher, Von Hermann, Luettwitz, Michalowski, Von Schirach.

J. G. ROSENGARTEN.

(To be continued.)

DESERTION: SOME CAUSES AND REMEDIES.

MANY and very different reasons have been assigned for the very large percentage of desertions from the army, and it is safe to say that at any time the subject may come up for discussion among officers there will be nearly as many reasons assigned for it as there are individuals present. One will declare that the principal cause is the quantity and quality of the rations issued; another the pay; while the third will probably have an entirely different theory which he will insist moves the hearts (and legs) of the government truants.

The writer does not believe that *any one* thing or cause can be assigned for a majority of the desertions, but that many and various causes contribute to it, and that the number of such escapades can be very materially lessened if more attention is paid to the matter; and if such increase of attention shall result from it, the object of this article will have been accomplished.

First, then, let us glance at the manner of recruiting for the army at large, the source from which most of the recruits are obtained, and the character of the material.

All the recruiting stations (outside of regular garrisons) are in large cities; and while good men are obtained there, any recruiting officer will bear testimony to the fact that more than fifty per cent. of the men who come to him to enlist are "floaters," men who have no settled homes or places of abode, and who "take on" because they have nothing better to do at the time. In a conversation with an officer on such service in an eastern city last year, the number of recruits he was enlisting was alluded to, and he stated that he would "probably have twice or three times as many as soon as the canal and river closed, as the loose class would want some place for winter." This was the material he expected to send on to the depot,—not men of known good antecedents, whose characters could be easily ascertained by reference to former employers, but men who looked to the barracks only as a shelter during the cold months; too often the dregs of society, viewing their enlistment as a contract they were at liberty to break at any time, regardless of the oath they took at the time it was made, frequently only seeking the uniform as a disguise to hide them from the eyes of the guardians of the law, or "degenerate scions of a noble ancestry,"

seeking the ranks as a place to end a career begun in wildness and reveling debauchery.

The strong hand of discipline, rightly applied, *may* develop good out of this apparently demoralized class, but it is an erroneous idea that discipline can "lick all rough cubs into shape," and even if it could, the time of the officer could be more profitably employed. Nor is it true that "the worse the man the better the soldier." Such recruits might be best for an army of buccaneers, or one organized only for conquest and plunder; they are the worst for such an army as this government should maintain.

Such men are always impatient of discipline, and chafe under its restraints. Unaccustomed, even in childhood, to any restraint not accompanied by an actual show of brute force, they, as they arrive at the time when they must in some way, honest or otherwise, obtain their own living, refuse to submit to any, and if found in honest callings leave their employer the moment it is attempted if any other way or place seems open to them. They find camp or garrison discipline irksome, and get away from it at the first opportunity.[1]

There are scarcely sufficient inducements offered to the recruits to obtain the most desirable class of men. The pay of the private soldier is no better, if as good as that of the average day-laborer on the streets of villages or cities, and does not compare with that of the skilled artisan, and if any of this latter class enter the service it may be safely calculated that in nine cases out of ten "there is a screw loose somewhere." Then, too, public opinion is, to a great extent, at fault. "Anything will do for a regular soldier," "the poorest use you can make of a man is to make him a soldier," and kindred expressions can be heard at any time, even from those who think we should have an army of fifty thousand men, and who are very glad to see that same "anything" when rioting and incendiarism endanger their property. On no subject, unless it be the navy, is the public less informed than on matters pertaining to the army, and about none do they care less, except when called upon to pay for its support. In many localities the man who should apprehend the deserter, or give information which should lead to his arrest, would be looked upon as intermeddling in affairs that did not concern him, and the arrested party as a martyr to a harsh and cruel despotism; and the culprit, once away from his post,

[1] There is no class of men for whom the writer has a warmer feeling than for the honest, faithful soldier, come he whence he may, and he would not have any strictures on enlisted men which may be thought to have crept into this article applied to this class. On the contrary, he insists that the *good* soldier deserves more credit than he generally gets, and believes that very many of them who have spent, it may be, the best of their lives in the service, have as much pride in it, as much *esprit de corps*, as can be found among any class of men in any army. It is not the intention to insinuate that the army has not good men in its ranks; that would be preposterously false. We want to be rid of the bad and have *more* good.

in such a neighborhood is comparatively safe from apprehension, and it is not at all difficult for the absconding soldier to dispose of his arms, or even his horse, to many men on the frontier who would resent in a very forcible manner any doubt of their honesty. The average American, born on the soil of native parents, has an instinctive liking to be his own master, and considers himself as good as, if not better than, any one else. He loves to be free to come and go at his own pleasure, to wear what he pleases, and to say what he pleases, and of and to whom he pleases. If he denies himself any of these things he means to be well paid for that denial. He will not consider the pay of a private soldier, with the present chances of promotion, enough for it, consequently he will not enter the service, especially if he must go into it on the same level as the just-landed foreigner, or the dock-loafer or bummer of the city. He may know next to nothing of the army and army life, he is not going to a city recruiting office to learn. Until he is offered better inducements and becomes better acquainted with it he will not enter the army; until he does, it must be recruited principally from the classes first alluded to, and so long as that is the case the morale will not be improved.

Much stress has sometimes been placed upon the plan of "localizing" the different regiments in recruiting for them, but so long as the population of our country retains its present migratory character, a man making his home in an eastern city to-day, and to-morrow starting for the extreme frontier, or *vice versa*, such a measure will be of no advantage. The man enlisted in St. Louis or Chicago may, a week before, have had his home in New York or Boston, and if he deserts may go at once to Philadelphia or Buffalo, and all trace of him be lost.

If, however, more effort could be made to enlist young men from the smaller country towns, or from the rural population, paying them enough to make the service attractive in a pecuniary way to those who depend upon manual labor of an unskilled character for a livelihood, and increasing it for skilled labor (if we *must* make our troops erect their own shelter, shoe the army mule, and drive the quartermaster's teams), also adding well to it for each year of service, or with the chevrons of the non-commissioned officer, with the promise of a sufficient sum to keep him from want at the close of twenty-five or thirty years' honorable service, there would soon be no want of recruits fully competent for any position among enlisted men.[2] Then add a proviso

[2] The present increase of pay for length of service, and the existence of the Soldiers' Home, have not been overlooked as these lines are being written. Why not make the increase a certain per cent. of the pay of the grade, as is now done with the commissioned officer, and pay the old soldier, if he so prefer, a certain sum quarterly (as pensions are now paid), instead of forcing him to separate himself from friends and enter the Home, or else lose any benefit that could be derived from long and faithful service? The establishment of the Home was a wise and beneficent measure, but many discharged men decline to avail themselves of its

that a certain fixed per cent. of the appointments to the lowest grades of commissioned officer *should* (not *might*) be made from among the non-commissioned officers who could pass the required examination, mental, moral, and physical, and the army would get more of a class now but sparsely represented, but badly needed, and who would not desert at the rate of ten per cent. per annum. "Cheap" goods and "cheap" men generally cost more in the end than better material.

"The ration" is frequently given as a potent cause for desertion, and yet it is said that the army of the United States is better fed than any other. There is undoubtedly much bad cooking, and there will continue to be till we have authority to enlist skilled cooks and give cooking lessons at depots; but it is safe to say that the majority of the men who desert, and give the food supply or want of it as a reason, never had as much food before they entered the service as was placed before them in barrack mess-rooms. The writer has lived on the army ration in camp and on campaign, and at times when it could not be supplemented by such vegetables as can now be obtained at almost every post, but has never seen the time when he could consume *all* that the ration return would allow him. (One deserter from a command serving in the valley of the Yellowstone in 1877, who stated that he "left because he could not get enough to eat," was known to have eaten twenty-six "hard tack" in one day, in addition to the usual allowance of coffee, beans, bacon, etc., but his appetite is thought to be exceptional.)

The food for the barrack can be made as plentiful in quantity and of as good quality as that used in lumber and mining camps, or at the majority of frontier ranches, and it is a common saying at such places that "the man who makes the most trouble about his food is the one who had least of it elsewhere." We must look further for a sensible plea for the deserter to urge.

THE CLOTHING ALLOWANCE COMES IN FOR A SHARE OF BLAME.

Nothing short of actual starvation or danger of perishing for want of clothing can be construed into a show of cause for violation of his oath by the soldier. But he does have just cause of complaint about clothing. Nine-tenths of that issued ready-made cannot be made to fit an ordinary form without a great alteration, and any officer can recall the appearance of the recruit who "joins" from depot habited in unaltered garments. This alteration must now be made at the expense of the soldier, and it has lately been shown by an inspector that it costs the enlisted men of the army about one hundred and seventy thousand dollars per year, a heavy tax for them to pay for the privilege of finishing the work of the clothing department. In most companies the tailor is the best paid man of the organization.

shelter, as they look upon it rather in the light of an almshouse; and it does a married man little good, as he cannot take his wife or family there.

Then there is no extra allowance made for soldiers employed as laborers, where clothing is worn out twice as rapidly as if not so employed, nor is any difference made for the extra quantity needed in higher latitudes. As the soldier must do the work assigned him, and at the station to which he is ordered, he should not be taxed for his obedience.[3]

WITH MORE FREQUENT PAYMENTS THERE WOULD BE FEWER DESERTIONS.

This may be true to some extent, and it is a question whether monthly payments would or would not be any improvement on the present bimonthly plan. But the man who is ready to desert has, as a general thing, but few scruples of conscience, and any failure of funds for his purpose in a legal way would be made good by sale of his arms, horse, or clothing, or those of his comrades would be levied on, and consent of owners dispensed with. It is true that desertions are generally looked for after "pay-day," but a change to any shorter period would only bring "deserter's day" so much more frequently.

THE EMPLOYMENT OF SOLDIERS AS LABORERS.

There can be no doubt that this is a prolific source of desertion. *All* recruits enlisting for the first time do it expecting to be *soldiers*, and not laborers. If they wish to live on laborers' pay, and do the work of the "farm-hand," the "navvy," or the street-laborer, they can do it without enlisting. If a man is a mechanic, and sober and honest, he can make better wages working at his trade out of the army than in it. When enlisted his trade is noted on his descriptive-list, and if he has any skill that can be of use to the quartermaster, even if it be only ability to drive a team, he, in five cases out of six, has been but a few months with his company before he finds himself taken from most of the duties of a soldier and ordered to report for labor, as an "extra or daily duty man," for a remuneration which will not exceed, all allowances included, one dollar and twenty-five cents per day, when mechanics in civil life, at work at the same calling (particularly on the frontier), can earn from two to three times that sum.[4] He may be turned

[3] Those excellent articles, the canvas jacket and overalls, have been issued since this article was first penned.

[4] A blacksmith serving first enlistment is detailed in the quartermaster's shop to work at his trade. He gets

Pay as soldier per day, @ $18.00 per month, twenty-six working days	$0.50
Extra duty pay	.85
Ration	.17
Clothing (about)	.20
Total	$1.22
Employed in shop of civilian in any town, from $15.00 to $18.00 per week	$2.50 to 3.00

out for an hour's drill two or three days in a week, and for the Sabbath morning and monthly inspection, but he comes to them tired and dissatisfied, in poor condition to go through the exercises; is awkward and not well "set up;" has not learned, or, if he has, has forgotten some of the manual or company movements; is put as much out of sight as possible by the first sergeant, but his errors and appearance are noted by his company commander or the inspector, and the first sergeant ordered to see that they are not repeated. The unlucky "extra duty man" gets a "roughing," and, conscious that he is not to blame, loses his temper, curses the service and all connected with it, and leaves it at the first opportunity, to find employment without trouble and at better wages.

THE RESTRAINTS OF DISCIPLINE.

"Without discipline an army is but an armed mob" is very true. It *must* be maintained, and to that end what may seem to be harsh measures must at times be resorted to. But with the very independent ideas of the majority of the inhabitants of this free country, any attempt at coercive measures is construed at once into an abridgment of their natural rights, and umbrage taken accordingly. The servant of the people forgets that on his enlistment he took a solemn oath to "obey the orders of the officers appointed over him, according to law," and that in the sense intended by that oath the sergeant or corporal of his company is an officer, and, tired of his bargain, the novelty of the situation worn away, he avoids further injury to his feelings by quietly taking his departure, and has his name entered at the foot of the next muster-roll as having gone to join the innumerable caravan who have shuffled off the garb of the country's defenders, and who will, in consequence thereof, be ever after in dread of apprehension and punishment.

ABUSES UNDER THE PLEAS OF DISCIPLINE.

But the deserter is not always the only person to whom blame can be attached. While, as has already been stated, discipline *must* be maintained, it sometimes becomes degraded into tyranny.[5] In some companies the first sergeant is virtually the company commander.

Can hire board equal to that of mess-room in garrison	$0.75
Clothing suitable for labor, not more than the uniform	.20
Daily necessary expenses	$0.95
Leaving difference in favor of civilian	.83

In Montana, in 1882, such workmen could get $4.00 per day.

[5] The writer is aware that here he is approaching "the danger line," but nearly twenty years' service as an officer has given him ample opportunity to study this subject; and the wrongs alluded to as having been perpetrated on the enlisted man have, with one exception, occurred under his own observation.

His captain, fond of ease, allows him the largest possible discretion, and to save trouble to himself, though he may as a man be a friend of justice, will hear no complaints against him, or listen to any soldier who may come to him without the sergeant's permission. Thus, if the sergeant is inclined to be tyrannical, or holds a spite against the soldier, he has it in his power to make life a hell. Arraigned for desertion before a court-martial at one of the posts on the frontier a few years since, a soldier pleaded in his defense that he was daily tyrannized over by his first sergeant, and his applications for permission to appeal to his company commander were refused, and that when he did appeal, despite the sergeant's prohibition, he was sent back without redress, "because he had come in defiance of orders," and proved by several witnesses that he had then been told by the first sergeant that he would "make it hotter than h—l for him if he remained, and if he would leave he would see that he was not hunted for." He was *not* "hunted for," but was accidentally recognized six months after, and the court sentenced him to two years' confinement in a military penitentiary, and he probably served out his time. *The man who drove him to the crime went unpunished*, and out of seventeen desertions from the post (eleven of them from the same company) in a few months, five of those captured told similar stories, and with a fair show of truth.

In 1876 the writer saw a young recruit who had just joined the company, and had, apparently, in him the material for a good soldier, knocked down by a blow from the fist of his first sergeant for a few seconds' delay in falling in for fatigue duty. In this case the regimental commander promptly punished the offender by arrest, but he was never tried, and the recruit incurred his lasting enmity by complaining of his treatment. It is true that the position of a first sergeant is a most difficult one to fill. He stands, as it were, between two fires; if strict, and up to the line of duty, he will be liable to incur the enmity of the shirks and malingerers of the company; if slack, discipline will fail, and he lose his place; but strictness does not mean tyranny, and he should not be allowed to stand between the soldier and his right of appeal. Punish the appellant if he complains without cause, but before striking, hear. Non-commissioned officers should be reduced to the ranks only by sentence of a court-martial. A hot-tempered company commander, hasty in his conclusions, and who allows at times his temper to overpower his judgment, is too apt to act on the spur of the moment, and reduce to the ranks for an insufficient reason, which he may realize when his passion has cooled and the injury done is beyond repair.

While the pay of the private soldier is too small to bear favorable comparison with that out of the army, the pay of the non-commissioned officer is still worse. The pay of a first sergeant should not be less

than fifty dollars per month. Instances could, if necessary, be cited in which men who had served three enlistments and were discharged as first sergeants are receiving one hundred dollars per month as foremen or superintendents in large manufacturing establishments in eastern cities. Ordnance, quartermaster, and commissary sergeants, and hospital stewards have charge of, and are indirectly responsible for, large amounts of property, and the sergeant-major who is not a correct and trusty business man is not fit for his place. If the commissioned portion is called the brain of the army, then the non-commissioned part may be likened to the skeleton, and it must be well formed and developed from good material, or the whole physique be of little utility.

Constant and long-continued control of others, especially where commands are given as they must be in the army, tends to develop habits of brusqueness and imperiousness, and to a person unaccustomed to the ways of military life may make the most kind-hearted of men seem harsh and unfeeling. Those of us who saw our first service as volunteer officers or soldiers will never forget the feelings with which we first heard the orders of "the regulars" given, or those with which we regarded those whom we called tyrants when we saw them enforce what we afterwards found to be only necessary measures of discipline; and the same feelings doubtless find place in the mind of the recruit of to-day, when, fresh from the almost unlimited freedom of his former life, he gets his first lessons in drill or discipline. But the wearer of shoulder-straps as well as of chevrons is not *always* free from blame. The fact that one man has such power to make or mar the comfort of his fellow-men as is possessed by a commanding officer, should make him very careful how that power is exercised. Not only the comfort of one individual, but the honor of his profession, and through it the honor and good of his country, may rest to some extent on his action. The brutal captain who knocked down in sheer wantonness the largest man in his company, as he stood at "attention" at the foot of his bunk in quarters at a certain post in Western Kansas fifteen years since, did not disgrace himself alone, but the whole service, commissioned and enlisted; but it is a question whether he actually did it more lasting harm than is done by the querulous, captious, fault-finding company commander, who keeps up a perpetual series of measures that wear out the patience of all who serve under his command. The constant dropping of water on the head of a victim is said to have been one of the worst tortures of the Inquisition, and certain to drive men mad. Subalterns and enlisted men alike go mad under the treatment of such an officer.

Two companies of the same regiment serve at the same station. The captain of one is an officer of the above description, the other a quiet, but firm man, always ready to listen to and investigate the complaint of the soldier, or any reasonable excuse for seeming failure

in any duty. The first is always in trouble with his company, and makes and "breaks" non-commissioned officers with fearful rapidity; has a guard-house full of delinquents, and a batch of charges always on the way to or from headquarters, and is ever in need of recruits to replace deserters. No "sub" who can avoid it will stay in his company. He has nothing soldierly about him except the color of his uniform, and yet he is one of the most constant complainants about "the morale of the service being lost." In the other company, recruited in the same way as the first, non-commissioned officers serve two or even three enlistments as such, certain of chevrons and good treatment if they perform their duty, the guard-house has no occupant for months, and for a year but one man deserts. Are the enlisted men only of the first company in fault?

Every case of desertion should be most thoroughly investigated, if possible, by a board of three officers, and their report forwarded to headquarters of the department or of the army, and the examination, if necessary, made under oath. This, if any cause, such as tyranny, deficiency of discipline, etc., existed, would bring it to view, and perhaps enable the proper authorities to correct it; and the mere fact that such an investigation was to be expected would act as a check upon any petty tyranny.

No man who has been a deserter should, if it can be avoided, be received again as a soldier, and if possible, when convicted of the offense, some indelible mark should be placed upon him, to show the officer, if he should again present himself for enlistment, that he was not the kind of man the service needed. So long as men have their bodies tattooed, as is so common with sailors, as a caprice, it can scarcely be called cruel, nor need it be in a position to be seen, except as when stripped for examination. Now a man may desert, and if he desires to enter the service again the chances of his detection are reduced to a minimum.

The delay in bringing cases to trial, and in waiting for the confirmation or disapproval of sentence, does not seem to be conducive to the good of the service, but it is not clear how they can be readily done away with. It might be done to some extent by enlarging the powers of garrison courts, and making the time of sentence, if one of confinement, date from that of conclusion of trial. If the prisoner is declared not guilty, the commanding officer of the post or the president of the court should have authority to at once release him from confinement, without waiting for tedious and perhaps irregular communication with higher authority. Nor is it conducive to discipline to have prisoners serving sentence and those not yet tried confined and worked together. It has too much the look of believing every man guilty till he proves himself innocent, instead of the reverse. A recruit may be in confinement for his first and a slight offense, and it seems scarcely

fair or right to subject him, untried, to the same treatment that is imposed upon the hardened offender. It must tend to destroy his sense of self-respect, and to make the descent to crime more easy in the future.

It has been thought by some that an arrangement by which the soldier could, upon certain conditions and payment of some specified sum, purchase his discharge would tend to lessen desertion. But it is difficult to see how it can be done. Each man recruited represents a certain sum expended by the government which it should not lose, and most of the men recruited have not funds enough, nor will they save enough, to repay that expense, and it will not be equal justice to all or for "the greatest good of the greatest number" to allow some to purchase their way out, and not allow all to do so who may desire it. It gives the man who may happen to have wealthy friends an advantage over his poorer and less fortunate comrade, and will also tend to take men out of the service when they are beginning to be of use to it.

Small as our army is and must continue to be, unless in case of some emergency arising that shall call for its sudden increase, it should contain only the best obtainable material. That we *can* obtain is the best in the world; but we will not get it till we offer better pay and better prospects for the future than we do at present. We cannot put the baton of a marshal of France or the stars of a general officer into the knapsack of every man who enlists, but he can have a better opportunity than at present to endeavor to obtain a commission; he *can* have better pay, better clothing, less of the work of the common laborer, and, therefore, feel more like a soldier; *can* have more and speedier justice, and more even discipline. Improvement in arms has demanded change of tactics. The two combined demand more intelligence in the soldiers. To obtain that intelligence *and keep it*, we must offer it commensurate inducements with other callings.

HENRY ROMEYN,
First Lieutenant Fifth Infantry; Brevet Captain U.S.A.

"BOBBY SHAFTOE."

In days of yore, in Baby lore
(The lore of A, B, C),
There runs a tale of Shaftoe's voyage
Across the boundless sea.

His love was true. His eyes were blue.
Like gold that's finely spun,
Beneath his brave tarpaulin shone
His bright locks in the sun.

He sailed away one summer day;
His heart was light and free.
He wore a seaman's blouse, 'tis said,
And buckles at the knee.

The waters laughed about the craft
That bore this sailor lad,
And ran and danced, and upward sprang,
As though they might be glad.

They leaped in sport toward the port
Whereat he stood full fair,
Then hastening to the sandy shore,
They kissed two white feet there.

With upraised hand, feet in the sand,
With kirtle red and white,
Blythe Bobby Shaftoe's sweetheart stood
And watched him sail from sight.

Yet never more, in early lore,
Find we that Sailor Boy;
Nor know we aught of what he did,
His sorrow or his joy.

His ship, one day, sailed far away
At striking of some bells.
A girl believed he would return.
This only History tells.

Esmeralda Boyle.

THE FRENCH ARMY.

[Translated from the French for THE UNITED SERVICE, by Major WILLIAM H. POWELL, United States Army.]

(Concluded from page 544.)

THE *cadres* of the new French army have been arranged in such manner that there may be always ready to place on foot—in the interior—eighteen active army corps, plus the fortress garrisons.

All these corps are exactly alike. They are framed on the principle of two. Thus, the corps comprises two divisions, the division two brigades, the brigade two regiments, the regiment four battalions, the battalion four companies.

It is true that this doubling arrangement is broken up in practice, for the regiment is subdivided into three war-battalions, and one for fortress garrison.

All those of a tactical school—and they are very numerous and wise—desired that the military organization should have divided itself by three: the first the line of combat, the next the line of support, and the last the reserve.

The army corps then would have had three divisions, a division three brigades, a brigade three regiments, a regiment four battalions,—three of them war,—and the battalions six companies; but our strategists would have eighteen corps, while the desires of the tacticians only permitted twelve, which would be more expensive than the actual eighteen.

If one should search history for the formations of Napoleon II., for example, he will find that there were no fixed ideas on this grave question. Sometimes his army corps had two, three, and frequently four divisions; sometimes his divisions had two or three brigades; it was of no consequence to him. Often he had his divisions and brigades mixed, composed of infantry and cavalry. That which appears to have always determined him were two reasons, which could not be made into a law: first, the capacity of the general; second, the effectiveness and solidity of the regiments. But that which is of the first and chief import—that which predominates over everything—is the necessity of a permanent organization of divisions and brigades, which

would enable an army to pass rapidly from a peace to a war footing. When the campaign comes the generals must depend on their own genius, the configuration of the ground on which they operate, and the necessities of the hour, using their troops as they may deem best.

Such as it may be, the following is the organization of an army corps: one staff major-general and two division staff majors; eight regiments of infantry of eighteen companies each (two at depot); a battalion of foot chasseurs of five companies each (one at depot); two regiments of cavalry (brigaded, one of dragoons and one of cavalry limited to five squadrons); two regiments of artillery (brigaded, of twelve batteries each, all the batteries being mounted except three of the second regiment of each brigade, which are horse-batteries); a battalion of engineers of four companies; a train-guard squadron, and three classes of secretaries, of supply, of workmen, and of the infirmary.

The eighteen corps of the interior comprise one hundred and forty-four regiments of infantry, eighteen battalions of foot chasseurs, thirty-six regiments of cavalry, one hundred and eighteen of dragoons, eighteen of chasseurs and hussars, thirty-six regiments of artillery (three hundred and seventy-eight mounted and fifty-four horse-batteries), eighteen battalions of engineers, eighteen train-squadrons, etc.

Besides the four regiments of zouaves, the three of native sharpshooters, the regiment of the foreign legion, the three battalions of African light infantry, the companies of discipline, the four regiments of African chasseurs, and the three of Spahis of the Nineteenth Corps (Algeria), the French army counts, in addition, twelve battalions of *chasseurs à pied*, twelve regiments of *cuirassiers*, fourteen regiments of *chasseurs* and *hussars*, two regiments of artillery, two regiments of *pontoniers*, eighteen battalions of heavy artillery for fortresses, two battalions of engineers, two train-guard squadrons, etc., all of which could be utilized for the reserve of the grand army and the defense of places with the one hundred and forty-four fourth battalions.

The infantry and artillery of the marine service would also furnish a twentieth army corps, to which would only have to be added some engineers, cavalry, and some of the administrative force.

Developed by a complete mobilization, this would form the largest army that has ever been collected together in France. The army which invaded Russia in 1812 did not number more than six hundred thousand men. And the active infantry of our eighteen army corps, at one thousand men to a battalion, being twenty-five thousand men to a corps, gives four hundred and fifty thousand men, without counting the one hundred and forty-four thousand men of the fortress battalions, the African army, the marine infantry, the twelve thousand men of the battalions of disposable chasseurs, and the two hundred thousand men of the depots. Mobilization, at the lowest estimate, will give eight hundred and seventy-five thousand foot-soldiers in the ranks.

We put to harness four hundred and fifty-six mounted and horse batteries, numbering two thousand seven hundred and thirty-six pieces.

These last figures—enormous, fantastic, and colossal as they appear—are not exaggerations. They are the official figures inscribed on the budget, by the laws, foreseen by administrative scrutiny. They know where they will find the horses; the men are preserved by registry in the batteries, and the pieces are on the wheels in the arsenals.

I avow that when I think of the immense labor, of the preparation which surpasses my wildest dreams, I wonder if the true Ramollots are not the writers who boast of the brave men whose work this is.

The army is, then, the nation! the *national army*, as it has been termed in a German book, which has made more stir on our side than that of Germany. This is what it becomes necessary to confess,—when one speaks half seriously of the army as I have done,—and one cannot hide the fact, that it has been organized for a word that one must pronounce in a low tone,—the word *revenge!*

The eighteen—and in need the twenty—French corps are copied, number and organization, from the German army. It is on the Rhine that instinctively converges the thoughts of the military of the two nations. Since Jena, Prussia has taken more than sixty years to satisfy her vengeance,—one knows that the days following defeats are long,—but it is necessary that the French may know, in a hundred years the same as to-day, as it has been for thirteen years, that they will always be the vanquished for Europe if they do not efface from the German flags the dates of 1870 and 1871. This will be the work of our children, our grandchildren, or our great-grandchildren, to strike the blow, because it is necessary for it to be done, in order that France may not renounce the supremacy which caused Frederick to say,—

"If I was king of France I would not allow a shot to be fired in Europe without my consent."

Times are changed, they say. Yes, and the cannon also. But at St. Petersburg, at London, at Berlin, at Vienna, they copy our books, our dramas; they have strong desires for our artistic painters, sculptors, musicians, actors; they play our operas, our ballets; they imitate our styles; and in spite of the fleeting churlishness of our realistic school, the influence of our French spirit—the spirit of Rabelais, of Molière, of Voltaire, of Hugo, of the grand, true, and original French—still makes itself felt. Why should our cannon cause less stir?

THE ARMY AND THE PARISIANS.

The Parisians love the army. They have always had one, for various reasons,—as much by choice as by the number of regiments which have been formed there.

Paris, in the olden time, was garrisoned by the French guards,—

those beautiful soldiers with dress of blue, trimmed with scarlet and with white laces, reputed for their love and their bravery, and who, charged with the care of the king, took the Bastile for the pleasure of the people; model types of that national Parisian guard of whom they were the first instructors, and whose sabres they sharpened. The sabres, —those which, in the jolly language of Henry Monier, are always taken to defend the institutions, and of the least use to fight with.

But there is no more, thank God, of the National Guard; there is no longer a privileged guard. The Consular Guard, the Imperial Guard, and the Royal Guard have all equally disappeared, leaving behind them an imperishable remembrance of valor and of discipline. But where could they recruit one of these *troupes d'élite*, since they have removed all prestige of name and grade, now that there are no more old soldiers, and that there are scarcely any met with for the recruitment of the gendarmarie and the particular guard at Paris,—the Republican Guard?

The army of numbers comports not with that of the *élite*. The *élites* naturally find themselves on the field of battle, either by a stroke of force or of *éclat*. Since there are no more of these redoubtable grenadiers, of these invincible voltigeurs, one cannot say as before, "the terrible Fifty-seventh, the brave Eighteenth, the Thirty-second, the glorious Twenty-fifth were there." These regiments, decorated with a surname, would serve a double purpose, because their self-pride, by its diffusion, would compel them to remain to the end of the time where they would merit the admiration of their comrades and the recognition of the country.

For twenty years, in the mean time, the Parisians have supported a siege,—which was for them not without merit and glory,—they have had nothing more than some military fêtes, some distributions of flags, or some reviews exhibited to them; they have known nothing, for more than twelve years, of the army than that which mounted guard before the monuments, and which paraded before them on the 14th of July; nevertheless, they owe—and they appreciate it—much to that army which has fought beside them and for them, during five months, and which saved them from the grand wreck of the Commune.

The army of the siege ought to have its monument at Paris,—her monument to it,—whereon should be inscribed the numbers of the corps which took part. The numbers of the battalions of the National Guard which were present at Buzenval should figure there also.

They have slandered the army of the siege too much; and, above all, the National Guard, because historians, in too much hurry, have exaggerated in their recitals the good it might have done. The National Guard did all it could; all that it was required to do. In 1814, the day of the battle of Paris, one need not ask if that single day of bravery was a grand act of patriotism. It fulfilled its task with devo-

tion, and history has generously consecrated its conduct. In 1870–71, after having refused it a solid organization, after having been badly trained on the ramparts,—in schools of slothfulness, drunkenness, and dangerous discussions,—they improvised it into a marching army, and were astonished that it had in no way the qualities of endurance of old troops. It is the contrary which would have been a little astonishing if, by miracle, such had been produced.

The National Guard of Paris gave at Buzenval all that it could give,—its presence and its blood. It has been cast aside as a troop of defense: *pro aris et focis;* it needs those qualities of perseverance which only the old legions possess,—a long period of exercise and permanent commanders. But it has done enough in that day, at the time inauspicious and memorable, for all Parisians to know that the duty of the soldier is not always easy to perform, and that in remembering this they exact a sentiment of profound love for the army,—a love that they lavish under every circumstance.

Do you know why, on the 14th of July, from all sides of Paris, from its purlieus and neighboring departments, five hundred thousand Frenchmen started for the plain of Longchamps? It is because they are pursued by the past and by that which is to come,—by remembrance and by hope.

Speaking of the past,—

DECEMBER 30, 1855.

We have likewise had our fêtes of victory. If the First Empire has seen the Imperial Guard, returning victorious from Austerlitz, banqueted at the Champs Élysées; if the Restoration has passed the legions returning from Trocadero under a triumphal arch of cloth raised on the point where that of the Grand Army stands; if Louis Philippe has caused us to see the nimble Seventeenth, conducted by the Duke d'Aumale, returning from Africa, thinned out by the campaign; one need not be very old to have participated in the return of the Italian army (14th August, 1859); and, above all, at the return of the first regiments from Sebastopol.

It was the 30th of December, 1855. For six months our journals had regaled us with accounts of the patience and heroism of our soldiers. There had been sent to the army of the Orient two hundred and forty thousand men, about one hundred thousand of whom never returned to the soil of their country; those who were to defile before the Parisians were the bravest of the brave; they belonged to the Twentieth, Thirty-ninth, Fiftieth, and Ninety-seventh of the line, who, arriving first on the Crimean soil, had taken part in all the grand affairs of that historic war, from Alma (21st of September, 1854) to the assault (8th of September, 1855).

Each day of the memorable siege had been the occasion of a bril-

liant action. Although the Imperial Guard (first division) accompanied them, Paris had no eyes or voice for any but our little *lignards*, erect and alert under their worn-out coats, used up by the victory.

The future marshals of France, Canrobert and Forey, preceded them; the emperor was ahead of these. What cries! what enthusiasm! when they perceived the first small group formed of the wounded of that little division! Then came the sappers of the Twentieth. I see them yet,—there were seven,—seven bearded, chevroned, medaled, and decorated braves; they were beautiful! they were grand! It was the sacrifice, the devotion, the valor of all our army which marched in the midst of their little phalanx; crowns and flowers rained on them; hats were raised high on canes, handkerchiefs waved, and the houses along the route were covered to the ridges. All had supplied themselves with, and called out, the names of the chiefs who had commanded them,—Colonels Oriane, Comignan, Nicolas-Nicolas, Paultze d'Ivoy, and Lieutenant-Colonels Godine, Cailloux de la Forgerie, Moreno, and Aymard.

Two days afterwards the third battalion of the *chasseurs à pied* (commanded by Genneau), which had not been able to participate in the military fête, was received by the emperor in the *Cour des Carrousel.*

This was a fortifying day for the national spirit. The people had no other thought than France, which was, by the congress and treaty of Paris four months later, to be consecrated as the sovereign arbiter of the destinies of Europe.

The return of the Italian army was, without doubt, more grand, but the popular sentiment was less diffused.

THE GRAND REVIEWS.

Paris has always had the privilege of being able to offer the most beautiful reviews to its inhabitants and to the crowds which visit it.

At once, at a fête of the government, whether that government be a sovereign anointed of the Lord, chosen by the public power, or elected by the people, as in a republic, the authentication, the consecration of the authority, is always shown by a review of the troops.

In amusing the people, the power is always very glad to show where it is strong.

And then, besides these reviews that I call annual, there are the occasional reviews, for which the minister of war makes extraordinary efforts. For example, when a foreign sovereign comes to visit Paris.

I saw, under Louis Philippe, the grand review given for Ibrahim Pacha.

Under the Empire they had, at the commencement of the war of the Orient, a review in honor of the Duke of Cambridge; and in 1867, that where the Emperor Napoleon placed himself between the emperor

of Russia and the future emperor of Germany,—between the one that he had vanquished and the one which was to vanquish him.

On the subject of that review permit me to digress. It was on the return from this beautiful fête that Beresowski fired at the Emperor Alexander. In the morning there had been unfavorable prognostications. The chiefs had just mounted when M. Floquet cried out, "*Vive la Pologne!*" in the face of the autocrat of all Russia. At the Universal Exposition, some months before, a quarrel, followed by some shots and some effusion of blood, had occurred between the French and German workmen occupied in dressing, in the Prussian section, the colossal equestrian statue of William. The police feared some injuries, perhaps worse. When, on starting for Longchamps, Napoleon III. placed Alexander in his carriage, and the Empress Eugenie offered her own to the king of Prussia, every one inquired of himself, What will occur?

In the evening, after the incident, happily without consequences, of Beresowski, the empress uttered to her ladies in waiting, with an air a little angry, this charming expression of a brave woman, "And I, who thought to have taken the good one!"

They have often fired on the sovereigns during a review. Louis Philippe has seen something of this. When they had the National Guard (bayonets as intelligent as discipline was slack) the kings have sometimes received some polite lessons, such as that which occurred to Charles X.

The most beautiful, and certainly the most interesting, review that has taken place at Paris during half a century, we have all seen.

In 1878, at the termination of the Universal Exposition, Marshal McMahon desired to give to the strangers coming from every corner of Europe to feel the pulse of France, coming up from its ruins more lively and richer than before, the spectacle of an entire corps of the new army, with its war effectives and its campaign engines complete.

He chose for that experiment, more politic than military, the last days of the grand manœuvres. The Fourth Corps, commanded by General Deligny, with its reservists, its war batteries, its divers services as complete as possible, which had operated in the valley of the Marne, arrived at the hippodrome of Vincennes, and produced a prodigious effect.

When the Parisians, used to some battalions of one hundred and eighty men representing the armies in the reviews at Longchamps, saw the companies of two hundred and fifty men each defile by battalions in mass, many of them dreamed of Alsace and Lorraine, whose grief was again brought back to us.

The troops partook of much assurance while passing; the tone of the men was excellent, and an air of health and joy reigned in the ranks. The officers attached to the foreign military missions were surprised.

It is singular that they have not renewed that experiment. It is certain that in the eyes of business men it evinced this, what it could and would prove: that, to preserve a great good will with the soldier, and a great capacity on the part of the chiefs, it was a hundred times better, as a practical utility, than the reviews of honor which passed under Louis Philippe the 28th July, under Napoleon III. the 14th of August, and which took place the past 14th of July.

A review is not alone a distraction for the people; it adds to the health of the soldier; and one has often seen in the midst of a torrid temperature the cavaliers who have come from Versailles, the foot-soldiers called from St. Denis, and the artillerymen who have come down from Vincennes, succumb to fatigue or heat. A review is, at the time, a work of policy as well as a military act. It would seem proper, then, for the troops to present themselves in the condition best for them to have their real qualities appreciated.

The day after a review the great journals—the journals which assert in every number that they alone are serious—do not fail to say, "Never have our regiments been more splendid; never have our soldiers executed more correctly their manœuvres." And they imagine that they have performed a patriotic act in giving the name of *the* ARMY to the effectives, which do not represent the fifth part of that which it would be the day of entrance on a campaign. Moreover, they have not the courage to perpetrate the most feeble criticism on the equipment or the remodeling of that embryo army, believing that they would commit a crime of national impiety before Europe.

The foreign officers who never miss a review,—for the next day they always submit to their respective governments the observations which have suggested themselves to them,—the foreign officers are neither blockheads nor blind men. One can judge by reading the reports of Colonel Stoffel, addressed to Berlin, to Marshal Neil and to Marshal Leboeuf, that they have eyes to see and ears to hear. They are not then deceived when, with great effort, three street-batteries are organized with twelve carriages to a regiment of artillery, which will be increased from twelve to twenty the day of mobilization. Neither are they while looking at the foot-soldiers; for they know that out of a regiment they will make a brigade, and out of a division a corps will be created. It appears to me that it will be a grand time to make the Parisians understand what all foreign military men know,—that the reviews held in Paris deceive no one.

Our army, organized as it is to-day, is not that of a military college, where the recruits belong to the profession of arms. All its strength is in its reserves, all its hopes in the rapidity with which mobilization can be effected.

The Prussians read with attention the appreciations of our journals on our army and their own, and it amuses them. At no place have

they disregarded our soldiers; at Woerth, at Wissenburg, at Forbach, about Metz, nor at the time of Sedan, have they failed to appreciate their qualities. In those dark days victory was on the side of large battalions. They have, then, considered with undivided attention the transformation of our army; and their advice to us is that we have the number maintained in the proportion, so that, if the ruling qualities of the French soldier are a little diminished, victory will range itself rapidly and definitively beside the flags the most quickly prepared.

An attempt at mobilization will then be more probable than a review, as beautiful as that might be. An attempt at mobilization will show us true regiments, whereas a review will show us nothing more than the skeleton.

NOTE.—During the time that the above was being prepared General Campenon resigned from the ministry of war, because, contrary to his advice, the ministry persisted in the Tonquin invasion. He contended that the task was unprofitable and unworthy the republic, which could not afford to spare twenty thousand French soldiers—essential to the success of the enterprise—in view of the European situation and the pressing necessity of a more perfect mobilization of the French army. His idea was that this mobilization was the immediate and supreme duty of the hour, and that it should be undertaken at once, with a view of giving the Republic an available military strength of three million men. General Campenon was succeeded by General Lewal, of the Seventeenth Army Corps, who commanded the army of the Rhine during the Franco-Prussian war. Mons. Jules Ferry, the French prime minister, in the Chamber of Deputies at Paris, on the 13th of January, announced that the government intended to immediately increase its energies in Tonquin, and would not stop until it occupied the entire country up to the frontier of the Chinese empire.—W. H. P.

TO, ABOUT, AND ACROSS MADAGASCAR.

(Continued from page 515.)

III.

May 28, 1884.—By 10 A.M. had gathered all my traps together. The men had begun to gather in front of my house by early daylight, and had kept up an incessant clatter of tongues from that time. After no end to shouting, trouble, talking, and generally a terrific hubbub, Stanwood and myself succeeded in getting the heavier packages started off. All this goes straight ahead as far as Ankisitra, and there awaits our arrival. A great crowd had by this time gathered in front of the house, and on my appearance the prolonged "O-o-o-o-o!" from so many throats sounded like a dull roar. All the foreigners had gathered to see me off. Shaking many by the hand, with a *very* heavy heart I got into my filanzan, and, upheld by my bearers, was rapidly carried through the dense crowd, down the principal street of the capital, down the gently sloping hill, to the military plain below me.

I was accompanied by several Europeans, also in filanzans, and by a vast crowd of excited and gesticulating natives. Many ran ahead, and then back again, shouting; many insisted upon grasping me by the hand or coat, or trying to help carry my chair, throwing their spears in the air, striking the ground with their shields, and dancing vociferously. "Baba (father), see me! look at me! Am *I* afraid of the Sakalava? Am *I* not strong and brave?" etc. Rakatava, my faithful friend, never left my side. He sneered silently at all this bravado, and tramped along without a word or gesture.

We were off at last! By country rich in rice-fields, by many pretty little villages, over ground that gradually rose, to where we came to the bank of a river, and found two canoes awaiting us. Here Stanwood and myself bid good-by to our European friends, and crossed the river. In an hour and a half, over a gently rolling country, with many rice-fields and villages, we halted at Tambatoo, a small and rather tumble-down place, but where we found two houses to sleep and rest in. Pitched the tent, with our colors flying over it. Many of my men already drunk and quarrelsome. The governor of the vil-

lage called upon us, and warned us not to proceed, as it was sure "fady" (death). Sudden attack of fever drove me early to bed; kept much awake by the bawling of drunken men.

May 29.—Feeling very ill this morning. On mustering my party, found that ten men had deserted during the night, going back to the capital, and leaving word that they would not cross the Sakalava country. Got together ten more men from the village, and at 11.30 got started again, after the usual hubbub, passing over a somewhat barren and rolling, hilly country, with many villages of mud-built houses, surrounded by high mud-built walls. Many of these villages were in sight at the same time. Some we passed close to, others were on the hill-sides, away from the main road. The tops and sides of these hills, or small mountains, were bestrewed with small boulders of every shape.

Over the long, winding road, over stony hill-sides, or wading the many small rivers, and across swampy rice-fields, we halt finally at a rude collection of houses, forming a village that seemed to have no name. Four men more deserted here. Did not replace them. Off again at 4.40 over the same character of country. Met several filanzans with Europeans, and two ladies with three or four children. Turned out to be a Mr. Dhale and a Mr. Jorgensen, missionaries, with the latter gentleman's family. Eighteen miles to the westward they had been attacked by a band of robbers, who stoned them from a hill. Mr. Jorgensen's bearers all fled, and deserted the baggage. Both gentlemen were unarmed, and powerless to protect themselves. They lost in consequence all their effects. They begged us not to proceed farther, stating that the whole country was in an uproar, and that we were "doomed" men. We pass the place to-morrow. About dark arrived at Ambohitsara, and encamped for the night. Bad fever most of the night.

May 30.—Broke camp at 6.30. Left Ambohitsara at 7.10, and started whole party southward. The morning remarkably cool and refreshing. Passing over a country of beautiful rolling land, though stony on the hill summits. Down in the valleys the country is one mass of rice-fields, with little muddy raised foot-paths or embankments to retain the water in the field. During the rainy season these fields are all flooded, and passage across them exceedingly slippery. Now, however, they are comparatively dry. Little clusters of rude mud houses are scattered all along the hill-sides, and always surrounded by high mud walls.

From the side of any of these hills the view down into the adjacent valley is indeed beautiful. Long grassy slopes, now green with the new rice, for a mile or so; then the rising slope of another hill. A splendid country and rich soil. We saw but few cattle, and all of these confined in pits in the villages. Down in the valley spoken of

wound, in a most circuitous way possible, the river Andromba, like a glistening snake amidst green fields, till lost to sight by intersecting hills.

At 10.30 arrived at Behenjy, quite a pretentious town, on the top of a hill overlooking the country. Got all our baggage in; pitched tent, and took usual observation for latitude. The Andromba River is a feeder to the Betsibooka, and runs here nearly due north. Strolled over to the native market, finding a very large crowd of people of all shades of color and race type. On mats, on little tables, on small raised stalls, were exposed for sale all the various products of this part of the country,—honey, native soap, native and very crude sugar, baskets of dried shrimp, lambas, etc. Men, women, and children kept up an incessant clatter of tongues, apparently doing more talking than selling. "Chip"-money (dollars cut up fine) was the only medium of exchange, and the use by the merchant of the little scales to weigh "chip" out was invariable. Standing on the top of the hill back of the market, the view included that, the long range of hills, the deepening valley, and the green fields between.

We strolled back to camp again. Saw native tobacco for the first time, made up in long bundles, with all the stems turned outwards, and bound round with native rope. All through the village are the usual ox-pits. How the natives get the cattle *in* is hard to say, and harder yet how they get them out. Crowds of natives followed us everywhere, particularly children. The women wear simply a cloth wrapped about them just above the breasts and reaching to the knees. Some of the girls are quite white and good-looking. Watched a woman making a lamba on a native loom. In the afternoon took a long tramp to the westward, and climbed far up the mountain called Karanan. The view from this elevation was grand and impressive. At midnight got back to the camp, and turned in. The camp is well guarded against surprise. Two sentinels armed with old flint-locks pace up and down in front of my tent, four more are stationed on the main path leading to the village, and a picket-guard of forty men are at different places about. I hear their peculiar sing-song hail echo through the still tropical night. All is quiet, and I blow out the native "dip" to save for to-morrow.

May 31.—Broke camp at daylight. Found, on mustering, that fourteen men had deserted! Repacked diminished packages, and reduced traveling force. Received letters by a special courier from the capital from several friends. All think that we are going to our deaths. Beautiful, cool morning; fresh breeze from the westward. Bad attack of fever; delayed starting till afternoon. Better at 3 P.M. Took another long walk to the westward. Sun very hot, and heat oppressive. Crossed many rice-fields, and came to a little river (a "feeder" to the Andromba), running about northwest. Waded across

it, and rested on the other side. After a while started up-stream; came suddenly on four young women in bathing. On seeing us they shrieked, and leaving their one garment behind them, ran rapidly away.

To the eastward the scenery is fine,—brown-roofed houses against green fields, and in the background the towering summit of grand Ankananar, rock-capped, and clear outlined against a cloudless sky. To the left, rolling hills, green valleys, and a hundred little villages, brown in color and rude in appearance, far stretching to the southward. To the right, still green, rolling hills, with a long, winding, yellow, tape-like line,—the road along which we had so lately come. Far now in the distance lay Behenjy, and towards it I began to retrace my steps. The sun is setting behind the hills; its rays tinge and turn to brighter hue the mud walls of the rude houses. Lazy, lamba-wrapped natives sit in groups about, dreamily watching me or the sinking sun. I wonder what *they* are thinking of?

The town is completely surrounded by a moat, the bottom of which is now completely overgrown with trees and shrubbery, the tops of which reach the level of the ground above. Why this moat, I have been unable to ascertain or to conjecture. Probably in times past as a means of defense against marauding tribes. Its use now has certainly passed away. Had dinner on a mat, as usual,—rice, fowl, and fruit. Night made hideous by crowds of drunken men and women, generally naked, carousing in the village.

June 1.—Broke camp at 5.30 A.M. At 8 got all the party started, and set out with Stanwood to the southward, bringing up the rear. The character of the almost countless villages we passed to-day is about the same. They consist of a collection of rude, one-story mud houses. There are a few double-storied structures. The mud or clay is brought from the banks of the small streams in rude wicker-baskets on the backs of men. Bricks, when used, are always made in the yards of the houses building. When they are dry, the work begins. The cellar is dug, and thus the four walls are raised, and roof of dry rofia palm-leaves put on. At about noon arrived at Ambatsolampy, where we lunched.

We are followed to-day by the "army" sent by the queen, under the command of a pompous Hova, who wears a long, black coat, seedy plug-hat, a dirty lamba close-wrapped about him, naked legs, and carries a huge brass-handled sword. A still odder individual to me is the drummer, or the "band," as Stanwood and myself have dubbed him. He carries a rude native drum, which he never loses an opportunity to fairly thrash at every place of any importance we pass *en route*. Particularly is this the case when a stream has to be forded or a steep hill to climb.

Left Ambatsolampy at 2, and continued south, proceeding over a

very rich country, with many villages buried in verdure on every side. At 11.30 stopped on the First Divide, and took a breathing-spell. Facing west, over the tops of many intervening hills, rose the lofty and cloud-capped range of the Ankatara Mountains, running north-northeast to south-southwest, and forming the two great eastern and western watersheds of Madagascar. Down in a near valley, built on a ragged bluff, deep interlaced with natural ravines (now covered with vegetation), to the northwest lay the village of Amboitroso. Facing east could be distinguished the peaks of the great eastern range, that runs nearly parallel with the east coast-line, and intersects the Ankatara at about right angles, forming on the north the valley of Imerina, the watershed where head both the Betsibooka and the Zizibongy.

At 12.40 arrived at the village of Ambatsolampy, as stated. Stayed here all night. Great hubbub among our men. Armed myself, and held a "kabary," or meeting. Found that many feared to proceed farther, or wanted more money, and that a mutiny was imminent. Incessant complaint, surly looks, and a general threatening demeanor was rife. Suddenly many of them broke out into wild shouts, shaking their spears, and, rushing through the streets of the village, called out nearly the entire population. Many of the latter were ugly-looking customers, and I noticed were well armed. Great crowds soon gathered, and frantic gesticulations, rapid, half-shrieked exclamations, rapidly raised the excitement to fever-heat. Three or four of the most noisy and vociferous kept constantly following me about, saying things I did not understand, but looking looks that I did. Presently I detected the passing of the native rum-bottle, with its maddening "tacoa," or native rum. It means debauchery, insanity, and outrage. Something, I saw, must be done at once.

I held a short whispered word with Stanwood, and then quickly both of us took the same step. I approached a crowd of the most noisy and excited, in the centre of which a tall, nearly naked man was making apparently an inflammatory speech directed against the "vazahs." Followed closely by faithful Rakatava, I pushed my way to this man's side, and, throwing myself upon him, threatened him with death with the simple argument of a cocked revolver. Stanwood did the same with another ringleader, and in a moment more we had the two firmly bound in rope. The mutiny fell through, and quiet then was soon restored. The next morning both prisoners were returned to the capital. I heard afterwards that both were shot by their guard to save the necessity of the long journey back. At night all quiet, but sleepless to me from both exhaustion and excitement.

June 2.—Broke camp at early dawn. Found on muster that twelve men had deserted. With great difficulty got started off to the southwest. About north-northeast from here, say seven miles distant, there is the bed (now dry) of a once vast lake. Now there is at

present a small, narrow stream running from out this dry bed to the southward, and in all possibly fifty brooks of different sizes. My theory is that this dry bed once was the original source of the Zizibongy River; that all these little streams were then *one*, which found its source in this lake; that some repeated heavy rainy seasons broke down the barrier between the lake (which is considerably above the level of the surrounding country) and the valleys below. This débris stopped the main stream, and divided it into many small streams, flowing between the adjacent hills,—the present system. This is of course *all* only theory; but I believe a close observation would bear out the supposition.

Up and down and over these we came,—all of them utterly barren of any vegetation,—no trees, in fact, save those around the villages on the hill-sides, brown-walled, with little green patches of rice or shrubbery. Rolling for miles and miles away, the great wave-like land stretches to the far distance, billowy, soft in the early daylight, with the velvety range of Ankatara clear-lined against the sky. Jog, jog, with the merry shouts of men half naked, rushing with wild cries up the steep hill-side, then down with a shout to the green valleys and roaring brooks beneath. On every side I could distinguish the beds of rivers now dry. The soil is a rich loam.

At 10.45 we came to a large hill, and descended into a valley deeper than usual. This valley is six miles from where Mr. Jorgensen was attacked. Here in this valley tradition has it that Radama I. met and fought the Betsileo army drawn up to oppose this Napoleon of Madagascar. It was musket and spear *versus* club and spear, the musket coming out ahead. Thousands and thousands of graves still are found here.

What a strange history this island has had, so distant and unknown to the great world outside! Yet men's passions and ambitions have found as bloody a field here as on the vast battle-grounds of Europe. I interviewed an old woman whom my bearers told me still remembered it (1828). She only covered her face with her hands to give expression to her horror of its recollection.

At 11.45 entered Ankisitra, just outside of which I met with and gathered some of the first native cotton I had seen. Saw also growing, in large quantities, hemp of an excellent quality. The town is a small, tumble-down, and exceedingly dirty village. It is purely Betsileo. The men and women wear but a coarse hemp lamba about the loins, devoid of decency, and utterly careless of exposure. It is hardly worth a description; in fact, the description of one Betsileo village stands for all.

A little rice boiled, a slice of half-plucked chicken, and "rough" curry, and we were off again, but for a few miles farther only, when we reached a village called by name Sumanarivo, which consisted of two

houses, wherein lived a flock of sheep, a dozen pigs, a number of fowl, and a crowd of Betsileo. Went into camp, and named the place "Camp Chandler," in honor of the naval Secretary at home. Posted double rows of pickets, one close around the tumble-down wall, and the other farther out. Everything is snug inside the tent, its floor covered with clean mats, our arms handy, the little cooking-stove simmering cheerily away, and our blankets on either side.

A woman came to the door of the tent with a lot of *lobsters* for sale, which she says are plentiful in every stream. The longest are about ten inches, and thick as one's wrist. They were excellent. The woman herself stood by while I did the cooking, and seemed to be very much interested in the operation. The little clothing she had on was neither very clean nor very profuse. A candle burns sputteringly at my head. The subdued buzz of voices from the "soldiers'" tents, the puff, puff, of our pipes, as, stretched at full length, we discuss queer life in Madagascar, the air of novelty, the spice of danger, add all a peculiar and agreeable excitement to this scene. The candle is low, Stanwood sleeps, and I get up, softly pull aside the flap of our tent. A bright moon, a cloudless, star-twinkling sky, and perfect, deathly silence is all that denotes that we are in the very heart of Madagascar.

June 3. Thermometer at daylight 58°. The "band" and his drum stirred up the camp at 5.30 A.M. We got off promptly at seven o'clock. The country over which we now traveled differed but little from that of yesterday. The same rolling hills, with patches of hemp or rice, and the inevitable tumble-down villages on the hill-sides. Ascents and descents were, however, much more rapid and steep. Crossed several small streams ranging from the little brook to the more pretentious river. All were running SOUTH! All are feeders to the *Zizibongy!*

At 8.15 descended a little slope and came to an exceedingly pretty waterfall of about forty feet, tumbling over broken rocks to the little valley beneath. Nearly all the towns (now purely Betsileo) consist of not more than half a dozen houses as described, but surrounded by mud walls overgrown with cactus, and then a deep moat outside the wall. Our party trails along now, it seems to me, for miles back. Frequently we meet detached traveling parties on the road, generally consisting of one or two men wearing the flowing lamba and straw hat, and carrying long bundles of hemp on their shoulders, followed by a woman wrapped in a piece of hemp rag that seems to hold a child on her back, whose woolly head bobs first one way then another over its mother's shoulder. Sometimes we pass bodies of spearmen going to other villages, and sometimes women alone.

As we progressed to-day the villages grew rarer and farther apart, and even more tumble-down and dirty. At 9.15 arrived at Anabo-

rana, a small Betsileo village of about ten huts, surrounded by a wall and deep moat. Waited here the arrival of the whole train. Was much amused at seeing the playing of some little children (a *very* rare sight in the island). All these were girls, from five to eight years of age. The game consisted in the apparent imitation of some native dance, with the clapping of hands and a low sing-song. They were all perfectly naked.

Standing outside of Anaborana, the rapid rise of the ground of what I have designated as the *Second Divide* is seen. Between this and the observer the valley is deep, and through it ran a small feeder to the Zizibongy. About noon left Anaborana to make the ascent of the Second Divide to the westward.

Rapidly ascending, we finally reached the summit. We found ourselves at an elevation of five thousand eight hundred feet. From this view the ranges of mountains and of tumbling hills seemed to run in every direction,—criss-crossing, tangling, and inextricable. Far to the southward we could see the somewhat pretentious town of Antsirabé, where we stop to-morrow for a day or two. To the north a spur of hills cuts the southerly range at right angles, and ends abruptly in a conical and lofty peak.

We have now lost sight of the Ankatara Range. The country generally rises between each series of "divides" to an elevation of eighteen hundred feet *above* the *capital*. From here too I could see the far distant beginning of the dreaded Sakalava Land, over which we were soon to cross. Now rapidly descending the southern slope of the "Second Divide," we reach the bottom of a valley, through which roars and rushes the largest feeder of the Zizibongy we have yet seen (south flow).

We begin now the ascent of the "Third Divide," a lofty series of mountains, the top of which, on gaining, I found to be six thousand eight hundred feet above sea-level! From here again the view is uninterrupted and grand. The valley beneath lay like a green blanket between the smooth and barren hills. With a whoop, and one long yell, our bearers flew down the mountain-side, jumping and shouting, over a rough and slippery path, over smooth and sliding stones, over a narrow brook and into a little town, whose walls were dotted with curious and woolly heads.

It was too early to stop, so we tramped on again over now a smooth and rolling country, till finally about sunset came to a half-deserted collection of rude houses, and here went into camp, calling the place Camp No. 2. Not more than twenty people live here apparently, but there is a deep cattle-pen, and just as the sun dipped over the hills about a dozen girls drove in a large herd of cattle for the night.

Saw clouds and clouds of locusts in the air. Later in the evening they swarmed over us, falling by hundreds and thousands about the

camp. They were greedily devoured by the pigs and dogs, or collected in baskets by the natives to be dried and eaten. The night was brilliant moonlight. Large grass-fires to the westward illumine the heavens. All is quiet and apparent peace.

June 4.—The drum again, and the camp all astir at early dawn. At 7.30 passed over the same character of country. The villages becoming more frequent and somewhat larger. We are in the very heart of the Betsileo district. The men are tall, dark, and swarthy, active and hard-working. The women are much smaller, much lighter in complexion, voluptuous in build, and very prolific. Morality is almost unknown among them, and chastity utterly so. The general food is rice. Sometimes a little beef, or a fowl. To form an estimate of the cost to the head of a Betsileo family to support his people,—one wife and four children, say,—it can generally be stated, if no foreigners live here, that the head of the family supports his people by his own farm-work, in the rice-fields, etc., and by the produce. If he is in need of a little money, he raises, as well, some produce that will sell in public market, such as hemp, tobacco, etc. If there *is* a foreigner here, a Betsileo's average daily wages are about four cents. The ground for building their houses upon they simply take,—that is, of course, in case no one else is in occupancy. This is the general Malagasy law and custom.

At 7.40 crossed a broad feeder of the Zizibongy; as usual, in a deep valley. At 9.40 arrived at a town called Soamanandray, quite a pretentious Betsileo place, about six miles from the large town of Antsirabé. Here breakfasted. At 11.30 I left the party and started off for a long tramp to the eastward. Reached a rough collection of gray rocks jutting out of the ground about five miles from our camp. Here rested.

The weather is perfectly delightful, like an early New England fall. I almost listen to hear the shrill cry of our own blue-jay or the shriek of our native kingfisher. Above me the sky is of the clearest azure blue; the soft and fleecy clouds sail along before the balmy western wind; the tall grasses about me rustle in the breeze. Far to the west I can distinguish the hazy outlines of the mountain-range that shuts out from view the dreaded Sakalava land. On the slope of these rise the white buildings of Antsirabé. It is the last town before we turn our faces westward and towards the sea. To the right and left are mountains clear-cut against the sky, their slopes dotted here and there by little villages in verdure. Prominent in the foreground are the brown-roofed houses of Soamanandray.

Returned to the village at 11.40 A.M., and found all prepared to start. Passed over a prairie-like country completely encircled by hills and mountains on every side,—a perfect basin, from out of which there was no apparent egress. The level ground is occasionally broken by deep ravines and the bed of some brook or stream, and generally green with rice. The distant country towards the mountains presented a

charming view. Innumerable Betsileo villages were everywhere. To our left, now hid by tall mountains, lay the Sakalava territory, and continually pointing towards it, my men, often breaking into a fast trot, kept singing, "We are not afraid, not we! not we! We are strong and brave, are we! are we!" etc. So we came half running into Antsirabé.

I stopped outside of this town and mustered all my forces. Then calling together my "filanzana" men, I got into the chair and entered the town. From the north the most marked thing about the town is the large church of the Norwegian Missionary Society. This is on the right side; on the left are the many houses of the residents. As is the case in all these towns, distance adds enchantment that is not borne out by a closer inspection. We found here a comfortable (saving the family pig) house to live in, and did not pitch the tent. We are now on the very borders of the dreaded land.

June 5.—Morning bright, cool, and refreshing. Stanwood down with fever. A native missionary and school-teacher called upon me, both being accompanied by several of their scholars. Paid a visit today to the remarkable Hot Springs of Antsirabé. They are situated in a large natural basin, about fifteen hundred feet across, and surrounded by small hills or steep land-falls. The basin is evidently an extinct volcanic crater. Volcanic I have no doubt is their origin. The ground of the basin is completely incrusted with salt, and in many directions are pools of various sizes. I counted as many as twenty. These are constantly bubbling up, and of a temperature from tepid to nearly boiling. It is said that these springs possess great medicinal properties; but for what specific purpose I could not ascertain, except for bathing or drinking during attacks of the fever.

Antsirabé is one of the most important towns of the Betsileo region. Important as a trade centre. The goods come from the north here for distribution, and the products of a great outlying country are brought here to exchange. It is therefore one of the largest trade-feeders of the capital. Trade consists mostly of American cloths, lambas, etc., and the produce generally of hides. Antsirabé is about one hundred miles from Antananarivo. All produce, export or import, between the two towns is carried on the backs of slaves or bearers.

The town consists of a huddle of rude houses, roofed with grasses. They are here generally two-story. The family, pigs, chickens, and goats on the first floor, the cooking done on the second. Cattle-pits, deep and dirty, are everywhere. A moat surrounds the town. Outside are a few stalls of merchants and a number of brickmaking-yards; then green fields, corn, patches of rice, and the far-stretching country, with the background of rising hills. Have a touch of fever, and am very tired, and begin to feel the effects of the rough and toilsome journey seriously.

June 6.—Cool and cloudy; easterly wind, and damp. Little of importance to-day. Stanwood better. Took a tramp to the eastward. Repacked all baggage and made ready to start on Stanwood's recovery. Myself not well.

June 7.—Overcast, cloudy, damp; easterly wind. Very shaky this morning. Sent a letter addressed to the Honorable Secretary of the Navy by a special courier back to the capital. In the afternoon took a long stroll to the eastward; noticed a marked change in the material used in building the houses of one or two adjacent villages, all the walls being of *solid stone.* An old man explained it as the "custom of his fathers." Saw, also, in the vicinity of this village two large pits lined with stone, which, I was told, years ago had been used by the people as limekilns. I have no doubt that these villages were once inhabited by an entirely different race from those now living here. I believe *mud* houses came into use in Radama's time. Stanwood is much better, but we decide to rest one day more before we cross the mountains to the westward.

June 8.—Overcast and cloudy, afterwards clearing up to warm and very pleasant weather. I took a long tramp to the eastward. Nothing new or of importance to-day. All ready for an early start to-morrow. Made a rough sketch of the street looking out of my window. Day hot and cloudless.

So to-morrow we are to attempt the second of our steps to the sea across a country never yet trod by a white man's foot, and considered even by the oldest resident of the interior a desperate if not a foolhardy undertaking. We are both in good health and spirits, and both certain of success. Held a grand meeting of all our men, and went over the situation with the head-men. Several declined to go any farther, and we were obliged to leave them. The rest seemed willing and content. Packages were repacked, all baggage was redistributed, and every preparation made for the long and dangerous journey.

In the evening Stanwood and myself went over the situation entirely, and over an old map of Madagascar plotted out the proposed route roughly, and then went to bed to be prepared to start early.

M. A. SHUFELDT,
Lieutenant U.S.N.

(To be continued.)

NATIONAL GUARD OF ILLINOIS.

I BELIEVE that history, ancient or modern, does not tell us of a state, kingdom, or nation of any standing or importance, existing for any considerable time without either a regular army of trained soldiers or a provision for calling into active service what, in these days, we term the militia. Even in the good old biblical and bibulous days we have seen that the armies, trained or untrained, were enormous; and I do not believe it practicable for any independent state or nation to long exist as such without the ready means forcibly to maintain its own laws and enforce its rights and standing. This necessity is generally recognized, except by that element of society which desires disorder rather than order; which prefers to break laws rather than maintain them; and by those whose sympathy or wishes go with the baser elements of society. Certainly ever since the strike of 1877, in this and many other States, the necessity for armed force is conceded. Then, conceding the necessity for the Illinois National Guard, what are its needs to make it the nearest perfect and most effective?

The ideas indulged in by many in the dim ages of the past, and by a few fossils or narrow-minded persons of the present, that it is all fun and a parade-day for the military; that the men and officers composing the Illinois National Guard have no higher end or aim in view than a glittering uniform and a Fourth-of-July-Hail-Columbia parade-day; and that the military ought to be ready at all times to do the bidding of some worthless and cowardly mayor, sheriff, or other officer of the law, pay their own way, buy their own uniforms, get shot, and thank God and the State for the use of a rusty old musket, is, or should be, exploded—musket and all.

In my estimation the prime necessity, as well as the first duty of the State, is that the State should make suitable and ample provisions for maintaining its militia on a decent and liberal basis, by providing for armories (armories were furnished in the days of Solomon and David), fuel, lights, and all necessary expenses, as well as pay to the soldiers when on duty, in camp, and for sufficient number of muster-days in the year, when attendance should be compelled. It would be money well invested for the State. The State provides for the deaf, dumb, blind, crazy, bad, and unfortunate generally in a bountiful manner, but is nig-

gardly with the men who stand ready at all times, with life and gun, to defend it, its property, and its laws. And, above all things, I think the State should adopt, and then furnish to its organized militia, a decent and suitable uniform, as well as provide all necessary equipments, overcoats, blankets, pouches, haversacks, knapsacks, canteens, etc. The exposures of a soldier are sufficient under the most favorable circumstances, and I think he should be provided for to the fullest extent. The men who stand always ready, at the call from proper authority, to meet force, violence, mob-rule, and lawlessness with military precision and efficiency, and, if need be, to sacrifice home, health, limb, and life in defense of the State, its people and property, and to enforce its laws, should not be expected, much less required, to furnish their own uniforms and equipments, to be worn out in such service, or while preparing themselves to be efficient soldiers.

And, further, if the troops were all uniformed alike, their appearance when on duty would be much better and more soldierly, and they would be undoubtedly more efficient.

Thus much, or little, for the necessities outside and the outside necessities of the Illinois National Guard, and a few words as to its needs within.

One serious drawback to the perfection and efficiency of any command in our active militia is the constant changes of the men composing such command. The company of to-day may be almost entirely changed by the next year by "removals from district," "discharges," etc., the result of which is the constant education and drilling of recruits. While this is by no means an entire loss to the State, it militates seriously against the attainment to a high degree of perfection among the commands. And while this cannot be overcome wholly, it may be obviated somewhat by the exercise of greater care in the enlistment of recruits and mustering in of companies. None should be received that do not give promise of some permanence and standing. Only good material should be permitted to go on a roll, and all worthless names and dead-weights should be promptly stricken off.

Another shortcoming is the failure of many men and officers to think of, study up, or post themselves in their respective duties. Men expect the company commander to think, learn, and act for them. Some company officers expect to fall in line in the battalion, and that the field-officers will act as their guides; and a few field-officers seem to think the brigade will run smoothly in some "mysterious way its wonders to perform." To all such I might suggest that a perusal of Upton's Tactics and the Army Regulations would be of service, and some possibly would find much good reading as well as some news therein. Promotions should be made with care. A captain appoints as a non-commissioned officer a favorite; a company elects as a commissioned officer some "jolly good fellow," and so on; but too

often it happens a failure of officer and company is the result. A good soldier is promoted to a non-commissioned place, and immediately conceives he has nothing more to learn; that his stripes reach round the globe. A first-class non-commissioned officer is commissioned, and ambition is satiated with the donning of a nice uniform and a bright sword; he thinks he has nothing more to learn; and when the sword is drawn he hardly cares whether it goes into the ear of the man in front or through the shoe of the one behind. Some good company officers are promoted to field and staff positions, and at once feel that they are lay members of the military body, and forget by what process, and how and why they attained such position.

It is not the duty of the colonel or captain to do all the work, all the study, all the thinking for, or be the constant drill-master of, his command. Field and staff subaltern and non-commissioned officers should know and assume their respective duties, and thus lighten the burden of the commanders. It is generally understood that the colonel of a regiment or captain of a company shall be at all times and places ready to do and perform everything pertaining to his regiment or company, from "drawing grub," making out details, cleaning guns, and squad drilling, up to commanding his regiment or company. Company and regimental schools of instruction should be organized, and properly conducted and *attended*, and examining boards might be of service.

And commanders of regiments and companies should not be content with their own ability to command, but should take especial care that their under-officers fit themselves to succeed to the higher command in case emergency calls upon them to do so.

In this connection, one criticism I frequently hear made is that regimental commanders and their field- and staff-officers do not visit the companies of their command. I am often asked, "Why do not our regimental officers ever come to see us?" Regular and frequent visits should be made by them to their companies. In many ways it would be of great service to the company officers and their companies, and be a stimulant to all to make greater efforts for success and perfection, besides begetting a better feeling by the personal acquaintance and fellowship. During my recent inspection I was accompanied by several regimental officers to companies of their command, and in almost every instance the effect was noticeable and beneficial.

Discipline is the soul of military perfection and efficiency, and is one of the *needs* of our service. This term comprehends many matters, some of which I have touched on. By discipline I do not mean the bucking and gagging of, or carrying a rail, doing extra duty, and the like, by some private soldier. It includes the education as well as the compelling obedience to commands. The highest state of discipline needs the least *compelling;* it is where all know their duty and do it.

A prompt and faithful observance of rules, regulations, orders, and commands should be indulged in by officers, as well as enforced. Some few officers seem to think that they are only a medium to transmit orders, and not to observe or enforce them. Company commanders are required to keep proper books, accounts, files of orders, rolls, etc.; but more than you would believe are negligent in these matters, while some seem to act as though official correspondence, in the language of Patrick Henry, can wait "until the next week or the next year." And from this negligence much delay and confusion arises.

I have occasionally met company commanders who act as though they thought themselves only prominent figure-heads, to give the commands "fall in," "carry arms," "fours right," etc., and fail to appreciate the necessity for their troubling themselves about the enforcement or observance of discipline; and that if they only look well themselves, it is immaterial what is the personal appearance of the members of their company.

Men who have no pride in their personal appearance are not, as a rule, the best soldiers; and if the men have not the pride, the taste, the care, the thought for themselves, then the officers should cultivate and enforce it in them. It is the small and seemingly insignificant matters which go to make up the beauty as well as efficiency of a soldier or a military company. This applies to dress as well as to actions. The company commander should be the disciplinarian of his company, and not expect the adjutant-general, the inspector, the regimental commander, to discipline his company for him while he stands around and says, "Now, boys, do this or that." If a man fall in rank with dirty gun, uniform or equipments awry, with gaudy neck-tie, a display of watch-chain or other unmilitary appendages, or while on duty his acts are ungentlemanly, and consequently unmilitary, the officer should use his eyes, and not hesitate to use his authority without waiting for reinforcements. When he is on duty, in command, he should be considerate, impartial, dignified, but by all means *be in command.* If he has insubordinate men, either command them or get rid of them, or of himself.

E. B. HAMILTON,
Inspector-General of Illinois.

ONE OF THE DUANES.

(Continued from page 554.)

CHAPTER XVI. (Continued.)

He accompanied her as far as the steps of Mrs. Revere's piazza. "At what time do you leave to-morrow?" he asked, abruptly, while she still stood on the stair above him looking down.

"In the evening. I have forgotten the exact hour."

"You are surely not going to undertake the long journey all alone?"

"No. Papa will go half-way to meet me, which will do very well, I think, though he considers it quite dreadful that I must go any distance unaccompanied. If I could have stayed a little longer I should have been able to go home with the same lady who chaperoned me as far as Montgomery when I came. What ages ago that seems, by the way!"

"It was just at this time that I had intended going up to Montgomery on business if it had not been for the court-martial proceedings, which will, of course, prevent my getting away," Sidney said.

"The court-martial proceedings?" she echoed, faintly. "Do you mean——"

"For the trial of Private Dane of my battery, the man who deserted and did his best to ruin our distillery scheme the other day. I suppose you have heard all about it."

"I—have heard something," she murmured. "But I did not know when it was to be—the trial, I mean."

"To-morrow the court meets, and, of course, I shall be required as a witness. I wish it were not so," with some hesitation. "It might be very disagreeable to you, and yet I should be glad if I could be on the same train with you, at least, as far as Montgomery. I would not inflict myself upon you, but I really do not like to think of your traveling alone. However, there is no use in reflecting upon it, as I cannot get away."

"Do you think," she said, without any appearance of having heard what Sidney had been saying, "that he will be acquitted?"

"Dane?" he asked, with some astonishment. "Oh, no! I should

say there was no chance of that whatever. His guilt is self-evident, and his punishment will not be as severe as he deserves. Such men as he are a disgrace to the army."

"Oh, you are all alike—cruel—every one!" the girl cried, passionately. And then turning from him without a word of farewell, like a leaf blown by the gale, she fluttered away, and so disappeared into the house.

A moment Sidney remained gazing after her, half bewildered by her sudden flight, then, still marveling greatly, and not a little hurt by her manner and last words, walked back to his own quarters. For the second time the recollection of that hateful, unsigned letter insinuated itself into his mind, only to be banished with loathing at the instant of its entrance there. The mere memory of so vile a thing, it seemed to him, demeaned his manhood, and he thrust it away with the violence he would fain have spent instead upon the author of that base calumniation.

"She is interested in Dane, naturally, for Francisca's sake, and for her sake alone," he told himself.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE sun had set, and the fog was rolling off in spiral wreaths, like smoke. A transparent mist still lingered, and through its veil the sky glowed with an angry lurid red, shedding reflections on the fog-wreaths that resembled drops of blood.

Bonny had been lending Mrs. Revere some assistance in the arrangement of her flowers for the evening; but the weird, ruddy light attracted her to the window, and she stood gazing out, fascinated, yet half appalled.

"It is an evil sky," Mrs. Revere pronounced, joining Bonny, with her hands full of roses. "If one were superstitious, now, one might easily take it as a warning of calamities to come."

Bonny made some light rejoinder; but, self-reliant, brave-hearted maiden as she once (not long ago) had been, turned hastily away with a little shiver; and, afterwards, in passing a west window, resorted to manifold devices rather than be tempted to glance out.

Mrs. Revere, however, had no time for wasting superstitious fancies upon a mere chance effect of sun and cloud. She was very well satisfied with the change in the weather and with the completed decoration of her rooms,—so much so, that the warmth of her feelings towards Miss Duane suffered a considerable increase. She even addressed her as her "darling,"—a thing she had not done for a number of days, lavish as she had been with the adjective of old. Even a woman as artistically politic as Mrs. Revere is obliged to realize at times that her prejudices

may prove too strong for her control, and that under stress of temptation she may act with unwise impulsiveness. Then the only thing to do is to alter her course with circumspection, just a little at a time; but in this instance the pretty endearments were doled out too late. They had lost all their old flavor for Bonny, who was glad when at last she could make an excuse of dressing, and shut herself up in her own room.

Her face in the mirror, that gave her back look for look while she was busied with her toilet, annoyed and half terrified her, so like a separate and intrusive identity did it seem with its great, sad, inquiring eyes. "It is as though there were two of us," she thought uneasily. "That is my old self, as I used to be months ago when I first came here, inquiring of the new self the cause of all the trouble and weariness it sees upon its face." Which of the two selves will outlive and overcome the other? she wondered, eyeing her reflection uncannily. The fancy passed away presently, but left her more nervous and restless than before. A score of emotions rioted with her overwrought nerves while she dressed herself for the evening. It was her last night at Barrancas, and she was thankful and despairing in the space of a breath or a sigh. She was to see Sidney—had he not promised her?—just this once more, and then—never again; so she must look her fairest, that the latest impression left upon his mind should be a pleasant one. She had seldom bestowed so much thought upon her personal appearance, having, as a rule, taken it for granted, half unconsciously, that it would certainly be quite what was desirable; but to-night she scrutinized each feature critically, picking flaws of which she had never dreamed till now. She was growing wretchedly thin; her eyes were hollow and over large, and looked too startlingly dark in contrast with her light hair. She had aged perceptibly, also, she told herself distastefully, having been transformed, in face as well as in soul, during these last few weeks, from a careless young girl into a weary, anxious woman. She tried the effect of many different little adornments in turn, but nothing suited her. One who had watched with a knowledge of the feeling which actuated her would have found her perplexity more pathetic than ridiculous; but she herself yielded to her own wayward whims with an almost petulant impatience, scorning herself for what she termed her foolishness and levity. Finally, after numerous changes, she decided upon what had been her first choice,—a dress of black tulle, that showed a white vision of rounded neck and arms; and at her bosom she pinned a few heavy-headed buds of the magnolia.

Ten o'clock is considered late at out-of-the-world Barrancas, and by that time, or a half-hour after, Mrs. Revere's party was at its height. The piazza was inclosed all about by large flags stretched across the open sides, thus forming quite a spacious promenade, unaffected by wind and weather, and rendered softly brilliant by the light of Chinese

lamps. There was good music, a wilderness of flowers, plenty of pretty dresses, and a few pretty women to set the latter off. There was also a dazzling display of brass buttons, sacred both to the "U. S. A." and "U. S. N.," and many feminine admirers to feel "how happy could they be with either, were t'other dear charmer away." People who were the "everybody" of Barrancas and the navy-yard came to the flower-decorated spot where Bonny and Mrs. Revere stood together receiving their guests (like a tall, fresh lily blooming beside a fading Marshal Niel rose), delivered themselves of agreeable nothings, and then wandered away to deliver themselves of other nothings more spicy, if rather less suave.

"Your daughter is not here, or Miss Levara either, I think," observed Mrs. Voorhees to Mrs. Collingwood.

"No," returned that matron (as ever serene in a conscious virtue whose sharp excrescences pricked through the failings of her friends). "No, it seemed more honest to leave the two poor girls" (she pronounced it g-yurls) "at home, under the existing circumstances, you know. Miss Duane, unfortunately, has 'not escaped calumny,' and of course one cannot be too careful as to whom one's daughter and her young friends associate with. As for myself, I am willing for the little time that is left to make a small concession for the sake of not wounding poor Mrs. Revere."

"Is it *calumny*, exactly?" softly queried Mrs. Voorhees. "This Ophelia may be fair, but she is certainly not a snow maiden."

"Look at her dress to-night, for instance," Mrs. Partridge chimed in suddenly and rather unexpectedly. "Did you ever see a more meretricious striving after effect? All dead black, to show off her arms and shoulders; and can there be any doubt, do you think, that that peculiar hair of hers is either bleached or dyed?"

Each member of the trio, and their "silent partner," Dr. McFarland, glared covertly at the object of their speech.

Bonny, whose nerves had for so long been strained almost beyond their utmost tension, was now literally radiant with a strange, wild feverishness of excitement. Her cheeks blazed with marvelous if unwholesome roses, her dilated pupils made the hazel eyes seem black, and her hot hands toyed flutteringly with their burden of fan and flowers. She was talking and laughing with Mr. Manners, of the "Wyandotte," while Sidney stood silently near at hand, when the band began playing the latest Strauss waltz, and Bonny, whose duty of "receiving" was done, ceased to contaminate her neighbors' morals, and was whirled away in Mr. Manners's arms.

When the music was still, Sidney found her as she was resting in the window with her companion, and asked her for a dance. She had been talking excitedly, and laughing gayly, almost loudly for her who possessed that most excellent thing in a woman, a low, sweet voice;

but when she accepted Sidney's arm, and let him lead her down the piazza steps (after wrapping her opera cloak about her shoulders), her gayety and laughter suddenly were stilled.

"Does the very sight of me depress you, to-night, that all your smiles vanish when I carry you off?" he questioned, more in earnest than in jest, looking down at her grave, flushed face.

"No," she answered, quickly; "it is rest, peace, to be near some one with whom I need not keep up a continual stream of gayety and nonsense. Oh, if people only knew," she went on impulsively, "how under the froth of such nonsense is nearly always the strong, bitter draught of discontent and utter weariness, they would set a different estimate upon it, and find a new name for it, don't you think?"

"I fancied I heard you say but a little while ago that you adored nonsense?"

"Perhaps you did; and there spoke out the other self who somehow does not feel *one* with me to-night. It is true that there are times when a certain kind of nonsense becomes one's only comfort or resource, and the world would seem a dull place without it. But to-night is not one of those times with me, and if I said it was, the words were only a part of the inevitable nonsense itself. Now, I may be quite myself for a little while, and then afterwards—to-morrow——"

"Yes—to-morrow?"

"All will be different."

"Well, at least," Sidney said, with an unmirthful laugh, "it will be a pleasure for me to remember that I have had the privilege of rescuing you from even the one small discomfort of an unwelcome diet of nonsense."

She looked up at him with a certain wistful appeal showing itself in her eyes and lovely, expressive face. "Don't speak so," she said, simply. "I want you to be very kind to me to-night. It is my last, remember. I wish for pleasant recollections of it to carry away."

They were out on the deserted sidewalk now, with the band-music and the music of the ocean mingling in their ears.

"*Kind* to you?" he echoed, hotly, as though those words of hers had alone impressed themselves upon his mind. "*Kind?*—Don't you know, that is what I would spend my life in being, if you would let me—and you will not. Why won't you be kind to *me?*"

He caught both her hands, and held them as though he would never let them go. She did not struggle to draw them away, but faced him, flushed, and desperate, and trembling. "I am kind to you,—I am kind!" she cried, knowing that the crisis had come between them now, and that she could not put it away from her any more. "If I have seemed cruel, it was but to be kind. Did you think I was fickle? or a coquette?—that I had allowed you to believe what I had never meant? Then, I tell you now, it was not so. I hadn't intended to

tell you. I thought it would be well for you to believe as badly of me as you could, since that would kill your love; but—I can't bear it. You must know the truth. It was only to have been friendship between us at the most,—was it not?—a friendship sweeter than it was wise, perhaps,—yet even that I have seemed to deny you of late. It is better so; but at first my fault came from caring too much,—not too little. I was reckless just then. I cared—too much to reason, and I——"

She had been carried away with the sudden storm of emotion that had bade her not leave him wholly in ignorance, but now she faltered and turned half from him, while he caught up the thread of her words where she had cut it short.

"You *did* care then,—you do care a little, still? If that is true, what is there to stand between us? Why should you stop to *reason* over it? I am not a rich man, I know; yet neither am I a poor one, and I could give you at least a part of the luxuries to which you have been accustomed. But, at any rate, you are not the woman to put a consideration like that in the scales in which you weigh me. You disliked me once, I know; still, if now——"

"Don't!" she interrupted. "Don't remind me of that old folly. We can never be anything to each other—never! Believe me or not, as you will, when I tell you it is for your own sake I say so. There is an inequality between us, and it is I who am beneath you. You would think so too, if you knew the truth; but you mustn't know. There are others to consider besides myself. They cannot be disgraced through me; and, even if I had not to think of them, I fear I could not tell you. I am yet, in spite of all, too proud."

"How can you speak the word disgrace in connection with yourself?" he questioned, with ardent reproach. "It is a wrong for you to let it pass your lips."

"I think of it always," she answered, wofully. "I have never spoken it before, and I shall not again. It would kill me to hear another use it, but it is true, all the same. Mrs. Revere has made me understand it,—and she knows. I could not be anything to you, unless I told you the whole truth, and if you knew the truth you would not want me. It is better for me and my poor pride, at least, that you want me and do not know, than that you *should* know, and be offered me, and then send me away."

"Try me! try me!" he exclaimed, eagerly, gleaning from her wild whirl of words a few which pierced to his heart and understanding.

"No, no!" she cried, snatching herself away from him. "I ought not to have said that. There is *no* chance for you to try. If my own heart had not told me that, I should have learned it from Mrs. Revere."

Sidney stood looking at her, bewildered, baffled, yet not wholly

despairing. It seemed to him that she was not herself to-night, that her threatening illness had for the time affected her brain, and that this terrible and mysterious obstacle she hinted of existed less in reality than in her distorted fancy. If he could but make her view it in a different light, and claim the love she did not deny she felt for him!

"I don't understand you in the least," he said, with a simulated calmness. "But if Mrs. Revere has said anything or done anything which——"

"She hasn't!" the unhappy girl protested, with a miserable vehemence. "You mistake my meaning,—though that is not strange. Everything I say—even my thoughts—to-night, are wild and confused. I could never make you comprehend,—I could never explain. Please don't make it so hard for me,—help me instead! I am so ill and weary, I think sometimes I am going mad!"

"Poor child!" he exclaimed, with hasty remorse. "I would not be so selfish as to add one feather's weight to this strange burden of yours. I ought to have remembered before that you are neither strong nor well just now, and simply to have *waited*."

"Don't talk of waiting!" she cried. "That only prolongs it and makes it worse. Let this be the end, now, for pity's sake, I beg." She drooped her head, and pressed the fingers of both hands suddenly and fiercely against her forehead. "Oh, I don't know what is the matter with me!" she said, very faintly. "My head goes round and round so, and makes me too giddy to think. How am I going to start to-morrow if still I should feel like this?"

"You won't feel so," he said, soothingly. "You will be better then, you know. And you shall not go away from here alone. Don't worry, for we will arrange all that for you somehow, and you need have no fear about the journey. Everything will be right; but now I have made you miserable, and kept you standing and walking quite long enough, so I am going to take you immediately back in-doors."

She assented to this proposal willingly, even with an unflattering alacrity, but the kindness and unselfish consideration of his altered tone and manner were strangely soothing to her. "I will go up to my room," she said, "without letting any one see me, and then I will come down again when I have rested a little, and feel better, and more calm."

He was consumed with self-reproach as the small, cold, trembling hand slipped itself within his arm, and it could but occur to him, with a sharp pang, what a wide difference separated this fluttering, almost distracted, girl from the brilliantly self-contained maiden who at first acquaintance had piqued him, and then won his heart. But he loved her, and longed for her now in her weakness and inexplicable distress, with greater depth of tenderness and strength of passion than before.

"You must bathe your head," he advised, as he parted from her on the piazza at the foot of the stairs which ran up the outside of the house, wishing most ardently that the gentle office might be given to his hand. And she, assenting, went slowly up the steps, with her white fingers moving on the balusters, and her slender form seeming additionally tall by reason of the sweeping tulle train. She looked back once, and he responded to her glance with a smile that quickly faded as he turned away.

She went straight to her own room, and turned up the flame of the pink-shaded lamp. She was not in the mood for darkness, and the light gave her a certain sense of companionship. She laid herself upon the bed, regardless of her fluffy tulle and magnolia blossoms, and turned her face against the lineny coolness of the pillow. She did not think. She merely lay there, physically passive, while her brain whirled and throbbed, and strange red and purple spots of color appeared, changed, and disappeared before her closed eyes. Her only actual consciousness was of weird, distracting threadings and twistings of imaginary geometrical figures back and forth within her mind, which she was reluctantly compelled to trace, and of the gentle scratching and tapping made by the breeze in the branches of the big live-oak tree against the window-pane. There was a cessation of all thought or actual suffering, save a species of physical restlessness and sense of latent misery, ready at any moment to wake into full force of life.

She was aroused suddenly by three successive and distinct knocks upon the window adjacent to the tree, such as the tapping branches could not well have made. She was more puzzled than alarmed, perhaps, until the rapping was repeated,—once, twice,—imperatively and unmistakably, by human fingers.

In an instant a strange, prophetic something within her seemed to tell Bonny what was coming. One great sickening throb, and her heart had ceased its tumultuous beating. One dizzy wave of terror sweeping responsively through her brain, and then a cold, numb sort of calmness settled upon her. She was able to walk very steadily to the window and peer out into the darkness. It was as she had expected. Among the black branches loomed forth whitely a face, scowling with fear and impatience, as near to the pane as a precarious holding in the tree would permit,—the face of the deserter Dane. As Bonny approached he beckoned, saying in a low, repressed voice some words that did not reach her through the glass. Mechanically she threw open the window. "How have you come here? What do you want of me?" she whispered rapidly.

"For God's sake, let me in," he hoarsely responded. "Set a chair by the window for me to climb in on." She brought the chair and placed the seat even with the sill. "Now your coverlet. Twine it

round the bedpost, quick; give me one end of it. I daren't trust these brittle branches by themselves."

The whole transaction had occupied no more than a moment. Both had spoken in whispers, and now, cautiously and noiselessly, yet with a lithe dexterity born of his desperate peril, the man quitted his hold of the tree, crawled into the room over the chair, aided by the impromptu rope, then turned and softly closed the window after him. "Safe!" he ejaculated, with a long, gasping sigh of relief. "So far, safe! Now *you* have got to help me."

"What can I do?" Bonny questioned, with a certain inert hopelessness.

He stepped softly across the floor and turned the key in the lock of the only door which formed an exit from the room. "Now," he said, still beneath his breath, "I think I can defy the whole gang."

ALICE KING HAMILTON.

(To be continued.)

JACK HAULTAUT, MIDSHIPMAN UNITED STATES NAVY; OR, LIFE AT THE NAVAL ACADEMY.

(Continued from page 563.)

CHAPTER XI.

THE NEW RÉGIME.

EARLY in September the class had reassembled, and many were the tales told of the excitement at the homes of the various members regarding the war. At Newport there had been still so large a proportion of the visiting element that the war had as yet produced no very great impression. But the return from leave of the lucky ones who had been home brought with it a quickening of the desire to see what was going on in the outside world, and finally the enthusiasm reached such a pitch that a request to be ordered into active service was made to the Secretary of the Navy, and signed by the whole class. The answer to this was, though somewhat flattering, decidedly in the negative, as "the class was wanted as a nucleus for the school." Then came the work of moving the "Constitution" into the inner harbor, mooring her alongside Goat Island, and securing her for the winter, ready for the occupancy of the new class. In all this the midshipmen were called upon to assist, and well did they earn their pay during these few days. It was quite like the work of the preceding April, though the stimulus of excitement was wanting.

Hardly had this been accomplished when the class (since the June examination officially known as the *Third Class*) was moved into its new quarters in the city. The Atlantic House (a large hotel) had been leased by the government and fitted up for winter use with steam-pipes, etc., throughout. It fronted on Touro Park, a square containing about four acres, in which is situated that puzzle to antiquarians known as the Old Stone Mill. This square, together with the small plot of ground belonging to the hotel site, was assigned as the limits beyond which no one could go without permission. As a precaution against a transgression of this and other regulations, a number of

watchmen were hired, one or two of whom were always on duty outside the building, while each of the floors inhabited by the midshipmen had also one of these guardians of the peace. Purely military offenses were without their province, but all infractions of the regulations obliging the students to be in their quarters at certain hours they were obliged to report. It was an onerous and disagreeable duty, but I believe it was, on the whole, very faithfully performed.

There was a wide veranda all around the hotel, half of which had been boarded up, making a sheltered place in which the various formations might take place. The dining-room occupied one wing of the lower floor, the commandant of midshipmen's quarters being in the other. The rooms in the centre were used as offices, the old parlor being transformed into a recitation-room for the department of mechanics, known irreverently to the youngsters as *skinny-tics*, from the long, lean figure of the professor who presided over its destinies.

On the second floor were the offices of the officers in charge and commandant, together with the private quarters of the former. In the wing over the dining-room were recitation-rooms, the private quarters of some of the civilian assistant professors who had been engaged for the new class, together with half a dozen rooms occupied by members of Jack's class, the majority of whom, however, were installed upon the third floor in the front rooms. The fourth floor, together with the remainder of the third, was unoccupied. Access to the upper was gained by the main stairway, in the centre of the building. There were also stairways at the ends of the corridors in the main building, and also at the rear end of those in each wing. These last (which had been for the servants' use) led into the kitchen and laundry,—forbidden ground. A wooden partition, having a door in it, was placed in each of these wing corridors to prevent these stairways being used.

The rooms were plainly furnished with a small iron bedstead, a chair, a bureau, and toilet apparatus for each occupant, and a table, upon which were placed in order the books required for daily use, the others being on the bureau or mantel, if there happened to be one.

The *cuisine* was still under the fostering care of the colonel, whose genial face appeared regularly at each meal, as he superintended the serving of the repast, keeping order among the servants, and watching with eagle and eager eye the two or three tardy ones who were keeping the rest waiting until they had finished. Woe to him who should lay down his knife and fork and pause an instant at this stage of affairs! The colonel's prompt "All ready, sir!" resounded through the hall, and the order, "Rise; march out!" followed in quick succession, leaving the astonished midshipman with half a plateful of buckwheat-cakes still undevoured.

With the change of quarters came also a change in the organization of the battalion; new cadet officers were appointed, and Jack lost his

place as adjutant, and became once more a high private in the rear rank. Changes also had taken place among the officers. Captain George had now become the commandant, and so retained his intimate connection with the class. Two or three new officers in charge also made their appearance, all of whom were quite young men. Discipline had been somewhat relaxed during the summer, and it was rather hard work to get things back to the standard of the year before. But there had been a determination on the part of the new cadet officers to repress any rebellion that might possibly arise, and soon, comparatively speaking, "order reigned in Warsaw." A new chaplain had taken the place of our old friend "Sleeky," but his efforts at arousing an interest in his flock did not seem much more successful than those of his predecessor. In the last week of September, as a heavy fog hung over the bay, the class disembarked from the old craft that had been their home for a year and marched up the hill to their new quarters. Here they were received by the mayor, who welcomed them formally to the city. A short speech was made by the superintendent, then the rooms were assigned, and the unpacking began.

In the shortening days of October, than which no more charming can be found in all of Newport's seasons, the new year began,—with its ceaseless routine of studies, recitations, and drills, varied by the Saturday afternoon and evening liberty and the semi-monthly hops, still conducted on the early-to-bed principle. To those who were fortunate enough to go through a month with less than twenty demerits permission was given to be absent Saturday evenings from after evening parade until gun-fire (half-past nine). Rarely did it happen that there was not some festive gathering on the nights not taken up by the hops, and most pleasant indeed was the time so passed. The generous hospitality of the Newport people will always be gratefully remembered by those who for two years enjoyed it most heartily; and the recollection of the many delightful hours spent in the substantial mansions in which the Newport of that day was particularly rich can never be effaced.

The change from ship-life, where during the whole day the eye of the officer in charge was not long off the students, to the comparative freedom of the quarters on shore, was gladly welcomed by all. Truth compels the statement that there was more hilarity indulged in, and occasional violations of the regulations, which, while involving nothing of a criminal nature, were yet deserving of much reprehension in the eyes of the authorities. It was only by degrees, however, that these grew, and during the first term of this year no very great scandals arose, and everything moved quietly on, save for an occasional making of caramels in a tin pan over the gas-jet, or some such innocent festivity.

At this period there was a regulation which permitted the advance of a student from one class into the next higher, provided he could pass the required examination. It came into the heads of two or three

ingenious fellows that if they could only study ahead sufficiently they could demand their examination, and so be advanced. It was their idea that, as they would then belong to a class which was at sea, they would be ordered into active service at once, and thus they would be enabled to accomplish the object they had in view when they signed the petition to the Secretary early in the summer. Jack and Ben were of the number, and they intended at first to keep the affair a secret; they soon found out, however, that this would not do, for the task they had set themselves was too hard to be accomplished, unless they had more time for study, and there was too much risk of discovery in attempts to take any time after taps. Accordingly, they decided to lay the scheme before Captain George, and to obtain, if possible, official countenance for it. When this had been done and the matter referred to the superintendent and the academic board, there ensued quite a different arrangement. It was decided to form an advanced class from those who stood highest, to push them rapidly ahead, completing the prescribed course (with certain small omissions) in two years more, and thus to grant the graduating certificates a year sooner than would ordinarily be the case. The class was then divided, and the advanced men were allowed to study after taps, and every possible means taken to assist them in their progress. As the first reports of the professors proved favorable, it was not unnatural that the same thing should be carried out in the fourth class; and accordingly an advanced fourth class was formed, and its members, some time in November, came ashore, and took up their quarters in the Atlantic House. The battalion was thus quite largely increased, and some new cadet officers made.

About this time there came to the school a scion of nobility, in the shape of one of the grandsons of Louis Philippe; he was accompanied by a tutor, who lived in a house not far from the grounds, and with whom Pete, as he was irreverently styled, passed all his time out of study hours. He was placed in Jack's crew, and given in his charge by the superintendent, who in a solemn interview directed that no unfair advantage should be taken of the young man's want of acquaintance with our customs. To the credit of the school be it said, this injunction was strictly carried out; and in his two years at Newport there was nothing done that he could look back upon as having been prompted by any desire to do him ill. He was a hard student, passed well in the class, and left behind him in the minds of his associates a kindly feeling, which has cropped out, as from time to time he has been met since then in his various journeyings abroad.

The advent of the new class brought with it various adventurous spirits, upon whom the curbing rein of a taut hand had not for a whole year been exercised. It was natural that there should be more skylarking, with its consequences of demerits, extra drills, and quarantine among them than in the more repressed senior class. This

spirit of fun and frolic came to a head about Christmas-time, when an application for general liberty on that holiday had been refused to the class. It seemed hard indeed that they could not have the privilege of going outside the limits when all the other class had it, and deep resentment fired their bosoms. How should they show this? how take it out on the commandant, to whom they ascribed their woes? A youthful sprig from Jack's State, Johnson by name, was the ringleader of the gang of half a dozen choice fellows who spent their holiday in concocting a scheme whereby their feelings should be made patent to the world. Johnson and his room-mate each contributed a sheet; another captured a couple of boxes of blacking from the boot-black's den; while some one else managed to rig up a sort of brush, with which, with much tribulation and a good deal of uncertainty as to the outlines of the letters, an inscription was made upon the sheets, thus converted into a banner. It required much patience and many coats of the blacking to complete the task, but before taps that night the whole affair was safely stowed away, having narrowly escaped detection during an unexpected visit from the officer in charge. Had it not been for the scouts who were on the lookout, capture would have been inevitable; but timely warning permitted an escape. The next morning, as the superintendent approached the building, rubbing his hands in the bright wintry air, and glancing over the cage in which were confined his charges, he noticed a little knot of citizens looking with interest at one corner of the edifice; his eye followed theirs, and, to his horror and dismay, he beheld hung from the balustrade on the roof a dirty white banner, bearing in somewhat irregular letters this motto:

"The Sun of Liberty has set.
G. WASHINGTON, ptr."

CHAPTER XII.

SOME WINTER SPORTS.

INDIGNATION and wrath were depicted upon the usually bland countenance of the commodore, as he rushed frantically into his office, pulled the bell, and sent for the commandant. Upon that officer's appearance, he was requested to go outside and see what a disgrace had fallen upon the institution. Passing through the front door, he found quite a crowd drawn thither by the sight, and more coming to swell the numbers. A glance at the attraction brought a smile to his face, as he thought of some of the pranks of his own boyish days, and memories of the time when he linked together by a rope yarn the coat-tails of two old commodores who were not on speaking terms, flitted through his brain. Not the less, however, was it his duty sternly to repress

such demonstrations now, and accordingly, sending the captain of the watch to remove the objectionable emblem, he directed it to be brought to his office. Here close inspection revealed (alas for poor Johnson and Symmes!) in one corner of each sheet their names, which in their haste they had neglected to tear off. The clue thus found was at once followed up, and the two culprits summoned to the bar. Confession followed quickly, and they hoped thus to avoid the necessity of divulging their associates. But the astute Captain George was not thus to be led astray. He did not believe that it could have been the work of these two alone, so he set his wits to work to find out the accomplices, and the following conversation ensued:

"Mr. Symmes, you are the superintendent of your room, are you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you permit such a flagrant violation of the regulations as this, sir? Who was present at the time this was done?"

"If you please, sir, I'd rather not tell. I am perfectly willing to take my own punishment, but I don't want to get any one else into trouble."

"Are you aware, sir, that you are an officer of the government, sworn to obey the laws and the regulations of the navy, and that you are responsible when superintendent of your room for all that goes on there? This is no personal matter. It is as much your duty to report your accomplices as it would be mine to report one of the officers in charge if I saw him intoxicated."

"I am willing to be held responsible, sir, for whatever has taken place, but I must decline to tell tales on my classmates."

"Very well, Mr. Symmes. I will give you a couple of hours to think over this matter. In the mean time, understand that I *order* you to make this report, and that disobedience of a direct order is one of the most grievous offenses against discipline. Come to me after your next recitation, and let me know your conclusion."

Retreating to their own apartment, the culprits were soon in consultation with their assistants, and these, with one voice, exclaimed, "Symmes, you must obey the order. You've done the best you could to keep us out of trouble, and there's no help for it."

Accordingly, making a virtue of necessity, Symmes gave to the commandant the names of his friends, and the whole party were placed upon the report. On the following Saturday, after dinner, the offenders (in obedience to orders) repaired to the office, where, having received their banner, now affixed to a flag-staff, they were marched to the armory by the officer of the day. Johnson, being the smallest of the lot, was armed with a cutlass, and put in command; Symmes, being the largest, was given the flag-staff, and the others were given muskets. Marching in front of the building, with the Sun of Liberty softly

swaying in the breeze, the color-guard perambulated for four weary hours, in full gaze of the whole school and of the passers-by. The joke was too good to keep, and half the small boys in town took occasion to view the festive scene. For four successive Saturdays did Johnson parade his noble band; when, Justice having been satisfied, mild Mercy came to the rescue, and the offense was expiated. But its memory still lives in tradition, and one of its lessons was not lost; for ever afterwards, when any particularly nice scheme for breaking the regulations was being concocted, the superintendent of the room wherein the conspirators were assembled took good care to be out of the way, if it were possible for him to be so.

What would life at the Naval Academy be without the band? What would it have been, then, had the blowers of wind instruments not been retained at the time of the *hegira?* What excuse would there have been for the girls to come and walk up and down in the limits (with a due quota of attendant youngsters) had not the dulcet strains of the band been heard every afternoon? Excuse or not, doubtless some of them would have come, for there rises before my mental vision the forms of various charming specimens of their sex who used, when taking their constitutional, to find it convenient to pass through the park, even though the band were not playing, on account of the fog. Was it matter for surprise if they timed their advent just after the drill-hour, and if, while pursuing their way, they were joined by some one, just accidentally, as it were? And how easy it was to remain for a few more minutes, walking up and down the Mill Street side of the square, talking of the weather, probably, or of the old mill, whose picturesqueness was heightened by the climbing vines with which it was then covered! And then, too, what a delightfully simple thing it was on Sunday afternoons, after church, to walk with the same charming ones so far as their ways led, in the same direction! Is it much to be wondered at that no great order was observed in the ranks in which the church party was supposed to be kept, and that those who were not fortunate enough to have a companion should saunter slowly along, thus giving ample time for the walks of the other parties, and allowing the delinquents to join the ranks just before, sometimes just after, reaching the imaginary line which was to shut them within its precincts until the coming Saturday, which seemed so far away? Well, the youngsters might have been in much worse business, and, as all parties concerned seemed to enjoy the little escapade, no great damage was done. Unless perchance some fellow, forgetting the swift passing moments, would walk a little too far, and coming in ten or fifteen minutes late, would be reported for "leaving ranks of church party." Did the authorities take account of all the facts in the case, when only three or four demerits were given for the offense? Who would not run the risk of such a mild punishment for the sake of the extra minutes thus

spent? And who, alas! would not anathematize himself for his indiscretion,—when, at the end of the month, he found himself quarantined,—a fate which he would have escaped had he only avoided that particular report?

As Annapolis had had its Dante, so Newport must have its counterpart, in a modest confectionery-shop, known to the students as "Brentjigger's." Who does not remember the ice-cream and cakes, the candies and other dyspeptic compounds devoured there on Saturday afternoons? Some doubtless can recall the occasional furtive cigar and its consequences, disagreeable in the extreme. All now is changed; instead of the small shop a large building on the avenue is the scene of action for this establishment, and during the season liveried footmen open the carriage-doors for elegantly dressed women, who order their desserts or purchase sweetmeats for home consumption.

Were there no irregular establishments of a gustatory character within the confines of the city? Truth compels the statement that there were, and that Charley Bliven's modest hostelry was the resort for those roistering blades who liked a glass of beer or something stronger, as they enjoyed themselves over their pipes and cards. What delicious oyster-stews Bliven could concoct! And how readily answer the demands upon him for a *spread!* But of this we shall hear more anon.

Occasionally opportunity was afforded for indulgence in skating, involving something of a walk to reach the pond; but what boy ever cares for that, especially if he were the chosen squire of some fair young damsel, whose skates he carried and later still secured upon her feet? This was long before the days of the club skate, and the operation involved a good deal of buckling of straps, which caused it to be prolonged not unpleasantly to either party, if one could judge from observation. And then the glorious exhilaration of the free motion over the ice, the walk back to the young lady's domicile, the hasty return to the Academy to be present at parade, and the still more hasty return to the shelter of the aforesaid roof, where a substantial supper was awaiting his arrival. None of these things can ever be effaced from memory's page; their sweet recollection comes floating across the space of all these years as fragrant as at the time of their occurrence.

The holidays closed by a grand ball given on the Friday evening nearest to New Year's Day. It would be a useless and unnecessary waste of time to describe the gayety of the scene, the charming toilets of the ladies, the jolly good time that every one had; even those who never indulged themselves in the society of the fair sex enjoyed it, for was there not an excellent supper furnished, as in the preceding year, by the good old colonel?

During January came the usual review preparatory to the semi-

annual examination, on the occurrence of which the government lost the services of a few more of those who, for various reasons, were unable to attain the standard of proficiency required. Both Jack and Ben kept their places pretty well, and the first term closed pleasantly enough for them, with a good outlook for the future.

ALLAN D. BROWN,
Commander U.S.N.

(To be continued.)

THE MONTH'S NEWS.

SUMMARY OF THE WORLD'S EVENTS FROM APRIL 15 TO MAY 14 INCLUSIVE.

Domestic Events.

On Wednesday, April 15, news came from Colon that peace was maintained upon the Isthmus. President Zaldivar, of San Salvador, telegraphed to Washington that peace with Central America was signed. Barrios was reported to have been assassinated through the complicity of Zaldivar. General Grant was reported better. Since then his improvement has continued, with alternate ups and downs, to the confusion and discredit of his physicians, who have made for themselves a reputation little to be envied. On Thursday the Niagara Park bill passed the Senate at Albany by twenty-six to four. The Rhode Island House postponed a bill to make the divorce law of the State more binding, by requiring petitioners to have lived there two years. The vote was twenty-four to sixteen. On Friday, President Cleveland issued a proclamation reversing President Arthur's executive order of February 27, which restored to the public domain the lands of the Old Winnebago and Crow Creek Indian Reservation of Dakota. President Cleveland also made public the sentence of General Hazen for indulging in undue criticism of the Secretary of War. Secretary Manning appointed Mr. B. Frank Abbett, of New Jersey, chief of a division in the office of the auditor of the Treasury of the Post-Office Department, in the place of Mr. Widdicombe, of Maryland. The President made the following appointments: Consuls-general: James M. Morgan, of South Carolina, for the British colonies in Australia, at Melbourne; Jacob Mueller, of Ohio, at Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany. Consuls: Charles W. Wagner, of Missouri, at Toronto; Thomas R. Walch, of Arkansas, at Hamilton, Canada; Francis H. Wigfall, of Maryland, at Leeds, England; Charles Jonas, of Wisconsin, at Prague, Austria, Hungary; Richard Stockton, of New Jersey, at Rotterdam; William Slade, of Ohio, at Brussels, Belgium. The resignation of Mr. Casilear as superintendent of engraving was called for, in favor of Mr. O'Neil, ex-mayor of Hoboken. The following appointments were made on Saturday: Ministers resident and consuls-general: Ex-Governor William D. Bloxham, of Florida, to Bolivia; B. W. Hanna, of Indiana, to Persia; W. Fearn, of Louisiana, to Roumania, Servia, and Greece. Consuls: J. Murray, of New York, at St. John, New Brunswick; B. Winchester, of Kentucky, at Nice, France; C. P. Kimball, of Illinois, at Stuttgart, Germany.

On Saturday, April 25, the President appointed James Q. Chenoweth, of Texas, first auditor of the Treasury. General Henry J. Hunt was appointed governor of the Soldiers' Home at Washington; Captain Robert Catlin was appointed deputy-governor. The President made known his design of selecting a minister to China from California. The President and the Postmaster-General decided that General William Ward, postmaster at Newark, New Jersey, should remain in office till his term expires. A. U. Wyman, treasurer of the United States, tendered his resignation, to take effect May 1. The President refused to interfere with the sentence of General Swaim, judge-advocate-general of the army. The first comptroller of the Treasury

recommended to the Secretary that the divisions in his office be reduced from nine to five, and the force correspondingly. Secretary Whitney sent a telegram of general instructions to Admiral Jouett, at Panama, relying mainly on the admiral's judgment. Meanwhile five hundred United States troops were known to have entered Panama on the 24th, taking care of all American property, arresting Aizpuru, the rebel leader, and three of his staff, and clearing the Plaza with a Gatling-gun. On Saturday the United States troops withdrew. On Sunday, Aizpuru was confirmed in his position of president until the arrival of General Vila. A good deal of trouble was expected. On the 28th the Columbian national troops arrived at Panama and demanded the evacuation of the city within forty-eight hours. On the 23d, in this city, prominent Democrats attended the reception at the Manhattan Club in honor of those members who had been called to high places by the President. On the 24th the Massachusetts Reform Club tendered a complimentary dinner to Carl Schurz, at the Parker House, Boston. Judge Charles Daniel granted a mandamus against the Buffalo Common Council to compel them to appropriate twelve hundred and fifty dollars for the civil service commission of the city. On the 22d, in the Albany Assembly, the bill to exempt soldiers and sailors from the provisions of the civil service law was ordered to a third reading. The Skating Rink bill was passed on the 27th, the Theatrical License bill on the 28th. The Gas bill was ordered to a third reading. Mr. Isaac W. England died on the 25th. On that date died also Emma, queen-dowager of the Sandwich Islands, aged forty-nine.

On April 30, President Cleveland appointed A. M. Keiley, of Richmond, Virginia, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Austria, Hungary. On May 1 he appointed John Goode, of Virginia, solicitor-general; W. M. Merrick, of Maryland, associate judge of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia; T. M. Ferrall, collector of internal revenue for the first district of New Jersey; and George Hayes, supervising inspector of steam vessels for the fifth district. On May 2 he appointed J. E. Meiere, of Colorado, United States consul at Nagasaki, Japan. He decided to retain W. F. Grinnell at Bradford, England; L. T. Adams at Geneva; S. W. Dabney at Fayal. On May 4 the President went to Gettysburg to attend a reunion of the Army of the Potomac. The Mormon authorities have forwarded to the President a declaration of grievances, and protest against the arrest and conviction of Mormons on the charge of unlawful cohabitation. United States Treasurer Jordan indicated to his subordinates that he did not intend to make any changes for political reasons. The April statement of public debt was issued under both the new and the old form. According to the new form the reduction was put at $4,837,339.71. According to the old form the reduction was $5,464,596.38. On May 4 the United States Supreme Court affirmed the decision of Judges Hammond and Withey, of the Circuit Court, declaring that the State of Tennessee, and not certain railroad companies, is liable for a large proportion of the State debt. On the same day the monument commemorative of Edgar Allan Poe was unveiled in the Poet's Corner of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. On May 1, Commodore C. K. Garrison died in this city. On May 4, General Irvin McDowell died in San Francisco. He had been retired several years ago. On April 29 the trouble at Panama was arranged by the consular corps in conjunction with Admiral Jouett, Commander McCalla, Aizpuru, and Colonels Montaya and Reyes. On May 1, Admiral Jouett went to Colon. A detachment of the first battalion, under Colonel Heywood, was to remain at Panama until peace should be secured. Governor Hill vetoed the Census Appropriation bill. In the Albany Assembly the Gas bill was defeated on April 30. The Buffalo Common Council managed to obtain a virtual defeat of the civil service reformers. Mr. Balser, superintendent of prisons, claimed of the Assembly, May 4, that an additional appropriation of two hundred thousand dollars for the fiscal year was necessary.

On Wednesday, May 6, in the Thirty-fourth Illinois Legislative District, the Republicans elected their candidate, Weaver, in place of a Democrat. This will enable the Republicans to elect a United States Senator as successor to Mr. J. A.

Logan. On the same date President Cleveland suspended F. W. Palmer, postmaster at Chicago, and appointed S. Corning Judd to succeed him. He also appointed I. Parker Veazey, of Baltimore, to be postmaster there. On May 7 the second battalion of United States marines embarked at Aspinwall for this city. The first battalion remained to protect the Isthmus. The court of inquiry ordered at Aspinwall by Admiral Jouett approved the conduct of Commander Kane. The Field Civil Code was defeated in the Albany Assembly. The annual meeting of the Civil Service Reform Association was held in this city, Mr. G. W. Curtis in the chair. Mr. Curtis severely criticised the Earl bill. The trial of Richard Short for trying to kill Captain Phelan ended on May 6, the jury returning a verdict of not guilty, to the expressed astonishment of Judge Van Brunt. On May 8 the President appointed George V. N. Lathrop, of Michigan, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Russia; Boyd Winchester, of Kentucky, minister resident and consul-general to Switzerland; John E. W. Thompson, of New York, minister resident and consul-general to Hayti. The President canceled the appointment of James Blackburn as revenue collector of the Lexington, Kentucky, district. Cause, a letter, in 1861, wherein Blackburn said he would "make every Union man in Tennessee feel the edge of my knife," etc. To be thus destroyed by one's own handwriting is political suicide. Among cancellations will be the appointment of Dr. J. E. Meiere as consul at Nagasaki. A. D. Bissell was appointed collector of customs for the district of Buffalo. A. P. Swineford was appointed governor of Alaska. E. O. Graves was tendered the position of superintendent of the bureau of engraving and printing. Governor Hill vetoed several items of the Appropriation bill. The Assembly, on May 11, passed the bill exempting soldiers from the Civil Service Act. The congress of American churches was opened at Hartford, Connecticut. The Prize Fund Exhibition awarded prizes to Frank M. Boggs, Henry Mosler, R. Swain Gifford, and Alexander Harrison. H. B. James has been removed from the position of chief of the customs division of the Treasury Department, though his honesty and capacity remain unimpeached. On May 13, Governor Hill asked the Legislature to pass an act amending the code of criminal procedure so that the execution of sentence of death for murder may not be subject to such long delay. Collector Robinson claimed that the health office ought to be responsible for the landing of rags which may be infected with cholera. On the 14th, Mr. Cox declined to give up the Turkish mission. Both legislative houses passed the High Buildings bill and the Fifth Avenue Repavement bill. The Brooklyn Rapid Transit Railway was opened, thirty-five thousand persons being passengers.

Foreign Events.

On Wednesday, April 15, a dispatch from Lahore, India, announced the arrival there of Earl Dufferin from Rawalpindi. In London the stock market was improved, and there was a feeling that war might be averted. The Prince and Princess of Wales were received in Cork with cheers by the Loyalists and hisses by the Nationalists. The ensuing riot was quelled only by four o'clock Thursday morning. On April 18 the London *Times'* St. Petersburg correspondent telegraphed that General Komaroff had advanced, in accordance with express orders from the governor of the Caucasus. On the 20th the Afghan imbroglio grew more warlike. The London stock market became depressed. On the 21st, Mr. Gladstone announced, in the House of Commons, that the government had received Sir Peter Lumsden's answer to the government's inquiries of the 10th inst. The full text of this answer contradicted General Komaroff's statement in every essential detail. The government asked for a credit of fifty-five million dollars. The House of Lords immediately passed the credit without debate. France demanded of the Egyptian government the unconditional reopening of the printing-office of the *Bosphore Egyptien*. The Russian fleet at Cronstadt was ready to put to sea. It was said that Queen Victoria would visit Ireland next autumn. M. Clamagerau, French

Minister of Finance, resigned. He was succeeded by M. Sadi-Carnot. France, Holland, Portugal, and Turkey declared quarantine against the vessels from Spanish ports on account of cholera. The Hague Banking Company failed. Its funds were said to have been criminally misused. The Porte said that in case of war between France and England Turkey would remain neutral, and close the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles to both nations. On the 16th the British troops occupied Otao, eight miles west of Handub. Osman Digna's forces did not oppose them. Constantine Rossetti, the Roumanian statesman and poet, and Walter von Goethe, the only remaining lineal descendant of the great poet, died. The blue-book estimated the effective strength of the British regular army at 188,000 men; reserves, 47,000; militia, 125,000; volunteer, 215,000.

On Wednesday, April 22, M. de Giers's reply was reported to have been received in London. It was that Russia declined to further discuss the Penjdeh incident. On the 23d, Mr. Gladstone was very reticent in the House of Commons on Afghanistan matters. On the 24th the House adopted an amendment to the bill for the registration of voters in Ireland, by which the registration charges are to be defrayed by the general government. On the 27th considerable sensation was caused in England by the publication of a St. Petersburg dispatch to the effect that the Czar was making ready to declare war. On the same date Mr. Gladstone read, in the House of Commons, a dispatch stating that Sir Peter Lumsden would forward to Earl Granville a statement showing how the Afghanistan matter really stood. On the evening of that day Mr. Gladstone spoke in the House of Commons for one hour in regard to the vote of credit. On the 28th news reached London that another battle had taken place on the Afghan frontier between the Afghans and the Russians, and that nearly seventeen hundred of the latter were killed. The British government ordered the immediate construction of forty gunboats, capable of steaming one thousand miles without recoaling. On the 23d of April an explosion occurred in the basement of the Admiralty Office, Whitehall, London. On the 24th, Earl Granville telegraphed to the British minister to Egypt to sustain Nubar Pasha in refusing to make reparation for the suppression of the *Bosphore Egyptien*. On the 27th, Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice stated, in the House of Commons, that the government was about to arrange satisfactorily the misunderstanding with France growing out of that affair. On the 24th it was reported in Alexandria that El Mahdi's men had attacked and defeated the Italian forces near Massowah. This is not ratified by later reports. Seven deaths took place at Cairo from cholera. On April 23 and 24 the Prince and Princess of Wales were heartily welcomed at Belfast. The scene was repeated at Omagh on the 27th. On the 28th the Prince and Princess arrived in London. A terrible volcanic eruption has occurred in a province in the eastern part of the island of Java. Plantations were damaged, and a hundred persons are supposed to have been killed. Régnier, the great French actor, died, aged seventy-eight.

On May 1 the London *Standard* said that England had proposed to Russia to submit the question between them to any European sovereign for arbitration. Various rumors were printed in several of the London papers. On May 4, Earl Granville stated, in the House of Lords, that Russia and England had agreed to renew the negotiations in London about the Afghan frontier question, and that the details had been arranged for the meeting of the delimitation commission. In the House of Commons the vote of credit was immediately called up. Lord Randolph Churchill made a bitter speech against the government, whose conduct he denounced as base and cowardly. Mr. Gladstone made a temperate reply. The vote of credit was agreed to, it being understood that the subject would be further discussed in Committee of Supply. On May 5, Mr. Gladstone stated that Sir Peter Lumsden had not been recalled in the diplomatic sense of censure, but for consultation, as the negotiations were to be conducted in London. Meanwhile the British government has been in confidential communication with Austria in regard to the latter's policy should there be war between Russia and England. On April 30, in

the House of Commons, the budget for 1885 was submitted. Last year the total revenue was £88,043,000, and the total expenditures £89,092,000. The estimated expenditures for 1885–86 were £88,872,000, not including the vote of credit. On April 29, General Wolseley left Cairo for Suakim. Charles Williams, the Soudan correspondent of the London *Chronicle*, asserted, in *The Fortnightly Review*, that Gordon could have been rescued but for the needless delay of Sir Charles Wilson. The *Bosphore Egyptien* imbroglio was ended by Nubar Pasha's apologizing to M. Tallandier, the French chargé d'affaires at Cairo. On April 29 a dinner was given to Mr. Irving in London at the Criterion. Mr. Ruskin is going to resign the Slade professorship of Fine Arts at Oxford. General Brière de l'Isle telegraphed to the French government from Tonquin that the Chinese were fulfilling the conditions of peace. Dr. Nachtigal, the celebrated German traveler, died in his fifty-second year. People in Valencia, Spain, were inoculated with cholera virus. It is thought the success of this inoculation has been demonstrated.

On May 8, in consequence of the continued reticence of Mr. Gladstone in regard to the Afghan matter (a reticence maintained lest a public statement should furnish Russia with information), Sir Stafford Northcote, in the House of Commons, gave notice that he should move that the House is entitled to the fullest knowledge of the government on that matter. On the 11th, Mr. Gladstone said that an arrangement had been concluded between England and Russia, which was satisfactory both to Her Majesty's government and the Earl of Dufferin, Viceroy of India. On the same date died Ferdinand Hiller, the celebrated German composer and pianist, aged seventy-four. The corporation of Worcester, England, presented Mr. Lowell with an illuminated address, expressing regret at his departure from his post of United States minister to England. William Ward, the first Earl of Dudley, died, aged sixty-eight. He was enormously wealthy, and queer to the verge of insanity. On May 5 British and Indian troops, assisted by friendly natives under General Graham, marched out of Suakim at midnight, defeated four hundred rebels, killing one hundred and fifty and capturing twelve. They burnt the village of Takool, and retired with a loss of only five. The death of Count Tolstoi, Russian Minister of the Interior, is feared. He is afflicted with melancholy, which the condition of his country is quite enough to cause.

On May 13 the American colonists in Paris presented the municipality with a reduced copy of Bartholdi's "Statue of Liberty." A riot took place in Trafalgar Square because of the proposed increase of tax on beer and spirits. The case for the defense, in the Cunningham-Burton trial, at the Old Bailey, opened. The Chester Cup was won by Merry Prince. Lord Randolph Churchill protested in the London *Times* against a personal attack made by Lord Granville. On the 14th farewell banquets were given to Minister Morton and Consul Merritt. The Afghanistan question still hangs fire, the ultimate result being as yet uncertain.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA.—The dispute between England and Russia, in regard to the Afghanistan boundary, still remains unsettled. If one may judge from the reports given by the daily press during the past month, each country has been on the point of declaring war against the other. Preparations for war have been vigorously carried on by both. As the various, and often conflicting, reports arrive from the scene of dispute and from the capitals of the rival nations, popular enthusiasm for war fluctuates like the unsteady mercury of a barometer foretelling a marked change in the weather. In this case, the political and diplomatic weather has been very unsettled. The storm, which has been brewing on the distant confines of the Indian empire, may burst forth at any moment. When it does—as we believe it *eventually* must—it will be a cyclone, rather than a petty thunder-storm. It will deluge the soil with blood; it will destroy the happiness of many homes and firesides; it will sweep away immense sums of wealth from treasuries which can ill afford to spare them; it will cause the already overtaxed people of the conflicting nations to groan beneath fresh burdens. The effects of this cyclone will be severely felt at sea, and many serious disasters to the merchant and war vessels of both countries will undoubtedly be reported. It will cloud the political skies of the other European states, and many will probably be drawn into its disastrous vortex by the whirlwinds of ambition and policy it will create. To our mind, England has more at stake in this issue than Russia. Should the storm-cloud burst, and should she suffer any serious defeat, it would endanger the stability of her Indian empire, which, it is hinted, is not secured so firmly as it should be to the soil of India, or in the hearts of the Indian peoples. Her exposed and scattered colonies give to an enemy many points of vantage at which to strike a blow; and the war-vessels needed to guard these will weaken her fleets, which otherwise, by sheer force of numbers, might be deemed invincible. Russia, on the other hand, by her territorial immensity and limited sea-coast, presents but few *vital* points of attack; and any disaster to her forces on the soil of Turkestan would not prove a serious disaster to the empire. The prime ministers of each country evidently realize the grave and serious results of a conflict, and each hesitates to plunge his country into a war of which no one can foretell the issue or consequences. We believe that war between these two countries is only a question of time, whether it be this year or the next; and that Russian advances and menaces towards the Indian empire can only be checked by force of arms.

THE NAVAL FORCES ON THE ISTHMUS.—The government is to be congratulated on the efficient manner in which its sailors and marines quelled on the Isthmus what might have been a very serious insurrection. By their timely aid the city of Panama was, without doubt, saved from the fate of Aspinwall. Both officers and men deserve praise for their conduct on this occasion. The country has had an opportunity to see what the navy can do when called upon to protect American interests, notwithstanding the newspaper cry that the navy has gone to the "demnition bow-wows." And although there was no serious opposition to the troops at Panama, yet the able manner in which they were handled, and the excellent discipline of the men themselves, show that had there been more serious work to perform, they would have been able and ready to execute it. We believe that there is no better military body of men in the government service than the corps of marines. They have always proved themselves efficient when called upon for duty; and their military and soldierly appearance on all public occasions shows them to be the equal, and in most cases the superior, of any military organization in the country.

THE NAVAL OFFICE OF DETAIL.—The following order was issued by Secretary Whitney on May 22:

"NAVY DEPARTMENT,
"G. O. 837. "WASHINGTON, May 22, 1885.

"Much valuable time has been expended by the individual members of the Board of Detail in the consideration of the less important duties connected with that board, to the neglect of larger and more important matters connected with their bureaus. General Order No. 322 is so far modified that the Detail Office of the Navy Department will hereafter be managed by the chief of the Bureau of Navigation, who will be held responsible for the assignment to duty of all officers excepting those specified below.

"The informal board of four officers created by Department's letters of October 1 last, to advise the Secretary concerning the detail of naval officers, will continue to meet once a week to consider the assignment of officers to command squadrons, stations, and ships, and such questions as may be referred to it by the Secretary.

"All communications from naval officers relating to assignment to duty will be addressed to the 'Office of Detail, Navy Department.'

"WILLIAM C. WHITNEY,
"Secretary of the Navy."

We regard this as the most important order that has yet been issued by Secretary Whitney. It reverses the action of his predecessor, Ex-Secretary Chandler, who abolished the Office of Detail, which we consider to have been the most commendable act of that gentleman during his term of office. Apart entirely from our objections to Commodore Walker, the present chief of the Bureau of Navigation, being intrusted with this additional power, the reasons for which we have previously given, we think Mr. Whitney is making a serious mistake in abdicating to a subordinate the power vested in him as Secretary of the Navy.

We believe no more important duty is attached to the office of Secretary of the Navy than that of the detail of officers of the navy, which he has practically put aside. If, however, he saw fit to do this, it would have been much better to have delegated this power to the admiral of the navy, who is surely *ex officio* the proper person in such a case, rather than a subordinate chief of bureau. We shall be very much surprised if the present Secretary does not learn before many months that he has made a most serious mistake, as his predecessors in office would be apt to testify if their opinion could be had. We can only hope that the present chief of the Office of Detail may become a convert to the conservatism that should ever accompany the exercise of great power.

OUR WAR SERIES, ETC.—We invite special attention to the series of articles on the War of the Rebellion now being published in THE UNITED SERVICE. It is our intention to continue the same throughout the remainder of this year and next year. We think when completed they will constitute the most correct and valuable history of the war to be obtained, since they will be written by actual participants of the engagements described. We are glad, also, to be enabled to announce a series of articles on the Indian wars in Texas; an article on the naval war of 1812; a story descriptive of cadet life at West Point, by a graduate; the campaign of the Niagara, in 1812, from data from hitherto unpublished letters and papers of General Jacob Brown, the commander of the American forces, written by his great-grandson, Mr. William A. Hayes, Jr.; and an article by the well-known author, Mr. A. A. Hayes.

AMERICAN SYMPATHIES IN THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN IMBROGLIO.—The excitement which attended the threatened hostilities between England and Russia called forth from the press of our own country a strong pro-Russian sentiment, which we do not think is based on very tenable grounds. The editor of the New York *Sun* expressed the following views on this subject, which we heartily indorse, believing that this is the true sentiment of the American people:

"The recent discussions of the war threatened in Afghanistan have brought out with emphasis the fact that Russia could reckon on a good deal of sympathy from this country. But the objects and limits of that sympathy are narrowly defined, and scarcely justify the favor with which the scheme for strengthening the dynasty of Romanoff by new Asiatic conquests has been regarded in some quarters. It is the Russian people, not the Russian government, that we, in common with clear-headed and right-feeling people everywhere, regard with lively interest and sincere good will. For the disfranchised, stifled, despairing subjects of the Czar our sympathies are fervent and unstinted, but they cannot upon any pretext be seduced to Czardom, the most backward, iniquitious, and hateful form of despotism which in this nineteenth century is still allowed to blight a civilized and Christian country. This distinction should never be lost sight of, and it behooves us to consider whether

the Russian nation has anything to gain by the increased prestige of its detested dynasty; or whether the ruin of Romanoff designs in Asia might not, like the humiliation caused by the Crimean war, bring Czardom to its knees and extort from it a measure of liberty and justice which in the arrogance of triumph it would inflexibly refuse.

"It is true that some Russian reformers, reluctant to alienate the Pan-Slavic party, which just now seems more zealous for foreign conquests than for the national enfranchisement, profess to think that war, no matter how it resulted, would signally promote the plans of those who urge that Russia, like the rest of Europe, should enjoy the privilege and stimulus of constitutional self-government. They argue that in a contest against England the autocratic and bureaucratic system would, even if victorious, be so hopelessly enfeebled by fiscal exhaustion that it would inevitably collapse. This optimistic forecast is not justified by history, and it is certainly at variance with the view taken of the future by the shrewd advisers of the Czar. A successful foreign war has always been the trump card with which a shaken despotism has managed to retrieve its game and defer the day of reckoning. Who doubts that even the absolutist government of Louis XVI., had it in 1789 just emerged triumphant from a conflict that enlarged the boundaries of France, might have cut the knot of bankruptcy by defiant repudiation and postponed the revolution for another quarter of a century? A despot is never in great peril till his army begins to be infected with exasperation and contempt; and those Russian patriots who count on wringing concessions from the master of exultant legions are leaning on a broken reed.

"Our people have too much sound sense to be gulled into sympathy with the house of Romanoff, because it answered the purpose of that astute dynasty to favor our Federal government during our civil war. The ministers of a French autocrat supported the thirteen colonies in their war for independence, but Americans were not on that account cajoled into condoning the iniquities and deploring the downfall of the *ancien régime*. We are quite as capable to-day of making the right discrimination between the interests of Czardom and the welfare of the Russian race. From the dismemberment of Sweden and the extirpation of Poland to the strangulation of Magyar liberties in 1849, the Romanoff dynasty has been a curse to Europe; whereas the Russian people, freed from its execrable shackles, might become a potent blessing."

WE congratulate the marine corps on the promotion of Captains Lowry and Collum to be respectively quartermaster and assistant quartermaster of the corps. The President could have made no better selections for these important positions.

WE extend our very hearty congratulations to the *Army and Navy Register* on its continued and rapid increase in circulation. Mr. Edmund Hudson, the editor, is an accomplished journalist. The personal ability which he has shown in conducting this journal has made it an influential authority in army and navy affairs, and he has given to the service a weekly paper devoted to its interests, not only in name, but in fact. Its popularity is very clearly shown by its large and increasing circulation.

BOOK REVIEWS.

BOTHWELL (JAMES HEPBURN, FOURTH EARL OF BOTHWELL, THIRD HUSBAND OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS). An Historical Drama. By JOHN WATTS DE PEYSTER. New York: Charles H. Ludwig, Printer. For Private Circulation.

The romantic and tragic interest which belongs to Mary, Queen of Scots, seems to be perennial. Her life and death continue to supply materials for dramatic representation with somewhat the same inexhaustible richness as

> Thebes, or Pelops' line,
> Or the tale of Troy divine,

constantly reproduce themselves in the dramas of the Greek tragedians. Italian, French, Spanish, German, as well as English dramatists, have made her one of the most important figures in histrionic literature from the time of her death to the present. Probably no character in history has been the subject of more acrimonious discussion, and the discussion goes on with unabated fierceness. That wonderful personal fascination, which it is universally agreed she exercised when living upon all who came into her presence, seems to have thrown its spell over her modern champions. With these, in spite of accumulated evidence to the contrary, she will always be the queen of rare beauty, grace, delicacy, gentleness, and trustfulness, thrown by circumstances, to the last degree untoward, among hard, harsh, and cruel men, in stormy and turbulent times,—a woman of a religion alien to that of those over whom she came to rule, and who, after unparalleled misfortunes, was brought to the block at Fotheringay Castle. It is natural and chivalric to take this view of a woman credited with extraordinary beauty, and ending her career in a manner pre-eminently tragic. But it must be remembered that of late the life of Mary Stuart has been subjected to the study of historians of profound research, of high impartiality, and a conscientious regard for truth; and those who hold what may be called the sentimental view of Mary, Queen of Scots, have to face many awkward facts, and these facts show her to be anything but the tender, confiding, and deeply-wronged woman her admirers have represented her to be.

Those who have taken this view of Mary Stuart have pretty generally described Bothwell as a hard, cruel, ambitious, and unscrupulous man, overpowering the gentler nature of Mary by his imperious personality, and thus made to be the chief burden of the misdeeds in which both were concerned. General de Peyster has given the name of "Bothwell" to his drama, although, as might be expected, Mary Stuart plays a prominent part in it, because he has brought Bothwell more conspicuously forward than in most of the dramas connected with the career of the famous Scottish queen, and because the author wishes to present a more favorable portraiture of Bothwell than that with which we are familiar. And, taking this view of Bothwell, he has represented the more unfavorable view of Mary.

The drama is preceded by a scholarly introduction, which discusses the respective characters of Mary and Bothwell and their relations to each other, and General de Peyster makes a strong argument for his own estimate of these famous personages. The chief movement of the play is found in the passionate attachment

which Mary inspires in Bothwell; and the subordinate movement in the schemes of Murray and his accomplice, Morton, to ruin Darnley, involve Bothwell and Mary, and then to destroy Bothwell and use Mary for their own ambitious purposes.

The play opens with a scene between Mary Beatoun, one of the famous queen's Marys, and Lady Reres, a lady-in-waiting to the queen. The two most interesting passages are those which describe Bothwell and Mary. These lines will give the reader a good idea of the first:

"Poor he has been, despite his lofty birth,
So poor he's lack'd a single golden piece
To pay his score: yet never took a bribe
To wrong his country for a foreign queen:—
He never sold his honor to Queen Bess,
As other nobles flout at faithfulness
So that their jerkins gleam at Tudor cost.
His creed he's clung to spite of ev'ry wile,
Nor ever made, like Murray, creed the cloak
To hide intent, and set the kiln on fire
That burn'd our land, ay, to the very bone,
So that it proved alembic whence t' extract
Gain, influence, power, for selfish ends.
Hepburn's no hypocrite! He loves Mary
For Mary Stuart's sake, and will not yield
A single inch to foreign lure or price,
Content to risk the loss of all he seeks
Rather than sacrifice the faith is his.
Sin! he may sin against his own brave soul,
But never 'gainst what he deems great and true
To foster his ambition. The people
Know well that in his soul there burns the fire
For Scotland's Independence flaming high."

Mary Stuart is thus described:

"Many a village maid, in face and form—
The child of Nature's far more beautiful
Than Mary, Queen, so peerless in men's eyes:—
But she's a queen, therefore a deity,
And, to defects, all, blinded by her rank,
Behold in her, Anadyomene;
She's not so lovely as report declares—
Although most lovable as all admit—
She is too tall, too vig'rous in her port!
A full man's heart is beating in her bosom;
And more than once she prayed to be a man,
With helm on head and girt with sword and dagg,
Astride a gallant steed like Border Chief:
Yet in her eye there's such demoniac light
Can kindle passion in a breast of ice,
And lure, as serpent fascinates a bird:—
We've seen her do it. Blasing into flame,
Her heat would melt a lump of iron ore:
'Tis not her beauty won her Hepburn's love,
But something kin to tropic heat at pole.
Magnificently clad, her lusty form
Captures the men as spring-time 'livens flies:
* * * * * *
Her magic's been an overmastering will,
Her father's grandeur and her Guise finesse
Make her omnipotent in swaying men."

The chief actions of the drama are the murder of Rizzio and that of Darnley, the schemes of Murray and Morton, the seizure of Mary by Bothwell. The play closes with the surrender of Mary to the confederate lords, and the revelation of her interest in Kirkaldy of Grange.

The opening and the closing scenes are in blank verse, the rest are in prose with the exception of songs and serenades. Elaborate descriptions of the scenes and full stage directions are attached to the play, so that it is available for theatrical representation as well as private reading. Full marginal notes throw abundant light on historical, geographical, and other points. There are portraits of the author, Bothwell, Mary Stuart, Murray, Darnley, and Morton, and illustrations of Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh Castle, as well as the castles of Bothwell, Dunbar, Borthwick, etc. There is also a picture of the killing of Rizzio.

To the drama are appended a number of notes on the famous Casket Letters and Sonnets from Mary to Bothwell; on the question of Mary's having a child by Bothwell; on the relations of Mary to Kirkaldy of Grange, and on Maitland of Lethington.

From beginning to end the drama shows the most thorough mastery of the subject in its main theme and all its details. The characters are kept well defined, and the action is full of life and spirit. General de Peyster has not used the phrase of the sixteenth century, but rather that of the present day, so that there is, in all those parts which are not in blank verse, a feeling of incongruity between the speech of the characters and their surroundings. The general impression of the play is that of a feeling of much greater sympathy with Bothwell than most of us have been in the habit of entertaining, and increased detestation of the darker elements of the character of Mary Stuart.

The close of the drama proper seems to us to lack a climax sufficiently tragic, but this is sought to be presented by a double tableau: Mary with her head on the block at Fotheringay, and Bothwell lying dead in his prison in Denmark.

W. C. M.

THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE, November, 1884, to April, 1885. The Century Co., New York.

It is a pleasure to meet these magazines again in a book form, and in the neat binding used by the Century Company. In the usual form of monthly issue they are likely to become dog-eared and stained, the covers sometimes are half worked off, especially when the numbers have made the circuit of many readers, and they generally have the effect of being imbrowned, to use an expression of Dr. Holmes, "by the umber of human contact." The effect of all this experience through which magazines pass is to give to the most valuable and substantial periodicals an ephemeral appearance and an air of being used up.

But in the bound form they seem to have taken a new lease of life; they appear well-dressed; they can stand up of themselves; they are ready to be placed on library shelves, and take part in the records of literature, and go down to posterity in company with substantial books.

At any rate, whether bound or unbound, we do not see that these numbers of the *Century* need ever to be ashamed of themselves in whatever company they may hereafter be found. It is difficult to see how a magazine like the *Century*, in the particular field which it has chosen, can be much improved. It is a luxury to the eye at the outset, and seems to reduce the magazines published abroad, and most of those at home, to the most prosaic and uninteresting plainness. What glossy white paper, what perfect printing, and what splendid illustrations! We do not see how the art of wood engraving is to be carried to any greater perfection than that which these pages show. And what a range and variety! Illustrations of the poetry of the Persians and the proper drainage of houses, antique fashions and Chinese theatrical scenes; battle-fields in the uproar of war and in the peace of genial summers; great commanders and great statesmen, and famous men of let-

ters; beautiful flowers and winter scenes; splendid architecture and foreign cities; the glories of science and the wonders of art. In short, the wealth of illustration in the six numbers included in the volume before us is wonderful, and reflects immense credit on this branch of American art.

The range of subjects treated in the magazine is even greater than the range of illustrations, and the papers are by no "'prentice hands." Here are novels by Howells and James, humorous stories by Stockton and humorous sketches by Mark Twain, delightful essays on nature by John Burroughs, pictures of negro life by Harris, and the splendid series of war papers by those who fought on either side and were a conspicuous part of that which they describe, political essays of permanent value, admirable astronomical papers giving to the reader the last results of the most careful investigations, open letters on a vast variety of themes interesting to thinking people, topics of the time, poetry and bric-a-brac, etc.

The attractive appearance, the beautiful illustrations, the rich variety of contents, and the remarkable success of the *Century*, we regard as a most significant and encouraging fact. Next to the establishment of pure religion we place the dissemination of pure and entertaining literature. Our American life has too long been dominated by the despotism of business. Success in life has come to mean success in business; only that is supposed to "pay" which furnishes pecuniary profit. The business view of anything is understood to be pre-eminently the common-sense view, and a business necessity is thought to afford abundant justification for any course, howsoever hard and harsh it may be. Business has been enthroned as a monstrous idol, to which all mental improvement, the amenities of social life, the cultivation of the beautiful, the discharge of political duty, the enjoyment of home, and almost the obligations of religion itself, are offered as sacrifices by its slaves and devotees.

Now, that all this has deplorably lowered and vulgarized our American life cannot be questioned, and we think it is high time to apply a corrective to this passionate devotion to buying and selling. As we said before, we devoutly believe that one of the best means to effect a change for the better is the diffusion of pure and elevated literature. The day of quartos and folios is past; they are shelved except for special students and professional scholars. But one of the most striking phases of modern literature is the growth of magazines and other forms of periodical publications, and we are confident that the redemption of our American life from so much which is vulgar and sordid is largely to be effected by these forms of literature. Of course we are aware that not much can be done for the older members of the community, whose habits and ideas are fixed, but much may be done for boys and girls, and young men and women, who may be made the subjects of better educational influences, so that the generation which shall succeed the present may show a life in which the demands of business will be made much more subordinate to the requirements of the intellect and the taste.

Every thoughtful person, we think, has come to the conclusion that the best way is not to scold over the evils which we deplore, but supply something, as far as literature is concerned, which shall be attractive, entertaining, and elevating. This the Century Company in their publications, the *St. Nicholas* and the *Century Magazine*, are doing in the most admirable manner. They are rendering a noble public service, and we most heartily congratulate them on their present and prospective success. W. C. M.

AFGHANISTAN AND THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN DISPUTE. By THEO. F. RODENBOUGH, Brevet Brigadier-General U.S.A. With three Maps and other Illustrations. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York and London, 1885.

The probability of war between England and Russia, with Afghanistan as the chief centre of military operations, has brought out a number of books of late which seek to throw light on the events which have led to the dispute, and to describe the country where that dispute is likely to be brought to the arbitrament of arms.

In this little work of about one hundred and forty pages General Rodenbough has packed a handsome amount of information, and the book bears evidence of having been prepared from a large number of the best authorities. It will be found a very convenient and trustworthy book for those who have not the time to read elaborate works on the same subject. The three maps make sufficiently clear the geographical relations of the places most important in the controversy, while the illustrations are rather numerous in proportion to the size of the book, and are fairly done.

At the outset there is a summary of the main facts of the Russian advance into Asia, from the early part of the sixteenth century to the present time. General Rodenbough says, "In one sense this advance is a practical re-establishment or extension of the influence of the Aryan race in countries long dominated by the peoples of Turki or Mongolian origin; in another sense it has resulted in a transition from the barbarism or rude forms of Asiatic life to the enlightenment and higher moral development of a European age. In a religious sense it embodies a crusade against Oriental fanaticism, and it is a curious feature of the Anglo-Russian dispute, that upon a question of temporal gain the greatest Christian nation finds itself allied with the followers of Buddha and Mahomet against Russia under the banner of the Cross"

The territory of Afghanistan, which is destined to be the arena of a great international duel, covers an area of twelve thousand square miles, or a tract measuring from north to south six hundred and eighty-eight miles, and from east to west seven hundred and thirty-six miles. It is a mountainous country; a high plateau, six thousand feet above the sea, overlooked by lofty mountain ranges, which open out and sink toward the west and south.

The population, eight millions, is made up of a great variety of tribes, but their fighting qualities are of the highest. There are three districts in Afghanistan which may be conveniently remembered in connection with their chief cities, Herat on the west, Kabul on the east, and Kandahar in the middle.

There is a large farming population scattered in hamlets throughout the country. Three or four Afghan houses constitute a village. "These semi-barbarians are noted for the length and ferocity of their feuds. The distance between their 'fortlets' may be two hundred yards, and on that space no one ventures. They go out at opposite gates and walk straight from their own fort in a line protected by its walls from the fire of the other, until out of range, then they turn round to their fields." Farm life in Afghanistan is not characterized by the peacefulness which is usually the case elsewhere. "When the harvest is nearly ripe neither party dare sleep. The remedy is sometimes for both to fight until an equal number are killed on each side, when the neighbors step in and effect a reconciliation; another method is to pay forfeit of a feast and some sheep or cloth; in exceptional cases a few Afghan virgins are substituted for the sheep, but they are given in marriage, and are well treated."

Although the Afghans are such inveterate fighters, they have not formed a substantial, well-equipped army. They are not to be counted on in regular battles, but may be valuable as auxiliaries, especially in the irregular warfare of a wild and mountainous country. "Just as it is difficult to understand the rapidity with which large numbers are assembled in Afghanistan for fighting purposes, so the dispersing of an Afghan army, together with its attendant masses of tribal levies in flight, is almost beyond comprehension; men who have been actually engaged in hand-to-hand combat dispose of their arms in the villages they pass through, and meet their pursuers with melons or other fruit in their hands, while they adopt the *rôle* of peaceful inhabitants."

General Rodenbough quotes from Sir Henry Rawlinson some particulars of the city of Herat, the key of India: "That which distinguishes Herat from all other Oriental cities, and at the same time constitutes its main defense, is the stupendous character of the earthworks upon which the city is built." There are great differ-

ences of opinion as to the defensive strength of these works; their reputation for defensive value seems to have arisen from Oriental standards. English officers have given it as their opinion that the place could not hold out twenty days against a European army. There are brief descriptions of Kabul and Kandahar, and the mountain passes by which these important cities are reached, especially by forces from India. These passes are characterized by scenery of appalling grandeur.

Besides the camel and donkey the most valuable animal for military purposes is the *yabu*. This is a mountain pony used for saddle and packing purposes, and is remarkable for strength, toughness, endurance, and sureness of foot. It appears that the Afghans tie a knot in the middle of the long tail of their horses, which, they say, strengthens the backbone!

General Rodenbough gives a careful summary of the British forces, routes, etc., with a view to operations in Afghanistan, and likewise of the Russians. The available land forces of England, independent of India, amount to 496,116 men. These are made up of the army proper, the army reserve, the militia, yeomanry, and the volunteers. In India there is a European army of 61,488 men and 127,263 native troops, making 188,751 soldiers in that branch of the service. Besides these forces there are 10,000 European volunteers in India,—this includes 4000 railway employés, who are available for local defense.

Transportation of troops and supplies when once the railway is left is a work of prodigious difficulty, and the loss of animals from overwork, the roughness of the country, heat, and insufficient food, is frightful. A great deal too much of the convolutions of red tape has appeared in the operations of English armies in Afghanistan, and that embarrassment will be likely to show itself in time to come.

The officer upon whom reliance is mainly to be placed, in case of war in Afghanistan, next to General Wolseley, is of course General Roberts. A Russian opinion of him—that of General Skobeleff—is interesting. "For General Roberts I have great admiration. He seems to me to possess all the qualities of a great general. I think more highly of him than I do of Sir Garnet Wolseley, but there is this to be said, *all* your generals, they have fought only against Asiatic and savage foes. They have not commanded an army against a European enemy, and we cannot tell what they are really made of."

The commander-in-chief of the army of India is General Sir Donald M. Stewart, who is better acquainted with the probable field of operations than any other officer in the service of England.

General Rodenbough points out that the main reliance of England, in case of war with Russia, must, at first, be on her navy; that her transport system will be likely to break down under the demands of such a struggle, but that, in estimating the final result, we are to take into account the inexhaustible resources of England, her patriotism, courage, endurance, and the conquering spirit which is in her blood.

It appears that for many years the Russian army has been undergoing modifications in the direction of greater efficiency. Practically the entire male population within the military age is subject to service in the army. The ordinary term of service is fifteen years. The emperor is commander-in-chief, and gives his orders through a war ministry, who are responsible to him for the condition of the army. The Russian force is reported to be 1,978,640 men. It is considered especially strong in cavalry. The transport system is said to be in rather an unsatisfactory state. But Russia has long been making its pathway towards the land which is to be the arena of conflict, and has the advantage of being well on the way.

There are many interesting reflections which occur in view of a probable struggle between Russia and England on Asiatic ground, and one is that such a gigantic conflict can hardly take place without exercising a profound influence upon the Oriental civilization which is jarred by the thunder of such a war, and it may not be too much to hope that the stagnant peoples of Asia may feel the thrill and the impulse of the better life of western nations. W. C. M.

SERVICE LITERATURE.

WE reprint, as a matter of interest to our readers, the following extract from a late number of the *Illustrated London News:*

"THE STRENGTH OF THE ARMY.

"A blue-book was issued on Monday containing a preliminary return of the British army for the year 1884. The return has been prepared, in anticipation of the general annual return by the commander-in-chief, for the information of the Secretary of State for War.

"The total effective strength of all ranks of the British army last year was, on January 1, 181,227. For the first six months of the year the number did not vary greatly. On July 1 it was 181,580, and on the 1st of every succeeding month it had somewhat increased, until on December 1 it had reached 188,216, giving an average for the twelve months of 183,004. The principal arms that go to make up this total are: Household Cavalry, 1301; Cavalry of the Line, 15,607; Horse Artillery, 4276; Artillery, 27,451; Engineers, 5573; Foot Guards, 5852; Infantry of the Line, 115,245; Colonial Corps, 2848. Of these 183,004 of all ranks, 7097 were commissioned officers, 623 warrant officers, 12,186 sergeants or farriers, 3302 were trumpeters, drummers, or buglers, and 159,796 rank and file.

"More than one-half of the army were in 1884 employed abroad. Thus while on an average 62,165 men of all ranks were stationed in England, 29,424 in Ireland, and only 3400 in Scotland, making a total of 89,994 for the United Kingdom, no fewer than 93,010 were on service abroad. By January 1, 1885, the numbers had risen to 188,657, and of these 87,999 were stationed at home, 15,269 in Egypt, 26,013 in the Colonies, and 57,928 in the East Indies. The rest were on passage from one station to another.

"Table 7 gives the average strength of the army for every year since 1865. In the first of these twenty years it was 208,877, and on January 1 in that year the number was as high as 213,968. This strength has never been reached since. The average gradually sank until 1870, when the number was 180,444, and after some fluctuations it reached the highest point it had attained in the last decade in 1878, when, owing to the mobilization of the first class army and militia reserves, the average number was 200,758. On January 1 of last year the number was less by nearly 9000.

"Other interesting details are given in the book. The recruits who joined the regular army in the year 1884 were 35,653 from all sources, a far larger number than in any year since 1870. Of these 22,399 were under twenty years of age; 11,126 were under 5 feet 5 inches in height; and 11,161 were over 5 feet 7 inches. As many as 3140 were under 33 inches round the chest, 9181 were under 34 inches, 11,934 under 35 inches, and 11,238 over that measurement. The total number of desertions was 4478, but as 1568 rejoined the ranks, the net loss was 2910. The net loss from this cause in twenty years has been 53,749. The total number of men transferred from the regular army to the first class army reserve was 11,199, less than half the number in 1883, when it was 23,529. The army reserve numbered 39,286 in Class I., and 7731 in Class II. on January 1 of this year.

"There were 7128 courts-martial held in connection with 10,040 offenses, of which the commonest were making away with necessaries, desertion, and absence without leave. There were no offenses in relation to the enemy, none under the head of mutiny, and no sentence of death was passed. In 13,075 cases fines were inflicted for drunkenness. On the other hand, 1491 men were in possession of good-conduct medals, and 22,957 of good-conduct badges at the beginning of this year.

"A census of the 84,263 men who were serving at home on that date was taken, both to test their nationalities and their religious denominations. The English numbered 62,712, the Scotch 7003, and the Irish 13,439. As to religions, more than two-thirds profess to belong to the Church of England, which claims 56,993 worshipers, while 16,260 were Roman Catholics, 6640 Presbyterians, and 3788 Wesleyans.

"The general annual return of the reserve and auxiliary forces shows that there was a total of 387,314, made up from the two classes of army reserves, as already mentioned, 39,286 and 7788 respectively; 113,787 militia, 11,488 yeomanry, and 215,015 volunteers. This number falls short by 61,750 of the establishment, which is set down at 449,064."

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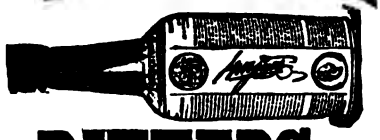

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